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THE
LAND WE LIVE IN:

A Pictorial, Historical, and Literary Sketch-Book

OF

THE BRITISH ISLANDS,

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR MORE REMARKABLE FEATURES AND LOCALITIES.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,
EXPRESSLY DRAWN FOR THIS WORK BY W. HARVEY AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

WITH MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

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VOLUME III.

SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

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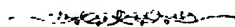
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THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



RIVER WHARFS AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH, LEEDS.

BRADSHAW himself must, at the point we have now reached, pause and consider. The inexorable railway has not yet penetrated to the foot of Plynlimmon. Nevertheless, there is no lack of projects—no engineer-

ing difficulties that may not be overcome, in connecting South Wales with the manufacturing districts of the north; but as other difficulties have intervened, we must take things as they are, and find our way

northward as best we may. Two routes present themselves for the further prosecution of our journey: we may retrace our steps, by way of Hereford to Gloucester, where we get on the line of railway which will convey us at once to Yorkshire, by way of Birmingham and the York and North Midland railway; or, pursuing our course a little further northward, strike into the more direct route by the Shrewsbury and Chester line to Manchester, and thence by the Yorkshire and Lancashire line. Having effected the journey in the way which is individually most convenient, let us suppose ourselves occupied in a survey of that important and interesting county.

Yorkshire occupies a circuit of not less than four hundred and sixty square miles; and its dales and rivers are unsurpassed for the beauty of the one and the fertility of the other. It extends one hundred and thirty miles from east to west, and ninety miles from north to south. On the east its coast is washed by the German Ocean, from the Humber to the Tees; on the south, the former river separates it from Lincolnshire; on the west it is bounded by Cheshire and Lancashire; and on the north by Westmoreland and the county of Durham. It is not our purpose to give more than a glance at its physical features and its historical associations; therefore we need only mention that its political divisions are the North, East, and West Ridings.

By following the course of its principal rivers we shall best arrive at the most characteristic feature of Yorkshire—namely, its Dales and Dalesmen. The Tees is the most northerly of the Yorkshire rivers; rising in the mountains of Westmoreland, it flows in an easterly direction, bounding the North Riding in its whole extent, a distance of eighty-three miles. A tract of country along the sea-coast is known as the Vale of Cleveland, celebrated for its fertility, and formerly for its breed of horses. This vale is slightly sprinkled with hills, and the soil a loamy clay. From the summit of one of these hills—Rosebury Topping—a magnificent view is obtained, which is thus described by the historian of the district, the Rev. J. Graves:—

“After a tedious labour of nearly an hour up the steep ascent, we reached the rocky summit, from whence the most enchanting prospect opened to our view. Before us lay extended the beautiful Vale of Cleveland, with the county of Durham—woods, meadows, and cornfields, interspersed with views of rural villages, farms, and country seats. The river Tees is seen winding through the valley, with stately vessels gliding on its bosom. To the north and north-east we have our first view of the sea, covered with ships whose glittering sails, now fully loosened to the wind, now eddying to the breeze, contrast delightfully in the sunbeams. To the south the prospect is bounded by a chain of hills, rising behind each other in towering height, vying with lofty majesty with that on which we stand.”

Another important river is the Swale, which takes its rise in the western part of the same Riding, and waters the romantic tract of country called Swaledale—

a district equally interesting to the antiquary and the lover of the picturesque. The Swale, having received an addition to its waters in the Wiske, flows on till it is lost in the Ure, a few miles below Borough-bridge.

RICHMOND.

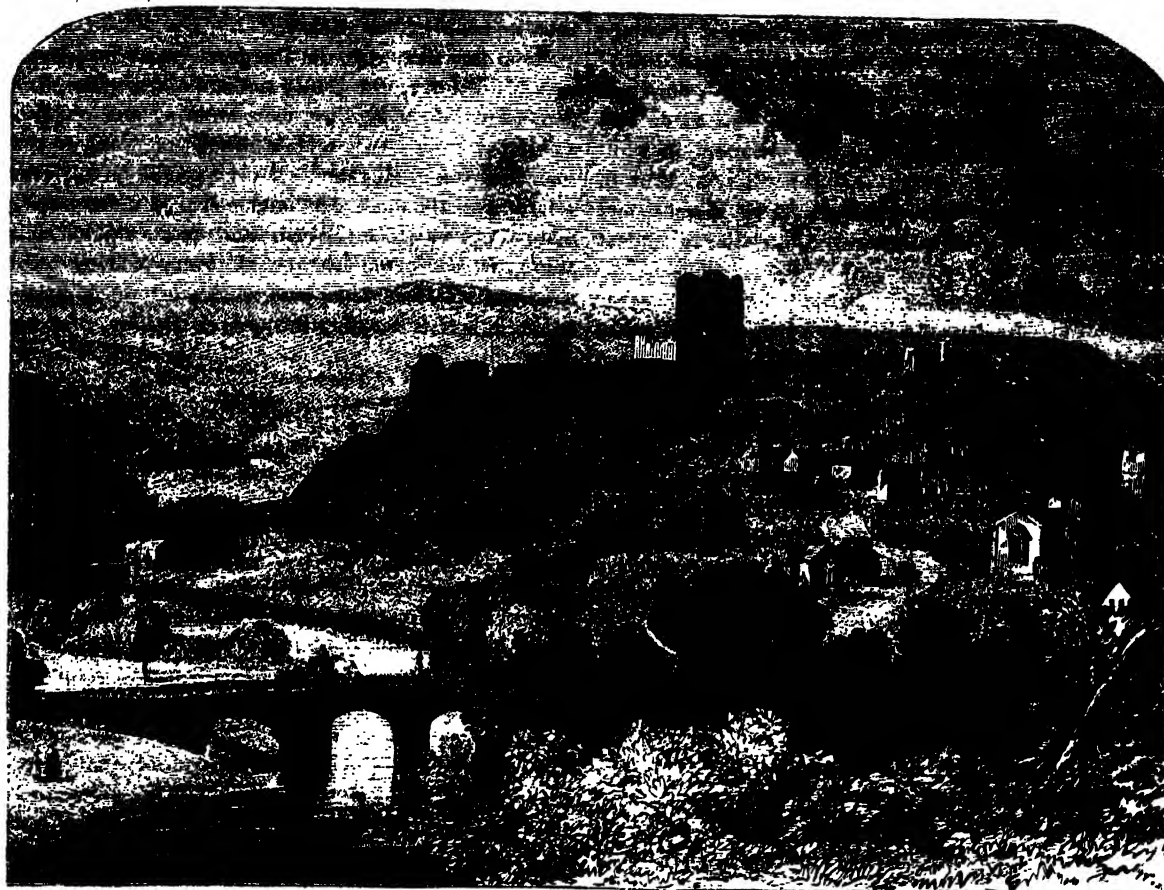
Swaledale is more celebrated for its rich grazing ground and its great extent than for its beauty, still more for the beautiful market-town of Richmond, which is situated on its banks. This town is small, but its situation is delightful, and its houses lofty and well built. The country round Richmond is extremely picturesque; the Valley of the Swale being skirted in many places with perpendicular rocks, almost covered with trees and shrubs. From the hills to the north-west side of the town the eye is regaled with the most magnificent prospects of Richmond and its Castle, though seated on a precipitous hill more than a hundred feet above the bed of the river. When seen from some of these elevations, the eye ranges over the adjacent country as far as the Tees, with Cleveland and the Vale of York; even the Cathedral, at a distance of forty-four miles, is said to be visible on a bright day. Richmond, indeed, is the admired of all beholders for its remarkable beauties, which are not unassociated, at the same time, with grandeur and sublimity.

There are few districts in England, or indeed in any country, which abound more in memorials of the past, and in delightful scenery, than Richmondshire, as it is sometimes called, of which the old town of Richmond is the capital. It stands on a lofty eminence boldly rising from the river Swale, which winds round the town and the castle in a semicircular direction. It is greatly admired by tourists for its romantic beauties; being marked with picturesque grandeur. The peculiar position and features of this town and neighbourhood are well shown in Mr. Warren's drawing.

Richmond is said to have been a place of good trade for three centuries after the Conquest; but many causes have contributed to its decay; among these may be mentioned the charters granted for holding markets in neighbouring towns, and the want of water communication, which is entirely precluded by the rocky bed of the Swale, and the sudden and violent floods to which the river is subject from the heavy rains that fall on the moors. This drawback has been recently remedied by the construction of a branch railroad from the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway to Richmond. The copper and lead mines of Whitcliffe have, from an early period, been leased by the corporation to various persons up to the present century; but they are discontinued for lack of ore.

There is a bridge over the Swale at Richmond; it stands at the end of the street called Bargate, and was built in 1789. The bridge constructed by the railway company is seen in our engraving.

The parish church, a ~~small~~ building, consisting of a nave, chancel, and aisles, with a tower at the west end, is situated on the declivity of the hill in Frensham.



VIEW OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

and the peculiarity of the place causes the walls to be unusually high, and the windows appear disproportionately elevated. This church was confirmed to the monastery of St. Mary, at York, in the Norman period. There is a massive monument, but certainly of no remarkable beauty, in the chancel, to Sir Timothy Hutton, of Marske, who "departed this life" in 1629, and contains the effigies of himself, his wife, and several children. His own name is expressed in Greek words, and his wife's is played upon in divers fantastic ways. A bear is pierced by twelve arrows, representing the children, eight whole, and four broken, meaning that they died in infancy. At the east end of the north aisle is the monument of George Cuitto, a landscape artist of some local fame, a native of Moulton, near Richmond, who died in 1818, at the ripe age of seventy-five. He studied his art principally at Rome, under the auspices of Sir Lawrence Dundas. On the south side of the church, to the west of the steps, is a very old flat monument of freestone, without inscription, but believed by tradition to cover—a leg. How a mere leg, although a most "honourable member," came to have this distinction conferred upon it we will briefly tell:—In the year of grace 1006, our Master Robert Willance was journeying in company with several others, towards Richmond, when his horse leapt down the frightful precipice of Whitcliffe Scar. To the great

surprise of his comrades he was taken up alive, having received no other injury than a broken leg, which was soon afterwards amputated, and was here committed to its kindred dust.

We have now to give the reader some idea of one of the most stupendous fortresses of the Middle Ages. It is now in ruins, but

—Time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the haughty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.

A few centuries since, and these now ruined battlements stood in all the pride of a strength which it might have seemed neither time nor storm should subdue. Crowned with their martial warriors, tall plumes and brilliant pençons received the rays now falling upon the wild flowers; and spirit-stirring echoes were awakened by the trumpet, where now is heard only the sound of aerial music, as it plays amid the ruins.

Again and again returns the "delicate-footed spring," and the blossoms are called by the lark and the cuckoo to awake from their winter sleep, and deck afresh the hoary walls; but never more shall the ruins arise to renewed vigour.

Richmond Castle was built by the first Earl Alan Rufus, son of Hoel, Count of Bretagne. Alan the Red, who was a near kinsman of William, Duke of Normandy,

accompanied that warlike prince in his expedition to England, and was rewarded for his prowess at Hastings with the lands of the Saxon Earl, "beautiful Edwin," which consisted of no less than two hundred manors and townships. This magnificent donation was made A.D. 1070, at the time when the Conqueror was employed in the siege of York, which the said Edwin, Earl of Chester, and the Northumbrian Earls Morcar and Waltherf, bravely, but unsuccessfully, defended against him.

The Conqueror conferred on Alan the Red another mark of his gracious favour, in giving him Hawise, his daughter, in marriage. Alan, being thus loaded with riches and honours, built the Castle of Richmond for the security of his new possessions against the disinherited and outlawed Englishmen in those parts.

During the reigns of our Norman Kings, the Earldom of Richmond was possessed by several different families, some of whom were allied to the blood royal both of England and France. It is unnecessary to mention them, even by name, for—

"The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Many a race since theirs has died out, and been forgotten in the very district which they occupied with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail to know their names!

Edward III. gave it to his third son, John of Gaunt, who restored it for other lands in exchange; and the King conferred this Earldom on John, Earl of Montford and Duke of Bretagne, surnamed the Valiant, to whom he also gave one of his daughters in marriage. It afterwards passed into the hands of different powerful families, till at last it was erected into a duchy by Henry VIII. in favour of his natural son, Henry Fitzroy, who was the first Duke of Richmond, and died in 1535, without issue. In the reign of Charles II. the honours and titles of this duchy were given to Charles Lennox, the natural son of the King by the Duchess of Portsmouth, and in his family they still remain.

Richmond Castle is on the south side of the town of Richmond, overlooking the Swale, which runs in a deep valley beneath. Between the river—one of the loveliest streams which Yorkshire can produce amid her thousand rivulets—and the site of the Castle, is a walk of eight or nine feet in breadth, about sixty perpendicular above the bed of the river, and presenting to the eye a precipice of great abruptness. The ground on which the Castle stands is elevated forty or fifty feet above this walk, and is faced on that side with massy stones, resembling a natural rock. The eastern side of the castle-yard is also skirted by the Swale; but here the descent instead of being precipitous, as on the south, slopes down for the space of forty or fifty yards to the river. The west side of this once almost impregnable fortress is faced with a deep valley, the ascent from which to the Castle is exceedingly steep. On the north the site of the Castle is very little elevated above that of the

town; and this is the only side on which it could have been accessible to an enemy.

From the time that the Conquest began to prosper, says M. Thierry, not young soldiers and warlike chiefs alone, but whole families, men, women, and children, emigrated from every remote district of Gaul, to seek their fortunes in England. To the people on the other side of the Channel, this land was like a land newly discovered, to which the colonists repair, and which is appropriated by the first or by every comer. Our neighbours, in fact, came over wholesale; all ranks and orders of society locating themselves together.

"William de Cognisby
Came out of Brittany,
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Mauftras,
And his doggo Hardigras."

So writes the Saxon rhymers in bitter pleasantry.

The Norman Earls of Richmond brought into Richmondshire people from their own estates, and hence traces of the Norman language may still be observed in every village within the limits of that Yorkshire district. Eight centuries have impressed a stamp and credit upon phrases originally Norman still in use. Let any one go through the quiet, rural villages of Richmondshire, especially those parts of it which are strictly in Teesdale—namely, the parishes of Romaldkirk, Bowes, Barningham, Wycliffe, Gilling with its dependencies, and so downwards to the mouth of the Tees, and he will find words and phrases, if he should happen to possess a taste for genuine provincialisms, which will, owing to their originality, surprise and interest him. In this district, if anywhere, lingers the genuine old language of the time of Wycliffe. We have heard it remarked by a gentleman, that he once read aloud to an old woman in the parish of Wycliffe, utterly uneducated, a chapter from John Wycliffe's translation of the New Testament, and, perhaps because entirely uninformed, she understood, without question, every word as he proceeded, and expressed her delight at hearing the tongue in which she had been nurtured, read from a printed book. She said that it was universal in her younger days, "before folks became so fine."

The great strength of the once magnificent Castle of Richmond probably deterred besiegers; for it plays but a very insignificant part in recorded warfare. In 1174, William the Lion, King of Scotland, entered the north of England; and the importance of this Castle is shown in the metrical romance of *Jordan Fantome*, by Henry II. anxiously inquiring, when the defection of one powerful baron after another was reported—"Is Ranulf de Glanville in Richemunt?" And when Brian, the messenger of that ever-to-be-remembered statesman and lawyer, arrived at London, to announce to his monarch the defeat of the Scots, Henry asks the servant, "Has the King of Scotland entered Richemunt?" Glanville had attacked the Lion, as he was tilting in a meadow near Alnwick Castle, with only sixty Scottish lords near him, made the whole party

captives, and confined the most important prisoner in Richmond Castle, "in a very narrow dungeon." He was conveyed from thence to Falaise, a town in Normandy, and obtained his liberation by taking an oath of allegiance to England. The signal discomfiture of William is stated to have taken place on a Sunday, at the time Henry was hypocritically kissing the shrine of "the blessed and glorious martyr," Thomas à Becket, in Canterbury Cathedral; and one of Merlin's prophecies, which not long before had been applied to Henry himself, when hard pressed by the Breton auxiliaries of his rebel sons, was soon transferred to the capacious shoulders of the Scottish King, the Armorican (or Breton) Gulf being defined to mean the Castle of Richmond, from the Breton princes who held its heritage. The oracle ran:—"In his mouth shall be placed a bit forged in the Armorican Gulf."

In 1317, Richmond Castle was the residence of the Earl, called Schyr Thomas, the Governor of the Marches, the great rival of the Douglas. The English noble said, that if he once saw the Scottish chieftain's banner displayed "upon war, he would assemble upon it." He heard that Douglas intended to make a sumptuous feast at Lyntailey, and that the country generally was clear; he therefore advanced with a very large force, which he furnished with axes to hew Iedworth Forest, the haunt of Douglas, completely down. But the spies of that noble warrior saw them. Douglas took fifty men, who lay in ambush at a narrow point, and shot down upon the unsuspecting foe, with the dreaded shout of "Douglas! Douglas!" and the banner of that chief triumphant in the breeze. Richmond was borne down, and the Douglas, with a knife, dispatched him, without, however, knowing who his victim was. He took only with him, in token of the exploit, "an hat upon hys helm," which was "furryt." The Earl's men bore the dead body away, and Douglas afterwards fell in with another detachment, a prisoner taken from which gave him the joyful intelligence that Schyr Thomas was the fallen man.

Several parts of this grand baronial residence demand a few words of description. Robin Hood's Tower is interesting. The ground-floor forms a vaulted chapel—that of St. Nicholas—which is of very minute dimensions, being only about thirteen feet long by ten wide, and twelve feet high. It is arcaded round, and has been ornamented with sketches of figures designed with red paint. The east window is a long loop-hole, the sill of which formed the altar. The next tower is the Golden Tower, or Gold Hole, being so denominated from a story of treasure having been found in it. Some years ago an excavation was made to discover either an entrance to it from the court, or more gold (professedly, of course, the former); but it is remarkable that no such doorway could be discovered, though the hole was about six yards deep. A small archway opens at the foot into a long subterraneous passage, which is choked up by fallen masses of stone. Tradition equally delights to giving the character of a dungeon, or a place of concealment, to this tower, and in making it the

entrance to a passage under the bed of the Swale to St. Martin's Priory, through which the ladies of the Castle might retire for protection in cases of emergency. In Speed's plan of Richmond, there is an opening shown in the Earl's orchard opposite the Castle, described as a "vault that goeth under the river, and ascendeth up into the Castle;" but all traces of this exit have long since vanished. Adjoining this tower is the Hall of Scotland, which acted as the great banqueting-room of the Castle. At the end of the hall, where the wall breaks off even with the surface, is a seat which George IV., while Prince of Wales, visited, and declared to command the noblest prospect he had ever beheld. The Keep is about a hundred feet high; and the walls are eleven feet thick; the lower story is supported by a vast column of stone in the middle, from which spring circular arches closing the top; the staircase goes only to the first chamber, the rest of it being dilapidated, as the floors of the two upper rooms have fallen in. In this part of the old fortress is a well of excellent water.

The walks round this interesting ruin of ancient days present a succession of the most varied and romantic scenery. Swaledale is in many parts skirted with bold rocks, almost covered with trees and shrubs.

"The cliffs, that rear the haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild, and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splinter'd and uneven,
The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air."

In the career of Prince Arthur, the celebrated British chief, as transmitted to us by later romancers, truth is so thickly overlaid by fiction, that many writers—Milton among them—have denied that such a person ever existed. Of this, however, there seems no more reason to doubt than of the existence of Hengist, Cerdic, or any other man of note of that remote period. The most ancient specimens of Welsh poetry—the Triads, the poems of Llwrch Hen, and of Taliesin—speak of him, not as the fabulous prodigy described by later writers, but as a prince and captain of eminence. But whether he be a real or imaginary person, certain it is that the island both north and south abounds in memorials of his fame.

Not satisfied in depicting him as more than mortal in his daring feats of arms, the romancists assert that he owed his birth to a magical device, and that instead of dying in battle, as represented in his early biographers, he was only conveyed away by the fairies into some secret place, where he should remain for a time, and then return again and reign in as great authority, and with as much splendour, as ever. One of the places chosen by tradition for the abiding-place of Prince Arthur and his court, during the enchanted



LEGEND OF THE SLEEPERS, IN RICHMOND CASTLE.

sleep, is Richmond Castle. One day, the year uncertain, a person was walking round the old fortress, when he was accosted by a mysterious stranger, who took him into a huge subterranean vault beneath the castle, where a great multitude of people of both sexes were lying on the ground in all sorts of attitudes, as if in deep slumber. In this chamber a horn and a sword were presented to him by his companion, for the purpose of releasing the sleepers from their long listlessness; but when he drew the sword half out of its sheath, a stir among them all so affrighted him, that he let the blade slip back to its place. This act of pusillanimity called forth a burst of indignation from the mysterious stranger, who, after uttering the following rhyme, suddenly disappeared:—

"Potter, Potter Thomson!
If thou had either drawn
The sword, or blown that horn,
Thou' d been the luckiest man
That ever (yet) was born."

The tradition adds, that no opportunity of breaking

the enchantment will again be afforded before a definite time has elapsed.

The dissolution of the numerous and potent religious houses in Richmondshire, roused the people to a state of frenzy. During Captain Aske's rebellion, the Duke of Norfolk writes to court on February 3rd, 1536-7, "that there was to be a great assembly in Richmond of the men about Middleham, Richmond, and the dales; and that he had sent such a sharp message to them, that if it did not break their intention, it should not be long ere he looked upon them." In fact, martial law being proclaimed in all the northern counties, Henry VIII. wrote minute instructions to the Duke of Norfolk, fearing that nobleman might be too lenient. "Our pleasure is," saith the sanguinary king, "that before you shall close up our banner again, you shall in any wise cause such dreadful execution to be done upon a good number of the inhabitants of every town, village, and hamlet as have offended in this rebellion, as well as by the hanging them up in trees as by the quartering of them, and the setting of their heads and quarters in every town, great and small, and in all

such other places, as they may be a fearful spectacle to all other hereafter that would practise any like matter, which we require you to do, without pity or respect, according to our former letters."

Leaving Richmond on its right bank, the Swale enters the Vale of York, and flows through that level country till it reaches the Wiske, a small river which rises near Osmotherley, at the foot of the moors on the western edge of Cleveland, and takes first a northerly and then a westerly direction. Afterwards running to the south, the Wiske passes Northallerton and Thirsk on the west, and falls into the Swale below Topcliff. Having received this addition to its waters, the Swale pursues its course till it unites its waters with the Ure, a few miles below Boroughbridge.

The Ure takes its rise in the mountain range which divides Yorkshire on the west from Westmoreland, a few miles to the north of the source of the Swale. This river has been sometimes termed the *Eure* and the *Jore*, as the dale through which it flows has been termed Wensleydale, otherwise Yorevale or Jorevalle, a beautiful and extensive valley, commencing at Kilgram Bridge, and extending westward, almost to the confines of Westmoreland. In this district a variety of scenery is found, unsurpassed in beauty by any in England. Mountains, clothed at their summits with purple heather, interspersed with huge crags, and at their bases with luxuriant herbage, bound the view on either hand. Down the valley flows the winding Ure, one of the most serpentine of our rivers; now boiling and foaming in its narrow channel, over its bed of limestone—now forming cascades of great beauty, and anon spreading out into a broad smooth stream, as calm and placid as a lowland lake. On the banks lie rich pastures, occasionally relieved, on the eastern extremity of the dale, by rich corn-fields. Other streams, mere mountain torrents, increase the waters of the Ure during their course.

We have mentioned the dalesmen as well as the dales as being peculiar to Yorkshire. Their native dale forms the pride of the dalesman, and the Yore has found its historian in Mr. Jones Barker, from whose interesting volume the above is an abstract: "The Yore, differently named the Ure, Eure, and the Jore," he proceeds, "losing its name below Boroughbridge, where it receives the insignificant Ouse, and when afterwards augmented by the Derwent it becomes the mighty Humber, is a circumstance that provokes the poet's ire. At what time the change took place is uncertain; but there is a strong presumption that the river which now washes the walls of York was anciently called Eure or Yore, whence the city seems to have derived its name, as also did the county."

There are several smaller dales branching out of Wensleydale, of which they may be accounted a part. These are Bishopdale, Roedale, which last also contains Lake Semer-water, a sheet of water covering upwards of a hundred acres, in many places forty-five feet deep. It also contains natural objects of great interest in Aysgarth Force, Hardraw Scaur, Mill Gillforce, and

Leyburn Shawl, the last a lofty terrace from which the eye may range from the Cleveland Hills at the mouth of the Tees, to the borders of Westmoreland. Rich in historic associations, Wensleydale contains the royal Castle of Middleham, Richard the Third's favourite residence; Bolton Castle, where Mary, Queen of Scots, spent a portion of her captivity; Jorevalle or Jerveaux, a rich and mitred abbey, now a pile of ruins; and in Coverdale are the remains of Coverham Abbey. Wensleydale is a royal forest, of which the Duke of Leeds, hereditary constable and Lord of Middleham, through descent from the family of Conyers, is her Majesty's ranger.

About three miles below Masham the Ure becomes the boundary between the North and West Riding, till it reaches Ripon, from whence it makes a circuit into the West Riding for a few miles. In its further course its waters are increased by those of the Nidd and of the picturesque valley of Netherdale. The Ouse, thus augmented, flows gently on to York, where it is joined by the Foss, a small stream rising in the Howardian Hills. From York, the Ouse takes a southerly winding direction, and becomes the boundary of the East and West Ridings. About eight miles below York, the Ouse and the Wharf mingle their waters. This river, rising at the foot of the Craven Hills, waters the beautiful vale of Wharfedale, having crossed the West Riding for more than fifty miles, and passed in its course through Otley, Netherby, and Tadcaster. About four miles below Selby the Ouse, now a smooth and broad stream, receives the Derwent into its bosom.

This river rises in the eastern moorlands of the North Riding, within a few miles of the sea, and eight miles from Scarborough, takes a southerly course through the romantic village of Hackness, and nearly parallel with the coast, till it comes to the foot of the Wolds. Here it takes a westerly and south-west direction, receives the Rye from Helmsley, passes the town of Malton, up to which it is navigable from the Ouse for vessels of twenty-four tons. The Derwent is the boundary between the North and East Ridings, from its junction with the Hertford, till it approaches Stamford Bridge, where it enters the East Riding. At the village of Barmby it enters the Ouse, which now continues its course nearly south-east towards Borthferry, where it is joined by the Calder and Aire.

This junction brings a great accession of waters to the Ouse. The Aire issues from the Craven Hills, and glides with a smooth, slow, and serpentine course nearly in a south-east direction along the winding valley of Airedale—a valley scarcely a mile in breadth, but about thirty-five miles in length—to Leeds, affording navigation to that important manufacturing town. The Aire flows on to Castleford, near to which place it receives the Calder, a river which rises on the edge of Lancashire, takes its direction easterly, leaving Halifax about two miles to the north, and passing by Dewsbury to Wakefield, from whence, running nearly north-east, it reaches Castleford, where, joining the Aire, their united currents flow in an easterly course towards Snaith, where they join the Ouse. One more river the

Ouse receives. The Don, rising in the western moors beyond Pennystone, flows in a south-easterly direction to Sheffield; then turning to the north-east, and passing by Rotherham, glides along a narrow but picturesque vale by Coninbrough and Doncaster. Continuing its course through the flat country in a north-east and northerly direction it enters the Ouse at the village of Goole.

The Ouse having now received all its Yorkshire waters is as wide as the Thames at London. It makes a circuit to the south, near Swinesfleet, and then takes a north-easterly direction to its confluence with the Trent from Lincolnshire. Here it takes the name of the Humber, whose waters we have already described.

This brief sketch of the Yorkshire water courses will convey some idea of this important county. Along the coast from Scarborough to Cleveland the face of the country is bold and hilly, the cliffs being generally from sixty and seventy to one hundred and fifty feet high. From the cliff the country rises abruptly to the height of three or four hundred feet; and a little further inland successive hills, rising one above the other, form the elevated tract of moorlands. Stoupe Brow, which is on the coast, at the distance of fourteen miles from Scarborough, and about seven from Whitby, rises to the height of eight hundred and ninety-three feet. The soil along the coast is everywhere a strong clay; and the sloping position of the moors towards the sea renders the climate bleak, cold, and stormy.

The country between York and the coast is now intersected by various lines of railway. The Pickering and Whitby line is open from York to Whitby; leaving Malton on the left hand, this line opens up some of the most picturesque of the scenes we have been describing; a branch of the same line, having a junction at Billington, a little beyond Malton, goes on to Scarborough, which is also reached by a line running from Hull to Scarborough, through Beverley, Driffield, and Bridlington.

WHITBY.

On this coast the ruins of Whitby Abbey stand out in bold relief; and no more imposing view can present itself to the eye of the traveller than this, as seen from the sea in the bright moonlight.

Viewed from the entrance of the harbour, from the northward, and also from other points, the ancient abbey and town of Whitby present a most picturesque and animated scene. The town is chiefly built on the sloping banks of the river Esk, by which it is divided into two parts—that on the west side being the most populous. The opposite parts of the town are connected by means of a drawbridge, so constructed as to allow ships to pass through. At high-water, the river above the bridge expands into a spacious harbour, where ships can lie in perfect security; but at ebb-tide, except in the mid-channel, the harbour is nearly dry.

The first authentic account we have of Whitby is contained in Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." In the time of that historian, it was called, in the Anglo-

Saxon, Streonshalh, a name which he interprets in Latin by the words Sinus Fari—that is, "Lighthouse Bay." Subsequently, it received from the Danes its present name of Whitby—a word which is probably derived from *hvit* or *whit*, white; and *by*, a dwelling.

The Abbey of Streonshalh was founded in 658, by St. Hilda, a lady of royal descent, who had previously exercised the office of Prioress of Hartlepool. The new monastery—which, like Tynemouth, was originally intended for monks as well as nuns—in a short time became so famous that a synod for settling certain religious disputes was held here in 664, only six years from the date of its foundation.

Of the number of those who were educated for the ministry at Streonshalh, or Whitby, no less than six were accounted worthy of Episcopal dignity—amongst them, John of Beverley was particularly celebrated as one of the most holy and celebrated personages of his age. The monastery had also the honour of producing Cædmon, who may be considered the father of English poetry. This celebrated Anglo-Saxon poet accustomed himself to the study of religious poetry, which he began late in life.

Cædmon was an unlettered peasant, who knew nothing of poetry or verse until he was stricken in years—when the gift was communicated to him one night as he lay asleep in an ox-stall, to which he had retired from a jovial meeting because he could not sing a song when it came to his turn. In his sleep, Cædmon composed a hymn; and the gift of verse-making being continued to him when awake, he became an object of attention. St. Hilda, hearing of his wonderful talent, sent for him to the monastery over which she presided, and prevailed on him to abandon the dress and toil of a labourer for a monk's habit and retired leisure at Streonshalh, where he is supposed to have died about the beginning of 680. St. Hilda herself died on the 17th November in the same year, aged sixty-six. For many ages after her death, the memory of St. Hilda was cherished with veneration by the inhabitants of the eastern coast of England—from the Humber to the Tweed; nor was superstition slow in ascribing to her many deeds of marvellous power.

Amongst the curiosities of this part of the coast are the ammonites, or snake-stones, found in almost every place where the alum rock exists, and particularly at Whitby Sear, between high-water and low-water mark. This sear, or rock, is formed by a stratum of alumine, nearly on a level with the surface of the ocean, and the snakes (as they are called) are all inclosed in hard elliptical stones, which seem to have been stuck therein, being coiled up in spiral volutes, and every way resembling that animal in their form and shape, save only in the head, which always is wanting. These fossil shells were long supposed to have been real snakes, and the want of heads was no valid objection to the hypothesis, since the monkish tradition alleged that the whole race of serpents, by which the territory of Lady Hilda had been infested, were at once decapitated and petrified through that good saint's prayers.

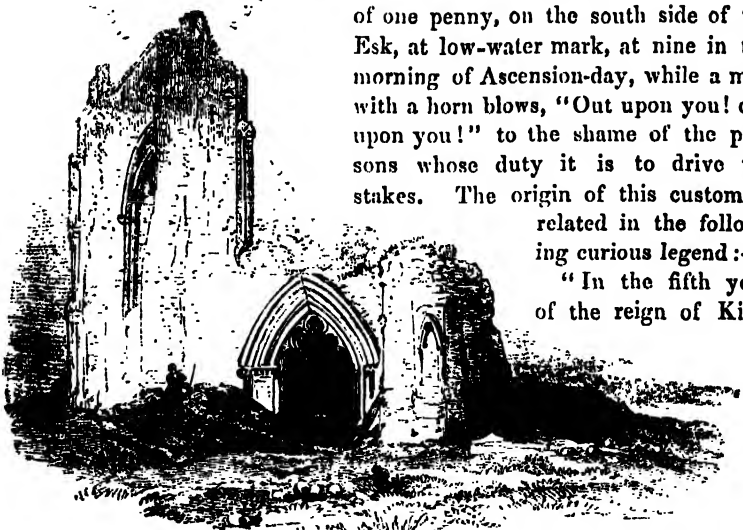
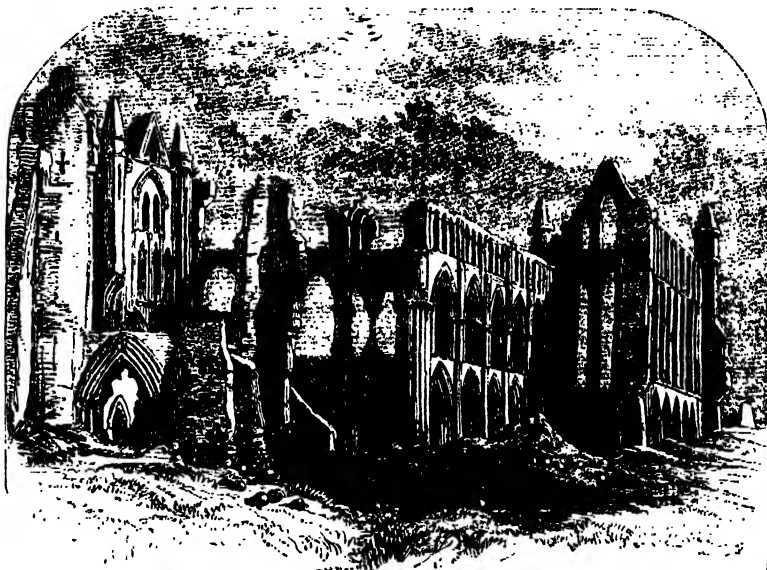
Our modern geologists have, however, given a more reasonable explanation of these fossils, which are here met with of various sizes.

It is also ascribed to the power of St. Hilda that the wild geese, which in winter fly in great flocks to lakes and unfrozen rivers of the southern parts, to the great amusement of many, fall down suddenly upon the ground when they are upon their flight over certain fields in the neighbourhood of Whitby. Camden attributes this circumstance to "some occult quality of the ground, and to somewhat of antipathy between it and the geese, such, as they say, is betwixt wolves and scryllaroots." The knowledge of science has, however, advanced since the days of Camden, and points out the origin of the fable from the number of sea-gulls that, when flying from a storm, often alight near Whitby, and from the arrival of woodcocks and other birds of passage, which, being tired, do the same upon their arrival after a long flight.

Ælfreda, the daughter of King Oswy, succeeded St. Hilda in the office of abbess, and died in 713. From this period until 867 nothing certain is known respecting the history of the monastery, except that in the latter year it was destroyed by the Danes, who, about the same time, destroyed various other places upon the eastern coast. After having remained in ruins for upwards of 200 years, it was, in 1075, re-established by Reinfrid, one of the monks of Evesham. William de Percy, a powerful Norman baron, who had known Reinfrid before he became a monk, as a soldier in the army of William the Conqueror, was the principal contributor to the new foundation, which was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Hilda, and appropriated to monks solely. Under a succession of abbots, the monastery of Whitby continued to flourish, until its suppression in 1539. At the dissolution, Richard Cholmley, Esq., obtained a lease for twenty-one years of the site of the abbey and several portions of its lands. In 1550, these were sold by the Crown to John, Earl of Warwick; but they eventually came into the possession of the family of Cholmley, who enjoy many valuable rights and privileges as lords of the manor of Whitby. On the dissolution of the monastery, the roof was stripped of lead, the bells were taken down, and only the bare walls left to the mercy of the weather, which, together with certain helps from the hand of

man, has reduced the once stately building to the fragment which remains. The tower, which formed so fine a feature of the abbey church, fell no longer ago than 1830.

A singular custom, called "making the penny stake hedge," is annually performed at Whitby by certain tenants of the lord of the manor. It consists in driving a certain number of stakes, which, according to the ancient form, were to be cut with a knife of the value



WHITBY ABBEY.

of one penny, on the south side of the Esk, at low-water mark, at nine in the morning of Ascension-day, while a man with a horn blows, "Out upon you! out upon you!" to the shame of the persons whose duty it is to drive the stakes. The origin of this custom is related in the following curious legend:—

"In the fifth year of the reign of King

Henry II., after the conquest of England by William Duke of Normandy, we may here mention that William de Bruce, the Lord of Sneaton, called Ralph de Piercy, with a gentleman and freeholder who was then called Allatson, did, in the month of October, the 16th day of the said month, appoint to meet and hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert called Eskdaleside. The wood or place did belong to the abbot of the monastery of Whitby, who was called Sedman. There the aforesaid gentlemen did meet with their boar,

staves, and hounds, in the place aforesaid, and there found a great wild boar, and the hounds did run him very well near about the chapel and hermitage of Eskdaleside, where there was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit. The boar being sore wounded and hotly pursued, and dead run, took him in at the chapel door, and there laid him down and presently died. The hermit shut the hounds forth from the chapel, and kept himself within at his meditation and prayers, the hounds standing at bay without. The gentlemen in the thick of the wood being behind their game, following the cry of their hounds, came to the hermitage, and found the hounds round the chapel. Then came the gentlemen to the door of the chapel, and called the hermit, who did open the door, and came forth, and within lay the boar dead, for the which the gentlemen, in a fury because their hounds were put off their game, did (most violently and cruelly) run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereof he died.

"The gentlemen knowing their peril took sanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time the abbot being in great favour with the king did turn them out, and exposed them to the severity of the law. The hermit being at the point of death, desired the presence of the abbot, and asked him to send for the gentlemen who had so cruelly wounded him. The abbot and the gentlemen in due time arrived, and the hermit being very weak said—'I am sure to die of these wounds.' The abbot answered—'They shall die for thee.' 'But,' said the hermit, 'not so, for I freely forgive them my death, if they be content to be enjoined to this penance for the safeguard of their souls.' The offenders, anxious to save their lives, bade the hermit enjoin what he would, who then said—'You and yours shall hold your lands of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors, in this manner,—that upon Ascension-eve you, or some of you, shall come to the Wood of the Stray Head, which is Eskdaleside, the same day at sunrise, and then shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn to the intent that you may know how to find him; and he shall deliver unto you, William de Bruce, *ten stakes, ten stout staves, and ten yeddes*, to be cut by you, or those that come for you, with a knife of a penny price; and you, Ralph de Piercie, shall take one-and-twenty of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you, Allatson, shall take nine of each sort, to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs and carried to the town of Whitby, and so to be there before nine of the clock of the day aforesaid; and at the hour of nine of the clock (if it be full sea, to cease that service), as long as it is low water, at nine of the clock, the same hour each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water—each stake a yard from another—and so yedder them as with your yeddes, and so stake on each side with your *stout staves*, that they stand three tides without removing by force of the water. Each of you shall make them in several places at the hour aforesaid—except it be full sea at that hour—which when it shall happen to pass, that service shall cease; and you shall do this service in remembrance that you did

(most cruelly) slay me. And that you may the better call to God for repentance and find mercie, and do good works, the officer of Eskdaleside shall blow his horn—*Out upon you!—Out upon you!—Out upon you!* for the heinous crime of you. And if you and your successors do refuse this service—so long as it shall not be full sea—at that hour aforesaid, you and yours shall forfeit all your lands to the Abbot of Whitby, or his successors.' The hermit's stipulation having been agreed to by the culprits, and also the abbot, the wounded man died the 18th Dec., 1159."

Sir Walter Scott, in "Marmion," in alluding to the above legend, and also to those respecting the Whitby snakes, and the alighting of birds, says:—

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,
How in their house three barons bold
Must menial service do;
While horns blow out a note of shame,
And Monks cry 'Ere upon your name!
In wrath for loss of silvan game,
St. Hilda's priest ye slew.'
'This, on Ascension-day, each year,
While labouring on our harbour pier,
Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear.'
They told how in their convent-cell,
A Saxon princess once did dwell,
The lovely Edelild;
And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When holy Hilda pray'd;
Themselves, within their holy bound,
Their stony folds had often found.
They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail,
As over Whitby's towers they sail,
And sinking down, with flutterings faint,
They do their homage to the saint."

The ruins of the once famous Abbey stand on a cliff 240 feet high, south-east of, and overlooking the town. The existing remains consist of the choir, the north transept, and part of the west front. The offices of the monastery have been entirely removed. The Abbey Church was constructed in the usual form of a cross, and had three aisles. Over the centre of the cross rose a large tower; the length of the church was about 252 feet; the breadth of the middle aisle about 30 feet, that of the side aisles each 13 feet; the height of the tower was 104 feet, that of the walls 60 feet.

In the town of Whitby the streets, in both parts of the town, are narrow, but they are generally well paved and lighted. The ground on each side of the river rises rapidly, more especially on the east side. The harbour has a bar at the mouth of only 10 feet of water in the spring tides.

From the lighthouse, on the western pier, a tide-light is displayed at night-time, as long as there is eight feet of water at the bar during the same period of the tide; in the day a flag is hoisted on the west cliff. It is high water at Whitby Pier at forty minutes past three o'clock, at the full and change of the moon.

There are in Whitby a custom-house, town-hall, dispensary, a seamen's hospital, places of public wor-

ship, in addition to those of the Church of England, for several classes of Dissenters.

There are also several excellent schools, and other useful public institutions. The principal trades carried on in Whitby are ship-building and the manufacture of sailcloth. Its principal imports are coals from Newcastle and Sunderland; and timber, hemp, flax, tar, iron, and tallow, from the Baltic. Alum, manufactured in the neighbourhood, is shipped at Whitby; but the principal article of export is stones for building, of which large quantities are sent to London. Whitby, by the Reform Bill, sends one member to Parliament; and, according to a parliamentary return, dated the 23rd March, 1842, the number of vessels of upwards of 50 tons, registered at the port of Whitby, was 291, the burthen of which was estimated at 47,837 tons.

Many places in the neighbourhood of Whitby possess great interest, amongst which "Robin Hood's Bay," a bold and picturesque portion of the Yorkshire coast, is at a distance of six miles south-east from Whitby. This village derives its name from the famous outlaw Robin Hood, respecting whom tradition tells us, that when military parties were sent out, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, to apprehend him and his "merrie men," he often found it necessary to forsake that and the southern parts of Yorkshire, and retreating northwards, to cross the moors that separate Whitby from the rest of the country, where, gaining the sea-coast, he always had in readiness a number of fishing-vessels, on board of which he could take refuge if he felt himself pursued. His chief place of resort at these times is said to have been this bay; and certain tumuli in the vicinity were long believed to have been thrown up by him as butts to exercise his men in the use of the bow. But in the year 1771, one of these being opened, a quantity of human bones were found, which showed that these had been the burial-places of either the Danes, Saxons, or ancient Britons. However, it is not impossible that Robin Hood might make use of the mounds or burrows which he found ready formed.

In connection with Robin Hood's visits to this neighbourhood, tradition also informs us that on one occasion Robin Hood, attended by Little John, went and dined with the Abbot of Whitby, who, having often heard of their dexterity in shooting with the long bow, requested them, after dinner, to show him a specimen. In order to oblige their friendly entertainer, they went up to the top of the Abbey, and each shot an arrow, which fell so far from Whitby, that the abbot was greatly astonished, and in memorial thereof a pillar was set up by him to mark the place.

Beyond the narrow strip of land on the coast, is the wild and mountainous tract called the Eastern Moorlands, occupying a space of about thirty miles in length from east to west, and fifteen in breadth from north to south. These moorlands are indented by a number of beautiful and fertile dales. The higher hills are covered with large blocks of freestone; in others are extensive beds of peatmoss, in many places very deep and nearly impassable; these are usually covered with *Erica*

tebrelluz, and *cineraria*, in some places mixed with bent grass and rushes. The basis of all this district is invariably freestone. The western end of these moorlands, which is called Hamilton, is generally a fine loamy soil upon a limestone rock, producing coarse grass and bent, mixed with ling.

The cultivated dales, situated among the moors, are pretty extensive, some of them containing thousands of acres; Eskdale and Bilsdale much more. The level land at the bottom of the vales is seldom more than two or three hundred yards in breadth; but the sides of the hills are generally cultivated for half-a-mile to a mile and a-half up the hills. These moorlands are bleak and dreary, being destitute of wood except in the dales, where a few dwarfish trees may be seen among the scattered habitations. The roads leading from Whitby, Guinsborough, Stokesly, and Pickering scarcely present a living object. Some of the hills, however, command magnificent and picturesque views, near the edge of this rugged and mountainous region.

In descending the Blue Bank on the Pickering road, about four miles from Whitby, a most delightful view presents itself of a varied and highly-cultivated district. The beautiful Vale of Eskdale bursts upon the view, and for the space of four miles displays its unsurpassed and winding scenery; while the venerable ruins of Whitby, with the German Ocean for a background, form a strikingly-conspicuous object. The hills on the southern edge of the moors afford views of Roedale, the Howardian Hills, and the Wolds of the East Riding. Various points of the Hamilton Hills command extensive views over the Vale of York, as far as the western moors. But the most striking object in this rugged district is the peaked mountain called Rosebury Topping. This mountain serves as a landmark to sailors, and furnishes the inhabitants of Cleveland with an infallible sign of the weather—for when its top is darkened with clouds, rain generally follows. Hence the proverb,

"When Rosebury Topping wears a cap,
Let Cleveland then beware of a clap."

The extensive Vale of York may be said to commence at the Tees, extending to the southern boundaries of the county. From the Tees the valley has a general slope, interrupted by some irregularities of surface, as far as York, where it sinks into a perfect flat. The northern part has the moorland on each side, except where it enters into Cleveland, or is separated from Roedale by the Howardian Hills, till it approaches within ten miles of York. It there obtains a greater breadth, extending itself to the East Riding, where it is bounded by the Wolds on the east, extending northward as far as the Humber. Thus the Vale of York comprises no small part of the East and West, as well as the North Ridings, extending from north to south quite through the middle of the county.

Having thus briefly described the physical features of the county, we must pause and describe some of its great industrial characteristics.

LEEDS, AND THE CLOTHING DISTRICT.

THERE is no county in England which presents more diverse features in its different parts than Yorkshire—the huge, wide-spreading Yorkshire. And yet these differences have been brought about more by man's busy doings, than by the physical structure of the county: or rather, certain diversities being established by Nature in her geological developments, man has given a more and more marked character to these diversities by his steam-engines, his looms, his spinning machines, and his mining operations.

Beginning at York, and following the meanderings of the Derwent, from the vicinity of that ancient city to the vicinity of Scarborough, we have a line of demarcation through a portion of the county. Beginning again at York, and following the Ouse until it empties itself into the Humber, we have a second irregular line. Starting a third time from the same point, and proceeding north-west to the boundary of Westmorland, partly along the upper valley of the Ouse, and partly along the ridge of a chain of mountains, we have a third line of separation. Yorkshire is by these lines parted off into three portions, or *Ridings*; and these three Ridings differ considerably one from another. If our present concern were with the county generally, we should have to point out the main features of difference between the East and the North Ridings; but it suffices for us to show that the West Riding differs strikingly from both. A steam-engine is a rarity in the East and North: in the West its puffing, panting movements are familiar enough. In the East and North the streams, if they do any work at all, exhibit it in the navigation of barges, and in turning corn-mills: in the West, the streams are busy coadjutors in the making and finishing of cloth. In the East and North, the chief towns (excepting Hull) derive most of their commercial importance from being centres of agricultural districts: in the West, there are a dozen towns which all but rank with the Manchesters and Birmingham's. In the East and North, the villages are almost wholly agricultural: in the West there is hardly a village where the spindle and the shuttle are not busily plied. In the East and North, the people grow the food which they eat: in the West they are too busy and too many to do so—they apply to their neighbours of Lincolnshire. In the East and North there are only four inhabitants to twenty acres: in the West there are fifteen. In the East and North, there is only one house to twenty-four acres: in the West there are six.

And even this West Riding itself is anything but uniform in its features. If we trace a curved line from Rotherham, through Leeds, to Skipton, all the portion

on the east and north of this line, comprising more than three-fourths of the entire West Riding, is almost as wholly agricultural as the North and East Ridings themselves. Busy then, indeed, must be the remaining one-fourth; and busy it is. Busy, too, in modes of industry so entirely distinct, that we must ask the reader to follow us even to a further division. We must draw an imaginary line, which shall cut off the southern portion of this nook of the county; this southern portion contains the coal and iron of Penistone, Silkstone, Rotherham, and Sheffield, but has hardly a spindle or a loom throughout its whole extent; whereas the remainder, though possessing much coal and some iron, is, *par excellence*, the **CLOTHING DISTRICT**.

Thus, step by step, we bring our attention to centre in one particular part of Yorkshire. If the reader will take his map, and trace four lines—from Barnsley to Leeds, Leeds to Skipton, Skipton to Rochdale, and Rochdale to Barnsley—he will enclose an irregular quadrangle, which constitutes the clothing district: excluding very few of the clothing villages, and including very few villages which are not of that character. Three or four centres of active operation are found within this quadrangle: such as Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—each having around it a group of villages, which look to it as a market for the sale of their manufactured produce. Whether they be hills or valleys where these villages lie, still the villages themselves are occupied mainly by clothiers. The towns and larger villages are, however, all on the banks of the rivers flowing through valleys:—thus, Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, and Leeds, are in the valley of the Aire; Bradford is in a valley, springing from this at right angles; Halifax is in a hollow, surrounded by high ground; Huddersfield is in the valley of the Colne, near the confluence of many minor streams; and lastly, Dewsbury is in the valley of the Calder.

When we call this the *Clothing District*, it is desirable to know how that term is applied. Long before cotton or silk formed any notable proportion of English dress, woollen garments were largely made in Yorkshire and in the West of England; and those two portions of England became generally known as the Clothing Districts. Various circumstances have led to the decline of manufactures in the West, and their extension in the North; so that the latter is now more peculiarly the possessor of this appellation. Even here, however, the trade is not distributed indiscriminately over the district: it groups itself around certain centres. Thus, the wool-dealer, the cloth-manufacturer,

the commercial traveller, the shipping merchant—all know in which direction to bend their steps according to the kind of goods required.

As the present article does not pretend to grasp at the topography of the whole clothing district; nor, on the other hand, to treat of manufacturing industry in a systematic way; it may be well at once to settle what it *does* propose as its object. Leeds being by far the largest and most important town in the district, it will be made the subject of a topographical description; while the clothing manufacture will be so far noticed as to illustrate the dependence of Leeds on it for support, and the dependence of all the towns and villages on each other.

In viewing the position of Leeds with respect to the rest of the district, we see that it shares with them in the general course of the rivers towards the east or south-east. Going a little beyond our prescribed limits, on the north, we find the river Wharfe, which rising near Hawes, follows a direction pretty nearly south-east, past Bolton Abbey, Otley, Harewood, Wetherby, and Tadcaster, to its junction with the Ouse, near Cawood. Then comes the Aire, which, rising near Settle, follows in like manner a south-east course, past Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, Leeds, to its junction with the Calder, near Castleford. This Calder takes its rise on the borders of Lancashire, and follows a winding course (not deviating very much from east), past Sowerby, Dewsbury, and Wakefield, to Castleford. Lastly; the river which flows through Huddersfield, and which is formed by a number of small streams, has a direction rather towards the north-east, until it joins the Calder. Thus all the streams have a direction tending more or less towards the east; and all contribute to form that great river which, under the name of the Humber, passes by Hull into the German Ocean. Between the greater valleys through which these streams flow are smaller lateral valleys; by which the whole district is cut up into a succession of hills and hollows,—very pleasant for the artist to look at, very advantageous for the manufacturer who requires water-power, but very embarrassing to the engineer who has to make railways.

Leeds occupies the north-east corner of the whole district. One might almost have expected that the greatest town of the district would have been near the centre; and in by-gone ages, when Halifax was more closely connected than Leeds with the clothing manufacture, such a system of central position was observable. But various circumstances have tended in later ages to give Leeds a commanding position.

THE NET-WORK OF WEST RIDING RAILWAYS.

The mode of reaching a town, in these our railway days, is among the most notable of its features. The "Great London Road," which marks the chief entrance to most of our towns, is becoming less and less the chief entrance. An intruder has stepped in, who bids us follow his iron track. The "ancient ways" are very

much like deserted ways now, and are to be appreciated only by a thorough-going pedestrian. Let us see, then, what the iron roads are doing, and have been doing, and will be doing, in and around Leeds.

The year 1844 commenced what we may term the new railway era for Leeds. Until that period, there were only two railways belonging to the town; viz., the North Midland, which had its northern terminus at Leeds; and the Leeds and Selby, which had its western terminus at the same town. In the year above named (1844), the Leeds and Selby line passed into the hands of the York and North Midland Railway Company. As to the Manchester and Leeds Railway, the name has always been a misnomer; for the line terminates at Normanton, eight or ten miles south of Leeds: the remainder of the distance being run over the North Midland. Towards the north and west, Leeds was wholly severed from the general railway system. The first change was produced in 1844, by the legislative sanction of the Leeds and Bradford Railway. This line was to commence at Sandford Street in Leeds, and to pass through a number of small but busy villages and townships to Bradford, including Wortley, Armley, Bramley, Kirkstall, Horsforth, Shipley, and others: the termination being in the Kirkgate at Bradford. There was also sanctioned a short branch from this line in Holbeck, to the North Midland in Hunslet; so as to afford continuous communication from Bradford to the south and east, through Leeds.

The next step, in 1845, was the legalizing of the Leeds and Dewsbury line. This was to commence by a junction with the Leeds and Bradford in Holbeck township, Leeds; and proceed by way of Beeston, Ardsley, and Batley, to Dewsbury; and thence by Mirfield and Kirkheaton to Huddersfield. The line was to form two junctions with the Manchester and Leeds, at Kirkheaton and at Mirfield; and it was likewise to have two branches, from Leeds to Wortley, and from Batley to Birstall. There were subsidiary arrangements for abandoning a portion of the line near Huddersfield, in the event of certain agreements being made with the Manchester and Leeds Company. The same year also witnessed the passing of an Act for the Leeds and Thirsk Railway. This was in effect an extension of the North Midland Railway towards the north: placing Leeds (as it ought to be placed) on a main line of thoroughfare. It was to pass from Leeds through Bramhope, Knaresborough, Ripley, Ripon, and Sowerby, to Thirsk; and was to have a multitude of small branches, from Headingley to Bramley, from Cookridge to Bramley, from Knaresborough to Harrowgate, and two others to connect it with the Leeds and Bradford, and the Great North of England lines. A further progress was made in the same year, by the passing of Acts for the extension of the Leeds and Bradford to Colne, the Wakefield and Goole, the Huddersfield and Manchester, and certain branches from the Manchester and Leeds Railways. Then came the busy year 1846, when the bubbles of

1845 had to be blown away, and the good measures (with an admixture of bad, it must be owned,) sanctioned. Leeds had its full share in these exploits. The York and North Midland Company were empowered to shorten their line of communication from York to Leeds; the Leeds and Bradford, Leeds and Dewsbury, and Manchester and Leeds Companies received powers to make several amendments in their various lines; the Leeds and Thirsk were authorised to extend their operations to the coal districts of Durham; the Wharfedale Railway was sanctioned, whereby the towns and villages on the Wharfe would be brought into connection with Leeds and the other great towns; the Great Northern Company received its large powers, one feature of which was, to carry their operations northward to Leeds; and, lastly, a net-work of the most extraordinary kind, called the West-Riding Union Railway, received the Royal assent, having for its object, by a great number of small lines, planned, in spite of the enormous expense inevitably involved, to connect most of the great clothing towns of the West-Riding—such as Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—with each other.

Another year brings us to 1847. The Parliamentary documents contain many and varied railway details, relating, more or less, to Leeds and its vicinity; but they were, for the most part, mere alterations and improvements in the numerous Acts before obtained. By this time, the companies directly and closely interested in the town of Leeds had increased to seven or eight in number; but amalgamations and leasings have since brought them down to a smaller number of larger groups. One of the Acts of 1847 was to amend the details of a new entrance into Leeds: it marked out a line from the township of Wortley to Wellington Street in Leeds, there to form the terminus of the West-Riding Union Railway.

One more year, and we conclude our list. In 1848, the Leeds and Thirsk Company added still more to the number of short branches which will mark their line; but the only Act with which we have here to do—and one which will have more effect on the interior of Leeds than any of the Acts hitherto enumerated—is that which empowers the formation of the Leeds Central Station. So many companies are about to approach Leeds on every side, that it was felt to be desirable that they should have one general point of junction, and one grand station, within the town. The West-Riding Union, the Leeds and Dewsbury, the Leeds and Thirsk, and the Great Northern, will all enter Leeds from different directions; and these four companies have agreed to construct a general station in common. The Leeds and Selby, the Leeds and Bradford, and the North Midland parties hold aloof from this arrangement: they belong to other interests, somewhat at rivalry with the former. A sum of no less than £320,000 is authorized to be raised for this one station: the four Companies to provide it in equal quotas. The station is to be on the north side of the River Aire. It will either touch upon, or pass

through or over, the Leeds and Whitehall turnpike-road and Aire Street, bounded by the south side of Wellington Street. There will be a connection made with the Leeds and Bradford Railway. The station was originally intended to have included the site of the General Infirmary, which was to have been rebuilt in another situation: that portion of the plan is now abandoned.

Such, then, are the arrangements made, up to the present time, for accommodating this remarkable district: we say 'made,' in the parliamentary sense; for the engineers have still a vast amount of work to do, before the various lines of railway will be finished. The year 1845 was the period of severe competition in this quarter. Two rival schemes, the 'Leeds and West-Riding Junction,' and the 'West Yorkshire,' were brought forward, for supplying a net-work of railways for the clothing towns; and the Report of the Board of Trade on those schemes, gives a very good idea of the nature of the district: "One peculiarity in the district is the number of important and populous towns and manufacturing villages, scattered over it so irregularly, that their connection cannot possibly be effected by any one line of railway. This will best be understood by reference to a map, from which it will be seen, that any line that connects Leeds with Bradford and Halifax, and those places with Manchester, necessarily isolates Huddersfield and Dewsbury; while, on the other hand, a Manchester and Leeds line, carried through those places, would provide no accommodation for Bradford and Halifax. The traffic of the district is also such as to require a very complete communication of all these towns with one another, as well as an outlet for each of them towards their great manufacturing capitals, Leeds and Manchester, and towards their great shipping ports, Hull and Liverpool. It consists, in great measure, of what may be called an 'omnibus traffic,' circulating from town to town within the district, in the pursuits of manufacturing industry, and to attend the cloth and other markets which are held weekly, on stated days, in all the chief emporiums; and the traffic in goods and raw materials, owing to the subdivision in the processes of manufacture throughout the district, will be of a very similar description. The great bulk of this local traffic will be of a character to require, for its proper development, both very cheap rates, and very numerous trains."

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF LEEDS.

Leeds, the 'Loidis,' 'Ledes,' and 'Leedes' of past ages, has nothing left at the present day to mark its connection with feudal and monastic times, excepting perhaps the Abbey of Kirkstall in its immediate vicinity. It was never particularly rich in such features—far less so than its neighbour, the venerable city of York; and the hand of Time, assisted by the extension of commerce, has levelled, one by one, all that told of the past.

In this, as in other towns which can date their

origin many centuries back, it is difficult to say whether the first notable building was castellated or ecclesiastical, whether the baron or the abbot was the earlier centre of power, or whether the town were really founded before barons or abbots were known. A cloud hangs over the early history of Leeds, and this cloud does not begin to disperse until we arrive at a period subsequent to the Norman Conquest.

The chief authority on the early history of Leeds, Dr. Whitaker, states that there was a Roman station at or near this spot; but that nothing has been retained of the history of Leeds till the time of the Saxons. He thinks that the district of *Loidis*, mentioned by the Venerable Bede, comprised the country lying about ten miles on every side from Leeds. '*Loidis and Elmete*,' the title of Dr. Whitaker's voluminous work on this subject, relates to two Saxon names of places mentioned by Bede; which names are believed by Dr. Whitaker to refer to the town of Leeds, the neighbouring town or village of Barwick in Elmete, and the surrounding country. From the terms in which Leeds is mentioned in Domesday Book, it is inferred that there were about 135 persons, with their households, who were landowners of Leeds and Holbeck in the time of the Conqueror. Whitaker gives a curious conjecture of the probable appearance of Leeds at that time: "Whatever streets do not bear the Saxon name of 'gate,' were then, if anything, lanes in the fields; and this rule restricts the original Leeds to Briggate, Kirkgate, and Swinegate, which last formed the original approach to the Castle, which, at a somewhat later period, was erected by the Lacies. Let the reader, then, who is acquainted with this busy and crowded scene as it exists at present, figure to himself two deep and dirty highways, one stretching from the bridge to the present Town Hall; the other at a right angle to the parish church, with seven-and-twenty dwelling-houses constructed of mud, wattles, and straw—the usual architecture of the Saxons—their mean barns, farm-yards, etc.; and here and there a wretched cabin, perhaps of still meaner structure, dispersed at intervals along these two lines. To the backs of these, in every direction, lay a wide extent of open fields; and with these exceptions, the streets and squares into which this great commercial town has expanded in every quarter, were alternately grazed by cattle, or wrought by the plough."

From this humble condition Leeds gradually and silently developed itself. At some period between the Conquest and the reign of John, a castle was built, and both castle and manor belonged to the family of Paganel. Leeds itself had, immediately after the Conquest, been given to Ilbert de Lacy, a powerful noble, who united it to his barony of Pontefract; but after the lapse of a few years, the manor of Leeds was granted to the Paganels, who held it under the Lacys—the latter being superior lords of the district. Of what character was the Castle built by Paganel we have very little account. It stood, however, upon Mill Hill, at a short distance from the River Aire, and upon a

gentle acclivity. The Castle was surrounded with an extensive park, long since broken up. The site is nevertheless sufficiently indicated by such names as Park Place, Park Square, Park Lane, and Park Row, all lying a little north-west of the present Coloured-cloth Hall. There are only two historical facts clearly known as applying to Leeds Castle: the one was the besieging of the Castle by King Stephen, during his march towards Scotland in 1139; and the other was the temporary confinement of Richard II. within the Castle, just before his accredited murder at Pontefract. The Castle is supposed to have been destroyed early in the fourteenth century. Sometimes a little confusion arises from the circumstance that Yorkshire and Kent each had a Leeds Castle: the latter is still existing.

Maurice Paganel, as the mesne lord of Leeds, gave a Charter to the burgesses during the reign of King John. Soon after the death of this baron, the manor reverted to the chief lords of the fee; and after changing hands many times, it came into the possession of the Duke of Lancaster, during the reign of Edward I. When this duke became King Henry IV., the manor of Leeds assumed the character of royal property, and as such it remained till the time of James I., when it again passed into private hands. It has, for about two centuries and a half, been sold and given and inherited in a great variety of ways; and at the present day it is held by several proprietors in common, each of whom has a certain definite share of the whole.

We know very little of the share which Leeds may have taken in the baronial struggles of the thirteenth and two following centuries: it is probable that the town was too small to be regarded as an important feature in contests for power, especially after the destruction (whether by time or by violence) of the castle. The first page of what may perhaps be termed the modern history of Leeds is given by Leland, who, writing about three centuries ago, says:—"Leeds, two miles lower down than Christal [Kirkstall] Abbaye, on Aire river, is a praty market toune, having one parochie chirche, reasonably well builded, and as large as Bradeford, but not so quik as it." We must infer that this "quickness" refers to the bustle and activity of the two towns, in which the palm is given by Leland to Bradford. It was probably about that time that the clothing manufacture was first introduced into Leeds. Ralph Thoresby tells us, that one of his reasons for writing the *Ducatus Leodiensis* was a consideration of the great richness and resources of the country near his native town, Leeds. He selects as a sort of centre, Haselwood, a little distance eastward of Leeds; and says that the district around Leeds and Haselwood formed the portion of Yorkshire which Bishop Tunstal "shewed to King Henry VIII. in his progress to York, anno 1548, which he avowed to be the richest he ever found in all his travels through Europe; there being within ten miles of Haselwood, 165 manor-houses of lords, knights, and gentlemen of the best quality; 275 several woods, whereof some of them contain 500 acres; 32 parks, and 2 chases of deer; 120 rivers and brooks, whereof 5 be

navigable, well stored with salmon and other fish; 76 water mills, for the grinding of corn on the aforesaid rivers; 25 coal mines, which yield abundance of fuel for the whole county; 3 forges for the making of iron, and stone enough for the same: and within the same limits as much sport and pleasure for hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling, as in any place of England besides." This is given as having been the state of things in 1548, in the time of Henry VIII.; and if the account can be relied on, it certainly indicates a condition of notable prosperity within a boundary of such narrow limits.

In 1638, Leeds was called upon to furnish its quota of ship-money; and Clarendon speaks of it, in companionship with Halifax and Bradford, as being about that period "three very populous and rich towns, depending wholly upon clothiers." Leeds had its full share in the struggles between Charles I. and his Parliament; taking uniformly the part of the latter, and changing masters many times. The Royalists under the Marquis of Newcastle took the town in 1642; in the next year, the Parliamentarians under Fairfax reconquered it; again was it taken by the Royalists; and again, after the battle of Marston Moor, did the Parliamentarians resume their possession.

Among the stories which have been associated with this period at Leeds was the following:—When Charles I. was in the hands of the Scots, and was being conveyed by them from Newark to Newcastle, he was lodged in the Red Hall at Leeds, supposed to have been then the best house in the town. During his stay at that place, a maid-servant, feeling compassion for his fallen position, and perhaps acting under the influence of certain royalists in the town, implored him to disguise himself in her dress, as a means of effecting his escape. She declared at the same time, that if he succeeded in the attempt, he would immediately be conducted by a back alley (since known as Land's-lane) to a friend's house, from whence he could proceed to France. Charles, however, either convinced that the project was impracticable, or entertaining fallacious hopes of the intentions of the Scots in his favour, declined the offer made by the woman. As a mark of his gratitude he gave her the Garter (perhaps the only symbol of royalty he then had about him); saying, that if it never should be in his power to reward her, his son, on the sight of that token, would bestow upon her some remuneration. After the Restoration, the woman repaired to Charles II., related the circumstance, and produced the token. The king inquired whence she came; she replied, "From Leeds, in Yorkshire." "Whether she had a husband?" She answered that she had. "What was his calling?" She said, "An under-bailiff." "Then," said the king, "he shall be chief bailiff in Yorkshire."

Whatever may have been the disasters suffered by Leeds during the wars, they were slight compared with those which resulted from the Great Plague of 1665. From the month of March to the month of December in that year, more than fifteen hundred persons died of

the plague in this town; supposed to have been not less than one-fifth of the whole population. All but the very poor sought to avoid the dread pestilence by flight; the grass grew in the deserted streets; the markets were removed to Woodhouse; and the doors of the church were closed.

A period of a century elapsed without any political event of importance having occurred at Leeds; when, in 1745, Marshal Wade's army formed an encampment between Leeds, Sheepscar, and Woodhouse. It is said that this was the last encampment formed on English ground during the time of internal war; and it is also said, that the boundaries of the encampment are still marked by the absence of old wood in the hedge-rows.

The progress of Leeds was so quiet and steady, that it is hardly possible to watch the several stages of its development. Turnpike-roads were introduced in the neighbourhood about 1753: not without great opposition on the part of the lower classes, who regarded toll-bars much in the same light as "Rebecca" of modern times in Wales has done. The houses of the inhabitants gradually assumed a more substantial and durable character. The mud and wattled houses, roofed with thatch, which formed the early dwellings of the town, gave place to timber-houses; one of which, named Rockley Hall, the residence of an opulent family, was existing down to the beginning of the present century. When, from change of taste, or scarcity of wood, these timber-houses became obsolete, they were succeeded by another class of houses built of a perishable argillaceous kind of stone found in the neighbourhood. At length, in the reign of Charles I., the first brick-house of Leeds was built; and it retained for nearly two centuries the distinctive appellation of the *Red House*. A more recent stage was consequent on the introduction of deal timber from Prussia and Livonia, by which the massive and picturesque oak-fittings of earlier days were replaced by lighter, neater, but plainer and more fragile timbers of deal.

With regard to intercourse between Leeds and London, it was of course a momentous affair before the days of good roads and fast coaches. The first Leeds and London stage-coach of which we have read was advertised in 1764; when the travelling public were informed that there was "safe and expeditious travelling, with machines on steel springs, in four days to London, from the Old King's Arms, in Leeds, every Monday and Wednesday." The march of improvement was so rapid that in 1776 a new post-coach was announced to go from Leeds to London in thirty-nine hours. Of the steps whereby this mode of travelling was superseded by the vast railway system described in a former page, most modern readers are able to form an opinion.

The annals of Leeds for the last hundred years are simply the annals of commercial progress; and it may, therefore, suffice for us now to see what kind of town Leeds has become, and what are the relations which it bears to its busy neighbours.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN.

First, then, we have to draw a distinction between the *town*, the *borough*, and the *parish* of Leeds. The town claims its ninety or hundred thousand inhabitants; while the borough approaches much nearer to two hundred thousand. When the Parliamentary Reform Commissioners came to mark the boundaries of the borough of Leeds, they found the parish limits so extensive and comprehensive, that it was deemed sufficient to apply the same limits to the borough. The parish is a large one, or (since the recent changes in the ecclesiastical divisions of the parish) we may perhaps better say that the borough is a large one. It comprises not only the town of Leeds, but also the townships and chapelries of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Farnley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Chapel Allerton, Headingley, Burley, Wortley, and Potter Newton—extending between seven and eight miles from east to west, about the same from north to south, and thirty in circumference.

These townships or outlying suburbs are connected with Leeds not only in an electoral sense, but commercially and socially. The cloth-workers of the townships look up to Leeds as their great prop and support; while the "well-to-do" inhabitants of Leeds—the gentry and the principal manufacturers—have their private residences between and among those townships, where smoke and steam have yet left a few green fields and green trees untouched. Beginning northward of Leeds, and making a circuit around it, we first find the township or village of Headingley, becoming more and more an integral portion of Leeds, by the progress of building along the pleasant road which connects the two. Just beyond this is Weetwood, with its 'lodge,' its 'hall,' its 'cottage,' its 'mill,' &c., to which it gives name. The road through Headingley leads onward to Otley. Next to this, on the west, is the road through Kirkstall towards Horsforth; and here we find the ruins of the venerable Abbey which has given such celebrity to the place. Between the two roads lie Burley Hill, Kirkstall Grange, Hawksworth Park, Cookridge Wood, and other open spots—some cultivated as private pleasure-grounds, and some in the state of woods and commons. A little to the west of the Kirkstall road lies the valley through which the river Aire, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and the Leeds and Bradford Railway run—a curious example, and one which is exhibited in many parts of England, of the eagerness with which engineers seek to follow the lines marked out for them by Nature in the courses of rivers. In immediate contiguity with these are the Bramley stone quarries. Next we come to the high-road to Bradford, surmounting a hill which has been shunned by the river, the canal, and the railway. In this quarter are the villages of Armley, Bramley, and Stanningley, and a few private residences. A further progress to the south-west brings us to the road leading to Tong and other clothing villages in that direction, over a very undulating country; here we meet with Wortley, Farnley village and park, and

a sprinkling of private residences, with country farms. Then we come to the turnpike-road, towards Halifax and Birstall, with Farnley Wood lying between them. South of Leeds lies Holbeck, now so closely connected with the town, that there is no visible division between them, except that furnished by the river Aire. Beyond Holbeck, in the same direction, lies Beeston; and in and around the intervening district are many private residences and pleasant fields. Beginning now to bend to the south-east of Leeds, and crossing the North Midland Railway, we come first to Hunslet, almost as much incorporated with the great town as Holbeck. But here we notice a remarkable feature, which has been before adverted to, and which will again come under our observation further on, that eastward of Leeds scarcely a trace of a clothing village can be seen: the roads to Wakefield, to Pontefract, to Selby, all have farm-houses and private residences in their vicinity, but not such a knot of busy little suburbs as those hitherto named. Crossing the Leeds and Selby Railway, and approaching the division north-east of Leeds, we find Sheepscar, Gledhow Wood, Roundhay, and a number of farms near the road to York and Tadcaster. Lastly, on the north, following the line of road to Harrogate and its vicinity, we find Woodhouse, Potter Newton, and Chapel Allerton, interspersed, like the others, with mansions, parks, and farms.

It must be admitted that there are very few fine prospects to be obtained among this belt of townships and villages; the hills are neither numerous enough nor picturesque enough to form a good background to the scene. But where the man of commerce is busy, the man of landscapes must not be disappointed if the materials at his disposal are somewhat scanty. There can be no mistake as to the character of Leeds as a town, in whatever direction it may be approached: there is a dark and sooty tell-tale hovering over it, which speaks of factories and steam-engines and chimneys among the mass of houses beneath. Whatever we may say of its environs, most certain it is that Leeds cannot lay claim to the character of a picturesque town. Situated on the banks of the river Aire, it presents two different aspects, according to the point of view. On the one side of the river it lies on a slope of considerable acclivity, underlaid by a series of coal-measures; while on the other side, constituting the districts or townships of Hunslet and Holbeck, is an extensive flat, traversed by the Hunslet and Holbeck brooks. The river Aire and its wharfs furnish us with the scene given at page 1.

The general arrangement of the streets and alleys in the older parts of the town is pretty much the same as in all old towns: narrowness and crookedness are prevailing features. The main artery from north to south, however, called the Briggate, is of considerable width; arising, as it is said, from the old custom of having gardens in front of the houses in this street, the removal of which gardens has had the effect of giving a respectable amplitude to the Briggate. The streets more recently formed have the modern property of being

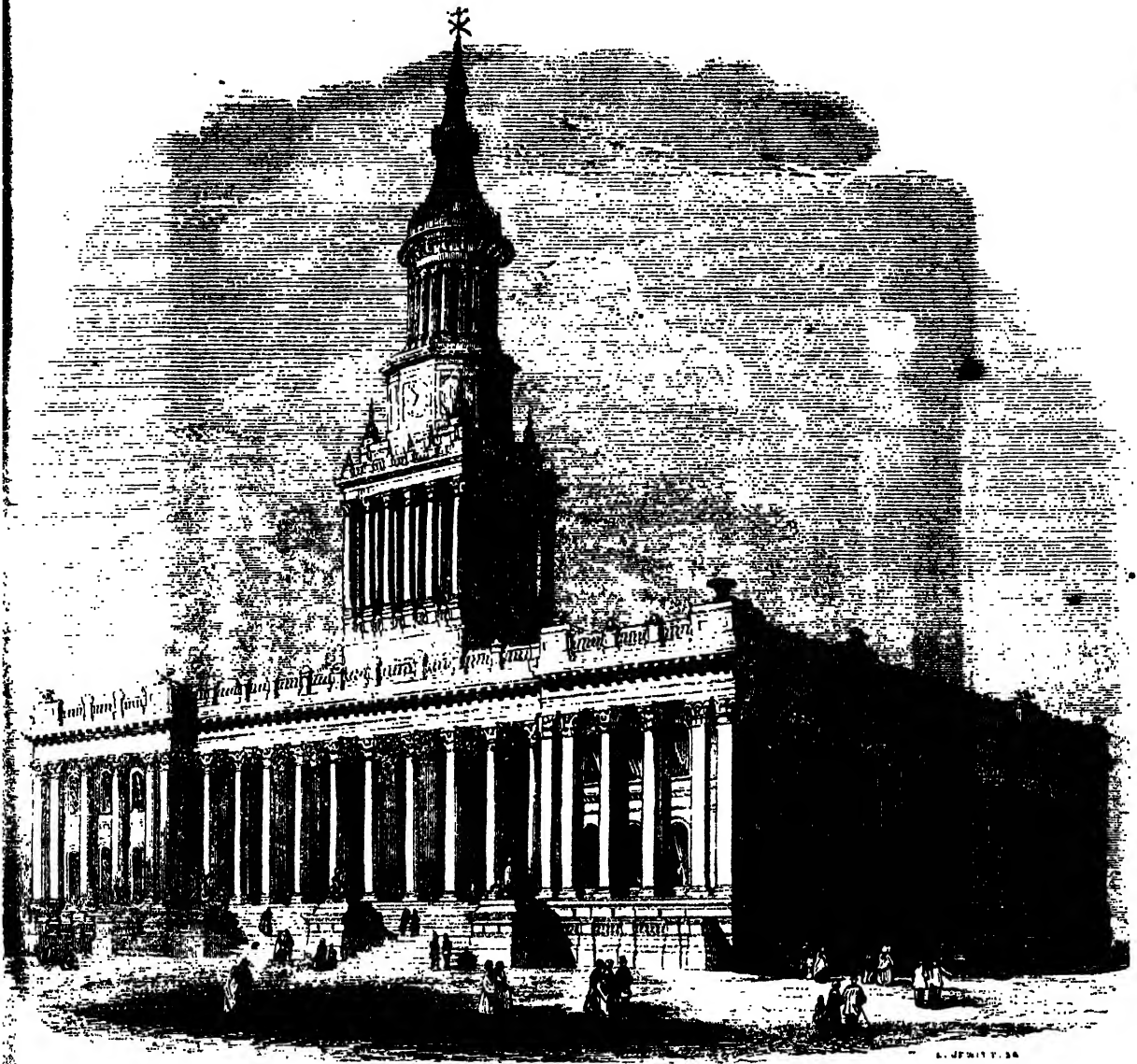
somewhat wider and straighter than their older neighbours; perhaps, also, more plain and monotonous and spiritless. The eastern division of the town is intersected by a small stream, called the Addle Beck, which "hardly knows itself," so much is it encumbered by weirs, bridges of limited openings, and buildings hemming it in on both sides; dye-houses and manufactories are arranged along its margin in great number; and the unwelcome contributions which it receives from these and from the house-drainage, convert it into—anything but a silvery stream, or a purling brook. It is in the immediate vicinity of this Addle Beck that a vast mass of the working population are located. But the worst parts of the town are close squares of houses, or "yards," as they are called, which are very numerous in Leeds. These airless, cheerless, dirty, ill-drained, neglected receptacles for human beings, are fit companions for the wynds of Glasgow and the cellar-dwellings of Liverpool: they are the dark spots on the social pictures of our great towns—spots which it will require an immense amount of municipal exertion to wash clean.

Leeds, like most other great towns, has striven within the last few years to cleanse, and enlighten, and improve itself in various ways. Sanitarian ideas have travelled thither as well as elsewhere. In 1842, an Act for the improvement of the town was passed; and among the provisions of the Act was one for widening Leeds Bridge and the approaches thereto. Bishopgate bridge, also, over the King's Mills Goit, is to be widened as well as the streets leading to it. Arrangements were sanctioned by the Act, having for their object the abolition of all tolls over the bridges at Leeds. Then follows a string of clauses so numerous and multifarious that one is prone to speculate whether too much may not have been attempted. Certain it is, that if all the provisions of the Act were carried out, Leeds ought to become a most cleanly, orderly, decorous, and well-beloved town—a pattern of brightness and goodness to all its neighbours. The reader shall judge for himself:—The streets are to be better lighted than they have yet been; they are to be paved and flagged, levelled and straightened, sewered and drained; no new house is to be built until the site is drained; every existing ill-drained house is to be properly drained; the lower floor of rebuilt houses is to be raised for the convenience of draining beneath; no new streets are to be formed of less than a certain width; all the streets are to be named, and all the houses numbered; all projecting sign-posts and boards—those pleasant old relics of street-architecture in past times—are to be removed in these our genteel days; all doors, gates, and bars shall be made to open *inwards* (a significant indication of what had previously been a frequent custom); ruinous or dangerous houses are to be pulled down by the corporation, if the owners are tardy in so doing; no roofs are to be covered with wood or thatch; all projecting houses, when rebuilt, are to be thrown back to the general level of the line of houses, and all back-lying or recessed houses are to be encouraged to make their

appearance in the front of the street; there are to be no cellar-dwellings or kitchens without sunken areas before them; the level of the ground-floor of every new house is to be at least six inches above the level of the roadway; no room in any new house is to be less than eight feet high, or seven feet and a half if it be at the top of the house; there is to be only one story in the roof; all chimneys above six feet high are to be secured as a corporate surveyor may direct; "mad dogs" and "stray animals" are provided for in the customary way; all forgermen are to shut out the view of their forge-fires from the open street at half an hour after sunset; all street drunkards are to be amerced in the well-understood "five shillings;" all street musicians are to "move on" when requested, and if any "shall sound or play upon any musical instrument, or sing in any street near any house after being so required to depart," he forthwith becomes an offender against her Majesty's peace; if any warehouseman hoist goods without proper tackle, the police will tackle him; no windmill is to be built or worked within eighty yards of an inhabited street; no animals are to be sold, or dogs allowed to fight, or drivers to ride on the shafts of vehicles, or timbers to be drawn without wheels, or furniture or goods to be left on the footpath, or goods to be hung out from the fronts of houses, in the streets; no horns are to be blown, or fireworks discharged, or bells or knockers wantonly appealed to, or kites to be flown, or hoops to be trundled, or tubs to be washed, or wood to be sawn, or lime to be sifted, or carpets to be shaken ("except door-mats, before the hour of eight in the morning"), or rubbish to be "shot"—in the open streets; neither are the inhabitants to be allowed to place flower-pots unprotected on window-sills, to "stick bills" on houses or fences, to leave area and cellar-doors insufficiently fastened, to have pig-styes visible from the street, or to burn anything offensive to the olfactory organs of the Queen's loyal subjects; no cookshop is to have internal communication with a public-house; all unlicensed theatres and all gaming-houses are amenable to forcible police-entry; the "fighting or baiting of lions, bears, badgers, cocks, dogs, or other animals," is a fineable offence; the Town Council are empowered to build a town-hall and corporate buildings, to improve places of public resort, and to provide premises for the drying of washed clothes; all furnaces are to consume their own smoke; the town is to provide "humane apparatus" for apparently drowned persons, public clocks for the streets and buildings, fire-engines and firemen; gas-works must not contaminate running streams; new market-places are to be provided with public weights, measures, and weighing-houses; and hackney-coaches are to be licensed.

One part of this has been completed, and in August, 1853, the inhabitants of Leeds met to lay the foundation of a new Town Hall, worthy of its wealth and commercial importance, and remarkable for the architectural beauty of its design.

Some time since it was affirmed that the trade of



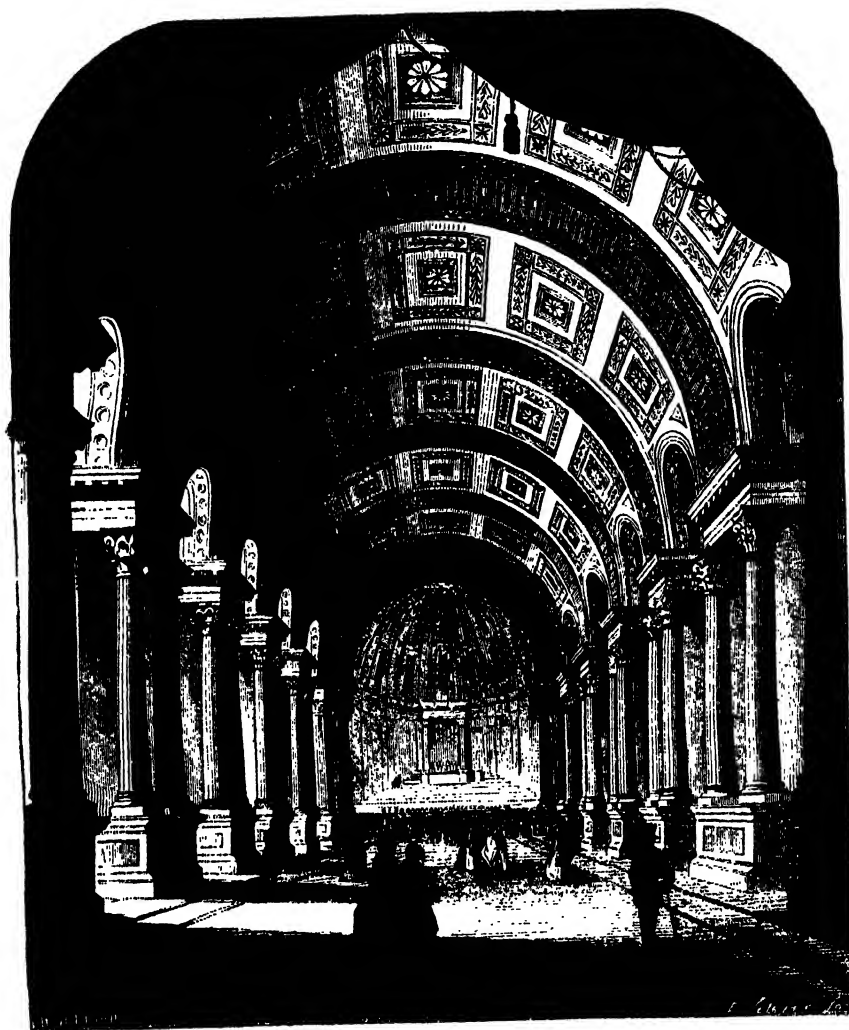
NEW TOWN-HALL, LEEDS.

Leeds was declining; but a glance at the town and its improvements would lead to a widely different impression. The results of the last census prove a large increase of population. In 1801, the population of the borough was 53,162; in 1851, it was 171,800; being an increase in the fifty years of 118,000. It was stated lately by the Borough-surveyor that not fewer than 1500 houses were then in course of erection within the borough.

The commercial aspect of the town is particularly imposing, when we consider its manufactories of paper, glass, and earthenware, a leather-market, the largest out of London, silk and flux mills, the latter affording employment to nearly 12,000 work-people. In the making of machinery, of stationary and locomotive engines, from 7000 to 8000 persons are engaged; and an immense number of men, women and children are

employed in the manufacture of woollen cloth, or cloth fabrics, which, it is stated, to the amount of from £5,000,000 to £6,000,000 are annually turned out of the warehouses of Leeds.

A remarkable feature in the commercial and social progress of the present times is the magnitude of the enterprizes undertaken, and the energy and skill with which they are achieved. There existed, in former times, a timidity and a make-shift policy which crippled the efforts of zealous speculators, and prevented the development of any grand scheme for the national benefit. Not so in our day: what with colossal crystal palaces, ships of enormous size, and operations of proportionate magnitude in almost every important branch of the arts, we have at length been accustomed to regard what are really magnificent undertakings as mere ordinary occurrences. Among the social im-



INTERIOR OF THE NEW TOWN-HALL, LEEDS.

provements taking place around us, we may remark, with just pride, that our public monuments are becoming more worthy of notice and admiration. St. George's Hall, at Liverpool, described in our first volume, is a *chef d'œuvre* of modern art, which reflects the highest credit upon its lamented architect. The new Town Hall, at Leeds, the subject now under consideration, is another edifice which is worthy of commendation:

The interior is disposed with the best judgment. The great hall scarcely yields in architectural effect to the exterior: it is peculiarly noble and symmetrical. There is indeed remarkable simplicity and clearness in the whole plan: it is understood at a glance, and it satisfies the mind as very felicitous. If we do not mistake, it evinces the intuitive skill and taste of a master in his art.

This magnificent building, dedicated to the use of the town, was designed by Mr. Broderick, whose name will establish itself in the stately edifice. The style of architecture adopted is the Roman Corinthian, and the

total cost, including the purchase of the site, will exceed £50,000.

The form of the structure is a parallelogram of 250 feet by 200. It stands on an elevated platform, and is surrounded by Corinthian columns and pilasters supporting an entablature and attic, altogether about 65 feet in height. The large hall rises out of the centre of the building to a height of 92 feet from the ground. The south or principal façade differs from the rest by having a deeply recessed portico of ten columns—and a flight of twenty-five steps leading up to the same—135 feet in length, with large pedestals at the corners and in the centre, for groups of figures or sculpture. The intercolumniations at the sides of the building are divided into two ranges of semicircular-headed windows. There are, besides the front one, separate entrances to the building at each side, and at the north.

The Town Hall is in Park Lane, and at a short distance from the railway station; and it may avail our readers in forming some judgment of the *tout ensemble* to know that the main front is 200 feet in length, and

the side front 250 feet; from the pavement to the coping of the balustrades the height is sixty-two feet. The tower rises 240 feet from the ground, exclusive of the vane.

In noticing the interior arrangements, the great hall demands the first attention, as being the distinguishing feature of the whole. It is one of the largest, if not the largest room in England, its dimensions exceeding the great St. George's Hall, Liverpool, the Birmingham Town Hall, and other large buildings. At each side of the large hall, there are refreshment rooms, dressing rooms, retiring rooms, &c. The kitchen establishment connected with this portion of the building is on the basement floor. There are also on the ground floor, at each corner of the building, three large law-courts and a spacious council-room for the meetings of the corporation. The two law-courts, intended for civil and criminal business when the assizes for the West Riding shall be held in Leeds, are at the north end of the building, the size of each being fifty-five feet long by forty-seven feet wide, and forty-five feet high; the borough-court and council-room are at the south end of the building, the former being fifty-five feet long by forty feet wide and forty feet high. These four apartments, situated at the four corners of the structure, have considerable architectural pretensions, and are worthy neighbours to the grand hall. The rest of the ground floor is devoted to the Town Clerk's offices, rate offices, judges', barristers', magistrates', jury, and waiting rooms; the whole being connected by a corridor, ten feet in width, which runs entirely round the large hall, connecting the different entrances and vestibules together.

The first floor is approached by four large stone staircases, and contains the West Riding magistrates' court, committee rooms, Mayor's parlour, Town Clerk's private offices, Borough Treasurer, Borough Surveyor, and Engineer's offices; also waterworks offices, and other offices connected with the Board of Works.

The basement contains the police and jail establishments, besides the kitchens, and some other unappropriated rooms and offices.

The ground outside of the structure will be kept entirely free of buildings, and which, when thrown into the streets that surround it, will give a considerable open space all round,—that at the front or south side forming a good-sized square.

We have been struck by reading the following remarks on the past and present state of Leeds, by an industrious author, Mr. John Wade, after an absence of thirty-five years from the town. A more remarkable and pleasing instance of the energy and commercial activity of our countrymen cannot be found, than that which is presented in these retrospective glances.

"The renown of Leeds," writes Mr. Wade, "was always based rather on its utilitarian than poetical attributes; and these, in a vastly augmented degree, continue to form its pervading characteristics. The little of the romantic and picturesque that heretofore relieved or diversified its more substantive and sombre

aspects, have yielded to more remunerative appliances; and it was with difficulty that I could identify the sites of several of my past recreative delights. Indeed, nothing so utterly astounded me as to find the entire upheaving and transformation parts of the borough had undergone, and how groves, green lanes, and fields had been swallowed up to make way for colossal piles of warehouses, mills, factories, foundries, railway stations, and other prodigies of creative capital and labour. The industries of the town are no longer linked principally to woollen and linen fabrics, but extend to cotton, silk, and paper, to the production of machinery on a large scale, to potteries, chemical works, and tobacco mills. In addition to its multiplied manufacturing capabilities, Leeds has become an active commercial and monetary emporium, and in its principal streets may be observed numerous assurance offices, Share and Stock Exchange, Chamber of Commerce, club-houses, coffee-rooms, eating-houses, increased number of booksellers, and other London assimilations, indicative of speculative opulence, wholesale mercantile transactions, and altered conditions of domestic life.

"These manifestations of progress, however, would be of little value, if they had been unaccompanied with signs of advancement in the moral and physical well-being of the inhabitants. But on this point I rejoice to say I can bear favourable comparative testimony. I well remember the half-naked, squalid appearance of the factory operatives during the war. But, thanks to Parliamentary inquiries, to individual and newspaper expositions, to temperance advocates, factory inspectors, and a more generous and diffusive intelligence among employers, all this has disappeared, or been greatly ameliorated. The factory girls have really become good and creditable looking, evidently well-fed, comfortably and suitably attired. The working dress, which is uniformly worn by them, is a great improvement on past 'window'd raggedness;' warm, clean, and protective of the person from sudden changes of the temperature, dust, and effluvia.

"In one line of progression you have surpassed all reasonable anticipation. I remember only four churches in Leeds—there are now thirty-five in the parish, exclusive of forty Dissenters' and Catholic places of worship; some of them of considerable architectural beauty, especially the Unitarian and East Parade chapels, and the new parish church—a really imposing structure, both in its fine elevated tower, and internal decorations. The new Hospital for the Indigent, Almshouses, and Charity School, are very creditable to the managers of these old trusts.

"Recollecting distinctly in my time how Leeds was denuded of all needful aids to tasteful, literary, and scientific culture, it was a most agreeable surprise to find how munificently most of these deficiencies had been supplied. The museum of the Philosophical Society is a varied, complete, and well-arranged collection of specimens in geology and natural history. The library of the Literary and Mechanics' Institution is not large, but well selected. Besides the establish-

ments mentioned, you have a School of Medicine, Catholic Literary Institution, Church Institution, Government School of Design, Musical Union, People's Concerts, Society for Rational Amusements, public gardens, archery ground, and Academy of Fine Arts, with a large, meritorious, and diversified collection of paintings, sculpture, &c."

THE STREETS, OLD AND NEW.

The map of Leeds presents to us a town, in which, after crossing the main bridge, there is one street, the Briggate, before mentioned, of unusual width, running nearly north and south; two or three other north and south avenues, such as Vicar Lane, Albion Street, and Park Row; a few ancient thoroughfares running somewhat east and west, and bearing the names of Head Row, Kirkgate, Boar Lane, Swine Gate, and the Calls; an unaccountable number of small streets, lanes, and alleys, turning out of these in every direction; and new streets, of somewhat straighter character, bounding these older ones on all sides.

Everything indicates that Briggate (which in our steel plate is shown as seen from the Bridge) is the street of the town—the heart and centre of the whole. The account given by Thoresby of the Briggate, at the time he wrote (about 1726), is curious:—"In this spacious street, which from the bridge at the foot of it is called Bridge-Gate (or, in our northern dialect, which retains much of the Saxon, *Briggate*), stood many of the ancient borough houses, which to this day pay a certain burghage rent to the lords of the manor of Leeds. The famous *Cloth Market*, the life, not only of the town, but of these parts of England, is held in this street, *sub dio*, twice every week, viz., upon Tuesdays and Saturdays, early in the mornings. The 'Brig-end Shots' have made as great a noise amongst the vulgar, where the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a 'noggin o' poyrage,' and a trencher of either boyl'd or roast meat for twopence, as the market itself amongst the more judicious, where several thousand pounds worth of broad cloth are bought, and, generally speaking, paid for (except the water-lengths, which cannot then be determined) in a few hours' time; and this with so profound a silence as is surprizing to strangers, who from the adjoining galleries, &c., can hear no more noise than the lowly murmurs of the merchant upon the Exchange of London. After the signal is given by the bell at the old chapel by the bridge, the cloth and benches are removed; so that the street is at liberty for the market-people of other professions,—as the country linendrapers, shoe-makers, hard-ware men, and the sellers of wood-vessels, wicker baskets, rush chairs, flakes, &c. Fruit of all sorts are brought in so vast quantities, that Halifax, and other considerable markets, are frequently supplied from hence: the mayor's officers have number'd five hundred loads of apples only, on one day." Carrying his attention further up the same wide avenue, away from the river, he continues:—"Above the market for the milk cows is the

Ichthyopolium (a very learned name for a fish-market), which, notwithstanding its great distance from the sea, is weekly twice or thrice, if not oftener, plentifully furnished with great variety of fish—though short, I confess, of Preston in Amounderness, where the fish-toll, at one penny a horse-load, and fourpence a cart, has sometimes amounted to six shillings a day, as I am informed by a neighbouring justice of the peace. A little above this is the Moot Hall, in the front of the Middle Row, on one side of which is one of the best-furnished flesh-shambles in the north of England; on the other, the Wool Market for broad cloth, which is the All-in-All. From the Cross, which is well stocked with poultry and other appurtenances, to the New Street, is the Corn Market, which is very considerable." Thoresby mentions one or two other markets, as a proof of the ample supply of necessaries and comforts afforded to the Leeds inhabitants; and he then expresses an admonitory hope "that as the inhabitants have fulness of bread, they may ever beware of that pride and abundance of idleness that do frequently accompany it. May the richer sort strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they, in a grateful return, be painful and laborious; and may the middle sort demean themselves with that sobriety and temperance, that there may be no more occasion to repeat what a grave and pious divine said was the country's observation: 'that the generality of that sort, in a time of trade and plenty, carry it out in such an extravagant manner as leaves nothing against a time of dearth and scarcity, wherein they find as little pity as formerly they paid respect to others.'" This homely sermon would not be without its value in other times than those in which Thoresby wrote.

The 'Middle Row,' mentioned in the above passage, was an excrescence such as Edinburgh once had in her 'Tolbooth,' and such as London still has in the midst of Holborn. In that portion of Briggate which extends from Kirkgate nearly to the Corn Exchange, this Middle Row stood till 1822; but at that date the inhabitants of Leeds, thinking very properly that the time had come for its removal, obtained an Act of Parliament, and collected the necessary funds for the removal of Middle Row. As the pigs and vegetables, and cows, and pots, and pans, and fish, were disturbed by this arrangement, a new market, called the 'Free Market,' was built for their accommodation, a little way to the east of the Briggate. The Cloth Market was removed from the Briggate many years before.

Mr. Kohl—whose rapid glances at English life show a singular compound of shrewd observation and hasty inference—gives Leeds a character which will be deemed by its indwellers anything but favourable. He says: "England's manufacturing towns in general are by no means its most ornamental features; but among them all, Leeds is the very farthest from any such pretension, being, I verily believe, the most disagreeable place in the land. Other similar towns, as Birmingham, Manchester, &c., have at least, among the

mass of chimneys, factories, and paltry houses of the labourers, here and there a news-room, a club, an Exchange, a bank, a railway-station, a statue in honour of Wellington or Nelson; but at Leeds there is hardly anything of the kind. The inns, too, are worse than in any other town in England. In the one to which I had been recommended as the best, I found the accommodation very indifferent. The coffee-room was always crowded with travellers, young or old, whose business at this emporium of woollen was either to buy or sell wool, yarn, cloth, blankets, plain worsted goods, white cloths, mixed yarn, flusing linen, or some similar matters; and who were as busy as bees, noting down their pounds, yards, and hundred-weights."

A very decided judgment this, expressed in a very few words. But we might venture in all good faith to ask the German traveller, how many days he remained in Leeds, and what kind of weather greeted him during his sojourn there?—for this latter particular has a woeful effect on the colouring of the written pictures given by travellers. True it is (and the more rapidly the men of Leeds carry out their contemplated improvements, the better for the reputation of their town) that Leeds has few beauties to gladden the eye of a stranger; but Mr. Kohl jumped to his conclusion respecting the inns with a precipitancy scarcely worthy of his credit as an intelligent traveller. He puts up at an inn; he finds the coffee-room occupied by men busily interested in the staple manufacture of the town; he experienced a few uncomfortables which he does not explain to us; and forthwith he arrives at the startling proposition that "the inns are worse than in any other town in England." This is on a par with the elder Mathews's entry in Jonathan's note-book, that "in England, all waiters are called 'Tidy!'"

OLD ST. PETER'S, AND ITS HISTORY.

In describing such buildings of the town as present any notable features, we will begin with the churches, on account of the long and interesting history connected with St. Peter's, the mother church of Leeds. The history of this church is, in effect, an ecclesiastical history of the town; while the modern changes, in part introduced by the present vicar, Dr. Hook, have also their points of interest. Among the most remarkable of our local historians is Ralph Thoresby, who, in the beginning of the last century, wrote *Vicaria Leodiensis*, or 'A History of the Church at Leeds.' This purports to be a record of all the information which has been handed down, respecting the ecclesiastical history of Leeds, from the first establishment of a church in the town; together with memoirs of the successive vicars.

Thoresby thinks it probable that there was a manse and church here during the Saxon Heptarchy; but it is at any rate clear that the Normans found a church at this place, when the preparatory enquiries for Domesday Book were made. By whom the Church was founded, or of what description the fabric might have been, are

matters not now determinable. In 1089, Baron Paganel founded a Benedictine Priory at York, and among the estates or property given to it were the "Church of St. Peter, at Leeds," and the "Chapel at Holbeck," which Holbeck is now one of the busy suburbs of Leeds; so that we have a clear record of the history of these places seven centuries and a half ago. The revenues of the church were divided, one-third for the vicar, and two-thirds for the priory; "by which means the church was deprived of two parts in three of its primitive revenues, by the avarice and sacrilege of the monks, who, in the conclusion, left the secular clergy to feed upon the crumbs that fell from the regulars' table, till the Bishops made a stand against the growing evil." In 1242, at the instance of one of the Bishops, a formal agreement was made between the Prior and the Vicar, respecting the partition of the revenues; but this did not obviate the necessity for a further arrangement in the next following century.

Thoresby was able to search out a complete list of the Vicars of Leeds, from 1242 to 1715, with the dates at which they assumed the clerical duties of the town; and he has something to say concerning most of them. When Edward I., impoverished by his French wars, made a demand for one-half of the revenues of all the clergy, and, moreover, compelled them to call it a "free gift," the Vicar of Leeds occupied a notable place by the promptness of his contribution, and the consequent favours granted by the king. In 1311, the Countess of Lincoln gave up to the priory the advowson of the church at Leeds, which she seems to have held as a great landed proprietor in that neighbourhood. In 1453, William Scot gave a site for a house and garden for the Vicar's manse: this site was bounded by the Kirkgate on the south, and by the street now called Vicar's-lane on the west. William Eyre, who occupied the vicarage in 1470, founded the charity of St. Mary Magdalen, at Leeds.

The Priory of Benedictines at York, before mentioned, having been suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1538, the vicarage of Leeds was given to Christ Church College, at Oxford, in reference (we presume) to certain revenues accruing from it; for the advowson was presented to one Thomas Culpeper. This advowson passed from hand to hand, by purchase and sale, until, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was purchased by the parishioners. Nineteen of the Vicars of Leeds had been instituted by the Priors at York; but Queen Elizabeth, designing to complete the Reformation, appointed Royal Commissioners to visit all the churches, with a view to regulate all theological matters. Leeds was among the number; and there is a curious document in existence, being an Agreement between the Commissioners and the then Vicar, Alexander Fassett, respecting the mode of conducting the service. One of the injunctions was, that the sacramental bread should be round and plain, without any figure on it, but somewhat broader and thicker than the cakes formerly prepared for the Mass, to be broken into two or more pieces. There is an entry in the accounts of the parish soon afterwards, for "Two

thousand and an half of breads, to serve the parish withall, 8s. 4d."

New disputes having arisen concerning the revenues of the Church of Leeds, an arbitrator in 1596 gave an award, by which the tithes and other emoluments were divided between Christ Church College on the one hand, and the Vicar on the other. But no sooner was this matter settled, than a much more entangled question arose respecting the advowson: two ministers were presented at the same time by rival claimants to the advowson; and the celebrated Lord Bacon, as Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, was to decide between the parties, which he did in favour of the parishioners generally. Passing over the troubled period of Charles I., we find that in 1650 there was a project on foot to subdivide the populous parish of Leeds; to convert some of the chapels into parish churches, and to erect new ones at more convenient places, which were to be endowed out of the public purse. There were at that date two Churches in Leeds—the parish Church of St. Peter, and the Church of St John, which had recently been built and endowed at the sole expense of Mr. John Harrison, one of the inhabitants. St. John's was to form a second parish church, and was to have certain districts assigned to it as a parish; the chapelry of Hunalet, a small and poor one, was to constitute a parish; as was also the chapelry of Holbeck; Beeston was to form a parish; Wortley, Bramley, Armley, and Farnley, were together to form a parish; and Headingley and Allerton were to form a parish. This project does not seem to have been carried out.

Thoresby continues his account of ecclesiastical matters, at Leeds, down to the year 1724. As the two churches of St. Peter and St. John became wholly inadequate to supply the wants of the inhabitants, the landowners and principal inhabitants raised a fund for building a new church and establishing a minister; and in 1721, the first stone of this new building was laid. Since Thoresby's time, the gradual extension of population in Leeds has led to the erection of a large number of new churches; while chapels, belonging to the various Dissenting bodies, have fully kept pace with those attached to the establishment. What may be the number at the present day, we cannot say; but in 1839, there were forty churches and chapels within the town, affording sittings for nearly fifty thousand of the inhabitants.

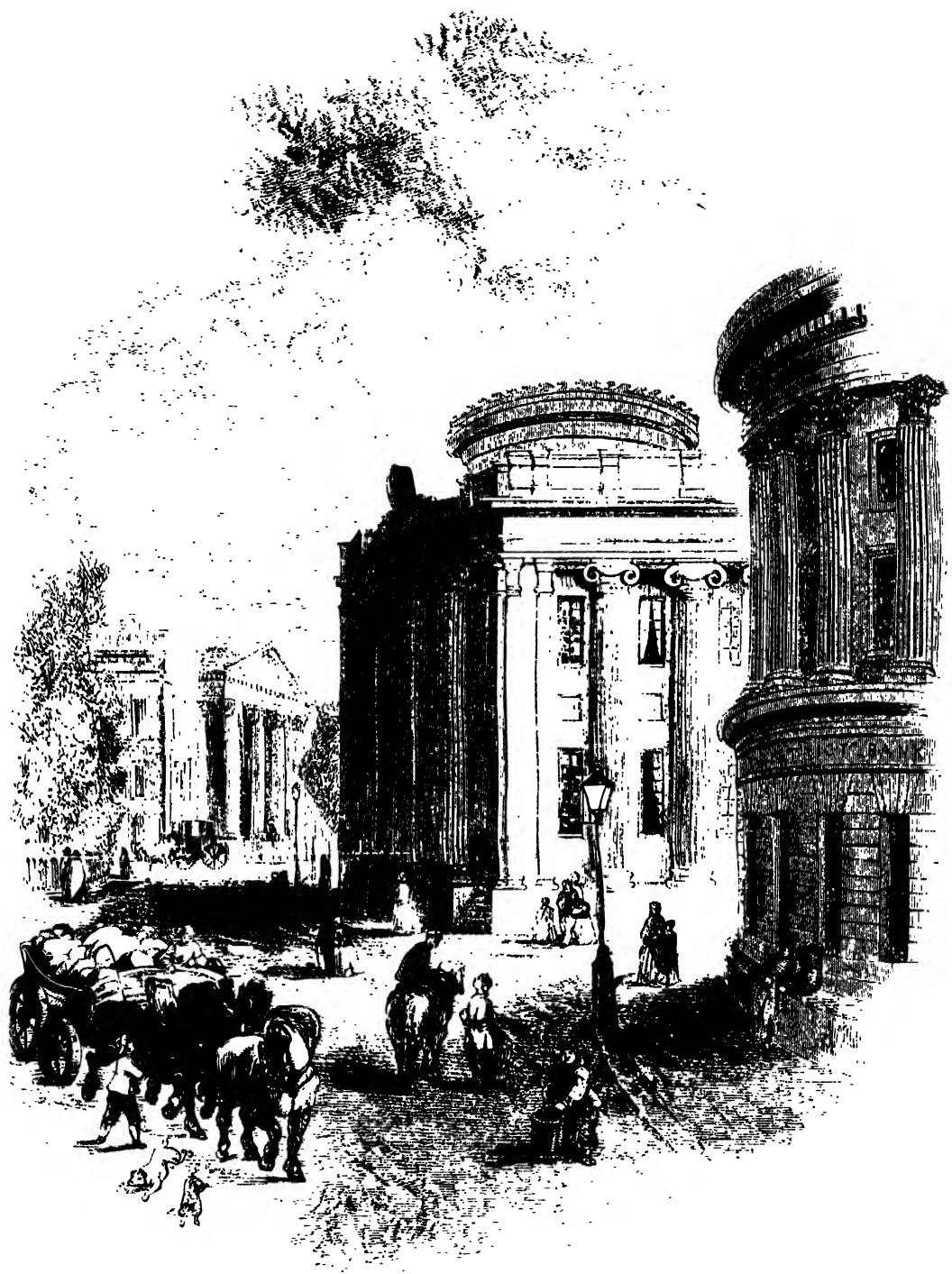
In the view of St. Peter's Church, as given by Thoresby, about 1720, we have a building evidently owing its form to the contributions of many successive ages. It was very oblong, with short transepts, and side aisles. The windows belonged to many different styles. In the *Ducatus Leodiensis*, Thoresby tells us that the old Church of St. Peter "is a very spacious and strong fabric, an emblem of the church militant, black but comely, being of great antiquity; it doth not pretend to the mode of Reformed Architecture, but is strong and useful." He states the length at 165 feet, breadth 97, height of the nave 51, and height of the tower 96. He further states, that among the 106

churches then in London, only four excelled the Leeds church in length; and that of two-thirds of the London churches, the length was less than the width of that which he was describing. The roof he describes as being "supported by three rows of solid pillars of the Gothic order. In the nave of the church are four aisles (which is one more than usual), which run from the cross aisle to the west end, where is a stately font: 'tis gilt and painted, and stands upon an ascent of three steps, surrounded with rails and banisters. The body of the church is very well pewed with English oak. . . . Upon the north and east are spacious galleries of wainscot, wrought with variety of work. . . . At the meeting of the great middle aisle, with the large cross aisle, the steeple is founded upon four prodigiously large pillars and arches. . . . Against one of these pillars stood the pulpit in the days of yore, when there were no seats in the nave of the church; for before the Reformation there were no pews or different apartments allowed, but the whole body of the church was common, and the assembly promiscuous or intermixed in the more becoming postures of kneeling or standing. The patron of the church was the only layman who was permitted to have a seat within the bars or partition of the chancel from the nave of the church, in the time of Divine service. . . . This spacious quire was, in the days of darkness, cantoned into many distinct cells or chapels by several walls, as is evident by the breaches in the capitals and pedestals of the pillars."

NEW ST. PETER'S, AND THE OTHER CHURCHES.

The old structure—the venerable remnant of past ages, patched up from time to time, to maintain something like efficiency—was at length brought to the end of its days. It was pulled down in 1838. Consequent on certain ecclesiastical changes in the parish, a new St. Peter's Church was resolved on; and the architectural skill of Mr. Chantrell has been put in requisition to produce the new structure, which was finished in 1840. It is one of the best among the modern specimens of the pointed style—in that variety which is designated the later Decorated. The nave and the chancel are so planned as to form one clear vista, 160 feet in length, 28 wide, and 47 high. The side aisles are a little lower than the nave, and about 16 feet wide. A transept crosses between the nave and choir, having a tower at its north end; and there is a sort of additional north-aisle, which forms ante-chapels east and west of the tower. The altar is raised several feet above the level of the church, and is ascended by broad steps. The transept tower rises to a height of about 130 feet. Taken as a whole, the church is, both internally and externally, one of the greatest ornaments of the town.

A bold and decided step had been taken, in great part through the instrumentality of the present vicar, Dr. Hook, to make the church arrangements of Leeds more conformable to the wants of a large and increasing population. The parish of St. Peter's was a very



OLD TOWN-HALL, COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, ETC., LEEDS.

cious one; and the extremities grew out so far and wide from the mother church, that an efficient central control over the whole became difficult. Dr. Fawcett, the late vicar, died in 1837; the same year witnessed the election of Dr. Hook in his place; the next following year was marked by the pulling down of the old church, preparatory to building a new one. In 1839, the perpetual advowson of the vicarage of Leeds became vested in a body of trustees for the benefit of the parishioners; the vicar being chosen on each vacancy by the trustees. In 1844, an Act of Parliament was obtained, sanctioning the division of the parish of Leeds into two or more parishes. The new church was opened in 1840, and the sittings, amounting in number to 1650, were all, with the exception of one pew, thrown open to the parishioners at large. This one parish contained in 1841 about 150,000 inhabitants, and about 21,000 acres of land; and it hence became desirable that such a large body of inhabitants should have more than one parish church: the remaining episcopal places of worship having more the character of chapels than churches. Arrangements were accordingly made in the Act for establishing the Parishes of St. Peter Leeds, St. John Leeds, St. George Leeds, Holy Trinity Leeds, St. Stephen Kirkstall, St. Mark Woodhouse, and Wortley. This list, however, by no means comprises all the churches of Leeds; the former parish of Leeds included the townships of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Chapel Allerton, Farnley, Haddingley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Potter Newton, Oldcoates, Osmondthorpe and Wortley; and these, with the town of Leeds itself, contained, in 1844, twenty-one churches, besides the chapels belonging to the various Dissenting denominations.

The church which John Harrison built in the reign of Charles I., and known as St. John's, appeared at a period when church architecture had fallen to a very low ebb. Whitaker, who was not indisposed to give all the credit he could to Leeds, found it difficult to apply any terms of praise to St. John's Church. He designates it a most unhappy specimen of taste, built in defiance of all authority and example, with two aisles only, having a single row of columns up the middle. The windows are copies of two distinct and rather remote periods; the tower is placed almost at one angle of the west end; the east end has two parallel windows of equal rank and consequence; there is no change or break in the arches to indicate a choir, in lieu of which a kind of clumsy screen is thrown across, so as to intersect one of the arches. "Let the architect sleep in peace," says the indignant Doctor.

The Trinity Church, built about 1724, and endowed by a nephew of John Harrison, was the third of the Leeds churches—a sort of adaptation of the Doric style to the purposes of a Christian church. Seventy years afterwards, the Rev. Miles Atkinson provided no less a sum than £10,000 for building a fourth church—St. Paul's. The body of this church is a somewhat tame imitation of Greek-Roman examples, but the steeple is not without beauty. A fifth church, that of

St. James', was built originally for and by Dissenters; but passed by purchase into the hands of the Establishment. A few of the modern churches are handsome structures; and some of them are distinguished for their large size: three of them will accommodate two thousand five hundred persons each. Perhaps the most striking of the modern places of worship, after new St. Peter's, is the Unitarian Chapel of Mill-Hill, (Cut, p. 26) opened at the end of 1848. It is a very elegant specimen of the perpendicular style. The chapel is divided in the interior into a nave and two aisles by columns and pointed arches. Owing to the peculiar form of the ground, there is a transept on one side only—the west. A small portion of the length is separated, at one end, by lofty arches and columns, to form a chancel and two vestries. The carved roof is open to the body of the chapel. Externally the details of the Perpendicular style are well carried out, and constitute it an ornament to the town. The chapel form instead of the church is developed in this particular—that there is no other steeple or tower than such as is formed by the pinnacled gable-end of the nave and transept. There is also a new and very handsome Independent Chapel in East Parade.

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS GENERALLY.

The educational buildings of Leeds are of not much mark or feature as architectural ornaments. The well-wisher to the little denizens of the town hears with pleasure of the day-schools, the factory-schools, the infant-schools, the Sunday-schools, and industrial-schools; many of which are not the less useful for being situated in nooks and corners, where external adornment is out of the question. There is one school, however, whose recent erection and architectural beauty claim for it a marked superiority over all the others. This is the Industrial School, situated in Burmantofts, and opened in 1848. The grounds occupy six acres, and the ground and the building are said to have cost no less than £16,000. The building belongs to the (once and again) popular Elizabethan style. There is a front of great length, nearly 300 feet, with a highly-enriched centre, comprising bay windows, octagonal turrets, triangular parapets and gables, ornamental chimneys, and the other characteristics of the style. The sides, back front, and contiguous buildings, are all in architectural harmony with the principal front. The building is so arranged as to furnish school-rooms for four hundred scholars, besides kitchens, dining-rooms, chapel, dormitories, wash-house, laundry, tailor's shop, shoemaker's shop, store-rooms, master's residence, teachers' apartments, &c.—all on a very complete scale.

With respect to the schools for the middle classes, they have the usual stamp of brick-and-mortar "respectability;" but Leeds is not without some of those ancient establishments whose history is interesting, whether the fabric be gorgeous or humble. The chief of these is the Grammar School. This school owed its

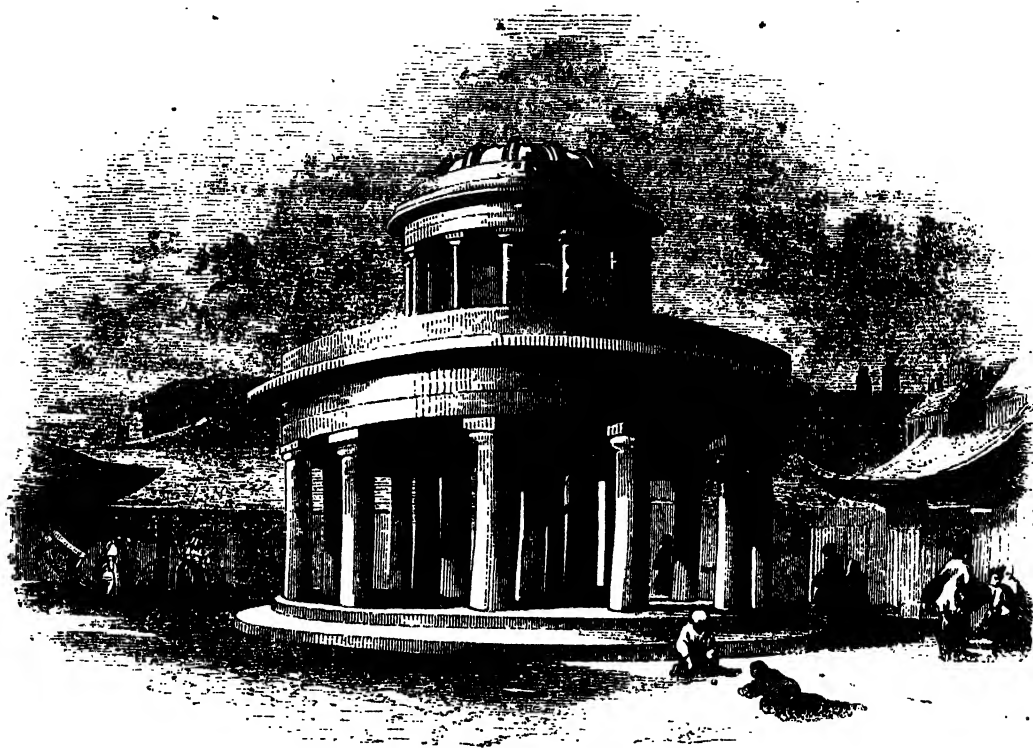


MILL-HILL CHAPEL.

origin to the Rev. William Sheffield, who, in 1551, bequeathed certain estates to trustees, "to the use and for the finding sustentation and living of one honest and substantial learned man, to be a schoolmaster, to teach and instruct freely all such young scholars, youths, and children, as shall come and resort to him from time to time: to be taught, instructed, and informed, in such a school-house as shall be found, erected, and builded, by the parishioners of the said town and parish of Leeds." The townsmen purchased a site, and built a school-room; and bequests and purchases at subsequent periods gradually raised the annual income of the charity (which in 1553 was worth only £4 13s. 4d. annual rental) to a considerable sum. One of the bequests, made by Sir William Ermystead in 1555, was contingent on the school being made open to "all such as shall repair thereto, without taking any money more or less for teaching, saving of one penny of every scholar, to enter his name in the master's book, if the scholar have a penny; and if not, to enter and to continue freely without paying." The number of scholars is usually about a hundred; they have a title to compete for one of Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions at Queen's College, Oxford, and four scholarships at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Leeds has a fair sprinkling of libraries and literary societies. One of the libraries, founded by Dr. Priestley

about eighty years ago, is one of the most extensive in the north of England, and occupies a room of great beauty and magnitude. Most of the others are of small extent. The Philosophical and Literary Society, the Literary Institution, and various other institutions for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, hold their respective meetings periodically, and exert their usual refining influence on such of the inhabitants as can avail themselves of such advantages. The Philosophical Hall, where lectures are delivered and museum curiosities deposited, is a handsome structure in Park Row, and has been the scene of many pleasant meetings of an intellectual character. The Leeds Zoological and Botanical Gardens, situated at Headingley, north-west of the town, were opened in 1840. They occupy a slight hollow between rising grounds, and have been laid out with much taste, and at a considerable expenditure. But, alas! Fortune has frowned on the scheme. Whether the gardens are too far away from the people, or the people are indifferent to the gardens, or the proprietors expended too much money, or require too large an interest on the money actually laid out, whatever may be the cause, these gardens have recently become private property, to be attached, as pleasure-grounds, to a neighbouring mansion; so that it depends on the liberality of the new proprietor to give or withhold public access to the



SOUTH, OR LEATHER MARKET.

gardens. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Leeds should bestow an inquiring glance on the three magnificent public parks at Manchester. Wool should not allow cotton to outbrave it in these matters.

Leeds has the usual variety of 'public buildings,' though hardly, perhaps, its fair share of ornamental structures. There are hospitals and almshouses, assembly-rooms, concert-rooms, music-halls, and a theatre; infirmaries, dispensaries, houses of recovery, and so forth. Its municipal and judicial buildings, too, are of the customary character; and its barracks, like all other barracks, encroach on a very large area of ground. We must, however, make especial mention of the new Gaol, opened in 1847, perhaps the largest, most comprehensive, and most costly of all the new buildings in Leeds,—always excepting the railway works, which, wherever they begin, or whithersoever they tend, take the lead of everything else as gold-caters. Yet it is somewhat melancholy to think that the best buildings in *any* town should be the gaols. When shall we see the day when schools will cost more than prisons, and boy-educators receive higher remuneration than man-punishers? It was aptly observed in the 'Leeds Mercury,' (which can hardly be named without calling to mind the eminent services rendered to Leeds and its neighbourhood by the late editor, Mr. Edward Baines), while speaking of the Industrial Schools (described in a recent paragraph), and of certain complaints which have been made of its costliness:—"While we have

spent £13,000 in the erection of a gaol, for the safe custody and discipline of 284 prisoners, it should not be thought unreasonable to spend less than one half of that sum for the purpose of so training up 400 of the youthful dependents upon parish bounty, as to prepare them to become useful and independent members of society."

The Markets—such as the Central Market, the New and Old Shambles, the South or Leather Market, (see Engraving,) the Free Market, and the Corn Market—exhibit a mixture of the new and the old forms given to such places. The Central Market, about twenty years old, is a good example of the modern improvements which have been brought to bear in such matters: its Grecian front, spacious shops, galleries, and avenues of stalls, enable it to take rank among the best of modern markets. The Free Market occupies what was once the Vicar's Croft, and affords a convenient *locale* for the cows, pigs, fish, and vegetables that used to throng the almost impassable Briggate. The Corn Exchange is one of the best features in this last-named street: between the columns of the entrance is a statue of Queen Anne, which once occupied a place in the front of the Old Moot Hall, pulled down about twenty years ago.

Of the purely commercial buildings of Leeds, by far the most important are the *Cloth Halls*; to be described in a later page. The Banking-houses of modern times often present rather striking architectural features; and

Leeds has a few such : but one of the best structures at Leeds is the Commercial Buildings, (see Engraving,) situated at the southern end of Park Row. It has three fronts, to as many streets, and a fourth front adjoining a Cemetery, so as to be completely isolated. The architect has selected a Grecian design. On the ground-floor is an entrance-hall, in which 'Change' is held daily. On the right of the entrance is a news or reading-room, nearly seventy feet long, with a proportionate width and height, divided longitudinally into three compartments by ranges of Corinthian columns. Adjoining the news-room is a committee-room, in which newspapers and maps are preserved for the inspection of the subscribers, and in which some of the business of the establishment is carried on. On the left of the entrance-hall is the coffee-room of the hotel and tavern, which is included in the building. Distributed in various parts are offices for brokers, &c. On the first-floor are dining-rooms, concert-rooms, and various other apartments. The area of ground covered by the establishment is said to be more than 1,300 square yards, and the expense to have been nearly £35,000. The most beautiful part of the building is the staircase, which occupies a circular hall upwards of thirty feet in diameter, crowned with a panelled dome, and lighted through stained glass.

We will not ask the reader to dive into the dark and dirty alleys, which lie in close proximity to the better buildings of the town ; nor will we treat him as if he were a Commissioner of Sewers, destined to study the "world underground." The Leeds and Thirsk Railway will, indirectly, be the means of providing Leeds with a new and abundant supply of water, from springs near the Bramhope Tunnel on that line. The Waterworks Company have taken up the matter ; and Leeds may, perhaps, have occasion to regard this as a blessing.

THE BRIDGES, THE FACTORIES, THE CHIMNEYS, THE SMOKE.

The river Aire, we have said, winds through Leeds in a direction nearly east and west. It is crossed by bridges, which increase in number as the population and commerce of the town advance. Leeds has had the credit of introducing a bridge of very curious construction ; from the plan of Mr. Leather, an engineer, whose name is connected with many public works in the same town. It is a suspension-bridge over the river Aire, at Hunslet, on what has sometimes been called the *bow-and-string* principle. Instead of chains being employed as the chief means of suspension, as in ordinary cases, there are two strong cast-iron arcs, which span over the whole space between the two abutments. These arcs spring from below the level of the roadway, but rise at the centre considerably above it ; and from them the transverse beams which support the platform of the bridge are suspended by malleable iron rods. The suspending arch is about a hundred and fifty feet span ; and there is also a small land-arch of stone at

each end. The footpaths are on the outside of the two suspending arcs, and the carriageway passes between them. Each of the suspending arcs is cast in six parts. The cast-iron transverse beams which support the roadway are suspended at intervals of about five feet. The roadway is of timber, with iron guard-plates on each side ; and upon the top of the planking are also laid malleable iron bars, ranging longitudinally for the wheel-tracks, and transversely for the horse-tracks.

This was the second bridge of the kind ; the first being the Monk Bridge at Leeds, constructed by Mr. Leather in 1827: This Monk Bridge is of greater length than the Hunslet Bridge, owing to the vicinity of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal to the river Aire ; but so far as regards the suspension arch itself, the Hunslet Bridge is much the larger. The Monk Bridge has a suspension arch over the river, two land-arches over the footpaths, and an elliptical arch over the canal. Since the introduction of this new system by Mr. Leather, it has been extensively adopted in bridge-building in various parts of the kingdom.

Wellington Bridge, built of stone ; Victoria Bridge, also of stone ; and Crown Point Bridge, built of iron,—are three other bridges which cross the Aire in or near Leeds, and erected in modern times. But the bridge which is more particularly associated with the history of the town, is the old or original bridge. This bridge evidently marks the site of a very ancient line of passage. Whitaker thinks that there was a Roman road along the site of the present Briggate, and that there was a ferry over the Aire where the bridge now stands. No direct notice, however, of a bridge at that spot has been met with earlier in date than 1376 ; at which time there was a chapel on the bridge, where mass was said. After the Reformation this chapel was used as a school-house, in which capacity it was occupied for nearly two centuries ; it was converted into a warehouse in 1728 ; and was finally pulled down in 1760, on occasion of the widening of the bridge. The traffic on this bridge is said to be scarcely exceeded by that on any bridge out of London.

Before Leeds became a centre of railway operations, the town was supplied with fuel from many places in the immediate neighbourhood. Railways have, however, opened up a new and abundant supply ; and it became a question simply of relative cost, whether the near or the distant collieries shall supply most fuel for the hundreds of blazing furnaces in this busy, sooty, smoke-enveloped town.

This last expression, however, reminds us that there is a little act of justice yet to be rendered to Leeds. Whether or not smoke can be banished, Leeds has at any rate been among the foremost to make the attempt ; and if a dark cloud of carbon still hovers over the town, the light of modern science has not been wanting among its townsmen, so far as experiments for the removal of this cloud are concerned. That smoke is rich unconsumed carbon, ready to pour out its heat and light if properly managed, has been long known, and has been frequently elucidated by Dr. Arnott in

his own incomparable manner. If smoke be such a treasure, why is it not made available? Because (say the philosophers) the *fuel* and the *draught* are not rightly proportioned to each other in quantity, nor brought to bear on each other in the proper way.—“How then can this be remedied?” ask the uninitiated public. “By a better arrangement of furnaces and chimneys,” is the reply. Dr. Arnott, in his ‘Essay on Warming and Ventilating,’ shows that we lose seven-eighths of the heat of the coal employed in our common open fireplaces, on account of their ill-judged construction. We must not, it is true, pay the furnace-fires the bad compliment of placing them on a level with open parlour fires, in respect to improvident combustion; yet it is admitted that there must be “something wrong,” else we should not have the black floating masses above us—wasting the coal-store, vexing the tidy housewife, rendering the “unwashed” artizan almost unwashable, and mixing with our oxygen and nitrogen a larger dose of carbon than nature intended for the use of the lungs.

To find out what was this “something,” and to devise a probable method of cure, were two objects of an Association formed at Leeds a few years ago. The Association called before it, by advertisement, such scientific and practical men as seemed fitted to offer valuable opinions on the matter: a day was fixed, an examination took place, and a report of the proceedings was published. Although it was found that no one of the proposed amendments was decidedly efficacious as a cure, many of them certainly introduced improvements. So earnestly was this matter taken up, that no fewer than ten patented inventions, or methods, for the prevention of smoke, were employed by the various manufacturers of Leeds; so that if this dusky enemy still hovers over the town, it is not for want of hard fighting to repel him. One of the witnesses who gave evidence on an enquiry into this subject in 1843, before a Committee of the House of Commons, put a scrap of philosophy into a very few and intelligible words, when he said that “Englishmen are so fond of having their own way.” True: Englishmen *do* love to stir their fires, and to heap coals on them, and to kindle a blaze—in “their own way;” and there are some manufacturers who love to have a fine voluminous cloud of sooty particles pouring forth from their factory shafts, as a sort of advertisement of the amount of business doing below. They go through a sort of logical process, as thus:—when the smoke rises, it shows that the furnace-fires are burning; when the fires are burning, there is work doing; when there is work doing, the firm maintains its status among the townsmen; consequently when *no* smoke rises, the chain of inductions leads to a result of an anti-commercial character. As to the philosophy of the matter, Professor Faraday has said:—“The principles upon which smoke, that is the visible part, proceeding from the combustion of coal, may be entirely burned, is very plain and clear; it can be done by completing to the end that combustion, which has been begun. There can be no difficulty,

as a natural effect, to obtain perfect combustion of smoke. Imperfect combustion of the fuel, by which I mean ultimate production of smoke, must in all cases, I presume, depend upon the convenience or the ignorance of the user—the manufacturer. In large fires, like those of steam-engines, and other large manufactories where coal is used, it depends more, I think, upon his ignorance than his convenience; inasmuch as if he were obliged to burn his smoke, he would in a very short time be able to do so, by the ingenuity and philosophy which is now in activity, without any loss to himself in a pecuniary point of view.”

We must apologise to the reader for thus plunging him, with or without his consent, among factory chimneys and their exhalations; but, in good truth, these chimneys, and their significant mode of “emancipating the blacks,” in such a town as Leeds, will make themselves noticed; we cannot avoid them without avoiding the town altogether; and we may as well, therefore, treat them as part and parcel of the town’s notabilities.

Among the arrangements which either contribute to or result from the manufactures of Leeds, a word must be said for the Bramley stone quarries. They are situated at Bramley Fell, about three miles from Leeds, on the line of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. They occupy a slanting spot of ground, covered with stunted trees. The excavations are numerous rather than large or deep. If we remember rightly, the balustrades of New London-bridge are formed of stone taken from this quarry; the stone is of excellent quality, and is quarried with remarkable facility. There are some useful sandstone quarries, also, at Woodhouse, about a mile to the north of Leeds.

The coals, the water, and the stone, are brought into Leeds from the vicinity; and when so brought, they give employment to thousands of industrious artizans. The engineering establishments of Leeds, especially, are of a first-rate character—large, comprehensive, and of wide reputation. One of the most notable at the present day is the locomotive factory of Messrs. Wilson, at Hunslet: it has grown with the startling rapidity of the locomotive itself: and on the occasion of the opening of a new “erecting shop” (said to be the largest in the kingdom) in 1847, the partners entertained no less than two thousand guests to dinner in this monster-room. It is not the least pleasant part of the affair, that the whole of the workpeople employed by the firm, amounting to six or seven hundred, were present—together with a right pleasant sprinkling of wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts—eating, drinking, speechifying, returning “thanks for the honour,” &c., music, laughing, talking, danoing: they “made a night o’t,” which seems to live in the memory of those who took part in the festivities of the occasion.

In all such establishments as this, or of the Messrs. Fairbairn, or others among our great machine-makers, the operations are in the highest degree interesting. The beautiful order and system observable, both in the machinery and in the manufacture of machinery, furnished Sir George Head with one of his quaint obser-

vations:—"With reference to the extreme facility whereby the powers of an engine are brought into action, and accumulated forces expended in some particular moment of contact, without affording to the observer any sensible indication of the resistance that has been overcome—it would seem, that the greater the deed to be done, the less the noise and disturbance; and this, as it were, in analogy and contrast with the struggle to conquer of a determined heart, and the squabbling warfare of more grovelling minds. The above reflection occurred to me on witnessing, within a celebrated manufactory of machinery, the attempt, while the more important operations within the chamber were performing in glibness and comparative silence, to reduce an old misshapen grindstone to its pristine circular form. As it revolved under an overpowering force, notwithstanding the softness of the material, the remonstrance of this *λαας αναίδης*, this 'radical grindstone,' was absolutely deafening. Although grown ancient in the cause of the levelling system, and protuberant in the exercise of grinding down its betters, yet the moment the experiment was retorted upon itself, it emitted cries as if an hundred hogs were under discipline."

The same writer, in another page of his 'Home Tour,' makes a few valuable observations on the artisans employed in such establishments—valuable, because they come from one who knows much both of our manufacturing and agricultural districts. "There can be no spectacle," he says, "more grateful to the heart of an Englishman than, viewing the interior of a manufactory of machinery, to observe the features of each hard-working mechanic blackened by smoke, yet radiant with the light of intelligence; to contrast with his humble station the lines of fervid thought that mark his countenance and direct his sinewy arm, and to reflect that, to such combination of the powers of mind and body, England owes her present state of commercial greatness. It is no less pleasing to consider, that although particular classes of men have suffered by the substitution of machinery for manual labour, such evils arise from the mutability of human affairs—are such as the most zealous philanthropist cannot avert—and, lastly, are of themselves insignificant compared with the general demand for labour throughout the country, which has not only kept pace with the increase of machinery, but no doubt might be shown even to have exceeded it. Nay, it might be made manifest, that not only is the grand total of operatives employed throughout the manufacturing districts augmented, but additional employment afforded in like proportion for mechanics, to supply the wear and tear of machinery and buildings dependent thereupon, as well as for workmen upon all works to be traced to a similar cause—such as railroads, bridges, viaducts, aqueducts, &c." "These words were written at a time when it was the fashion to cry down manufacturing labour as a wretched and demoralizing system.

greatest of the Yorkshire manufactures—the staple of the place—we must speak of a solitary remnant of early days, near Leeds,—

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

There are not many of our great manufacturing towns which have monastic ruins so near to them as the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey are to Leeds. It is pleasant to have such a spot to ramble in, as a memento of the past in the vicinity of the present; but it is *not* pleasant to have fire and smoke almost under the walls of this venerable ruin; the 'Kirkstall Forge' is much too near a neighbour to the fine old crumbling arches of the Abbey. 18622.

Kirkstall Abbey has the reputation of having exhibited unity of design and execution to an unusual degree. It was all planned by one man, and by him carried out to completion. Dr. Whitaker says of this majestic ruin: "Not only the arrangement, proportion, and relation of the different apartments are rigidly conformed to that peculiar principle, which prevailed in the construction of religious houses erected for, rather than at the expense of, the monks; but every moulding and ornament appears to have been wrought from models previously studied, and adapted to the general plan. Deviating by one step from the pure Norman style, the columns of the church are massy as the cylinders of the former age, but channelled rather than clustered; the capitals are Norman; the intercolumniations, though narrow, yet nearly one-third wider than those of the most massy Saxon; the arches which surmount them are grooved and moulded with an evident relation to the columns. One feature of the pure Norman is wanting in this, though a building of much higher dignity than those churches in which it is often found. Even on the great west-door of the church there are no basso-reliefs or other enrichments of sculpture; but though the entrance is deep and complex, and has had detached single shafts beneath each of its members, there appears to have been a studied abstinence from everything gaudy and ornamental."

The rise of Kirkstall Abbey has a legend attached to it; which, like legends generally, will form part and parcel of its history as long as the crumbling stones remain. The legend runs thus:—During the reign of Henry I., in the early part of the eleventh century, the Virgin Mary appeared in a dream to Seleth, a poor shepherd residing in the south of England. She said, "Arise, Seleth, and go into the province of York, and seek diligently, in the valley of Airedale, for a place called Kirkstall; for there shalt thou prepare a future habitation for brethren serving my Son." And Seleth trembled in his sleep, and was fearfully troubled; but the vision continued: "Fear not, Seleth! I am Mary, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world!" Upon which he arose and betook himself to travel, in search of Kirkstall: living upon charity and the spontaneous productions of the earth. When, after having escaped great dangers and fatigues, he arrived

Before we turn our gossip in the direction of the

at the entrance of a shady valley, which some herdsman informed him was the place he was in search of; he fixed his solitary abode there, paying his devotions. Long was his humble cell revered by the neighbouring villagers, and visited by the curious or the pious; in times of distress the intercessions of Seleth were resorted to; and the hermitage of Kirkstall became famous throughout the country. The reports of his piety and self-denial reaching the ears of some young devotees, Seleth was persuaded by them to accept the office of Superior. Their united body was formed into a small community, which built for themselves cells beside the River Aire.

At the point where the legendary passes into the historical, we find that Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who had estates at or near Leeds, while suffering under a violent disease, engaged himself by a solemn vow to erect a monastery if ever he should recover his health. He acquainted the abbot of Fountain's Abbey with his vow; and this abbot, having just before heard of the pious recluses at Kirkstall, impressed upon him the benefits which would accrue from the erection of a religious house at that spot. Arrangements were soon made by all the parties interested, Kirkstall Abbey was built, and an abbot and monks took up their abode there in 1152, during the reign of Stephen. The abbots had at first many contentions respecting a disputed title to the estate; but the abbey ultimately rose to great prosperity.

The ruins of Kirkstall extend over a considerable area. Their length from north to south is about 340 feet, and from east to west 445 feet. They enclose a quadrangle of 143 feet by 115. At a small distance north-west of the principal mass stands what was once the chief gate of the abbey. The church is in the form of a cross; over the intersection of which is a square tower, of Tudor architecture. The roof between the tower and the east end was adorned with fret-work and intersecting arches; but the weather now plays its havoc where the roof once stood. At the east end are the broken remains of the high altar. South of the church, and on the east part of the ruins, are several vaulted chambers, supported by strong columns, and most gloomy in appearance. The pencil—the moonlight, or rather moonlit pencil, as we will in this instance term it—of Mr. Harvey, (see Cut, p. 32), will show that these ruins still present some lovely artistic bits.

THE FLAX FACTORIES OF LEEDS.

Leeds—as was explained in a former page—stands at the north-east corner of the clothing district of the West Riding. It is the chief town of the district, in respect both to the *flax* and the *woollen* manufactures. None of the other towns, excepting, perhaps, Barnsley, partake in any notable degree in the former of these two manufactures; but at Leeds it has led to the construction of one of the finest factories in the world, and to others of great magnitude.

No one who pretends to know anything about Leeds

at the present day, can afford to remain in ignorance of 'Marshall's flax-mill': it is one of the lions of the place. Without, within, over it, under it—all is vast, strange, and wonderful. Situated at a short distance south of the River Aire, and bounded mostly by poor dwellings, it must be sought for before it will be found; and when found, there is one portion of the establishment, the *old* mill, which is too much like other mills to call for observation; but the *new* mill is a marked feature.

Egypt seems to have been in the thoughts of the architect when he planned this building; for the chimney has the form and proportions of the world-renowned 'Cleopatra's Needle'; while the chief entrance exhibits a front nearly analogous in character to that of an Egyptian temple. The building, unlike almost all other large factories, is only one story in height. It exhibits on the eastern façade a long range of windows of large dimensions, a range of massive pillars or pilasters between the windows, and a bold cornice running along the top. The whole front being formed of stone, and minute detail being avoided, there is a sort of massive grandeur in this long low façade. The other façades are remarkable only for their great length.

Those who have the good fortune to get a peep into the interior, will not soon forget the sight which meets the eye. One room comprises the whole: but such a room! If we call it the largest in the world, we cannot be far in error. About four hundred feet long, by more than two hundred broad, it covers nearly two acres of ground. Birmingham is justly proud of its Town Hall, but this wonderful factory-room is nine times as large; Exeter Hall is one of the largest rooms in London, but it would require seven such to equal the area of this room; the London club-houses present façades of great length, but it would require four of the largest to equal the length of this room. The room is about twenty feet high, and the roof is supported by about fifty pillars. The spaces between the pillars allow the roof to be partitioned off into a series of flattish domes, or groined arches, sixty or seventy in number; and in the centre of each dome is a lofty conical skylight, of such large size that the whole series together contain ten thousand square feet of glass. The view through the room is quite without a parallel. Vista after vista meets the eye, formed by the ranges of columns; whether we stand at the side, the end, the corner, the centre—still these long-stretching, well-lighted, busily-occupied avenues carry the eye in beautiful perspective to far distant points. There are, we believe, upwards of a thousand persons in this room alone, mostly females; and the large and complicated machines are very numerous: yet there is a kind of airiness and roominess felt, unusual in factories. Here, in one part of the room, are the "flax-drawing" operations going on; in another part the "roving;" in another the "spinning;" in another the "twisting;"—all with such perfect harmony and system, that confusion and idleness are equally out of the question.



KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

We have seldom any inducement to go to the lower regions of a factory, the vaults or passages of the basement: but such a visit is not without its interest in this vast structure. Brick-vaulted passages extend hither and thither; containing in some parts the shafts for moving the machinery above, and in others the arrangements for warming and ventilating the building. These arrangements are consistent with all else around us: there is a steam-engine employed in forcing air into two large steam-chests, where it becomes heated previous to being passed into the mill; and in order to regulate the temperature to the state of the weather, valves and doors are placed in various parts.

As little inducement have we, generally, to visit the roof as the basement of a factory; but here the roof is perhaps the strangest part of the whole building. The roof is a green field, on which (if we mistake not) sheep are allowed to graze! Being so large and so flat, and being covered thickly with plaster and asphalt, the roof offers a good support for a stratum of earth; while this earth renders an equivalent service by protecting the asphalt from the heat of the sun. Here we walk, then, among the grass—"out in the fields," if we please so to term it; and at every few yards we meet with the skylights, which shoot up conically to a height of seven or eight feet above the grass. Beneath us, we look down through the skylight at the spindles busily at work; above us, is the blue sky; around us, the build-

ings and smoke of Leeds. The drainage of this factory-field passes down the fifty pillars which support the roof: they are made hollow for this purpose.

If anything could make us delighted with the flax manufacture, it would be to see it carried on in this unequalled room. There are, however, many dirty processes which are conducted in the old mill; and all the other flax-mills of Leeds have their share in these less-attractive operations. This is not the place to dwell at any great length on the details of the manufacture; but it will suffice for our purpose to say that the making of flax-yarn or flax-thread is the ultimate process in the great factories of Leeds. The weaving of this yarn into cloth is not a feature of Leeds' industry. It groups itself (so far as Yorkshire is concerned) in and around the town of Barnsley, lying about five-and-twenty miles south of Leeds. There are manufacturers at Barnsley, who buy flax-yarn from the spinners, and give it out to hand-loom weavers: these latter ply the shuttle from morning to night, in their own humble homes, and produce those varieties of flax-cloth to which the dealers give the several names of 'linen,' 'duck,' 'drill,' 'check,' 'drabbet,' 'huckaback,' 'diaper,' 'towelling,' &c.

THE DOMESTIC OR COUNTRY CLOTHIERS.

The woollen manufacture is far more important to

this district than that of flax. The west of England used to take precedence in this matter; but it must now yield the palm of superiority to the West Riding. The Gloucestershire clothing villages lie mostly on the Stroud Water, those of Wiltshire on the Avon and its tributaries, and those of Yorkshire on the rivers before-named: the valleys of these rivers have been, and still are, the chief localities of the manufacture. Dyer, in his poem of 'The Fleece,' versified in a humble way this kind of valley-industry:

"Next, from the slacken'd beam the wool unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill received;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
Oft the wet web is steeped, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water."

The woollen manufacture flourished in England soon after the Conquest, and we have frequent allusions to it in the subsequent reigns. Edward III., while on the continent, found that the Flemish clothiers were more skilful workmen than the English; and he invited some of the former over. Fuller, in his 'Church History,' says, that the Flemish apprentices were treated by their masters "rather like heathens than Christians, yea, rather like horses than men; early up, and late to bed, and all day hard work and harder fare, (a few herrings and mouldy cheese)." And then follows a picture of what such apprentices might hope for, if they would only come to merry England. "Here they should feed on fat beef and mutton, till nothing but their fulness should stint their stomachs; yea, they should feed on the labours of their own hands, enjoying a proportionable profit of their gains to themselves. Their beds should be good, and their bed-fellows better, seeing that the richest yeomen in England would not disdain to marry their daughters to them—and such English beauties, that the most curious foreigners could not but commend them." Whether Edward III. really gave such a glowing description of England to the Flemish clothiers, we know not; but it is understood that Flemings did settle from time to time in this country. Town after town became the centre of the manufacture; roads were made, and pack-horses employed; these roads were improved, and wagons built; the canal and the barge gradually gained ground over the road and the wagon; the railway and the locomotive gained a triumph over them all. The steam-engine came to the aid of the workman, and the factory to the aid of the employer. Hull and Goole became ports for the shipment of cloth; and thus arose the vast clothing manufacture of the West Riding.

We can only understand the social features of this manufacture, by viewing it in its three developments: the *Master Clothier* system of the West of England, and the *Domestic* and *Factory* systems of Yorkshire. In the first of these, the master clothier buys his wool

from the wool-stapler, and employs persons to work it up into cloth; giving each separate process to distinct sets of men, who work either at their own houses or at the house of the master-clothier.

The *Domestic* system, acted on in the villages of the West Riding, is very remarkable, and has given quite a tone and character to the Yorkshire clothiers, which has withstood all changes, such as have affected the cotton manufacture. In the beginning of the present century, before the factory system became developed to any remarkable degree in the clothing district, there were between three and four thousand small master manufacturers in the West Riding. These were scattered over the whole face of the district which we have marked out, lying south and west of Leeds; they were men of small capital, some with a small farm annexed to their business, and some with a field or two, to support a horse or a cow. Although they occupied the entire range of villages, whether among the hills or in the valleys, yet they grouped themselves in something like order, according to the two kinds of broadcloth which they made—the *mixed* cloth or the *white* cloth. The mixed cloth manufacturers resided chiefly near Leeds. The white cloth manufacturers located themselves chiefly in a tract of country forming an oblique belt along the hills that separate the Vale of Calder from the Vale of Aire, beginning near Wakefield, and ending near Shipley. Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield formed the central or market-towns for these villages, and became the seats of the larger factories. Although the steam-engine has wrought great changes in the larger towns, every one of the villages above-named retains nearly the same manufacturing features to the present day.

The third system—that of *Factories*—is the growth of the steam-engines and of machinery, and essentially belongs to our own day. Here the entire range of processes is conducted in vast buildings, replete with every aid which science and capital can furnish. Here a bag of wool goes in at one door, and a bale of finished superfine cloth comes out at another: every stage of the operations having its distinct part of the building. In the Domestic system, the master and the workman were combined in one person; in the factory system the employer is the owner of all, and pays the wages of labour in money.

In the early days of the woollen manufacture, the wool was 'scribbled' and 'carded' at the humble home of the workman, perhaps by the members of his family; it was then 'spun' and 'woven,' then carried to the fulling mills to be 'fulled,' and lastly, returned and sold in the white state. A next stage in advance was to scribble the wool by some sort of machinery, which was worked by asses or horses, or by a species of rude windmill. As, however, the fulling was performed in mills situated on the banks of the streams, and moved by water power, it required no great stretch of inventive skill to adapt the scribbling machinery to the same localities. These united fulling and scribbling mills were invariably situated on the

banks of the Aire, Calder, Wharfe, or some other West Riding stream. Great as were the conveniences of these mills to the clothiers, yet there were countervailing disadvantages, which, to us at the present day, seem rather formidable. It was customary, for instance, for carts to come as many as twelve miles into the clothing districts for wool three times a week, which wool had to be brought first into the district from neighbouring towns; when scribbled, it had to be returned to be spun and woven; then it had to be re-sent to the mill to be fulled, and lastly to be returned for sale at the market. Hence the clothiers situated at a distance from these mills found it to their interest to club their means together, and build other mills for their own use. The invention of the steam-engine gave a great impetus to the change; for, with the aid of beds of coal lying immediately beneath the district, the clothiers became more and more independent of the rivers. The same cause also led to the more frequent centralization of the manufacture in large towns than in the country districts.

The first 'Company Mill,' near Leeds, according to the new order of things, was erected at Stanningley, about five-and-thirty years ago; the next was built at Ecclesfield; and they have since multiplied with great rapidity. Each 'Company Mill' is a joint-stock undertaking, of which all the partners must be clothiers. In the formation of such an enterprise, a number of clothiers, varying from ten to fifty (generally about thirty), determine on the amount of capital to be raised, and divide it into shares, generally of 25*l.* each, which they appropriate according to the means and inclination of each one individually. Deeds of partnership are drawn up, land is purchased, a mill is erected, machinery is put into it, a manager is appointed, and work is taken in to be scribbled, or fulled, or both—the price of the work being matter of agreement, and the work being executed, both for those who are not, and for those who are, partners in the mill.

The more simple and less systematic of these Company-mills are managed somewhat as follows:—There is neither partnership deed nor printed regulations; but the company is governed by a president and a committee, chosen from the partners, who meet once a week for the transaction of business, and who make bye-laws for their own guidance. At one of these meetings they appoint a person, who takes upon himself the multifarious duties of manager, book-keeper, treasurer, and secretary; he receives and pays all moneys. At subsequent meetings the committee give him directions what to do, and he acquaints them with what he has done during the week. He accounts to the partners, at any time when called on, for the business which he has transacted, and the money which he holds or has disbursed. When his funds are run out, he asks for more, which the partners severally and equally advance. The partners have no legal hold on each other, or on their manager. It is an understanding that whatever work the partners have to do must be done at their own mill,—the joint-stock shop is to be dealt at by all.

But in the more recent and better managed Com-

pany-mills, matters are not left in such a rude state. There is a regular deed of partnership drawn up; and it is specified to exist for a definite number of years. Some of the partners are appointed regular trustees for the whole. The maximum number of shares to be held by each partner is limited; and the shares are paid for by regular instalments. The clothier-partners all reside near the mill. All the partners are bound by penalty to act in turn on the committee; and all committee proceedings are duly entered. Each member's subscribed share is held as a security for the due fulfilment of his engagements towards his co-partners. The money is deposited in a bank. All work done at the mill, whether for the partners or others, is paid for once a month. The accounts are made up at a general meeting of the partners every four months.

This, then, is the general character of the 'Company Mill' system;—a system to which we do not remember anything exactly similar in any other branch of manufacture. At Sheffield, it is true, there are 'wheels,' or grinding establishments, at which are a large number of workmen, employed independently of each other; but they simply rent a certain amount of standing-room and of steam-power, each one for himself, and have no share in the proprietorship of the building itself. In the best of these West Riding joint-stock mills, the processes carried on therein are scribbling, carding, and slubbing the wool, and fulling the cloth after the weaving has been effected; the processes of spinning, warping, weaving, and burling are done at home by the members of the clothier's family. The whole of the cloth so produced is sold in the 'balk,' or rough state, at the cloth halls, unfinished and undyed; the purchasers either possessing or employing the requisite manufacturing means for conducting the finishing processes. The cloth generally brought to these Company-mills is of inferior quality, varying from four to seven shillings a yard in the 'balk' state.

The 'Shoddy Mill,' (another West Riding idiom) is a remarkable exponent of our age—of the spirit which leads men to grind, and cut, and melt, and alter any or every thing that can by possibility come into use. There are many such mills on the river Calder, between Leeds and Dewsbury, or in the vicinity of Dewsbury. 'Shoddy' is the very homely name for old woollen rags when torn or cut up into infinite fragments; and 'devil' is the very emphatic name for the machine by which the process is conducted. The ruthless tearing which the rags undergo is effected in machines carefully enclosed or boxed in, and containing cylinders armed with hooks, and rotating in opposite directions. The rags are put in at the top of each machine, and come out at the bottom like coarse dirty wool. The shoddy thus prepared, by being moistened with oil, and mixed with a little new wool, is coaxed and persuaded into the assumption of the various forms of carding and yarn, and at length takes part in the formation of cloth which—though perhaps smart and glossy without—is somewhat hollow-hearted within.

As a feature in the 'Home Tour' of Sir George Head, this shoddy process came in for its share of good-humoured satire:—"The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration: whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the changes of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco-smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house, is doomed in its turn, '*perfusis liquidis odoribus*,' to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy. Old flannel petticoats, serge, and bunting, are not only unravelled and brought to their original thread by the claws of the 'devil;' but this machine effectually, it is said, pulls to pieces and separates the pitch-mark of the sheep's back—which latter operation really is a job worthy of the very devil himself. Those who delight in matters of speculation have here an ample field, provided they feel inclined to extend their researches on this doctrine of the transmigration of coats; their imagination may freely range in unfettered flight, from the blazing galaxy of a regal drawing-room, down to the night cellars and lowest haunts of London, Germany, Poland, Portugal, &c. But as such considerations only tend to put a man out of conceit with his own coat, or may afflict some of my fair friends with an antipathy to flannel altogether, they are much better let alone."

THE CLOTH FACTORIES, AND THE CLOTH HALLS.

The manufacturing arrangements of the large woollen-cloth factories of course differ from those of the domestic manufacturers, the Company-mills, and the Shoddy-mills. They are fine examples of that centralization, combined with subdivision, which marks in so striking a degree the system of modern industry. The town of Leeds, as well as Huddersfield and Halifax, contains cloth factories only a little less vast and comprehensive than the cotton factories of the Manchester district. The grasp of mind required in the chief conductors, the perpetually-recurring claim on the inventive skill of engineers to devise new adaptations of machinery, the economy of space in the whole building, the marshalling of the industrial forces, so that neither confusion nor delay shall occur in the order of processes, the watchful attention to the fluctuations of taste and fashion, the invention of new designs, as a means of leading (instead of always following) public taste, the means of varying the productive strength of the establishment according to the fluctuations of home and foreign commerce, the endeavours (now made by most of the larger manufacturers) to encourage various arrangements for the moral and social benefit of the work-people,—all combine to give great largeness of character to the general features of such establishments.

The western suburbs of Leeds are rich in these great woollen factories. Taking as a type one of the most complete of these, and assuming that the rest display the same characteristics in more or less complete development, we find the following arrangements. An immense pile of buildings encloses two or three large open quadrangles; more resembling a small town than one establishment. Here we have wool-warehouses, five or six stories in height, laden with clothing-wools from all available quarters, with all the mechanical appliances for raising and lowering and transferring the wool. At another point are ranges of buildings where various handicraft employments are carried on, not requiring the aid of steam-power. At another, where this giant agent is brought into requisition, we find one range of buildings employed in the carding and other preparatory processes, another in the spinning, another in the weaving (for broad-cloth weaving is now brought within the grasp of the power-loom), another in the fulling, another in the shearing, and so on. Then we see dye-houses and drying-houses, store-rooms for dye-stuffs and oils, shops for the repairs of machinery, engine-rooms and boiler-rooms, warming and ventilating apparatus, and various departments which it would be no easy matter to enumerate. All these within one boundary wall, all under one supervision, with subordinate heads of departments, all brought within a system of book-keeping and tabulating, so that every one knows where he ought to be and what he ought to be doing,—this constitutes a woollen-cloth factory, such as we find existing in the great towns of the West Riding.

We can as little undertake to describe in this work all the processes of the woollen manufacture as those of flax; both would be a departure from the general plan. A mere enumeration of the designations of the artisans employed becomes a formidable list: we find sorters, scourers, beaters, pickers, scribbler-feeders, carder-feeders, roller-joiners, slubbers, jenny-spinners, mule-spinners, mule-piecers, warpers, weavers, mill-men, roughers, dyers, cutters, brushers, markers, drawers, pressers, and packers. Even here it is not quite certain that all are included. We may, however, just indicate the order in which the chief processes succeed each other.

First, then, the crude wool. Some of this is derived from our own grazing districts, some from Germany, and some from Australia; the wool from any or all other places now imported is but small in quantity. It is brought to the factories in bags or packages of various dimensions. The 'sorter' sets to work; he opens a package, spreads out some of the wool before him, slightly loosens and disentangles it, and by a nice discrimination of hand and eye, separates it into five or six parcels, according to the varying quality—softness, strength, colour, cleanness, regularity, are all taken note of in this sorting. The wool is next 'scoured' or cleansed in hot alkaline liquor; and if the cloth is to be 'wool-dyed,' the wool passes through the dying process at this period; but if it be 'piece-



COLERIDGE CLOTH HALL, EXTERIOR.

dyed,' the dyeing is deferred to a much later stage of the operation.

Then come the remarkable processes by which the locks of wool are disentangled fibre from fibre. The wool is oiled, and put into the 'willy,' where a revolving motion causes the locks to be caught and torn asunder by sharp spikes. The wool next goes to the 'scribbling-machine,' where cylinders, armed with innumerable teeth, and revolving in opposite directions, tear and draw the wool from one to the other, until the fibres become combed out to something like an orderly arrangement. This order is still further attained by the 'carding-machine,' where the fibres are arranged into a kind of delicate band or sheet, about thirty inches long by six wide; and these bands are rolled up into 'cardings,' which are pipes or loose rods of wool, about half an inch thick. Then come into requisition the services of the 'slubbing-machine' or 'slubbing-billy'—(what oddities we meet with among technical terms!) Children place the cardings end to end on a sloping apron or band; and these cardings are caught up by the machine, joined permanently end to end, drawn out or elongated, and slightly twisted to the form of a delicate kind of cord, or 'slubbing,' of which from one to two hundred yards are produced from an ounce of wool. Lastly, the beautiful 'mule spinning-machine,' or 'mule-jenny,' gives that final

elongation and twisting which transforms the 'slubbing' into 'yarn' for the use of the weaver.

The weaver requires to pass the yarn through many processes to fit it for his purpose. He selects one quality for the *warp* or long thread, and another for the *weft* or cross thread; he sees that it is properly stiffened by immersion in a glutinous liquid; he requires that the 'winding,' the 'warping,' the 'beaming,' and the 'drawing-in,' (which relate to the adjustment of the yarn upon the loom and the shuttle) shall be properly performed; and he then produces his 'clack, clack, clack'—the invariable accompaniment of the weaving of yarn into cloth. In the Domestic manufacturer's system, all the cloth is woven by hand; but in the large factories there is an admixture of the hand-loom and the power-loom systems.

The woven cloth is scoured or cleansed, and is then *milled, felted, or fulled*—that is, beaten and rubbed until the fibres of wool have become so interlaced, as almost to hide the threads which form the cloth. The 'burlers' then pick out with tweezers all irregular knots, burs, or hairs; and many minor processes are about this time adopted. In the finishing of the cloth, the 'raiser' rubs it with a kind of brush studded with teasle-heads, which raise up all the little woollen fibres so as to give great roughness to the cloth. The 'cropping-machine,' by a very delicate and remarkable action,

shaves off the whole of these upstanding fibres, and we have then the delicate *nap* or *pile* of the cloth. The finer the cloth, the more numerous are the finishing processes,—among which are ‘boiling,’ ‘picking,’ ‘pressing,’ and ‘steaming.’

The whole of the cloth made by the domestic manufacturers, is sold in the Cloth Halls *before* the finishing processes; these latter being conducted by, or at the expense of, those who purchase the cloth. To the Cloth Halls, then, we must bend our steps. We have said that the Cloth Market used to be held in the Briggate: this inconvenient arrangement was put an end to in 1711, when a Cloth Hall was built. A second superseded the first, in 1755; this was destroyed or pulled down: and in 1758 and 1775 were built the two Cloth Halls, which still exist, and where more cloth has been sold, perhaps, than in any other existing buildings in the world.

First, for the Coloured or Mixed Cloth Hall. This is represented, internally and externally, in two of our illustrations (Cuts, pp. 36 and 38). The Hall is in the busiest centre of Leeds, near the Commercial Buildings, and near the spot to be shortly occupied by the great central station of the railways. It is a quadrangular brick building, enclosing an open area of large dimensions. It is divided into six departments or streets, which have their own distinctive names, such as ‘Cheapside,’ ‘Change-alley,’ &c. Each street or avenue contains two rows of stalls, one on either side of a walk or passage. Each stall is about two feet in width, and is marked with the name of the person who owns or rents it. There are two thousand of these stalls, all occupied by the domestic or country clothiers.

Then comes the busy market-day. At about nine o’clock on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays, a bell rings, the hall is opened, and the clothiers flock into it, each having brought (mostly by horse and cart) the fruit of three or four days’ labour. The stalls are set out with wonderful celerity, and the buyers make their appearance. Who are these buyers? it may be asked. Sometimes they are merchants who have no manufacturing of their own; sometimes they are persons who combine the characters of merchants and manufacturers; and sometimes they are experienced ‘buyers’ in the pay of the larger firms. All the cloth in this hall has been dyed in the wool, prepared, spun, woven, and fulled, but not sheared or finished: the purchaser has to attend to the latter, in whatever way he deems best. The buyers are sharp, quick, business-like men; the sellers—some possessed of a little property, but others in humble circumstances—are plain, homely, shrewd, and honest-looking personages. Bargains are made with great quickness. The buyers pace up and down the avenues, look at the stalls as they pass, listen to the invitations of the sellers, examine the specimens exposed, and make a short contest about price; but it is always short, the ‘chaffering’ is speedily brought to an end either by one party or the other. All the sellers know all the buyers; and the discussions about ‘olives,’ or ‘browns,’ or ‘pilots,’ about ‘G-quarter’

or ‘8-quarter;’ about ‘English’ or ‘Foreign;’ about ‘high quality’ and ‘low quality’—are heard on all sides. These Yorkshiremen can set a good example to dealers elsewhere; for the market only lasts one hour and a quarter, during which time dealings to a large amount are conducted.

Directly the Coloured Cloth Hall closes, the White Cloth Hall is opened. This is situated in a more eastern part of Leeds. It is conducted much on the same principle as the one described above. The cloth sold here is in an undyed state, and presents a kind of yellowish white colour. The hall business being concluded, the clothier takes the cloth to the warehouses of the respective purchasers; where, after measuring, examining, and entering in books, the buyer receives his cloth, and the seller receives his money: the former proceeds to finish what he has bought, and the latter proceeds to buy wool in anticipation of another market-day. He walks, or rides, or drives, or ‘rails’ back to his clothing village among the hills and valleys, and then sets to work again as before.

Thus is the cloth traffic conducted. At Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield, there are cloth halls like those of Leeds (in principle if not in size): each one serving as a market for the surrounding clothing villages. It is a pleasant hour for a southron in these halls on market-days. He sees the kind of cloth and the kind of people; he observes the mode of conducting the clothier traffic: and he hears the peculiar dialect of the Yorkshiremen—a dialect which, like that of the lowlands of Scotland, bears many traces of the Danish occupation of those districts a thousand years ago; mixed with other traces of the Flanders or Frieseland emigrants to Yorkshire in later times. There is a rhyme current in Halifax, to the effect, that

“Gooid brade, botter, and cheese,
Is gooid Halifax, and gooid Friese.”

We feel very much tempted to give two or three stanzas from an ‘Address to Poverty,’ contained in a Glossary of the Yorkshire dialect. Those who are familiar with any of the West of England dialects, will perceive here many marked points of difference:

“Ah’ve led thy company ower lang,
Ill-leakin ween! thoo must be rang
Thus to cut short my jerkin.
Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,
Thoo’s awlne kept back cash and cleas,
An’ fore’d me to hard workin.

Sad Plenty, frae her copious hoorn
Tecam out to me good crops o’ coorn.
An’ prosper weel my cattle,
An’ send a single thoosand pund,
‘Twad bring all things complecatly rounnd,
An’ Ah wad gi’ thee battle.

Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,
Like a poor man without a leg,
See prethee daun’t deceave me;
Ah knaw it’s i’ thy poower to grant
The lable faver ‘at Ah want—
‘At thoo wad gang an’ leaave me!’



COLOURED-CLOTH HALL, INTERIOR.

It has been asserted that Bradford has of late years been progressing at the expense of Leeds,—that much of the trade formerly belonging to Leeds has been gradually withdrawn, and is now thoroughly established in Bradford; the reason assigned being, that the Leeds manufacturers are above attending to their business. We believe the facts to be otherwise. A new branch of manufacture has, in fact, sprung up in this

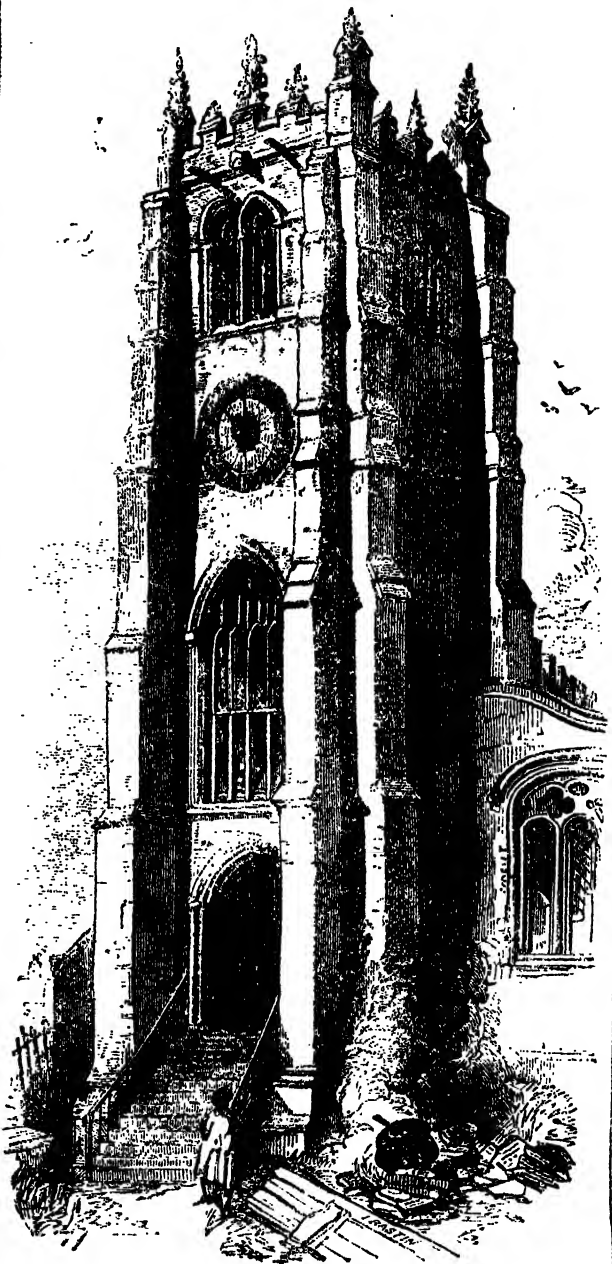
district, namely, the manufacture of superfine broad-cloths and silks, the great markets for which were formerly Gloucestershire and London. These trades having been actively taken up by the Leeds manufacturers, the trade in coarser woollens, formerly its staple, has been taken up with great success at Bradford, Huddersfield, and some of the neighbouring towns.

THE FAMILY OF CLOTHING TOWNS.

All the clothing towns present more or less of interesting features to a stranger, chiefly arising from their industrial arrangements: Take Bradford, for example—a town which has furnished two of our illustrations. (Cuts pp. 39 and 40). It is impossible to approach Bradford from either side without seeing that it is thoroughly a clothing town. Nature seems almost to have planted the spot on purpose. The distance is not far otherwise than equal from Bradford to Halifax, to Leeds, to Keighley, to Wakefield, to Dewsbury, and to Huddersfield: and streams of traffic pass to and fro between them. Bradford was, in Leland's time, a "pretty quick market town, which standeth much by clothing;"¹² and it has "stood much by clothing" ever since. The streets, the markets, the Cloth Hall, the churches—all are probably about on a level with those of other towns of equal size; but as our topographical details are purposely limited to Leeds and its immediate vicinity, we will notice, in a few lines, how far Bradford and Halifax differ from Leeds in the general character of their wool manufactures.

Bradford and Halifax are famous for varieties of manufactured goods which do not meet the eye at Leeds. Leeds is the head-quarters of *woollens*, made of short wool, and *fulled* or *milled* so as to hide the threads; but Bradford and Halifax are the seat of the *worsted* or long wool trade, where no attempt is made to hide the woven thread by a nap or pile. The meaning of the word *worsted*, as here used, is best illustrated by mentioning some of the principal kinds of goods made of long wool—'cashmeres,' 'orleans,' 'coburgs,' 'merinos,' 'lastings,' 'alpacos,' 'damasks,' 'camlets,' 'says,' 'plainbacks': these are the main results of the spinner's and weaver's labours in the two towns above-named. Mix a little cotton, a little silk, or a little of both, with the long wool, and we have 'challis,' 'mousselines-de-laine,' 'paramattas,' 'shalloons,' 'taminets,' 'fancy-waistcoatings,' and a host of other varieties—all of which spring from this district as a centre.

Such are the forms in which the fleecy clothing of the sheep becomes the fanciful covering of men and women; and such are the directions in which this department of industry gives character and distinctive features to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Leeds, as we have seen, mingles with it a large development of the flax and the engineering trades. When we reach Bradford, we get to the centre of the worsted trade; more worsted, or long-wool yarn, is spun here than in any other town in the kingdom—perhaps in the world: it not only supplies the stuff-manufacturers of other towns in the West Riding, but the shawl-weavers of Paisley, and the bombazeen-weavers of Norwich, come frequently to the same market. At Halifax, the two great staples of the district—the woollens and the worsteds—are more evenly divided than at any of the other towns. At Huddersfield, the fancy trade is growing up to a level with the broad-cloth. At Rochdale the worsted trade exhibits itself in the form



TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH, BRADFORD.

of flannels; and at Dewsbury and Heckmondwike in that of blankets. At Saddleworth, wool and cotton, Yorkshire and Lancashire, come so near to a level in strength, that it is difficult to say which has the precedence: it is a sort of 'border' country, where the wool of the east meets the cotton of the west, and both use the territory in common. Each of these towns—say, about seven in number—has a belt of villages around it—a group of little satellites, which follow the fortune of their primaries; and the primaries and satellites together form the busy, populous, intelligent, and wealthy

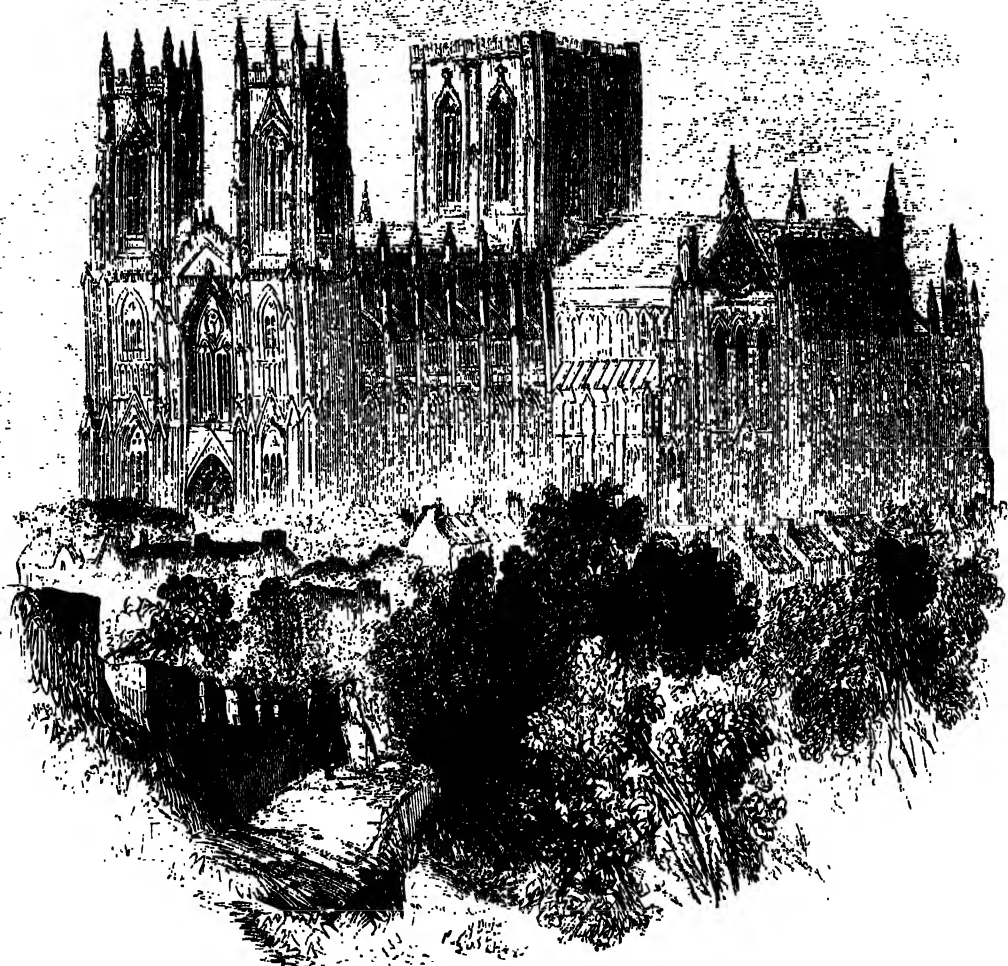
'CLOTHING DISTRICT OF THE WEST RIDING.'



BRADFORD.

The lines of railway with which Leeds is surrounded form a complete net-work of iron. The Leeds and Selby line runs through the centre of the West Riding, from east to west, inclining northwards at Leeds, where it joins the Leeds and Bradford line, which proceeds in a north-westerly direction, through Bingley, Skipton, and Settle, to Clapham, whence, proceeding westward, it joins the Lancashire railways. It was intended that another line, taking a more northerly direction, should join the Preston and Carlisle line, near Kirkby Lonsdale, but that intention has been abandoned. Our present object, however, is to reach the City of York, and this we can most conveniently do by the Leeds and Selby line, till its junction with the York and North Midland at Milford Junction. From this station a short and easy ride brings us to this famous city.

YORK AND BEVERLEY.



YORK MINSTER.

A FIRST GLANCE AT YORK.

THIS fine old city is one of those landmarks of time which point to a period very far back in the history of this country. Its associations with royalty, with war, with feudal struggles, with archiepiscopal jurisdiction—all give it a venerable claim to our attention. If railways have made it an important centre of commercial operations, this may be regarded rather as a result of other circumstances than of design. Had it not been for certain engineering difficulties, Leeds would from

the outset have filled that office which York has been made to fill in this respect; and its manufacturing importance would have rendered it a more fitting centre. Leeds (like Hull) may be said to represent the present, York the past.

The history of the city is best studied in connexion with some of its ancient buildings and institutions; but before we can understand these, it will be well to glance at the city as a whole, and see what are its bearings and general relations.

York, then, stands on the rivers Ouse and Foss, just at the point where they join. As if to mark the importance of the city, it is made a county in itself. Situated exactly at the junction of the three Ridings of this large county, it belongs to none of them. The county or *ainsty* of York city comprises a small tract of land around the city; but three-fourths of the population of the ainsty live within the city itself. York is one of the few English cities which yet retain their boundary walls; and one of the finest modes of viewing the noble *Minster* on all sides is to traverse the city wall (so far as it is open for this purpose), and turn the eye towards the venerable structure whenever a favourable opportunity occurs. If the spectator can catch the reflection of the morning sun from the east window, or of the setting sun from the glorious west front, he will indeed be repaid. The city is entered by four gates in the wall, from four different directions. The two rivers are crossed by several bridges, which connect the two portions of the city.

The history of York, as a fortified city, is not without interest; for we cannot stand on the venerable wall without speculating on the circumstances which have left this relic of past ages yet standing. York existed before the arrival of the Romans in Britain; but, like other ancient British towns, it was perhaps nothing more than a collection of huts, surrounded by a trench and the trunks of the trees which had been cut down to clear a sufficient space in the forest. It was converted into a Roman station about A.D. 80: its original British name of *Eborac* being retained in the Latin name *Eboracum*. It very soon became the principal Roman station in the north; it was the head-quarters of one of the Roman legions; it was the residence of the emperors when they visited the provinces; and it was the town in which two of the emperors died. That the Romans fortified York is abundantly evident. One of the angle towers and a portion of the Roman wall yet remain; and in recent excavations there have been discovered a further portion of wall, the remains of two wall-towers, and the foundation of one of the gates of the station. It is supposed that, as a Roman station, it occupied a space of about 650 yards by 550, enclosed by a wall and a rampart mound on the inner side of the wall, and a fosse on the outside; with four angle-towers, a series of minor towers or turrets, and four gates or principal entrances, from which proceeded military roads to the neighbouring stations. There have also been found, on the north-west and south-west, numerous relics, which point to *Eboracum* as having been an important and populous station. The Roman multangular tower, yet remaining, is a remarkable specimen of the strength which the Romans threw into their structures. This interesting relic stands near the lodge of the Yorkshire Society's Museum. English coins have been found in the upper part of the ruins of this tower, and Roman coins in the lower part.

After the desolating struggles which followed the departure of the Romans, York disappears from historical view for a time; but we meet it next as the

capital of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria, and the most important town in the north. It was generally a royal residence from that time till the Norman Conquest. York was almost utterly destroyed by William; he regarded it, to use the words of William of Malmesbury, "as a nest of sedition;" and he left but few vestiges of it remaining.

The present fortifications of York were formed at various periods subsequent to the Conquest; but it is not well-known in whose reigns, or at what dates. In the time of Edward the Confessor, York is said to have consisted of seven wards, of which one belonged to the archbishop, and one was occupied by the castle. It is unquestioned that the present walls inclose a greater area than those of early times; but in the architecture of the walls, which have been so often repaired and in part rebuilt, there is nothing characteristic of any particular age. So far as a date can be assigned, that of the year 1280, in the reign of Edward I., has been named as about the time when the walls were probably built. The city must have presented rather a formidable appearance in the time of Henry VIII.; for Leland gives the following account of it:—"The great tower at Lendal had a chain of iron to cast over the river, then another tower, and so on to Bootham Bar; from thence to Monk Bar ten towers, and to Layerthorpe Postern four towers; for some distance the deep waters of the Foss defended this part of the city without the walls; and from thence to Walmgate Bar three towers; then Fishergate Bar, walled up in the time of Henry VII., and three towers, the last a postern; from which by a bridge over the Foss, to the Castle, and the ruins of five towers, were all that remained of it. On the west side of the river was put a tower, from which the wall passed over the dungeon to the Castle or Old Bailey, with nine towers to Micklegate Bar; and between it and North-street Postern ten towers; the postern was opposite to the tower at Lendal, to draw the chain over the river between them."

The walls have never in modern times entirely surrounded the city; there being a space, on the eastern side, of about five hundred yards in length, which till recently was a kind of morass. The extent of the walls is about two miles and a half. The greater portion of the terrace, or upper surface of the wall, is open to the public as a promenade; the wall being thick enough to give breadth to the terrace. There are four principal gates, and five postern gates. The principal gates are called *Bars*; they are the Micklegate Bar, Bootham Bar, Monk Bar, and Walmgate Bar. Micklegate Bar is the principal entrance into York; it is situated on the south-west side of the city; the barbican and doors were removed a few years ago; over this gate the heads of criminals executed for high treason used to be exposed. Bootham Bar is the entrance from the north-west; it has the most modern appearance of any of the bars; the barbican has been removed. Monk Bar is on the north-eastern side; it is very ancient, and the battlements are ornamented with statues of men in the act of hurling stones; the barbican

as in the two former cases, has been removed. *Walmgate Bar*, on the south-east side of the city, is the only one which retains its barbican and gates; it has recently been restored, and presents a very interesting appearance of this kind of military architecture. Besides the above four bars and the five posterns, two additional entrances have been made through the walls within the last few years; one is a re-opening of an old entrance, which was closed in the time of Henry VII.; the other has been made to admit the railway to run into the station in the heart of the town.

The Castle, like some other of the castles of England, has fallen from its high estate: it is no longer a majestic defence for a great city, but a prison for malefactors. It must once have been a noble place, for the area within the walls covers a space of four acres. The castle-yard, in which the nomination of the county members takes place, will contain 40,000 persons. Until the beginning of the present century, the chief entrance to the castle was on the west side, and was approached over the then existing moat by a drawbridge, defended by towers; but the only entrance now existing is on the north. The old castle stood on the south side of the castle-yard: it was converted into a jail for the use of the county; it was finally pulled down in 1701; and the structure now called the Old Buildings, for male debtors, was erected on its site. Another building has been erected, for the reception of female debtors and criminals; but by far the largest building within the castle precincts, and the most important structure in York, next to the cathedral, is the new County Prison, which cost more than £200,000, and is one of the strongest places of the kind in England. The relics of Clifford's Tower present a far more interesting object, however, to the lovers of old times, than these new and costly prisons. This tower was built by William the Conqueror; it was placed in the hands of a member of the Clifford family, as governor; and was used as the donjon, or keep, of the fortress. Around it was a deep moat with palisades; the entrance, which was next to the castle, was over a drawbridge, whence extended a flight of steps up the slope of the mound on which the tower is built. Thus did it remain till its destruction by an accidental explosion, in the seventeenth century, since which time it has been only a fragment—a rugged venerable fragment.

YORK MINSTER: THE EXTERIOR.

There has always been an interesting ecclesiastical history connected with our cathedral towns. Very frequently the cathedral itself was the germ of the town; and in some cases the history of the church structure connected with the town extends farther back than any of the authentic records of the place. In respect to York, we are told that, in the seventh century, Edwin, king of Northumbria, was baptized at York by Paulinus; and that the same monarch erected the first Christian church at that place, in which

many of the kings were consecrated, enthroned, and buried. Seward the Dane, who was Earl of Northumbria in the reign of Edward the Confessor, built a church at York, dedicated to the royal Danish Saint Olaf or Olave. An interesting portion of the Saxon church erected by Paulinus has been recently brought to light, beneath the choir of the present cathedral; and fragments of crosses, or commemorative pillars, and some coffins of stone and wood, belonging to the Saxon period, have occasionally been found. The church in which Edwin had been baptized was hastily built of wood; but soon afterwards Paulinus induced the king to lay the foundation of a larger and more magnificent structure, which was finished by his successors, aided by the most eminent artists from the continent. It was destroyed by fire in 741; rebuilt in a style of great magnificence a few years afterwards; burnt down again in 1070; and again rebuilt by Archbishop Thomas. From remains of the crypt, discovered during recent excavations, and preserved beneath the floor of the present choir, there appears to have been a good deal of grandeur and beauty in the edifice here alluded to. The cathedral was again considerably injured by fire in 1137; but not so much as to require rebuilding: repairs, alterations, and additions were made. It is not exactly known at what times and by whom the various portions of the present noble structure were built; but enough is determined, to show that a period of more than three centuries witnessed these gradual additions. The various new works, after the dilapidation in 1137, were executed by Archbishop Roger. The present south transept is supposed to have been built by Archbishop Walter Grey, between 1220 and 1241. The rebuilding of the north transept is believed to have been begun by the same prelate, but not completed till several years after his death. The date assigned for the commencement of the exquisite and almost unrivalled chapter-house is 1284; but the finishing did not take place till the next century. The present nave was begun in the year 1291, in the archiepiscopate of John Le Romain; but was not finished till the time of Archbishop Thoresby, in 1360. The choir was commenced by the prelate just named; but, as in most other parts of the building, the works extended over a great length of time, and were not finished till 1472. The central tower was nearly finished about that time; and the north-west tower, probably the latest portion of the present exterior, was brought to a completion towards the close of the same century.

We thus find, that during a period of nearly nine centuries works were almost constantly in hand, for the rebuilding or enlarging of a cathedral church at York; and that the spot where those works were carried on is the same as that which is now graced by the noble and venerable structure. Three centuries and a half have witnessed a few fires and a few dilapidations; but the cathedral is essentially the same as that which reared its head in feudal times. Strange is it that two of the principal features of this structure should have been

destroyed by fire in the short space of a dozen years. The middle aisle of the choir was fired by the fanatic incendiary, Jonathan Martin, in 1829; while the middle aisle of the nave, with the south-western bell-tower and its peal of bells, were destroyed accidentally in 1840. The first fire destroyed the stalls and the organ of the choir; the second fire did not approach the service-part of the building; but in each case the central tower preserved the main portions of the building. The restoration consequent on these two fires, entailed an expense of nearly one hundred thousand pounds: that such a sum was raised by subscription for such a purpose, shows that there still lives a spark of that feeling which led to the erection of these majestic structures in past times.

York Minster is a uniform structure, having nave, choir, and transepts. It is, perhaps, the most complete text for a history of Gothic architecture in England; since the portions successively erected exemplify the various changes which this style underwent in this country during two or three centuries,—from the earliest adoption of simple pointed windows, to the rich adornment of the decorated style. The following are a few of the measurements. The extreme length from east to west, 524 feet; interior length, 487; extreme length of transept from north to south, 241; interior length, 225; length of the nave, 264; height of the nave, 99; breadth of the centre aisle, 47; breadth of the side aisles, 18; breadth of the transepts, 94; height of the central tower, 213; height of the two western towers, 196; breadth of the west front, 109; breadth of the east front, 105; dimensions of the great east window, 75 feet by 32 feet.

Let us glance first at the exterior of the venerable Minster. (Cut, No. 9.) The west front is, perhaps, the finest west front of all our cathedrals, partly on account of its great magnitude. Its window is inferior only to the west window of Carlisle Cathedral; but in other respects it is perhaps unrivalled. It consists of a central portion between two lofty towers. The lower part of this centre is occupied by the deeply-recessed, richly-adorned entrance; exhibiting a series of side columns supporting arches which become smaller and smaller as we advance farther. Exteriorly, this doorway is bounded by a triangular canopy; and on either side of it are rich niches filled with statues. Above the entrance stands the great west window, with its eight lofty lights, its rich tracery, and its surmounting canopy. On either side of the window is a panellled front, partially occupied with statues in niches; and above it is a battlemented pediment.

Next we approach the towers: those most majestic productions, which, standing at the north-west and south-west corners of the building, form such conspicuous objects on three sides. Each tower consists of a central compartment, flanked by two series of magnificent buttresses. First, or lowermost, there is a recessed porch; next above this a canopied, traceried window; then a flat space of panelling; next another window, but without a canopy; then a short battle-

ment; above this a double window, much loftier than either of those below; then another battlement; and lastly, shooting up to a height nearly two hundred feet from the ground, a series of turrets and crocketted pinnacles. On either side of this central compartment, as we have said, are the buttresses, rising tier after tier, and most richly adorned with panelling, niches, statues, canopies, tracery, crockettings, and finials. Among the statues near the great doorway are those of William de Melton, Robert de Vavasour, and William de Percy, early benefactors of the cathedral. In the arch over the door, in full tracery-work, is represented the temptation and expulsion of Adam and Eve.

The east front is very little less beautiful than the west, so far as its lower elevation will admit. The great window has been considered by some architectural critics, as the finest in the world in the perpendicular style: it is unquestionably a noble work. The window occupies in width the entire space between the buttresses, and comprises no less than two hundred compartments, filled with stained glass. At the base of the window is a row of fifteen heads, supposed to have been intended for some of the characters of Scripture. The buttresses at the corner of the east front are adorned with niches, statues, pedestals, and canopies, scarcely yielding to those of the west front in richness. Above the window is the statue of the venerable founder of the choir, Archbishop Thoresby, mitred and robed, sitting in his archiepiscopal chair, and holding in his left-hand a model of the cathedral.

York Minster is so unfortunately hemmed in by houses and buildings, that the south side is but imperfectly seen. The south transept, the most ancient part of the cathedral, is distinguished by a number of narrow and acutely pointed arches, with slender pillars, crowned with plain or slightly ornamented capitals. There are no prominent buttresses; the windows are comparatively small; and the whole arrangements mark an earlier and simpler style of art than the east and west fronts. Between the south transept and the south-western tower rise six small pinnacles, originally intended for buttresses to the lower part of the nave. The south side of the choir is much richer than that of the nave. "The massy columns," says Mr. Britton, "finely decorated with a variety of figures, and terminating in richly ornamented pinnacles; the windows large, and displaying a beautiful tracery; the small transept of the choir, with its superb light; and the screen work before the three farthest windows of the upper tier—all concur to render this external part of the structure strikingly beautiful and magnificent.

The north side is less encumbered with buildings than the south, and consequently displays its beauties more uninterruptedly. There are here five long lancet windows, locally designated the Five Sisters, which instructively illustrate the early pointed style. There are three minor entrances to the cathedral on this side; one opposite the residentiary house, another opposite the Deanery, and a third opening into the east aisle of the south transept.

The central or lantern-tower does not rise to a height equal to those of many other cathedrals. It is exceeded in this respect by those of Salisbury, Lincoln, Norwich, Ely, Chichester, Lichfield, Durham, and Gloucester. The truth appears to have been, that the architect intended to surmount this stone tower by a steeple of wood covered with lead; but he was deterred by a fear lest the foundation should prove insufficient to sustain so great a weight. As it is, the tower appears heavy and dumpy, and is the least attractive part of the building. There are eight windows in this tower, two on each side, with two tiers of mullions, the heads of which terminate in sweeping pediments.

YORK MINSTER: THE INTERIOR.

We now approach the interior. Here presents itself a scene which most writers consider to be unequalled among our cathedrals. Mr. Britton, indeed, goes so far as to say, that "Architecture, perhaps, has never produced, nor can imagination easily conceive, a vista of greater magnificence and beauty than that which is seen from the western entrance of the cathedral. The screen which separates the nave from the choir, rising only just high enough to form a support for the organ, does not intercept the view of the eastern end of the church, with its columns, its arches, and its most superb window. In proceeding from the western to the eastern end of the cathedral, the progressive improvements in the architecture are visible, and the style of the cross aisle may be contrasted with that of later periods."

The great western entrance to the cathedral, as at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, is reserved for state occasions. Whether this species of exclusion in such a place is altogether judicious, must be decided by the reader for himself; but it takes away considerably from the impressive effect which would be wrought on the mind of an observer, by making the western entrance the general one. The glorious view through the nave to the choir should precede all minor details. But let us be thankful for it under any form. When within the great entrance, we find the pier-arches to be eight in number on each side, separated by seven piers or columns. Each arch is of the lancet shape, about fifty feet high, and is enriched by bold and highly-adorned mouldings. The piers are solid quadrangular masses, having three-quarter columns on their faces. Above the arches is a range of clerestory windows, having below them an open screen to the triforium, with trefoiled heads, crocketed pediments, and quatrefoiled cornice. At the height of about forty-five feet from the ground, commence the ribs or mouldings which form the framework of the beautiful roof of the nave. The roof is formed of wood; and at the intersections of the beautiful tracery into which the ribs are carved, there are knots or clusters, which are carved into representations of incidents in Scripture history. The triforium gallery formerly contained statues of the

patron saints of the several European nations. The two side aisles are panelled, and decorated with tracery; the windows, eight to each aisle, are nearly all filled with stained glass. The clerestory windows, and the beautiful window over the great entrance, are likewise of this material.

Arrived at the centre of the building, we find ourselves beneath the great tower, with the nave behind us, the choir in advance, the south transept on the right hand, and the north on the left. The tower is supported by four massy piers formed of many-clustered columns. From the capitals which surmount these columns spring four noble arches, nearly 100 feet in height; and on the tops of these arches the square walls of the tower are built. Each side of the tower contains two lofty windows. The roof of the tower, visible from the cathedral below, is of beautiful carved oak tracery, analogous to that of the nave.

The interior of the south transept is a fine example of early English. It is here that the usual entrance to the cathedral is situated; but the principal interest of the transept is centred in its windows. These are ranged in three tiers. At the top is a splendid mari-gold window, nearly thirty feet in diameter; below this are three windows, filled with representations of apostles and saints; and below these is another range of more modern windows. The east and west sides of the transepts contain many monuments and effigies, of which the most beautiful is the tomb of Archbishop Walter de Grey, a fine specimen of the work of the thirteenth century.

The north transept is in a somewhat more advanced style of architecture. The chief adornment of this part is the series of five windows, or rather five departments of one great window, to which the name of the Five Sisters has been given: a name originating in the circumstance that five sisters presented these windows to the cathedral, and wrought with their own hands the embroidered patterns for the devices. The roof of the transept has been recently raised, to render these beautiful windows more extensively visible. The sides of the transept are richly adorned in arches and compartments; and in the east aisle, which faces St. Nicholas' Chapel, is the exquisite tomb of Archbishop Grenfield.

The organ-screen, which closes in the choir from the rest of the building, now meets our view. It is in the richest form of the perpendicular style. The lower part is divided into fifteen compartments or niches, in which are placed statues of the kings from William the Conqueror to Henry VI., in ancient regal costume. Above these are three rows of smaller figures, representing the angelic choir; so that the whole screen presents an extraordinary display of mediæval sculpture. In the middle of the screen is the entrance to the choir; a beautiful canopied recess, with mouldings and sculptures around the arch, and elaborate iron gates. After the fire of 1829, a proposition was seriously discussed, whether or not to remove this screen further back, so as to bring the great tower

more completely into view from the nave : the question raised quite an agitation at the time ; but it was ultimately resolved to leave matters as they were.

Upon this screen is now placed an organ, which is, we believe, deemed the finest in the kingdom : at any rate, it is one worthy of the building which contains it. The old organ was destroyed by the fire of 1829 ; and neither expense nor talent were spared in the placing of a new one. The specification of the organ was made out by Dr. Camidge, the organist ; the execution devolved upon Messrs. Elliott and Hill, of London ; and the expense was borne by the Earl of Scarborough. There are three sets of keys, of six octaves each ; and two octaves of pedal keys. There are 90 stops or sets of pipes ; and the total number of pipes exceeds 6,000. In nearly all its features it excels the great organs of Birmingham and Haarlem. If ever the sublimity of sound can be brought home to the feelings of all, it is when such an organ is pouring its vast body of tones through the vaulted avenues of this cathedral.

Through the doorway in the organ-screen we enter the choir, the most highly decorated portion of the cathedral. Sir Robert Smirke has rebuilt this part in scrupulous imitation of its former self. The richly carved stalls, the cathedral or archbishop's throne, the pulpit—all are restored in the ancient style. There are nine side arches, above which the triforium and clerestory are much more richly adorned than those in the nave. A screen used to exist behind the altar, with a music-gallery above it ; but this intercepted the view of the grand east window ; and few, we imagine, can regret its removal.

Beneath a portion of the choir is the ancient crypt—one of those solemn, impressive, subterranean vaults, which a few of our cathedrals exhibit. There are nine massive pillars, in three rows, supporting the vaulted roof ; and each of the four aisles into which the crypt is thus divided used to contain an altar and a chantry. In one of these remarkable underground chapels, designated "the chantry of the altar of St. Mary in Cryptis," mass was celebrated. All the sanctity of these crypts is gone in our day : they are little better than lumber-rooms—the more is the pity !

Ascending again from the crypt to the choir, we find that the side aisles of the choir, and the Lady Chapel behind it, are the chief depositories of the monuments which the minster contains. These are of the usual kind—monuments to bishops, deans, privy counsellors, peers, generals, gentry ; persons who may have filled their respective stations creditably ; but whose monuments are too often but sorry accompaniments to the exquisite architecture of the building. Moving from these to the magnificent east window, we there find representations which do belong to the building, and to the age when it was built. This unequalled production is divided into two hundred compartments, each about a yard square, and each filled, in stained glass, with figures about two feet in height. The scriptural characters and incidents recorded in this way are extraordinary for their number—the Saviour, angels,

patriarchs, prophets, apostles, confessors, and martyrs ; the creation, the temptation, the expulsion, the deluge, the stories of Jacob and Joseph, the finding of Moses, the scenes on Mount Sinai ; the exploits of Samson and David and Abraham ; the seals and vials and trumpets of the apocalyptic vision, interpreted according to the notions of the time—all form a kind of transference of the Bible to the stained glass of a window.

THE CHAPTER-HOUSE : THE BELLS : ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

The Chapter-house is the only structure, exterior to the cathedral, which we need notice ; but this is indeed a gem. It is perhaps the finest Chapter-house in England. It is supposed to have been built in the latter half of the 13th century. The Chapter-house is an octagonal building, 63 feet in diameter by 68 feet high, and wholly supported without a central pillar. It is the absence of any central support which gives to this structure so much of its beauty. One side of the octagon is formed by the entrance, divided by a richly canopied central pier into two doorways, occupied by richly carved oak doors. The other seven sides of the octagon are occupied each with a noble lancet-headed window, nearly 50 feet in height. Beneath each window is a series of six semi-octagonal stalls, profusely carved, and bounded by carvings and sculptures, the subjects of some of which look strange enough to modern eyes. At a height of nearly forty feet from the ground, spring the mouldings or ribs for the vaulted ceiling, which is bound together with exquisite skill and taste.

We can hardly find room for it, yet a paragraph must be spared for the Bells of the fine old minster. There is a Peal of Bells, and there is a Great Bell ; and both are worthy of note. The peal is situated in the south-west tower. When the fire of 1840 occurred, the old bells were so damaged by the flames as to be rendered useless. Dr. Beckwith supplied the funds for a new set ; which were rung for the first time to celebrate the restoration of the cathedral on the 4th of July, 1844. The bells are twelve in number ; they vary in height from two and a half to five and a half feet, and in weight from seven to fifty-three hundred-weight. But the great bell, named the Great Peter of York is the reigning monarch—not only over the other bells of this minster, but over all the bells in the United Kingdom. London, Lincoln, and Oxford—all boast of their mighty bells ; but all must yield to the Great Peter. The large bell at St. Paul's Cathedral weighs about five tons ; the Great Tom of Lincoln about five tons and a half ; and the Old Tom of Oxford about seven tons and a half ; but the Great Peter weighs no less than twelve tons and a half (about 28,000 pounds). The height of this monster bell is seven feet two inches, and its thickness at the sounding curve is seven inches. Seventeen tons of metal were melted for it, and was run into the mould in seven minutes and a half. It

took fourteen days in cooling before the clay-mould was removed from it. The ornaments on the exterior of the bell are similar in style to many of the details of the cathedral; and an inscription round the top, in Lombardic characters, runs thus:—

"In sanctæ et æternæ Trinitatis honorem
Pecunia sponte collata, Eboracenscs
Faciendum curaverunt in usum
Ecclesiæ metrop. B. Petri, Ebor."

The enormous clapper for the bell was made at one of the Yorkshire iron-works; it weighs four hundred weight, and is beautifully worked in wrought iron. The oaken stock in which the bell is fixed, with its bolts, weighs three tons. The bell is rung with two wheels, one on each side of the axle, fourteen feet in diameter; and it is said that fifteen men are required to ring it. Its sound (in the key of F) is deep, mellow, and rich in the grandest degree. The citizens of York subscribed the fund for defraying the expenses of this bell: it amounted to £2000.

Here we quit the fine old minster. Simply as a matter for occasional comparison, we may state that, in total length, York Minster is excelled only by Winchester Cathedral; in total breadth, only by St. Paul's; in length of choir, only by St. Paul's and Norwich; in length of nave, only by Ely; while in the breadth and the height of the nave, the choir, and the aisles, it excels them all. The breadth of York Minster exceeds the entire length of each of the cathedrals of Carlisle, Bath, Bristol, and Oxford.

One of the pleasant relics of antiquity at York is the Abbey of St. Mary. There are many parts of the city from whence the ruins can be well seen; and from the back-ground of trees standing near them, they have a very beautiful appearance when a summer's sun lights up the green foliage. The original St. Mary's Abbey was built by William Rufus in 1088; it was destroyed by fire in 1137, and remained in ruins till 1270, when Simon de Warwick rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. The Abbey Church was of great size, having had a choir and nave of equal dimensions, north and south transepts, and a central tower; the existing ruins are only a part of the north wall of the nave of the church. The Abbey was inhabited by a fraternity of black monks, of the Order of St. Benedict; and these monks appear to have had a sort of standing quarrel with the citizens of York; for many frays are recorded as having occurred between the citizens and the retainers of the monks; and the monks obtained a licence from Henry III. to fortify their monastery by a wall and towers. At the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, the revenues of this Abbey were very large; but from this period the decay of the fine old building was lamentably rapid: it was indeed not a natural decay, but a destruction by the hand of man. The Abbey and its church were used as a quarry: some of the stones were used by Henry VIII. for building the Manor House; another portion, in 1701, for rebuilding the County Jail at York; another, in 1705,

for rebuilding the adjoining church of St. Olave; another, in 1717, for repairing Beverley Minster; and throughout the same century the stones were used as a storehouse whence to make lime for building purposes. Had not the Yorkshire Philosophical Society obtained a grant of the Abbey and its ground from the Crown in 1822, there is no knowing how much (or how little) of the ruins might be now left. The portion of the ruins yet remaining consist chiefly of eight beautiful light gothic window-arches, with carved capitals, and a small portion of the clustered columns of each end. In the excavations necessary for building the new Museum of the Philosophical Society (the Museum stands between the Abbey Ruins and the Roman Tower) the whole plan of the Abbey was laid bare: it extended 371 feet in length by 60 in breadth. A little eastward of this ruin is a small court, surrounded by a wall built of broken columns, capitals, and stones, bearing marks of fire, and supposed to be part of the Abbey destroyed in 1137. A few other fragments of various buildings once belonging to the Abbey, are visible in different parts of the vicinity.

BEVERLEY AND ITS MINSTER.

The flat country between York and Beverley is so thoroughly agricultural, so thinly inhabited, and so utterly without mountains to please the artist, and minerals to attract the manufacturer, that even the railway magnates shake their heads at "running a line" through the district. Pocklington and Market Weighton are the two agricultural towns met with along this route; besides these, there are only villages. And such, indeed, is the character of the greater part of the East Riding. The exception is furnished by the northern part of the Riding, where the hills called the *Wolds* give more diversity to the scene, and where the approach to the bold coast at Bridlington and Scarborough opens to the view of the visitor an entirely different landscape.

Beverley is also an agricultural town; that is, it is the centre of an agricultural district. But it is something more than this. It is a venerable minster town, and has a history which extends far back into our Saxon times. It is, too, a right pleasant town: clean, well-built, with tolerably wide streets, a good market-place, and a race-course which is well known throughout the East Riding to those who are attached to the stud. When the antiquaries tell us that *Beverley* used to be spelt *Beverlac*; that one among many Yorkshire lakes was situated near the town; and that the name ("lake of beavers") was derived from the circumstance that beavers used to abound in the neighbouring river Hull—we begin to speculate as to the number of centuries which must have elapsed since that state of things existed.

Beverley was a grown child when Hull was yet in its cradle; and it was not without a struggle that the former gradually yielded the palm of commercial supe-

riority to the latter. Beverley was favoured by many of the early kings: Athelstan granted a charter to the town, exempting it from certain tolls, and conferring upon it important privileges. In the Minster is still to be seen the following distich, placed between the pictures of Athelstan and St. John of Beverley, in allusion, apparently, to these privileges:

"Als free, make I the,
As hert may thynke, or eyl can see."

Athelstan's charter was confirmed by later monarchs; and King John especially conceded to the townsmen freedom from "toll, pontage, passage, stallage," &c.

Beverley Minster is, without dispute, the second finest ecclesiastical structure in Yorkshire: the first place being, of course, appropriated to the venerable cathedral of York. It is one of the most ancient establishments, too, in the kingdom; for a cathedral or collegiate church, at Beverley, existed thirteen hundred years ago. It does not seem to be very well known by whom, or at what time, the present structure was built; but as it presents specimens of the Early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular styles, it must have been built at many different times. The general character of the building is Early English; and as the minster has the advantage of being completely insulated, its beauty is easily observable. The general form of the exterior, to an uncritical eye, somewhat resembles that of Westminster Abbey, in so far as it is without a central tower, and has two square towers at the west front. The minster is cruciform, having the usual arrangement of nave, choir, and transepts. The west end is truly magnificent, and yields the palm to very few of our cathedrals; indeed, Rickman says, that "the west front of this church is to the Perpendicular what that of York is to the Decorated style:" that is, its finest example. The porch is a richly-recessed gothic arch; and over it is a splendid window, surmounted by a richly-panelled compartment, in front of which is the ornate canopy of the window. The corners of the entire front are occupied by the noble towers, which are distinct and complete compositions from the ground to the summit. There are two elaborately decorated buttresses on the west side, and two on the lateral side, each tower; and between these buttresses are four windows, two in each front, one above another. Above the level of these windows is a panelled compartment, and above this another window, still richer than the lower ones. Above the upper windows the tower contracts in dimensions, and is terminated by a series of pinnacles, more rich and varied, perhaps, than is presented by any of our cathedrals. The dimensions of the Minster are as follow: Length from east to west, 334 feet; breadth of the nave and side aisles, 64 feet; length of the great cross aisle, or transept, 107 feet; height of the nave,

67 feet; height of the side aisles, 33 feet; height of the two west towers, 200 feet.

The chief beauties of the interior are the screen and the Percy Monument. In the last century a gorgeous wooden composition was put up as an altar-screen: behind this were the remains of the ancient altar-screen or rood-loft; it was of the Decorated style, and enriched to an almost unexampled degree in carved stone. Mr. Rickman deemed it, even in its dilapidated state, one of the best schools wherein to study the details of the Decorated style. About forty years ago the mayor and corporation of Beverley, as trustees of the Minster fund, engaged the services of Mr. Comins, at a regular salary, to take charge of the gradual restoration of the Minster. One of Mr. Comins' undertakings was, to restore the old altar screen. He took casts of the ornaments and mouldings, and carved a new screen of elaborate beauty, in the exact model of the old one: this was completed in 1826. The entire exterior has been restored: the porches, buttresses, canopies, pinnacles,—all have been brought into so admirable a state, that the Minster has now few parallels, in this respect, among the cathedrals of England. One change effected in the interior has been the removal of the pews and galleries, which for some generations had disfigured the nave. The parishioners offered much opposition to the change; but, in 1822, the authorities succeeded in replacing those seats by others in the choir, quite as convenient for divine service, and leaving the nave in its original grandeur as a columned vista. In the choir there is a most beautiful monument to one of the Percy family, of Decorated character, and gorgeous execution. In the nave there is a monument, earlier than that of the Percys, and less superbly ornamented, but equally chaste in composition.

'Tis an honour to Beverley to contain two such churches as those which adorn the town. "St. Mary's Church, Beverley," says Mr. Rickman, "if it had not so rich a neighbour as the Minster, would be thought a curious and valuable church." It has a beautiful west front, with pierced towers and fine windows: the chancel has some curious groining; and the piers and arches of the western half, or nave, are very fine. "Every part of this church," says the competent authority just quoted, "is curious. The original buildings were evidently Norman and Early English: some portions are very early Decorated, and of various gradations to advanced Perpendicular; and the additions have been made not only round, but, under the former work, so as to cause some curious anomalies."

There was a time when Beverley had its monastery of Black Friars, its monastery of Franciscans, its House of Knights Hospitallers, and other establishments more or less connected with the ancient religion of the country: but these are gone. The Minster and St. Mary's Church are the links which connect the present with the past.

THE LAKE DISTRICT.



WINDERMERE, FROM THE BOWNESS FERRY.

We cannot but feel how imperfectly we have described the great northern county, but our limited space compels us to abandon a subject on which volumes might be written without its being exhausted ; and have we not, in the region of Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland, a theme which has inspired many poets ? The railway which conveyed us to York must now take us back. On our way we pass through Leeds, unless,

indeed, Harrogate and its chalybeate waters have temptations for us; or Knaresborough, with its caves and dripping-wells, has attractions sufficiently powerful to stay our steps. In either case, the railway is at hand to convey us to these haunts of the summer tourist, and afterwards to carry us to Leeds. From Leeds we proceed westward, through Skipton and Settle, to Lancaster, where we join the great railway which leaves Manchester for the north,—runs direct through Bolton, Preston, Garstang, and Lancaster, and then enters into the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland.

A few remarks on the ancient town of Lancaster will not be out of place here. Some years ago the assizes for the whole of Lancashire were regularly holden at this city; and in those palmy times, as the judicial sittings generally extended to sixteen or twenty days, a rich harvest was reaped by the numerous inn-keepers in the place. The assize business for South Lancashire was at length removed to Liverpool, as a more convenient site for the large number of suitors from that part of the county; and since that period the town of Lancaster has lost much of its importance. There are many objects of especial interest in the immediate district. The ancient castle (now the county gaol) was once the residence of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster: the Nisi Prius Court, an elegant and spacious building,—from a design by the late Mr. Harrison of Chester,—and the old parish church, are worthy of close inspection; whilst from the castle terrace and church-yard delightful views of the river, Morecambe Bay, and the distant hills of Cumberland and Westmoreland may be obtained. The village of Hornby, a few miles northward, situated on the banks of the Lune, is one of the most picturesque and retired spots in the kingdom. Indeed, the river, for several miles from Lancaster, is studded with enchanting scenery, and is much frequented by the lovers of the rod and line.

From Lancaster the tourist may proceed easily, *via* the Lancaster and Carlisle railway, into the very midst of the Lake District.

Kendal is about twenty miles from Lancaster, and from the former pretty town a branch line runs direct to Windermere, whence parties may proceed to Bowness, Ambleside, Keswick, and other delightful and time-honoured places in Westmoreland and Cumberland. From Kendal also, Sedburgh, Orton, Kirkby, Stephen, Shap, Brough, and the high and low lands circumjacent, may be visited. Ulverston, Ravenglass, Whitehaven, Cockermouth, all nearly equally accessible from the Kendal railway station, will furnish another interesting route to the traveller.

The county of Westmoreland is divided between the dioceses of Carlisle and Chester. Of monumental remains there are but few in the county. "Arthur's Round Table," near Eamont Bridge, is worthy of a visit, as well as other monuments, supposed to be druidical, in the same district. There are several ancient castles which will attract the attention of the antiquary,

if he should be near, in his journeyings, to the site of any of them. The most conspicuous remnant of other days in Cumberland is the druidical temple near Kirkoswald, consisting of a circle of sixty-seven unhewn stones, called Long Meg and her Daughters.

Cumberland consists principally of hills, valleys, and ridges of elevated ground. To the tourist the mountainous district in the south-west is the most interesting and attractive. This part comprises Saddleback, Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, with the lakes of Ulleswater, Thirlmere, Derwent-water, and Bassenthwaite. Besides these lakes there are several of smaller size, equally celebrated for their diversified and striking scenery. Buttermere, whose charms are sweetly sung by many of our poets, Crummock-water, Lowes-water, Ennerdale, West-water, and Devock-lake, are frequented by hosts of travellers, and retain no small number of admirers. The most remarkable phenomena connected with the Lakes are the Floating Island and the Bottom-Wind, both of which are occasionally seen at Derwent-water. The highest mountains in the county are Scow Fell (Eskdale), 3,166 feet at the highest point; Helvellyn (Keswick), 3,055 feet; and Skiddaw, 3,022 feet.

The Lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland are numerous, beautiful, and extensive. Ulleswater, is embosomed in the centre of mountains, of which Helvellyn forms part. The upper part of it belongs wholly to Westmoreland, while its lower part, on the border of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is about seven miles long, with an average breadth of half a mile. The higher portion of the lake is in Patterdale. Haweswater is formed by the expansion of the Mardale-beck; and all the larger affluents of the Eden, which join it on the left bank, rise on the northern slope of the Cumbrian ridge. The river Leven, which flows out of Windermere, belongs to Lancashire; but the Rothay, or Raise-beck, which drains the valley of Grasmere, the streams which drain the valleys of Great and Little Langdale, and the Trout-beck, which all flow into Windermere, and may be regarded as the upper waters of the Leven, belong to Westmoreland. Elterwater, Grasmere, and Rydal-water are connected with the streams which flow into Windermere. This last-named lake has been described as situated in Lancashire; whilst in a county survey, and in the court rolls at Lowther Castle, it is included in Westmoreland.

All the Lakes, large and small, have some distinguishing feature of beauty. Their boundary lines are either gracefully or boldly indented; in some parts rugged steep, admitting of no cultivation, descend into the water; in others, gently sloping lawns and rich woods, or flat and fertile meadows, stretch between the margin of the lake and the mountains. Tarns, or small lakes, are generally difficult of access, and naked, desolate, or gloomy, yet impressive from these very characteristics. Loughrigg Tarn, near the junction of the valleys of Great and Little Langdale, is one of the most beautiful.

But before proceeding to a general account of the

Lakes, a few passing notices of the principal towns and villages of the locality may be interesting; although some of them are described more at length in their proper place.

The Kendal and Windermere railway runs no further than Birthwaite, which is nine miles from Kendal, two from Bowness, and five from Ambleside. From the railway terminus coaches and omnibuses meet all the trains in summer, and convey passengers onwards to Bowness, Ambleside, and other places.

Bowness is a picturesque village placed on the banks of Windermere, and contains an ancient church, with a square tower, dedicated to St. Martin. In the churchyard are deposited the remains of the celebrated Bishop Watson, author of "The Apology for the Bible," he having resided at Calgarth Park, in the neighbourhood, for several years. In the vicinity is Elleray, formerly the residence of Professor Wilson; St. Catherines, the residence of the Earl of Bradford; and Storrs Hall, the residence of the Rev. Thomas Stainworth (formerly the residence of Colonel Bolton, of Liverpool, the intimate friend of the late Mr. Canning. From the school-house, which stands on an eminence, delightful views of Windermere, and other parts of the district, are seen to great advantage—Belle Isle, on the Lake, which is about a mile in circumference, appearing to be part of the main land.

Ambleside, about fourteen miles north-west of Kendal, is partly in Windermere, but chiefly in Grasmere parish. This is one of the favourite resorts of travellers in quest of pleasure. The town reposes in a beautiful valley, near the upper end of Windermere Lake. The neighbourhood is studded with attractive villas.

The village of Rydal is one mile and a quarter from Ambleside, and is planted within a narrow gorge, formed by the advance of Loughrigg Fell and Rydal Knab. Rydal Hall, the seat of Lady le Fleming, stands in the midst of a finely-wooded park, in which are two beautiful waterfalls, shown on application at the lodge.—Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's residence for many years, stands a little above the chapel, erected by Lady le Fleming. The commanding and varied prospect, obtained from the summit of Nab Scar, richly repays the labour of the ascent. From the summit, which is indicated by a pile of large stones, eight different sheets of water are seen, viz., Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere and Coniston Lakes, and Loughrigg, Easdale, Elterwater, and Blelham Tarns. The Solway Firth is also distinctly visible.

The Village of Grasmere is a short walk from Rydal, and only four miles from Ambleside. Wordsworth lived here for eight years, at a small house at Town End; here he wrote many of his poems; and in the burial ground of the parish church are interred his mortal remains.

In the neighbourhood there is some delightful panoramic scenery. From Butterlip How and Red Bank the lake and vale are seen to great advantage. "The Wishing Gate," about a mile from Grasmere, should be visited. Helm Cragg, a singularly-shaped hill,

about two miles from the inn, commands an extensive and delightful prospect; Helvellyn and Saddleback, Wansfell Pike, the upper end of Windermere, Esthwaite Water, with the Coniston range, and Langdale Pikes are all distinctly visible. The Glen of Esdaile, marked by highly picturesque features, lies in a recess between Helm Crag and Silver How, and the ascent commands fine retrospective views. Throughout this district the hills and dales are remarkably interesting, and offer numerous attractions to the tourist. Delightful excursions may be made from Grasmere into Langdale and Patterdale, and the ascent from Grasmere to the top of Helvellyn, to Langdale Pikes, and to Dunmail Raise, will be events not easily to be forgotten. A heap of stones, on the summit of Dunmail Raise, marks the site of a conflict, in 915, between Dunmail, King of Cumberland, and Edmund the Saxon King. In descending this hill Thirlmere comes in view. It lies in the Vale of Legberthwaite, and the precipices around it are objects of special admiration. The ascent of Helvellyn is sometimes begun at the foot of Thirlmere.

Keswick is a market town in the county of Cumberland, and parish of Crosthwaite, and is situated on the south bank of the Greta, in a large and fertile vale, about a mile from Derwent Water. Coleridge, describing the scene, says:—"This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance we have two lakes—Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite Mere,—with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place." The town consists only of one street, and comprises upwards of two thousand inhabitants. Some manufactures are carried on, including linsey-woolsey stuffs and edge tools. Black-lead pencils made here have acquired a national repute: the plumbago of which they are manufactured is extracted from "the bowels of the earth," at a mine in Borrowdale. The parish church, dedicated to St. Kentigern, is an ancient structure, standing alone, about three-quarters of a mile distant, midway between the mountain and the lake. Within this place of worship the remains of Robert Southey, the poet and philosopher, lie buried. A marble monument to his memory has recently been erected, representing him in a recumbent position, and bearing an inscription from the pen of Wordsworth, his more than literary friend for many years, and his successor to the poet-laureateship. A new and beautiful church, erected at the eastern part of the town by the late John Marshall, Esq., adds much to the quiet repose of the scene. Mr. Marshall became Lord of the Manor by purchasing the forfeited estates of Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, from the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, to whom they were granted by the Crown. The town contains a well-stocked public library, purchased from funds left for that purpose by Mr. Marshall; two museums, containing numerous specimens illustrating natural history and mineralogy; and a model of the



THE HEAD OF WINDERMERE.

lake district, made by Mr. Plintoff, which was the labour of many years.

The scenery in the neighbourhood of Keswick is replete with beauty, and the numerous walks and rides possess brilliant attractions. Villas and prettily-built

cottages add grace and quietness to the landscape. Gray, on leaving Keswick, was so charmed with the wonders which surrounded him, that he felt great reluctance in quitting the spot, and said, "that he had almost a mind to go back again."

WINDERMERE.

"An excursion-train from Preston to Windermere-lake, during the Whitsun-holidays."

How novel, and how replete with pleasant thoughts, is such an announcement as this! How plainly does it point to the approach of a time—neither obscurely shadowed nor far distant—when the working population of South Lancashire will know something of the beautiful lakes and tarns, and mountains and valleys of the northern half of their own country, and of Westmoreland and Cumberland! And the people yet further south, too: *they* shall, at a moderate expenditure of time and money, plunge into scenes far different from their fertile plains and graceful woodlands, and learn to contrast the sublime with the beautiful, and hail the union of each on the unrivalled Lakes.

Is not this a subject for congratulation? The mighty genius, who has made every hill and every valley of the lakes "familiar in our mouths as household words," has poured out his lament over the change:

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish: how can they this blight endure?
And must he, too, his old delights disown,
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene! from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapt'rous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature! and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.

Rydal Mount, Oct. 12, 1844.

W. WORDSWORTH.

We greatly fear that the "schemes of retirement" have been long ago destroyed by the richer class of tourists—those who travel in chariots and britskas; and hesitate not to walk up to the great Poet's library-window, or impudently enter his house, and ask him for his autograph. We have a confiding belief that the second-class railway travellers, who purchase with hard earnings a long summer-day's holiday at Windermere, will bring to the "bright scene from Orrest-head" a reverential love which will be in perfect harmony with the "peace" that here reigns; for they will be the comparatively few in whom the great Poet himself has developed the taste for "rocks and mountains, torrents and wide-spread waters, and all those features of nature which go to the composition of such scenes as this part of England is distinguished for." (*Mr. Wordsworth's Letter to the Morning Post*, Dec. 9, 1814.) We have no apprehension that the Manchester spinner will desecrate the Lakes. He will return to his factory a wiser and a happier man; and his recollections will brighten many an after-hour of labour and privation.

The recent openings of two railways—first the Lancaster and Carlisle, and then the Kendal and Windermere—have placed Lake Windermere in a wholly new relation to the inhabitants of counties further south; and three other short lines—the Preston and Fleet-

wood, the Workington and Cockermouth, and the Furness—have just undergone a similar metamorphosis with regard to the Lake-approaches farther west. So difficult is the district in which the Lakes lie, that it was for a long time doubted whether railway enterprise could conquer them; but the genius of a Locke has shown that even Shap Fell must yield a path to the locomotive. The day has not yet come, it is true, when the heart of the district is so attained; but the outworks are conquered in such a way as to show that the citadel must, ere long, yield to the same agencies. It is curious to observe how the iron girdle is surrounding the Lakes on all sides. First let us look at the north. Here the Carlisle and Maryport Railway draws a line along the northern boundary of the Lake district, like one of the parallels of a besieging army; from which incursions can be made into the interior. Whether a tourist arrive at Carlisle from the east, along the Newcastle and Carlisle line, or whether (as will soon be the case) he approach it from the north, along the gigantic 'Caledonian,' he arrives at Carlisle at a point which may be deemed the northern apex of the Lake district. Then, looking toward the west, we find a continuation of the iron boundary, from Maryport to Whitehaven; and hundreds of busy workmen are now employed in carrying it forward from Whitehaven even to Dalton, in the Lancashire peninsula of Furness: so that the Lake district will here be completely invested on the west; and the Great Gavel and Sea Fell, the Black Comb and the Old Man of Conistone, will rear their mountain-tops almost within sight-seeing distance of the locomotive. From this western boundary the iron path has already penetrated into the interior as far as Cockermouth, on the way to the lovely scenes of Keswick and Derwentwater. Then, again, at the south, the Furness Company are occupying the peninsula known by that name; and, as we shall presently see, are aiding to carry out a system which shall place Windermere and Ambleside within a few hours' distance of Fleetwood. Lastly, we come to the eastern portion of this boundary, formed by the Lancaster and Carlisle railway; and here, once again, we see steam-power diving into the interior from Kendal towards Ambleside. If the reader will inspect a map of the district, on which are drawn the railways that have been recently brought into operation, he will find that two short links, one from Milnthorpe to Ulverstone, and one from Bowness to Cockermouth, (both of which, it may be observed, had long engaged the attention of engineers,) have so completely associated all these railways together, that a locomotive could travel round the entire margin of the district without any interruption; while the district itself has been intersected from south-east to north-west by another line by way of Kendal, Bowness, Ambleside, Rydal, Keswick, Cockermouth, and Workington. Thus the modes in which

the Lakes may be approached are at present so varied, that the dwellers from all quarters have now the means of ranking the mountains of Westmoreland among their familiar acquaintance. Let us, on the present occasion, confine our attention to one portion of this beautiful district alone,—Windermere and its shores; and let us see, first, how holiday-seekers from the south may get there; and next, what is the scene which will meet their view on arrival.

We may take Preston as a converging point, where ramblers and tourists from various quarters will come to a focus, before proceeding northward. First the Liverpool and Birkenhead folk (as matters are at present) will travel eastward along the Liverpool and Manchester line, as far as Parkside, and then northward, along the North Union Railway to Preston; but when the Liverpool, Ormskirk, and Preston line is finished (the works of which are now in progress), a shorter route will be available. Next we have the southrons generally, who—coming from London or from Birmingham, from the Pottery districts of Staffordshire, or the Salt districts of Cheshire—will pass through Warrington to Parkside, and so on to Preston. Then the mighty heart of Manchester, with its busy knot of neighbours—Bolton, Bury, Oldham, Ashton, Stalybridge, Stockport, Hyde—and its more distant companions in industry—Sheffield, &c.,—these will send forth their Lake-tourists, by way of the Manchester, Bolton, and Preston line. And the West Riding, too, shall it not pour out its thousands, when the Preston district is (as it will be ere long) placed in railway connexion with it by way of Colne and Todmorden? When all these arteries of communication are opened, the distance from Preston will be pretty nearly equal by the five distinct routes, from Liverpool, Warrington, Manchester, Todmorden, and Colne.

Thus, then, let our tourists accompany us in imagination; arriving from any or all of these districts at Preston, and thence proceeding onward to the Lakes. And not merely in imagination—the die is cast; a commencement has been made; and we may speak of this Lake touring as a system belonging to the 'age' and the 'land we live in.' Within a few days of the printing of this sheet, the first 'Excursion Train' has performed the trip, from the cotton district to Windermere itself; and whoever has marked the mode in which these railway visits spread around and abroad, may prophecy with tolerable surety that the field thus opened will not be allowed to lie barren. For a fare of something like a halfpenny per mile, (such are the arrangements of holiday-trains!) Whitsun parties have been conveyed from Preston and from Lancaster, to Windermere; and other inducements are being laid open, for the establishment of more frequent but somewhat higher-priced visits.

Onward we go, then, along the Preston and Lancaster Railway. Of Preston itself—'Proud Preston,' as the Lancastrians call it, occupying a fine position on the brow of a hill, the smoky features are those which are most likely to attract the notice of one who

is rapidly passing through it; but it is not without its interest to those who can sojourn a little time within it. Time was, when Preston far exceeded Manchester itself in importance; and the celebrated Guild of Merchants, which flourished more than five centuries ago, showed that commerce and manufactures had at that time risen to a respectable and even wealthy position.

Little, save an undulating series of Lancashire hills, calls for the notice of the tourist from Preston past Garstang to Lancaster; but at the last-named ancient city we come to what may fairly be considered the outer margin of the Lake district; bearing, in the south-east, some such relation to it as Carlisle does in the north-east. Some time before approaching the station Lancaster Castle is seen towering loftily above the whole of the town; and, as seen from the station at its foot, gives a foretaste of the elevated heights which are shortly to meet the eye. It is true that the hill on which this castle stands is not the loftiest of castle-hills; yet it comes with welcome on the sight after the flatter districts of South Lancashire. On a fine day Peel Castle in Walney Island, Ingleborough Hill in Yorkshire, and the lofty 'Black Comb' in Cumberland, can be seen from the terrace of the Castle; and the whole county, for ten or fifteen miles distant, is spread out as a map to the view. The principal church of the city, too, placed on the summit of the hill, in close juxtaposition with the Castle, has a grandeur of site which, probably few parish churches in England can equal. The ascent to this church is by broad and long flights of steps from the centre of the town; and when the churchyard at the summit is gained, the whole broad expanse of the Lancaster Sands meets the eye at once, carrying the view over towards Cartmell, Ulverstone, and Walney Island. The river Lune passes by Lancaster on the north side, towards its embouchure in Morecambe Bay; and the three viaducts across this river, by the great North Road, the Lancaster and Kendal Canal, and the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, have a fine effect as seen from the Castle Terrace.

The railway traveller who stops not at Lancaster, but hastens on in pursuit of pleasure or of business towards Kendal, must take upon trust this account of the view from Lancaster Castle; but he will soon have an opportunity of knowing something of the remarkable 'Sands' which completely sever the county of Lancaster into two parts. Before, however, starting from Lancaster, it may be well to say a word or two respecting that fine and bold enterprise, the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway.

When the railway system had been carried along the east coast as far as Newcastle, and on the west coast as far as Lancaster, the question arose—How shall we reach Scotland? Shall we make an eastern route *via* Newcastle and Berwick to Edinburgh; or shall we go from Haltwhistle, on the Newcastle and Carlisle line, over the Carter Fell, into Scotland; or from Carlisle by Hawick to Edinburgh, and by Beattock to Glasgow:

or from Carlisle through Nithsdale and Kilmarnock to Glasgow? Each scheme had its advocates; each party said "the traffic will pay for one line only, and *our's* is that one;" and each group of advocates asserted that all the other schemes were really impracticable. Alas for prophecy! When the capitalists found the money, the engineers found the skill and the workmen; and we now see that not only one, but both these schemes have long been finished; but too truly has it been predicted that both could not pay, and it is doubtful if either now does so. But, then, to start from Carlisle towards Edinburgh and Glasgow, required that the gap of seventy miles—seventy miles, too, of very severe country—between Lancaster and Carlisle should be filled up; and until this difficulty was vanquished, the easier route by the east coast seemed likely to bear away the palm.

Here it was that the genius of Joseph Locke showed itself. He grappled with the mountain region of Westmoreland, and looked steadily at the summits and the valleys which had deterred others. Whether to bend round by Kirkby and Appleby, or to keep more westward by Kendal and Penrith; whether to tunnel under the bleak Shap Fell, or to ascend the passes between its summits by steep inclines, or to avoid it altogether by a detour; whether to make tunnels and viaducts and embankments, or steep gradients, the ruling method of overcoming the inequalities of the country—these were some of the questions which the engineer had to propose to himself; and the manner in which he has solved them is among the most remarkable features in the railway system. Perhaps there is no other example in England of so difficult a country having been furnished with a railway at so small an expense per mile. One man planned it all; one contractor executed it all; and it is a striking example of the sagacity and skill which now mark these great undertakings, that the engineer's estimate was far below what any one had before dreamed of; that the contractor undertook the operations within the engineer's estimate; and that the contractor fulfilled even more than his promise for the amount originally agreed upon, and was only beaten a few weeks as to time by difficulties over which he had no control in obtaining possession of the land.

The Lake district was benefited, in some sort accidentally, by this railway scheme. The great object in view was to get to Scotland; and if Kirkby and Appleby had happened to present more favourable features, doubtless that route would have been chosen. But, as it is, the great national route (for so it really deserves to be called,) passes close upon the eastern margin of the Lake district. The three stations of Milnthorpe, Kendal, and Penrith, are, respectively, only a few miles eastward of the three Lake towns of Ulverstone, Ambleside, and Keswick; and thus does the locomotive plough its way along, almost within sight of Cartmell, and Helvellyn, and Saddleback, and Skiddaw on the left, and having the summits of the north-west Yorkshire mountains on the right.

Such, then, is the railway along which our tourists are about to progress on their way towards Windermere. The distance from Lancaster is but very short when the Sands come in sight; and as the railway passes along almost at the very edge of the sands from Fleet Bank to Carnforth, a distance of three or four miles, we have ample opportunity of seeing this remarkable expanse. Pass near it at one time, and you see a widely-spreading sandy track, on which a four-horse coach can travel without difficulty; pass it a few hours later, and you see the whole covered with several feet of water, with vessels sailing almost at the very spot where the stage-coach had been. A glance at the map of England will show how all this arises. There is a river called the Ken, which, having its source near Shap Fell, in Westmoreland, flows past Kendal into Morecambe Bay, near Milnthorpe, and there mixes with the waters of the Lune, which comes by way of Kirkby-Lonsdale and Lancaster. These rivers have brought down in the course of ages so much sand and fine mud, that the wide estuary between Lancaster and Furness is being gradually filled up, insomuch that when the tide is out the bed of the sea is laid bare, and can be crossed at a very considerable distance from the shore. The road across these sands has been one of the routes from Lancaster towards the western Lakes and Whitehaven for many ages; and many stories of "hair-breath 'scapes" are told concerning travellers being overtaken by the tide while crossing. The poet Gray, in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton, gives an account of a journey which he took into the Lake district, in 1767. Writing from Lancaster, he says:—

"Oct. 11. Wind S.W.; clouds and sun; warm and a fine dappled sky; crossed the river (Lune), and walked over a peninsula three miles to Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I inquired about the danger of passing these sands) told me in his dialect a moving story; how a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him), driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did. When they were about half-way over, a thick fog rose; and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They stayed a little while for him; but in vain. They called aloud; but no reply. At last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place; but wandered about, forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished. The poor girls clung close to their cart; and the horse, sometimes wading and

sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb), that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them."

But the romance of the Lancaster sands is rapidly passing away. The local traditions of the neighbourhood narrate the fate of three men, who sank instantly in a soft part of the sands at one moment; of a man on horseback, who sank suddenly while yet on his horse, and remained mounted while dead; and of others who were washed away by the rapidly encroaching tide. There has for many years been an "Over Sands" coach, which, starting from Lancaster at an hour depending on the state of the tide (and therefore varying from day to day), proceeds from Lancaster to Hest Bank, then about eight or nine miles across the sands (when the tide is out) to Ken's Bank, and thence across Furness to Ulverstone; and there are also guides, on horseback and on foot, to pilot travellers across two rivers, the Ken and the Keer, whose narrow and shallow channels traverse the sands; the guides receiving a fee of a few halfpence for their services. But the establishment of steam-boat transit from Fleetwood to Furness, in connexion with railways at either end, and a convenient branch railway from Milnthorpe to Ulverstone, will in all probability render this "Over Sands" route less and less frequented in future years, until by-and-by we shall perhaps only hear of it as an almost forgotten feature in the ante-steam epoch.

Passing northward by the railway towards Kendal, we begin by degrees to see the low hills replaced by hills of greater elevation, and those by others which deserve the name of mountains. The elevated ridge which forms the eastern margin of Westmoreland, and the western margin of Yorkshire, bounds the view on the right for many miles, and forms a background to a scene studded in the mid-distance with many hills of smaller elevation. When the sun is near the horizon, either in morning or evening, the shadows and varied tints of lights thrown on these hills are often very beautiful; and a pretty contrast is afforded by the green fields, and the whitish stone houses and fence-walls.

From the part of Lancashire which borders on the sands, the railway diverges somewhat farther inland, keeping for the most part somewhat above the general level of the ground, but passing occasionally in a cutting, wholly avoiding tunnels. Passing near the small towns of Borwick, Burton, Beetham, and Milnthorpe, it approaches at Leven's Park near to the river Ken and to the Lancaster and Kendal Canal; and all three then keep company along a pretty valley to the town of Kendal. Here, at about two miles from Kendal, we part from the Lancaster and Carlisle Railway, and enter upon the new little pleasure line of the Kendal and Windermere, which passes through Kendal on its way to the Lake. It is obvious to a

traveller on these twenty miles of railway northward of Lancaster, that the engineer has not had to contend against such difficulties as those which meet him further north. It generally happens that the grandeur of scenery, and the difficulties of engineering, go hand-in-hand through the same district; and in the case now before us, there is just enough of both these elements to give a foretaste of greater things further on.

The Windermere Railway crosses one or two of the main streets of Kendal by a viaduct, and if the visitor can spare time to walk through this chief of the Westmoreland towns, he will find many picturesque spots to engage his attention in the environs; while there are evidences of busy industry in the town itself. The Ken flows past the town with a sufficient descent of stream to give the river a rippled and sparkling and cheerful aspect. It is true that a walk along the banks, within the precincts of the town itself, brings into view more dyed wool and tanned hides, than green fields or trees or flowers; but we must bear in mind that Kendal is the Halifax of Westmoreland. In days long gone by, 'Kendal-Green' took rank among the noted varieties of woollen manufacture; and there are still linseys and serges and druggets produced there in considerable quantities. The rapid Ken is a common wash-house for all their manufacturers, who cleanse their dyed hanks of worsted yarn in the stream; and as the tanners hang up their hides and skins, and the laundresses their snowy white linen, on plots of ground on either bank, the whole assumes a remarkable appearance. There is very little smoke to give a murky atmosphere; and the river flows so rapidly as quickly to carry off all impurities, so that the river is much more pleasant to the eye than the dirty and dye-stained Irwell of Manchester. The remains of the old castle on the hill (the birthplace of Queen Catharine Parr), and the three or four churches, are all deserving of a passing glance.

As our object is to get to the border of the beautiful Lake as soon as possible, we will not stop long at Kendal. And here we find that a few hundred yards suffice to open to us the lovely basin in which Windermere is situated: even while at Kendal, the gracefully rounded hills which bound the lake on the east meet the view; and in the valleys between them we catch a glimpse of the hills on the other side of the lake; so that, without seeing the lake itself, we have good means for knowing where it lies. If we would know what kind of geological formation lies beneath us, we need only glance at the sides of the cuttings through which the railway is carried: slate meets the view on all sides, in huge blocks whose cleavage-planes bear a general parallelism one to another: even the stations, too, tiny as they are, when compared with those of the busy southern counties, show how plentiful slate is in this district; for they are built mainly of blocks of slate, wholly irregular in shape, but cemented into a very durable and, if we may use the term, a very countryfied looking wall.

But where does the railway end? Does it go direct

to the shores of the Lake? and it so, does it approach the Lake at Bowness or at Ambleside or at Newby Bridge? What kind of answer may be given to these questions when the scheme is in full working order, remains to be shown; but at present the 'terminus' is such as, perhaps, no other line in England can show. The railway ends *no where*: that is there is no town at the terminus, nor does the tourist clearly see how or where or when he is to get to the haunts of his brother men, or to the Lake which is the object of his trip, although he soon finds that he is only about a mile from Bowness. Let us not, however, quarrel with the infantine and undeveloped state of the terminus. All will be right in time. Town, inn, station, omnibus; we may forgive or forget them all, while walking down the lovely slopes of the hill which lead to the Lake. We see it spreading out before us in a broad sheet as we descend from the station; Belle Isle, or one or other of the little 'holmes' or islets which speckle the lake, meets the eye towards the south-west; while the hills on the western margin, which separate Windermere from Eastwaite Water, form the background of the picture.

But what is that, snugly embayed in a little inlet of the lake, within sight of all the more elevated houses at Bowness? A steamer? Yes: there lies the little 'Lady of the Lake,' waiting to take her passengers up to Ambleside, and downward to Newby Bridge. And beyond her, the 'Lord of the Isles,' whose greater tonnage shows that a larger party of pleasure-seekers may be accommodated. Here, then, we come to another phase in the steam-system which marks the present age; and here is furnished an example of that mutual support to which allusion was recently made in the introductory remarks to Volume II.: that is, the support which railways and steam-boats render to each other, in cases where the railway has a terminus on the shores of sea, lake, or river. Two steam-boat systems, and three railway systems, have now just been brought to a state of practical operation, in relation to Lake Windermere and its vicinity; and it is interesting—not merely to the tourist, but to the man of observation who watches the steps whereby commercial enterprise is developed—to trace the relative bearings of the links of this chain.

First, then, there is the little Kendal and Windermere Railway, which, starting from the Lancaster and Carlisle line at Oxenholme, extends two miles to Kendal, and then about eight more to Elleray. At Elleray the terminus is a mile or so from the spot where the steam-boats take up their station: whether the railway will ever be carried down the slope of the hills to the water-side, remains to be seen; but in the meantime, omnibuses ply from one point to the other. At three different periods of the day, one of the two steamers starts from her moorings at Bowness, and steams down the tranquil and pure Lake to Newby Bridge, or rather to a spot a little northward of the extreme end of the Lake. Here coaches or other vehicles are on the spot, to convey the steam-boat passengers (if such

be their route) through a beautiful country towards Dalton-in-Furness—about a two hours' ride. At Dalton is a station of the recently-opened Furness Railway, which will perhaps, by-and-bye, be extended through Ulverstone to Windermere itself. Along this railway, only a portion of which is yet opened, the tourist is conveyed to Piel pier at Rampside, at the north-west margin of Morecambe Bay. From Rampside, at proper states of the tide, a steamer wafts him across the Bay to Fleetwood, a distance of twelve miles, which is performed in an hour and a half; and from Fleetwood the Preston and Wyre Railway continues the route on to Preston, where the network of English railways is reached.

By this singular combination of modes of travelling, a tourist can reach from Fleetwood to Ambleside for a fare of somewhere about eight shillings. One 'booking' suffices for the whole: all the Companies act in concert. The twelve miles of steaming from Fleetwood to Piel-pier; the seven or eight miles of Furness Railway, past the far-famed Abbey to Dalton; the coach to the south end of Windermere; and the steamers from south to north along the Lake itself to Ambleside, a distance altogether of somewhere between forty and fifty miles,—all are included in one route, and the hours are timed, so as to make the necessary junctions or meetings suitable for each other. With regard to actual speed or certainty, this mixed route is not comparable for an instant with the continuous railway route by way of Lancaster and Kendal; but 'tis pleasant to have it in one's power to vary the route, and to traverse in returning a district of country different from that visited in the out-journey; and it is in this point of view that the two-fold routes of reaching Windermere are well deserving the notice of those who are in search of the hills and vales and lakes of Westmoreland.

A visit to Windermere is a thing to be ever after remembered along with the very happiest of our reminiscences of natural scenery. Christopher North has entitled one of his vigorous sketches, 'A day at Windermere,' and in it he has dashed off, with the splendid daring of genius, brilliant representations of many of the most characteristic and beautiful features of the queen of English lakes. They who may be tempted by the opening of the railway to spend a day at Windermere will do well, before setting out on their journey, to refer to the first volume of his 'Recreations.' They will there be shown how poetic feeling, while it can add a new grace to the noblest object, can clothe the humblest in glorious apparel; and he must be cold indeed who does not catch somewhat of the glow of the author, and look on the several scenes with a new interest, for the light in which he has displayed them.

But Professor Wilson has left much unnoticed: his sketch embraces but a small share of the multitudinous beauties of Windermere, and the rambler thitherward will need some more comprehensive guide. That need we are desirous in some measure to supply. We

make no pretension to add new sketches that may range along with his. Ours is an easier and a humbler enterprise. We merely intend to indicate plainly—though without guide-book particularity—some of the more note-worthy points about the “Fairy Lake,” and show how a day or two may be pleasantly spent in its neighbourhood.

It happens commonly with whatever is pre-eminently famous for beauty—whether a lovely woman, a fair scene, or a noble picture,—that the first view is disappointing. So is it often with ‘the cliffs and islands of Winander.’ Especially is Windermere disappointing to one unaccustomed to lake and mountain scenery. A vague indefinite notion has been formed which, under ordinary circumstances, is seldom realized. The lake is declared to be deficient in grandeur, the mountains are not near enough to the sky. Or worse, it is visited on a cold, dark, and misty day, and scarce anything is seen at all. In either case, or in any case, there is a sovereign remedy—patience—the first and main qualification for the mountain traveller. You have only to wait, and a change will come. Wander awhile among the mountains, and gradually they will let you into many of their secrets. Day by day, and hour by hour, will the feeling of their might and majesty dawn more and more upon you, till, when their full glory is felt, you will wonder that ever you could have thought slightly of even the meanest of them. And so of the weather. Do not imagine that because it is at this moment unfavourable, it will be so presently. In this region half-an-hour produces the wildest changes. In the morning early you start out,—after discreetly providing the inner man with a goodly Westmoreland breakfast,—hoping for a tolerable day of wandering. The sky is grey, the mist hangs heavily on the fells, but you trust it may clear up, and go on blithely. But the mist remains. Occasionally you climb the crags; once or twice you venture to a mountain summit; still the prospect is as dreary as that which met the anxious gaze of the ancient mariner:—

“The mist is here, the mist is there,
The mist is all around.”

and you feel that, pretty as it is in a picture, graceful as it is in poetry, and much as it sometimes adds to the beauty of real scenery, you could be content to part with it for ever, so that it would leave you now. Steadily, steadily however the mist thickens, till you learn to think better even of a London fog. Anon the sky darkens, and first a slight and then a heavy rain sets in; and wet, and weary, and dull, you are glad ere mid-day is well over to take shelter by the snug hearth of a village inn. You order, for sorrow is dry though your clothes are damp, a noggin of hot whiskey, and, by the help of eggs and rashers and oaten cakes, manage to while away the dreary moments and get rid of a little ill temper.

Feeling refreshed, you resolve to make the shortest cut to your own inn, and sally out pouring maledictions alike on the mist and the mountains—which you vow to quit by the next conveyance; when lo!

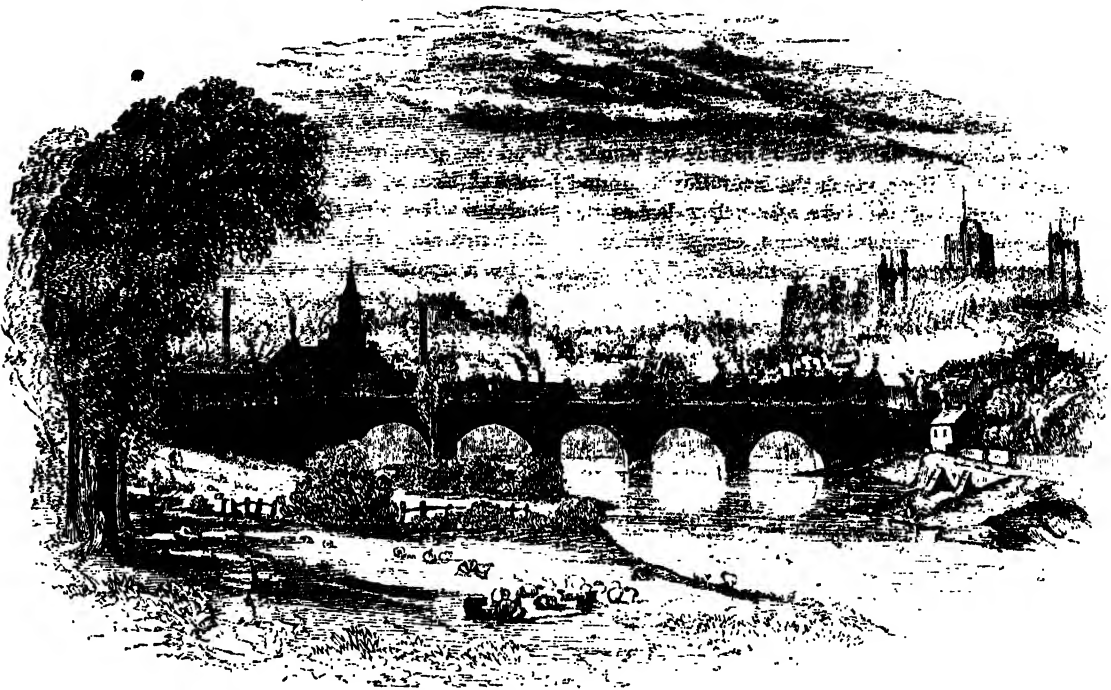
before you reach the door, you catch sight of a streak of blue sky, and yonder is the peak of the fell with the mists crumbling away from it, and rolling hurriedly down its sides. Another and another mountain summit becomes visible. You hasten to ascend the nearest; and behold! the wide landscape is alive and gladdening in the brightness, and the blue lake rejoices as one newly awakened, and a glorious prospect spreads before you, such as shall live in your memory for ever. These are the moments worth journeying for. It is not the most beautiful nor the grandest scene that is always the most memorable; but to be at one of those noble places, and see it in one of those seldom-caught moments, that is worth years of ordinary sight-seeing. And these moments often occur at times the most unpromising. . . . The moral here of all this moralizing, is simply this:—*imprints*, when you are at Windermere do not fancy because you are at first disappointed that it is not equal to its reputation; and secondly, if the weather appears to be unpropitious, do not shut yourself up in the inn—unless you have French boots on, or are afraid of rheumatism.

Sometimes, however, Windermere reveals her loveliness at the earliest moment. “The first smile of Windermere salutes your impatient eyes, and sinks silently into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be—nor in what the beauty consists; but your finest sensibilities to Nature are touched—and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of islands that seems to woo you to their still retreat. And now . . .

‘Wooded Winandermere, the river-lake.’

with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light serene as a sabbath and cheerful as a holiday: and you feel that there is a loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your slumbers even in the glimpses of a dream.” (*Wilson*.)

But we must quit these heroics, and enter upon more prosaic details. Windermere is generally classed among the lakes of Westmoreland, but in fact the greater part of it belongs to an out-lying slip of Lancashire. About four miles of the eastern shore and the whole of the western is in Lancashire, while only the upper eastern side is in Westmoreland; that county however claims all the islands. The lake is eleven miles long, and above a mile across where widest, but the average width does not exceed two-fifths of a mile. The greatest depth, which is opposite Ecclesrigg Crag, is about forty fathoms. It is fed by the rivers Brathay and Rotha, which unite about half a mile before they fall into Windermere; in its course the lake receives several small tributaries on either side; and it escapes by the Leven into the Irish Sea at Morecambe bay. In looking at a map of the district, it will be seen that the lake consists of two great reaches, united by a narrow neck just above the ferry. These reaches are very different in character. The lower reach is the longer, but it is narrower and straighter and less broken by bays and promontories than the other, and the mountains bordering it are less elevated



LANCASTER.

and striking in character. No part of the lower reach much exceeds half-a-mile in width, while in the upper there is scarcely any part so narrow. In speaking of Windermere as a picturesque object, it is only the upper part that is commonly meant, and only that portion is usually visited. The lower half has much that will repay the examination of a leisurely tourist; but it is so far excelled in grandeur and in beauty by the other, that those who can afford but a short time to Windermere will do well to devote it almost entirely to the part above the Ferry.

Windermere is the largest of the English lakes, but is at the same time, in proportion to its length, the narrowest. Hence it has come to be called in common parlance, as well as by poets, the River-lake. Some writers and tourists have ventured upon comparisons between it and other lakes, and have pronounced it inferior. They have found it wanting in width and therefore in grandeur. The character which the poets bestowed upon it in their admiration, they have converted into its reproach. It is *too* river-like. The dwellers on Derwent-side have taken up the note, and the little men of Conistone-water have echoed it. Is it then too narrow? Not an inch say we, as boldly as ever Christopher cried out against the libel. "It is all the way down—from head to foot—from the Brathay to the Leven—of the proper breadth and length precisely to a quarter of an inch."

The old approach to Windermere from Kendal, by Bowness, was the best that could be imagined for displaying fitly its affluence of beauty. You passed over rugged tracts of country dreary enough at the outset, but which, as you advanced, seemed to be at every step becoming more adapted to introduce you to the

Fairy-lake. At first the rough dark fells over which the road passed, and the rude way-side cottages engaged your attention; then one and another of the Lake fells marched out before you,—the loftiest of their peaks most likely crowned by clouds,—and when at length you caught the first glimpse of the Lake itself, it was just where the larger islands seemed planted in the blue water especially to carry the delighted eye from the rich woods at your feet to the luxuriant groves on the opposite shore,—which in their turn united easily with the fine background of mountains softened by distance into a perfection of harmony with the rest of the landscape: and then presently a turn of the road spread before you the broad expanse of the upper Lake with its magnificent frame of mountains, rising peak behind peak, and forming altogether a very vision of loveliness. The railway traveller must lose much of this. The preparation of the somewhat dreary approach, and the gradual opening of the peculiarities of the lake scenery must at least be wanting. The writer of the first portion of this paper—that portion which describes the approaches to the Lake, has well described what the railway-traveller can see. By whatever mode the traveller comes, he must at any rate work his way *upwards*. Journeying northwards the scenery is continually increasing in majesty and interest, while there is something far from pleasing in descending from the grandeur of the higher part to the comparative tameness of the lower. As the loftiest mountains are all situated in the centre of the lake district, the grandest views must of course be obtained when the observer turns in that direction. Thus, as Wordsworth has pointed out, "In the vale of Windermere, if the spectator looks for gentle and lovely scenes, his eye is

turned towards the south; if for the grand, towards the north. . . . Hence, when the sun is setting in summer far to the north-west, it is seen, by the spectator from the shores or breast of Winandermere, resting among the summits of the loftiest mountains, some of which will perhaps be half or wholly hidden by clouds, or by the blaze of light which the orb diffuses around it; and the surface of the lake will reflect before the eye correspondent colours through every variety of beauty, and through all degrees of splendour." (*Scenery of the Lakes.*)

We have said that the visitant will find it most profitable to confine his attention to the upper part of Windermere. By means however of the steam-boat which now plies upon it, the space between Newby-bridge, at the foot of the lake, and Bowness, can be traversed with a small expenditure of time, and the scenery be viewed as well as such scenery can be in such a manner. We can avouch that from a yacht or wherry the lower reach yields many lovely scenes—such as elsewhere would command loud praise. The rounded tops of Gomershow and the Cartmell fells on the right bank, and the fells above Granthwaite, with the loftier peaks that rise from behind them, on the left, form a constant succession of new and agreeable combinations, especially as they are repeated with a softer lustre in the clear water; while northwards the mountains in the far-distance, that circle the head of the lake, are ever growing in magnitude as we advance; and with the holms, as the islets are called that lie so gracefully on the bosom of the lake, ever render the view in that direction a delightful one. Chiefly is it delightful where Silver Holm and Berkshire Island form a principal feature in the prospect; and the bold promontory of Rawlinson's Nab, shooting far into the quiet lake, imparts vigour of character to the nearer parts and a more aerial grace to the distance. From the fells on either side of this lower half of the lake, too, many very fine prospects may be obtained, and along the shores lie many a pleasant little nook. But we hasten to Bowness.

Before proceeding farther, the village itself calls for a cursory notice: it would repay a careful survey. Bowness is the 'port of Windermere.' The houses lie clustered in a most picturesque manner, whether we look upon them from the land or the lake. They are pretty much of the general Westmoreland fashion, built of rough limestone covered with rough-cast, roofed with large slates, and having the curious tall circular chimney-shaft, or some other of those peculiar forms that give so characteristic a finish to the houses in these parts. The church is a weather-beaten old pile, whose venerable appearance well accords with, and, indeed, deepens, the general impression of the surrounding scenery. In the east window is preserved some curious stained glass which originally belonged to the east window of Furness Abbey. In the churchyard, close by this window, is a monument to the memory of the excellent Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff. Bowness is a village of fishermen, who in the season act as boat-

men and guides; and it is the head-quarters of the lake-sailing and rowing regattas. The bay has, consequently, a cheerful, bustling appearance, far beyond that of any other place along the banks of Windermere. Generally, during the season, it is alive with every kind of pleasure-boat; and hence, along with its natural beauty, which has caused the erection of numerous villas about it, it has a remarkably gay and attractive air. Bowness contains a first-rate hotel, and is much resorted to by lake tourists.

The most comprehensive views of the lake are obtained from the heights about Bowness. It is not easy to say which is the finest; but perhaps the best general view is that from Rayrigg-bank. Noble woods are in the foreground; beyond is the clear, smooth lake, with its islets, and fleets of pleasure-skiffs; and all around is a belt of magnificent mountains. Infinite are the pictures which they form, as one or another is looked upon as the principal object of the composition. Now the bare, rugged pikes of Langdale are the central group, with Conistone Old Man, and Loughrigg-fell, on either side, and Wrynose and Hardknott are below; and the lake images them all with a softened grace on its dark pool-like surface. As we look upwards, the broad liquid expanse lies stretched out fully at our feet, and sinking away, in appearance, into the Fairfield-ridge: again the Belle Isle and Lady Holm give the tone to the landscape; and the woods beyond, and the varying outline of Furness-fells, complete the picture. But every change of season, and every hour in the day, presents them under a fresh aspect. Always beautiful as is the prospect from Rayrigg, the perfection of its beauty is when an October sun pours over the scene the full glory of his parting beams, and not only decks the sky with hues of crimson and gold, but lights up the mountains with a splendour, and invests the lake in a richness, beyond what imagination has ever conceived.

Not far beyond Rayrigg is Elleray, a spot that will ever be dear to every lover of 'Windermere, whether tourist or dweller in the 'Land of Lakes,' on account of its gifted inhabitant, Professor Wilson,—to whom, perhaps, Windermere owes more of its fame than any one else—Wordsworth hardly excepted. The house lies embowered among rich woods, and has a glorious prospect—only inferior, if it be inferior, to Rayrigg. Wilson himself says of it, "Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand, Elleray, is at this moment the most beautiful scene on earth. . . . The charm lies in its entirety—its unity, which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes—that 'tis in itself a complete world—of which not one line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born, and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this liquid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly; of the shows of nature." (*Recreations.*)

But while the residence of Wilson is what gives so

large an additional interest to Elleray, there is one day especially to be marked with white in its history, and in the history of Windermere. "The memory of that bright day returns," says Wilson, while looking over the lake below, "when Windermere glittered with all her sails, in honour of the great Northern Minstrel, and of him the eloquent, whose lips are now mute in the dust." Lockhart, who accompanied Sir Walter, has related, in his 'Life of Scott,' the history of 'that day so renowned, so glorious.' Canning was on a visit, in August, 1825, to Mr. Bolton, at Storrs, the handsome mansion seen about a mile below Bowness; and thither Scott was invited to meet him. Scott, after spending a night at Elleray, was next day conducted by Mr. Wilson to Storrs. "A large company had been assembled there in honour of the minister—it included already Mr. Wordsworth. It has not, I suppose, often happened to a plain English merchant, wholly the architect of his own fortunes, to entertain at one time a party embracing so many illustrious names. He was proud of his guests; they respected him, and honoured and loved each other; and it would have been difficult to say which star in the constellation shone with the brightest or the softest light. . . . There were beautiful and accomplished women to adorn and enjoy this circle. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the mornings, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day, 'the Admiral of the Lake' (a title bestowed on Wilson by Canning,) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the Professor's radiant procession, when it paused at the point of Storrs, to admit into the place of honour the vessel that carried the kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the Lakes led the cheers that hailed Scott and Canning; and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations as the flotilla wound its way among the richly-foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."

From Elleray we descend to Calgarth, venerable as the residence of Bishop Watson, and possessing many charms of its own, and commanding prospects of great beauty, though from its lowlier position, of less extent than those we have left. Every foot of the half dozen miles between Bowness and Ambleside is delightful. At times the lake is for awhile lost sight of, and the way winds through woods; at others the lake is spread out before you, the road running at a gentle elevation above it, or close to its level; and all along on your right, and full in front, you have the lofty fells finely contrasting in the deep brown and purple hues and rugged crags of their higher parts, with the soft green of the lower slopes,—and, whether lake or woods be in the foreground, making fresh, bright, and beautiful pictures. Ever and anon, too, you come upon some pretty cottage with its croft, or farm-house with its

byre, the abodes of the sturdy *statesmen*, as the yeomen here are called, mingling gracefully with the villas and seats of their wealthier neighbours. The road will therefore afford full enjoyment to the most fastidious tourist, but the higher grounds that border it must be occasionally ascended. Almost every spot that can be reached presents a good 'station,' as it is the fashion among the lakes to term those positions from which the more extended or celebrated views are obtained, and the tourist will do well to test his own sagacity by an occasional climb, instead of depending upon the directions of the guide or guide-book. He must not fail, however, to go up Troutbeck-lane just by Low-wood, for a prospect of surpassing beauty. Indeed, the whole of the Windermere side of Wansfell, along whose northern slope Troutbeck-lane is carried, deserves to be traversed; but that is of course not to be thought of by a transient visitor. From about midway up Wansfell, Windermere, not too much lessened by distance, is seen winding like some mighty river among the bold promontories and crags that jut far into its bed, its surface crested with beautiful islands and glittering with innumerable sails. Here the beautiful proportions of the lake are seen to great advantage, and the richly-wooded banks mingle in exquisite union with their images in the placid water. We have often wondered that the beauties of Wansfell have not been more celebrated, and were not surprised to find Wordsworth, within the last year or two, in attesting to its 'pensive glooms,' and 'visionary majesties of light,' take shame to himself for not having sung its praises earlier. Well might he exclaim in addressing it—

"Yet ne'er a note
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard!) thy praise
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought
Of glory lavished on our quiet days,
Bountiful son of Earth!"

Returning to the road we may rest awhile at Low-wood Inn, a hostel delightfully situated, and a capital centre from which to make a leisurely survey of Windermere. Here, and for a mile or so in each direction, a series of splendid views are obtainable from the edge of the lake. They are of a different character from those gained from the mountain sides, but are not a whit less worthy of admiration. The broad sheet of water, above a milea cross, clear as crystal, and sparkling like a carpet of diamonds, stretches far away, its margin encompassed with hills, now sinking in gentle slopes imperceptibly into its still bosom, and now starting into bold craggy prominences, or running into long low points, about which the cattle love to linger. The fells' sides are thickly set with trees, scattered singly or crowded into luxuriant hanging woods, and everywhere along their lower slopes are seen the bright white villas and cottages of squire and statesman, with their park-like grounds, or smiling corn-fields, and well-tilled gardens, and bright green meadows. Yon half-hidden tenement, by the way, is Dove's Nest, where that sweet bird, Felicia Hemans, dwelt awhile. Behind and beyond the lesser hills that gird the lake,

rise the sterner mountains of Fairfield, and Langdale, and Bowfell, and Conistone, and occasionally Scawfell himself may be seen. And then the whole surface of the lake is alive with pleasure-boats; and along the borders a solitary fisherman, or a gay party, or some picturesque group of peasants engaged in their ordinary avocations, seems dropped just where an artist would place such a group to give life and effect to his foreground if he were depicting on canvas a scene like this.

We have conducted the tourist along the road from Bowness to Ambleside. This part he must not omit to go over. If he have time and inclination he may continue the route round the head of the lake, and along the Western side, by Pull Wyke and Low Wray, to Sawrey, and so on to the Ferry. The breezy Furness fells will afford an ample supply of 'stations' from which may be obtained extensive prospects; and the Fairfield and Rydal ranges with Kirkstone, High-street, and Hill Bell, will form a grand mountain background to the lake, and Wansfell and Rayrigg rising from it. A short detour might here be made to the pretty little lake of Esthwaite Water; and to Hawkshead, a respectable old town, with a grammar-school, from which have proceeded many eminent men, chief among whom is William Wordsworth.

But whatever is left unaccomplished, an excursion on the Lake must not be of the number. Among the English lakes Windermere confessedly stands unrivalled for the beautiful variety of scenery that greets him who sails along it. Only from its surface can the marvellous beauty of the lake and the surrounding country be adequately comprehended. It hardly seems possible, indeed, that the beautiful in Lake scenery could excel that from the bosom of Windermere. A boat and an intelligent boatman may be easily procured; and the casual visitor will do well, perhaps, to trust to the experienced boatman to conduct him to the more celebrated points—but he must use well his own eyes everywhere. At every turn of the lake, at every tack of the boat, some new beauty is discernible. Supposing the boat to be hired at Ambleside, the best way will be to sail leisurely along, enjoying the softer scenery of the southward prospect in going, and, reserving for the return, the magnificent views that meet the northward gaze. We shall leave the views undescribed. The boatman will name the fells and peaks, and particularize the several villas—all that may be learnt in the first part of the ride. In returning no one will care to have his attention called off from the contemplation of the magnificent unity of effect that is before him, to consider the several parts of which it is made up.

A morning should be spent on the lake. Sailing southward, you have a succession of the sweetest little scenes that can be desired. Every one is of the most perfect simplicity, but also of perfect beauty:—a wide reach of clear blue water, streaked with long lines of silver—sprinkled with little islands of the most verdant green, and girded by uplands with hanging woods of

exuberant richness—a few cheerful houses peering out singly from amidst the trees on the sunny slopes, or gathered into little groups close down by the lake—and in the distance wooded mountains of blunted outline and moderate elevation: these in their various combinations form the pictures, and every fresh combination yields a new delight. The islands on Windermere are mostly clustered near the centre of the lake, and around that called by excellence the 'Beautiful.'—The boat will sail among these

"Sister Isles, that smile
Together like a happy family
Of beauty and of love;"

as a true poet has called them, and you may land on the chief one. Belle Isle has an area of thirty acres, and is most pleasantly laid out, and there is a neat summer residence upon it: the views from Belle Isle are very beautiful. One of the smaller islands in the upper reach—it lies opposite to Rayrigg—is called Lady Holm, from a chapel that once stood upon it, dedicated to the Virgin; it was a 'cell' belonging to Furness Abbey, and a priest was attached to the chapel. The establishment was suppressed, with all similar foundations, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and now not a vestige of the building is left. Two pretty little islets are called the 'Lilies of the Valley,' a name that aptly announces their modest loveliness. Of the cluster of islands about half-a-dozen lie in the lower reach of Windermere. The principal of these are Berkshire Island and Silver Holm, but all must be passed, as the tourist should weather, if he does not land at, Rawlinson's Nab.

A sail thus far, on a fine breezy morning, will have assuredly won for our traveller a good appetite; and he may here satisfy its cravings. It will be necessary to land at the Ferry-house for the sake of the views from the pleasure-house, called the 'Station,' just by; and by the time that is visited lunch will be ready. The views from the 'Station' are among the most celebrated on Windermere, and they deserve their celebrity. Bowness looks well across the lake. The islands group admirably together, and unite in a charming manner with the opposite banks. Carrying the eye eastward and along to the north, the whole range of mountains, from Orrest Head to Fairfield, are projected nobly against the sky. And then, blending all in harmony, there lies below the blue expanse of tranquil lake. Wilson has sketched the views from the 'Station' with a firm hand, and with more of amplitude than any others; but the mere mention of them must suffice here: it must be added, however, that most visitors find amusement in looking through the stained glass windows, which are intended to exhibit the scenery as affected by the various seasons, from the 'glad light green,' as Chaucer calls it, of early Spring, through Summer and Autumn to the snows of Winter.

The Ferry-house is an excellent place to enjoy a quiet lunch in, and the landlord knows how to provide capital entertainment. We confess to a partiality for the lunches here; but there is high authority against us. Christopher North thus writes on the subject:—

‘Commend us—on a tour—to lunch and dinner in one. ’Tis a saving both of time and money—and of all the dinner-lunches, that ever were set upon a sublunary table, the *facile principes* are the dinner-lunches you may devour in the White Lion, Bowness.’ We will not dispute this point. It may easily be tested. The boat will run across to Bowness in the briefest space, and mine host’s “leading-article,—a cold round of beef or a veal pie,” with its necessary additaments, may be at once put to what philosophers call, “the experiment critical.”

Returning towards Ambleside, the views are as grand as those in the other direction were lovely. The very hills, that rise from the sides of the lake, seem to have a wilder air than when we passed by them the other way. At any rate they are very fine, and accord well with the bold masses beyond. Rich woods climb up the steep slopes, and run along every projecting ledge, contrasting strongly with the bare masses of crag that stand here and there in full relief; tiny rills steal, like threads of silver, down the dark channels they have worked in the fell sides, now lost in the gloom, or hidden by the foliage, and presently glittering in the full sunshine; and, above all, soar the lofty summits of the more distant mountains, with the soft vapoury mists playing about them—one moment forming into a visible cloud, and the next dissolved, the eye can scarcely trace how, and the blue sky, for miles beyond, clear from the slightest film of vapour. But it is to the two separate magnificent mountain-masses, at the head of the lake, that the nobleness of this returning view is mainly owing. Fairfield, especially, appears to stretch out its mighty arms to receive the lake within its embrace. In the morning, when the centre of this majestic range is a heavy mass of gloom, the effect is almost sublime; when the mid-day sun enlighens almost every part, it is less imposing; but it regains all its impressiveness as it darkens in the shades of evening. If a night be spent at Windermere, there should be a journey made on the lake by night. If it be by moonlight, the remembrance of it will be imperishable. Wonderful is the transformation that the scenery undergoes. What seemed to be incapable of change without a lessening of its beauty, under the magic influence of the pale light assumes a new and more surprising loveliness; while the grander scenes become almost solemn. It is usual for parties, if there be a musician amongst them, to carry a bugle or cornet at such times, and, when well played, the sound, heard at a distance over the quiet water, and reverberated from innumerable mountain-echoes, is exceedingly delightful. “And when there came a pause of silence,” many have felt at such a time somewhat of the influence Wordsworth has described:

“Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain-torrents; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares upon his mind
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.”

But moonlight is not necessary to enjoy an evening sail upon our lake. On a clear bright summer night nothing can be more delicious than, with a dear companion, to

“Go floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the river-lake,
Hung for awhile between two worlds of stars!”
(Wilson, “Furness Abbey.”)

A day is sufficient to see somewhat of the loveliness, and somewhat, too, of the majesty of Windermere; and if the tourist employs his time judiciously, and does not fear labour, he may manage to visit most of the more celebrated points about it. But many days would be required properly to see its numerous bays and promontories, to ascend the surrounding fells and enjoy the most eminent prospects, and to explore, as they merit to be explored, the several divergent valleys, with the magnificent mountains that arise from them—and then he may be assured that in one visit, at whatever season it might be made and with whatever zeal he might prosecute his researches, he would be very far indeed from exhausting its almost infinite riches. Wilson has said “*Live by it fifty years and by degrees* you may have come to know something worth telling of Windermere.” This is of course to be taken with some grains of allowance, but it is true in spirit. To *know* Windermere it must have been seen under every aspect, and with somewhat of the frequency and familiarity of daily social intercourse.—*Oh! si angulus ille!*

But our tourist will not confine his attention wholly to the lake. He will of course look around Ambleside, though there is not much in the little town to attract attention. Ambleside was a Roman station, and a few Roman remains have been occasionally found there. From the earliest date there are records of its existence as an English town, but it bears few marks of its antiquity. It is worth noticing, however, that it is one of the very few places in which the ancient custom is preserved of bearing rushes to the church to strew the stalls with on the Dedication Day. Wordsworth has devoted one of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets as a tributary lay to this ‘day of annual joy’—

“When forth by rustic music led,
The village children, while the sky is red
With evening lights, advance in long array
Through the still church-yard, each with garland gay,
That carried sceptre like, o’ertops the head
Of the proud bearer.”

It may easily be imagined how beautiful and even touching such a procession must be amid such scenery. The houses of Ambleside are mostly of a humble character, but a few of them are picturesque—some are eminently so, as, for example, the mill on the beck, with its old fashioned projections and unwieldy machinery. The lion of Ambleside, however, is Stock-Ghyll-force. It is within private grounds, but the key may be obtained at the Salutation Inn. The force (which is the Westmoreland word for a waterfall) is about seventy feet high, and is broken by three or four ledges. When there is plenty of water it is rather a fine object, especially if viewed from below the falls;

but the best points must be scrambled after—and are consequently seldom reached. It is unquestionably far inferior to many less celebrated waterfalls in the district: and no doubt owes much of its celebrity to the easiness with which it is inspected. Few lake tourists like much trouble, or wander far from the beaten track; and scarcely any fatigue themselves by any independent exertion. They follow, with the most sheep-like docility, the steps of the guide, and stay to look where he bids them—and there only. These are the fashionable tourists. But give us the hardy manufacturer, with his Lancashire energy, to find out the wonders of the lake scenery. We have a strong belief that he would discover more fine things for himself in a day than a legion of jaunty idlers in a week.

If the briefest excursion be made beyond the limits of the lake, it will of course be towards the classic grounds of Rydal. The pleasantest way thither is to saunter along the bank of the playful Rotha—on whose bridge the hastiest rambler will be tempted to hang awhile, observant of the trout darting swiftly across the cerule stream, or poised steadily against the current watching for some luckless insect or tiny fry. It is a curious circumstance that the char and trout, which abound in Windermere, when they annually quit the lake and ascend its head-streams at the spawning season, invariably separate at the confluence of the two rivers. The char all proceed up the Brathay, and the trout up the Rotha. The circumstance seems hardly credible, but all the fishermen here assert it to be a well ascertained fact, and its truth does not appear to be disputed.

Rydal Lake is a gem. Small enough to lie in one of the bays of Windermere, it yet is a lake perfect in all its parts. It has even its little green islands—one of which is a heronry—and around it is a belt of wood-clad hills and noble mountains. On the east is the little village, with its neat modern chapel built by Lady le Fleming. Passing up the lane by Glen Rothay, you soon arrive at Rydal Hall, the seat of the Le Flemings, and Wordsworth's cottage on Rydal Mount. The park of Rydal Hall is the finest in these parts. Large trees are rarely met with in this district; but those here would do honour to a southern domain, while the views you gain from among them are such as only Rydal can show. In the park are a couple of far-famed waterfalls. The largest tumbles into a deep glen, and though not wilder than suits the vicinity of a lordly residence, has a grand appearance. But it is the lesser or Lower fall that is the most famous. It is one of the very daintiest and most graceful little cascades that ever delighted the eye. Being in a pleasure-ground it appears in danger of being improved by the landscape gardener into trimness, but happily a wiser taste watches over it. It is left to the skilful management of Nature, who seems to have set her 'tricksiest spirit' to deck it, and care is taken by its human guardian to prevent profane hands from meddling with her devisings. It is a thing to look at as you would

at a picture—and indeed you are shown it somewhat in the same way. You enter a dark summer-house, and, on the opening of a shutter, the little fall is seen quaintly set in a deep oaken frame. (Engraving.) The water dashes glittering and foaming down a cleft in the black rock, and from every crevice in the craggy sides start up slim trunks of ash and hazel, whose light foliage serves to screen without concealing the sparkling stream; and just above the fall is an old grey bridge, half hidden among the leaves, over which ever and anon passes slowly a village waggon or an old peasant. "This little theatrical scene," says Mason in a note to Gray's description of his Westmoreland tour, "might be painted as large as the original, on a canvas not bigger than those which are usually dropped in the opera-house." Were Stansfield the painter we should rejoice to behold it, else we should grieve at the realization of the fancy. For a rich poetical picture of the fall, we refer the reader to the 'Evening Walk' of Wordsworth, who exclaims, after describing it with a zest that proves his admiration of it,—

"Did Sabine grace adorn my living line,
Blandusia's praise, wild stream, should yield to thine!"

Every lover of poetry will turn with elevated feelings towards the abode of the great moral poet of our age. Wordsworth's house is just one of the ordinary humble-looking, larger cottages, common in these parts; but, in its unpretending substantial appearance, it far better accords with the surrounding scenery than many a more ambitious structure. Its situation is one of the most delightful that could be conceived of. The Bard of the mountains and the lakes could not have found a more fitting habitation, had the land been all before him where to choose. Snugly sheltered by the mountains, embowered among trees, and having in itself prospects of surpassing beauty, it also lies in the midst of the very noblest objects in the district, and in one of the happiest social positions. The grounds are delightful in every respect; but one view—that from the terrace of moss-like grass—is, to our thinking, the most exquisitely graceful in all this land of beauty. It embraces the whole valley of Windermere, with the hills on either side softened into perfect loveliness:

"Soft as a cloud is yon blue ridge—the mere
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,
And motionless, and to the gazer's eye
Deeper than the ocean, in the immensity
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!"

It will repay the longest pilgrimage to see the great poet among his own beloved mountains, where almost every object recalls some passage of his writings. And very pleasant is it to notice the marked esteem and reverence with which he is regarded by his neighbours of all ranks. With the peasantry he is a prime favourite. He has done them honour, and they feel it. They of course admire him most for his moral excellences, but they hardly less admire him for his social qualities and mountaineer habits. While they are happy in knowing that he does not disdain their cottages, they like to speak of him as within these few years the best skater in all the parishes around:

Such were the sentiments with which this "Old man sage" was regarded when we visited Rydal Mount a few years ago. A church tower peeps from the dark folds of wood which clothe the hills around the foot of the lake, whence

"The monitory clock
Sounds o'er the lake with gentle shock,"

and the thin wreath of smoke floating beneath indicates the hamlet of Rydal. His cottage was close by this church. Here he lived, and died, full of years and honour. The church-yard of Grasmere now contains his grave,—fitly cushioned amid the hills and valleys he loved so well. Many a calm evening and starlit night once he would wander about these hill-sides, wrapt in silent meditation, and now they are all consecrated, as it were, to his memory. Some time, we doubt not, this spot will possess an interest only second to that which hallows those tall church-yard elms by the side of Shakspeare's quiet-flowing Avon. But this is a reflection, or subject for reflection, which our tourist may make use of or not, just as he pleases, while he is sauntering along the shores of Rydal-mere.

The prominence behind Wordsworth's house, Nat's Scar, is the best point from which to ascend Fairfield,—the mightiest in bulk, and the loftiest, of the Windermere mountains. It rises to an elevation of above 2900 feet, and from various parts of its long ridge the grandest prospects are obtained. From two or three different points, eight, or even ten lakes and tarns are at once visible. The mountain combinations are on the most magnificent scale. Far away they rise range beyond range—a multitude of rocky peaks and swelling summits surging over each other like the waves of a stormy ocean! Tourists are often told, and readily believe, that if one lofty mountain is climbed it is sufficient; that, as the phrase goes, "when they have seen one they have seen all." A marvellous delusion! Why *every* mountain view is utterly unlike all others. This Fairfield, for example, that not one in a thousand of Windermere tourists ascends, has a character of its own as marked as has Helvellyn. Climb it, by all means, and see for yourself; and not only climb it, but, if you have time, traverse its whole ridge. It will abundantly recompense the toil. From Fairfield you may descend upon Grasmere—the "Vale of Beauty," as it has been called.

But the loveliest walk of all round Ambleside is as follows:—First scale Loughrigg Fell, which will afford some very fair climbing practice; or, go along the Langdale road, and take the first turning to the right. After a short scramble among rocks and heather, you will come upon a tarn—not the ideal of a tarn exactly, for it is not a mere ink-spot at the foot of a natural stone-wall, but it is a perfect basin of pellucid water, with firm green meadows all round it. A mesh of water-lilies whitens over half its surface, the other is a faithful duplicate of the low fern-covered hill above. Herds of cattle are scattered upon the brink, or stand out far into its cool waters. Langdale Pikes, shadowed by a passing cloud, just looms in the distance, the only stern or harsh feature in the landscape. Leaving Loughrigg Tarn you soon gain the brow of another



eminence, and that lake, brightly glistening close beneath you, is the far-famed Grasmere, and by far the best view of it is obtained from this point. There is a description of this lake by the poet Gray, which is generally quoted in the guide-books; in this it is said, that "not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden-wall breaks in upon the repose of this little unsuspected Paradise." Would that all this were true now! But "Water-cure Establishments," and cottages orné, and larch plantations, not to speak of very rectilinear walls which protect the main road, have somewhat damaged the pastoral appearance of Grasmere.

However, no one can say that the scene is not a lovely one still; there the eye loves to follow the windings of the road (high-road though it be) over the pass of Dunmailraise, and beneath the shadow of the mighty Helvellyn. On the other side towers Helm Crag, with its mysterious crest of jagged rock; the secluded valley of Easedale runs up far into the rear, between it and Silver How. One islet only breaks the quiet face of the lake; not a bare rock, nor yet tufted



THE LOWER FALL, RYDAL.

with trees, but clothed with a carpet of richest verdure. And there, where the streams from Easedale and Dunmail flow gently into the lake, rises, from green meadows amid its screen of elms, a white church tower; simple as it is, you feel that the interest of the scene somehow centres there.

From this point you may either walk along the western side, and return through Grasmere village, or turn round along a mountain track to the right, towards Rydal. A little further on, nearer Grasmere, is the "Wishing-gate," which has been honoured by a very pleasing poem of Wordsworth's.

The Rotha (only one other name in Southey's opinion was to be compared with this for beauty) issues from the lake clear and swift, for it has yet another lake to pass before it reaches the sea. You may either cross it by Pelter (?) bridge, or keep the right side of the valley, winding along the base of Loughrigg. One or two cottages orné nestle under the shadow of its crags. One of them is "Fox How," the favourite residence of Arnold,—one of those great names whose memories have rendered the "Lake District" almost more than classic ground. Continual allusions, in Arnold's correspondence, show the pleasure he felt in exploring and describing its features. "He delighted," his biographer writes, "to draw his imageries from the hills and lakes of Westmoreland, and to trace in them the likenesses of his favourite scenes in poetry and history."

A few minutes' walk will bring the traveller back to Ambleside. It is a pleasant walk from Lowood to Troutbeck. There is a shady lane, turning off to the left, just below the inn, affording beautiful vignette-like peeps of Windermere and Langdale,—all pictures ready to be sketched. However, both your admiration and your breath must be reserved until you gain the brow of the hill; and then, what exquisite vision is that which bursts upon the eye? A vision of a long river-like lake, with a network of fairy islets clustered together; its shores indented by a hundred bays,—not clifly or steep, but each encircled by its strip of green sward; hills wooded to their summits, and villages and cottages nestling in every hollow. After feasting your gaze upon this prospect, you may descend into the vale of Troutbeck; a straggling disjointed village fills its whole length. The architecture of most of the cottages is singularly picturesque,—strange enough for Ruskin to found a new theory of cottage building upon,—delighting in all sorts of absurd balconies and worm-eaten corridors; there are prim gardens there too, and roses blooming over the walls in plenty. The traveller can either proceed up the valley, and by Kirkstone, on to Patterdale, or return to Lowood.

The Langdales may be taken either from here or Ambleside. In many respects,—indeed, we are inclined to think that Ambleside affords better head-quarters than Lowood. It is a most delightful little town, set down upon the slope of Wan-fell, and commanding the

three passes of Langdale, Dunmail, and Kirkstone. It was built, antiquaries say, by those great master-builders of their day, the Romans; and one or two coins, and some "desolated" pavements—as my informant would have it,—relics turned up at different times, have confirmed this theory. However military its origin may have been, Ambleside is now one of the most contented, peaceable-looking municipalities to be met with in England.

If the tourist intends to spend two or three days at Windermere he will like to know where he had best take up his abode. Happily there is no lack of good inns, and the visitor may fare as sumptuously as his temper or his purse may incline him; but he may also live well, and yet at a moderate expense. The headquarters of the Windermere tourist are usually at Bowness, or Lowood, or Ambleside. Bowness has several inns; the principal is that which Wilson mentions as the "White Lion," but called, since the Queen Dowager stayed at it, the "Royal Hotel." It is famed for all kinds of good entertainment, and is most pleasantly placed. Bowness, however, is too far south for one who would chiefly visit the upper scenery of the lake. Lowood Inn stands near the head of Windermere, and is a first-rate establishment—it is a good family hotel—but if the truth must be told, not just the place for an economical Rambler. We have no doubt that Ambleside will, by nearly all visitants to Windermere, be found the most convenient centre. The "Salutation" is its chief hotel, and is, our friends assure us, thoroughly well managed. We put up with Donaldson. His inn has no prospect, but it is quiet and moderate. Our host is an intelligent man, and knows the country well—is exceedingly civil—has a good boat at your service—a sure-footed pony if you prefer riding to climbing—and, being a farmer and a substantial family man, he has always the newest of eggs, the freshest of butter, and the sweetest of honey, and he gets up breakfasts and dinners in unexceptionable style: his potted char and preserved strawberries are nicely prepared, and after a morning's scramble on the hills, serve admirably to whet the appetite that has been blunted by the cold beef or chicken that follow the eggs at breakfast. We have forgotten one inn—the "Ferry House" opposite Bowness. We are told it is one of the pleasantest and quietest by the lake. Listen to Christopher:—"There is not a prettier place on all Windermere than the Ferry House, or one better adapted for a honey-moon. You can hand your bride into a boat almost out of the parlour window, and be off among the islands in a moment, or into a nook or bay where no prying eye, even through a telescope, can overlook your happiness; or you can secrete yourselves, like buck and doe, among the lady-fern on Furness Fells, where not a sunbeam can intrude on your sacred privacy, and where you may melt down hours to moments, in chaste connubial bliss, brightening futurity with plans of domestic enjoyment, like long lines of lustre streaming across the lake." When we can induce some blue-eyed Ellen to say aye to our

wooings, we will away to the Ferry—but in our solitary condition, we are still for Donaldson.

Having fixed on your inn, let us devote a spare day to the Langdales. This, in the opinion of competent judges, *e.g.*, Wilson and Wordsworth, is as pleasant a mountain excursion as any to be met with in England. After leaving Ambleside, and crossing the Rotha, you proceed along the side of another tributary of Windermere—the Brathay—which, with its broken coppices and bold mountain background, offers a series of fine "bits" of stream scenery. Soon after this, you have a choice of roads;—we recommend the one leading down to Skelwith Bridge. Skelwith Force, although a puny fall, for it is only twenty feet high, is very picturesque, taken in conjunction with the surrounding scene. The road now leads through Little Langdale, and, anon, descends with a steep plunge upon Colwith Bridge. Colwith Force, foaming over its dark wall of rock, with the broad wastes of Wetherlam heaving high above, offers a really splendid view. In certain seasons, and under particular effects, the colouring here, and in these dales generally, is most gorgeous.

We must now set forth again from the central heights which have been our rallying-point throughout. Supposing the traveller once more on the Stake Pass at the head of Langdale, he must now neither turn up towards the Pikes as before, nor proceed down the dale, but go up the road to the right, which will lead him into the little valley chosen by Wordsworth for the retreat of the Solitary, in his poem of the "Excursion." There is a gray farm-house, which every eye will fix upon as the abode of the mourner; though it is now well sheltered with trees, which have grown up since the poem was written. Blea Tarn, with its rushy margin, lies at the bottom of the hollow; and all around rise the steep hills which the recluse was counselled to climb, for the medicinal influence of activity of body, promoting repose of mind. Thence the road conducts into Little Langdale—a scene of great wildness, with its heathery and rock-strewn steepes—its rushy springs and rude sheepfolds below, with a green and craggy hill rising in the midst of the wildness, like a bright island from a gloomy sea. In this dreary scene, a horse-road is observed sloping up the brown side of Wrynose, opposite. This track was once the only traffic-road from Kendal to Whitehaven; and it was traversed by pack-horses. Up that slope might be seen—not any sort of stage-coach or wagon, or carrier's cart, but long trains of pack-horses, slowly trailing up the hills with their heavy loads, guided by the bell round the neck of the leader, as represented in the introductory chapter to our first volume. A pack-horse is seldom or never seen there now; but a pack-man is not an unfrequent sight. The travelling merchant has not yet disappeared; and it will probably be some time before he does,—so completely are the dalespeople out of the way of shops and markets. We observe that these travelling merchants have lost much of their repute among residents, who are more up to the times than formerly. We were lately in a remote farmhouse,



BLEA TARN AND LANGDALE PIKES.

—the last in its dale—when a packman stalked in; a saucy fellow, something of an Autolycus, with a dash of the bully, we thought, in his face and manner. Nobody would look at his wares; and when he was crossing the field, bending under his heavy load, the housewife observed that she never bought of those people; they put off such poor goods at such high prices. We did not at once impute all the blame to the pedlars, remembering that the good wife was probably comparing their prices with shop prices at Kendal or Ambleside, forgetting that the travelling merchant must pay himself for his time and toil in these long walks, and for the disadvantage of having a very limited stock: but the incident goes to show that the vocation of the pedlar is wearing out. There is, and will long be, however, some custom left. If servant-maids near towns can seldom resist the sight of bright shawls and gay ribbons hung over chair-backs, how seducing must such things be in the remote dales, where the women never see anything else from the world without, unless when attending some sale or fair within walking distance!

This pack-horse road, if pursued (which would not suit our purpose now), would soon lead near the Three Shire Stones, on Wrynose, which mark the meeting point of the counties of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Cumberland, close by the sources of the Duddon. Instead of turning up this road, our traveller will

hold right on, into Tilberthwaite, under the side of Wetherlam.

Here he is in the midst of magnificent slate quarries. Among their *débris*, and the confusion made by Nature, he passes, till, following the guidance of the fine brawling stream on his left, he reaches Shepherd's Bridge, and enters Yewdale. Yewdale is very glorious in all seasons; but perhaps most in autumn, when the heather-bloom is brightest, and before the leaves fall from the ash and birch, which spring and wave from the clefts of the high precipices and summits. The heather abounds in most of the dales hereabouts; but in Yewdale it spreads its purple expanse up to the base of the highest gray crags, and tufts and cushions the platforms of the very rock. How vivid is the contrast wherever a strip or patch of unmixed grass shows itself amidst the purple and the gray! and what a life is given to the scene by the sheep that find their way to these pasture-islands on the hill side! This is the place too for noting the intense green of the moss which grows on the shelves of the rock; and the silvery brightness of the mists which in an autumn morning curl and whirl about the bare summits, and come breathing out of the higher fissures. One of the crags here is called Raven Crag; and a pair of ravens is, at this time, dwelling in the neighbourhood. Long may it be before their iron note is listened for in vain by the wakeful echoes of the dale! But those echoes are too often disturbed by the

shot of the ignorant and rash fowler, who takes aim at everything he sees. The miners about Coniston, and other workmen in the region, go out on holidays, to bring down everything they see on the wing; and the rarest birds have no more chance with them than so many crows. The eagle is gone; the buzzards are disappearing; and the raven has become very rare.

The traveller should see the copper-works at Coniston, (if he can obtain leave,) both for their own sake, and for the opportunity it gives him of observing the people engaged there, and because they lie in his way to the tarns on Coniston Old Man, and to the summit of the mountain itself. The Tarns are very interesting; Low Water, Goat's Water, Blind Tarn, and, some considerable way along the ridge, Lever's Water under Wetherlam. Some think the views from the top of the Old Man finer than from any mountain summit in the country, except Scawfell—not even excepting Helvellyn: and this may very well be, from the country being here open to the southern peninsulas and the sea, instead of bristling with mountain peaks all round. One of the productions of this neighbourhood is the celebrated potted char, known all over the country. There is char in Windermere, and several of the other lakes; but Coniston Lake produces by far the finest fish.

As the traveller is now about to enter upon a comparatively low country, well peopled, and with good roads, he will probably be disposed to give up his pedestrian mode of travelling, and proceed either on horseback or in a car. He can do this from Coniston, if he so pleases. He had better go down the lake on its eastern side, for various reasons; and chiefly, that he may obtain the best views of the exquisite head of the lake. Passing round Waterhead, he will presently ascend to a considerable height at the north-eastern end of the fine sheet of Coniston Water; and there he will assuredly pause, and hope that he may never forget what he now sees. He has probably never beheld a scene which conveyed a stronger impression of joyful charm; of fertility, prosperity, comfort, nestling in the bosom of the rarest beauty. It is too true that there is wrong and misery here, as elsewhere: but this does not lie open to the notice in a bird's-eye view. It is true that here, as elsewhere, there are responsible persons who are negligent; some of the working class who are ignorant and profligate; dwellings which are unwholesome; and lives which are embittered by sickness and mourning. But these things are not visible from the point whence the traveller feasts his eyes with the scattered dwellings under their sheltering wood,—the cheerful town, the rich slopes, and the dark gorge and summits of Yewdale behind; while the broad water lies as still as heaven, between shore and shore. In these waters it was that Elizabeth Smith used to dip her oar, on those summer days when she left her studies to show the beauty of Coniston to her mother's guests: and it was near the place where the traveller now stands that she died. Tent Lodge is erected on the spot where the tent was pitched in which she spent some of her feeblest and latest days.

It is sixteen miles from Coniston Water Head to the cheerful little town of Ulverston; from whence it is only seven miles to Furness Abbey.

This Abbey was first peopled from Normandy; a sufficient number of Benedictine monks coming over from the monastery of Savigny, to establish this house in honour of St. Marye of Furnesse. In a few years their profession changed,—they followed St. Bernard, and wore the white cassock, caul, and scapulary, instead of the dress of the gray monks. It is strange now to see the railway traversing those woods where these gray-robed foreigners used to pass hither and thither, on their saint's errands to the depressed and angry Saxons dwelling round about. The situation of the Abbey, as is usual with religious houses, is fine. It stands in the depth of a glen, with a stream flowing by; the sides of the glen being clothed with wood. A beacon once belonged to it; a watch-tower on an eminence accessible from the Abbey, whose signal-fire was visible all over Low Furness, when assistance was required, or foes were expected. The building is of the pale red stone of the district. It must formerly have almost filled the glen: and the ruins give an impression, to this day, of the establishment having been worthy of the zeal of its founder, King Stephen, and the extent of its endowments, which were princely. The boundary-wall of the precincts enclosed a space of sixty-five acres, over which are scattered remains which have, within our own time, been interpreted to be those of the mill, the granary, the fish-ponds, the ovens and kilns, and other offices. As for the architecture, the heavy shaft is here, as at Calder Abbey, found alternating with the clustered pillar, and the round Saxon with the pointed Gothic arch. The masonry is so good that the remains are even now firm and massive; and the winding-staircases within the walls are still in good condition, in many places. The nobleness of the edifice consisted in its extent and proportions; for the stone would not bear the execution of any very elaborate ornament. The crowned heads of Stephen and his queen, Maude, are seen outside the window of the Abbey, and are among the most interesting of the remains. It is all very *triste* and silent now. The Chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds. Where the abbot and his train swept past in religious procession, over inscribed pavements echoing to the tread, the stranger now wades among tall ferns and knotted grasses, stumbling over stones fallen from their place of honour. No swelling anthems are heard there now, or penitential psalms; but only the voice of birds, winds, and waters. But this blank is what the stranger comes for. He has seen something of the territory over which the Abbots of Furness held a rule like that of royalty: and he now comes to take one more warning of how Time shatters thrones, dominations, and powers, and causes the glories of this world to pass away.

The stranger will vary his return by taking the road above Bardsea to Ulverston; and if he can, he should enjoy the glorious view from Birkrigg. From all the rising grounds, views over the Lancaster sands

and the sea are obtained; and the traveller may find something cheering to the spirits in the open stretch of landscape, after his wanderings among the narrow dales.

Newby Bridge, at the foot of Windermere, is eight miles from Ulverston. The drive is pleasant, and the traveller may as well take that road to Hawkshead, instead of returning up the side of Coniston Water. There is not much to see at Hawkshead itself; but the views which it commands of the little lake of Esthwaite are pretty. Esthwaite Water is two miles long by half a mile wide. Its scenery is rather tame; but the valley has a cheerful and flourishing aspect, with its green slopes and farmsteads dotted about, here and there. From Hawkshead, the traveller will proceed to the ferry on Windermere, in order to close with this lake, and the valleys at its head, his exploration of the lake district. What he is to meet with in the remainder of his circuit, he has already been told in the paper on Windermere, which has obtained a prior place in this work.

What weather he has had—to put up with or enjoy—we have not declared or conjectured. Much depends on the season; but, as everybody knows, much rain is sure to fall where there are mountain tops to attract the clouds. The lake district does receive a high average of rain. Hence much of its rich and verdant beauty is derived; but hence also arises much discontent and complaint on the part of fastidious tourists. The residents are not heard to complain. They are not pressed for time in seeing the beauties of the region: and they know of no day in the year when they do not go out, and see such beauty as sends them home happy. Either they do not dislike getting wet, (which is one of the most exhilarating things in the world to those who deserve to enjoy it,) or they guard themselves against the weather by waterproof dress: and they see such beauty in the streams, and hear such chorusses of waterfalls, as those know nothing about who will go out only in sunshine. Again, if one part of the day is wet, another is dry: if it is rainy in one valley, the sun shines in the next; and the resident can use these opportunities at his pleasure. It must be understood that he is not liable to suffer in health. The climate is moist; but it is not damp. The soil is rock or gravel, and the air is fresh and free; and the average of health is high accordingly, where the laws of nature are not violated in the placing and construction of habitations.

For the guidance of the visitor, we may mention that, generally speaking, the worst months of the year in the Lake District are November and December, for storms; March, for spring gales; and July for summer rain. The driest season is usually for a month or more onward from the middle of May. September and October are often very fine months. Those who come but once, and take only a cursory view of the region, cannot be too careful in choosing the most favourable season for their trip. But to those who are thoroughly familiar with the characteristics of this paradise, there is no aspect or accident of earth and sky which has its charm.

The mountains are neither so high as to oblige you to lift up your head continually, in order to bring their snow-clad summits within the range of vision, nor yet to occupy you for more than a few hours in scaling their loftiest crags; there is little or no danger to be feared in rambling, unguided, over any part of them. If you ever feel nervous or bewildered, you have only to follow down the first stream you find, and a few miles, eight or ten at the most, will bring you to some habitation. The worst end to be apprehended is, probably, an ignominious termination of a day's march in the identical spot whence you started, brimful of hope and confidence, that very morning. Nevertheless, Scawfell Pikes, or even those of Langdale, offer you pure air, sufficiently dense veils of cloud, hard rocks, and giddy heights; and what more can a mountain do? The glens below afford a gorgeousness of colouring, during most times of the year, which no Alpine gorge can pretend to; any quantity of stone-walls, and clear-filtered streams—none of your turbid, discoloured “glacier” torrents, but “becks” of the most crystal purity; the most sublime effects of sunshine or shower, (it is always one or the other with them); a quiet aspect of primitive pastoral seclusion; and neat, clean, contented poverty, more pleasing to contemplate than the scenery itself. One meets with instances of unsophistication up here, every now and then, which are perfectly startling. We have been thanked for a sixpence in a case where we thought that half-a-crown would have been demanded. One intelligent landlady, when interrogated on the subject of railways, had only “heard talk of one as existing somewhere over there,” and pointed loosely in the direction of Sty-head.

The difference between the outer and the interior parts of the Lake District is very remarkable. It seems as though the central mountain peaks had been pushed up through the surrounding rim of country, and that the former had been torn and riven in the process; while the latter had only been heaved into irregular undulations. The circumstance has been pointed out and explained by Professor Sedgwick, in his “Letters on the Geology of the Lake District.” He says:—

“On the outskirts, the mountains have a very dull outline, and a continual tendency to a tabular form; but those in the interior have a much more varied figure, and sometimes present outlines which are peaked, jagged, or serrated. This difference arises partly from the nature of the component rocks, and partly from their position; for the more central mountains are chiefly made up of slaty beds, with different degrees of induration, which are highly inclined and sometimes nearly vertical; while the outer hills are, with limited exceptions, made up of beds which are slightly inclined and sometimes nearly horizontal.”

For a survey of this wilder tract, a journey to Langdale is the best possible when at Windermere. From the gentle scenery about the lake, you pass gradually

into a country of the sternest and most desolate solitude. On the way Loughrigg Tarn, as we have seen, may be visited—a most graceful scene, which, according to Wordsworth, “resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ*, as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes, as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo.”

It is a desirable thing for every country that it should have within its borders a mountainous district. Though some people regard such a district as little better than waste land, unless it happens to be rich in minerals, it has a value, however wild it may be, as real and as great as can be boasted of by the richest plain; and a value the greater, perhaps, in proportion to the wildness. The wilder the mountain-region of any country, the more certain it is to be the conservator of the antiquities of that country. When invaders come, the inhabitants retreat to the fastnesses where they cannot be pursued; and in places cut off from communication do ancient ideas and customs linger the longest. Every mountain-chain or cluster is a piece of the old world preserved in the midst of the new; and the value of this peculiarity far transcends that of any profitable quality which belongs to territory of another kind.

There is, also, a value belonging to a mountainous district which in our particular time can hardly be over-rated. It is the only kind of territory in which utility must necessarily be subordinated to beauty. However open-hearted and open-eyed we may be to the beauty of utility itself, and of all that is connected with it, we cannot but enjoy the privilege of access to a region where grandeur and grace reign supreme from age to age, and the subsistence and comfort of men occur only as an accident or an after-thought. It is well that we should be able and disposed to honour and admire the great inventions and arrangements of men,—the sublime railway, the wonderful factory, the cheerful stretch of corn-fields, the hopeful school-organization, and all glorious associations of men for mutual benefit: but it is well also that we should have access to a region where the winds and the waters, the mists and the stars, old forests and unapproachable precipices occupy the space, and man is seen only here and there, sheltering himself in some recess, or moving, a mere speck, on the mountain-side, or drawing his subsistence from the trout-stream, whose flow is scarcely heard among the echoes of the mighty hills. Elsewhere we have beauty in the midst of use. In a mountain-district we have a complete world of beauty which cannot be touched by the hand of Use. Man may come and live, if he likes and if he can; but it must be in some humble corner, by permission, as it were, and not through conflict with the genius of the place. Nature and beauty here rule and occupy: man and his desires are subordinate, and scarcely discernible.

Yet it does not follow that the hilly retreats of any country are bare of human interest. As I have said,

they are conservative of races, and manners, and traditions; and they also offer a quiet field to science. The other day I was climbing among the ridges of the highest mountain cluster of the Lake District, when I came upon a rain-gauge, set up in a desolate and misty spot,—sometimes below and often above the clouds. There are four more set up, and carefully secured against the force of the gales, on other heights, and an aged shepherd has them in charge: he visits them once a month, to record what they show. As I watched the tall old man with his staff passing out of sight on the vast mountain-slope, I thought that knowledge and wisdom are as appropriate and as beautiful here as anywhere else on the earth. This mountain solitude is no scene for the busy handiwork of men, in their toil for bread or convenience; but neither is it a tomb “where no knowledge or device is found.” Contemplative science may sit upon these heights, for ever vigilant and for ever gratified; for here without pause come all the necessary aids and means in long array,—the stars and the sunshine, the gales and the mists, the hail and the lightnings,—all conceivable displays of light, and Nature’s whole orchestra of sounds. Here is the eye of science trained and charmed by all that is luminous, from the glittering dewdrop, past the spectral mist, and the rainbow under foot, to the furthest gleam of the western sea; and the ear is roused and instructed by all mournful melodies, from the hum of the gnat in the summer noon, to the iron note of the raven, and the dash of the torrent, or the growl of the thunder, echoing through cavern and ravine. Here then, while man is subordinated, he is not excluded. He cannot obtrude his noisy devices and his bustling handiworks upon this royal domain of nature: but if he is humble and devoutly studious, Nature will invite his industry to prosper in her valleys, and his science to keep watch upon her heights.

The conservative office belonging to all mountain-districts has never been more distinctly performed than in the case of these west moorlands, from which Westmoreland takes its name. A remnant of every race hard pressed by foes in the rest of England has found a refuge among the fastnesses of the north-west. The first people of whom we have any clear impression as living here are the Druids, as the upper class, probably, of the Britons who inhabited the valleys. There are still oaks worthy to be the haunt of these old priests; but there were many more in the days of the Druids. There is reason to believe that the mountains were once wooded up to a great height, with few breaks in the forest; and it is still said by old people living at the foot of Helvellyn, that a squirrel might have gone from their chapel of Wythburn to Keswick, about ten miles, on the tree tops, without touching the ground. The remaining coppice of hollies, firs, birch, ash, and oak, show something of the character of the woods of which they are the degenerate remnants. And when we look upon Rydal Forest, and the oak woods of some of the northern seats, we see how much at home the Druid race or caste might formerly be in the region.

Several of their stone circles are scattered about the district, calling up images of the shaven-headed, long-bearded, white-robed priests, gathered in a glade of the neighbouring forest, or assembling in some cleared space, to put fire to their heaped sacrifice of animals and doomed criminals. Such punishments of criminals, here and in those days, were little enough like the executions in our cities in the present age. Then, as the rude music of the wild Britons drowned the cries of the victims, and the flames of the wicker pile cast a glare fitfully on the forest trees, or darted up above the fir-tops, the red deer shrank further into the brake; the wild bull sent an answering roar from the slope of the mountain, the wolf prowled about for the chance of a prey, and the eagle stirred his wings upon his eyrie. The Druid and his barbaric Britons, the red deer, the wild bull, and the wolf, are all gone from the living scene, to group themselves again for us, as we see, in the ghost-land of tradition; and the eagle shows himself so seldom, that his presence is looked upon as a mere casual return.

It was a strange day for the region when the Roman soldiers came; and strange must have been the sight to the sentinel set by the Britons to watch what the foreign invader was about to do. The sentinel would climb the loftiest tree of the highest forest line, and tell what he saw to his comrades below. He would tell of the Roman standards peeping out from the pathways in the woods, and the armour that glittered when the sun shone out, and the halt in the meadows at the head of Windermere, and the formation of the camp, the pitching of the tents in long lines, and the throwing up of the breast-works. Then he would come down, and lead the way for his warrior brethren to attack the enemy. However desperate might be the onset of the wild Britons in their skin garments, with scythes and clubs in hand, they could not dislodge the foe; and when they were driven back, to hide themselves again in caves and ravines, the enemy immediately began to make pathways for the passage of their soldiery. The echoes might be the sentries then, telling of the shock of falling trees, one by one, till a broad highway was made for many miles. Then there was the cleaving of the rocks, and the breaking of the stones for paving the highway, and building the piers of the bridges. By what we see now, we know that these Roman roads not only crossed the valleys, and cut over the spurs of the hills, but followed the line of some of the highest ridges. When the Romans had gained the summit of High Street, for instance, what a day it must have been for the natives! The lines and clusters of the soldiery must have been seen against the sky,—some bringing the stones, and others paving the broad way, and others keeping watch, while signal trumpets were blown from time to time, scaring the birds from their rock-nests, and making the British mother press her infant to her bosom, lest its feeble cry should be heard from the depths of the wood below.

These Britons hid so well, that they remained in considerable numbers when the Romans were gone.

But they never regained possession of the fertile valleys and meadows: the Saxons and Danes took possession of them as the Romans left them. The Britons were now, however, well armed. They had obtained some of the Roman arms, and they could so well oppose the Saxon battle-axe and hammer, that they never yielded up their mountain region, except in small portions here and there, during the whole six hundred years of the Saxon dominion in England. They held their villages and hamlets, as well as their ravines and forests: and, for any thing that appears, they were living in almost their primitive condition among the west moorlands when the Normans arrived, and scattered the Saxons abroad, to find life and shelter where they could.

To these west moorlands the Saxons came, not now as conquerors, and to possess the land, but as fugitives, who had no chance but to become outlaws. Many a man of rank and wealth came hither to escape slavery, or the ferocious punishments inflicted by the Normans on those who meddled with their game. When a Saxon noble had seen his lands taken from him and given to some Norman soldier, his daughter compelled to marry any one of the foe who chose to demand her, his servant deprived of eyes or hands for having shot a deer in his own woods,—when his blood boiled under these injuries, and he could do nothing in self-defence; he gave the sign to his followers, caught horses where he could, and rode away to the west moorlands, to be henceforth the head of an outlaw band among the Fells, descending upon Yorkshire and the southern levels of Lancashire, to plunder for subsistence, and destroy everything Norman, in gratification of his revenge. After this time we know no more of the Britons; and the Romans are traceable only by the remains of a camp, road, or bridge, here and there.

Almost everywhere else in England the Saxons and Normans mingled, and intermarried, and forgot their enmity within two or three generations: but it was not so among the Fells. The lands might be nominally given away to Norman chiefs; but they did not come to take possession of them. The wild hills and moors yielded nothing worth insisting upon and holding by force; and they were too near Scotland, where there was an enemy always on the watch against the new possessors of England. So, while Norman castles domineered over the fertile lands of all southern districts, the Saxons kept their race, language, and, as far as possible, their usages, untouched among the Fells. Accordingly, instead of the remains of feudal castles and feudal usages among the more retired parts of this district, we find only the changes which have been made by Nature, or by the hand of the shepherd, the miner, or the forester, for the needs of their free inhabitants.

The Normans, however, approached as near as they could. It may be observed here that in the Lake District, the ground rises gradually from the outskirts to the centre. From surrounding levels swell gentle slopes, with shallow valleys between; and within these are higher hills, with deeper intervals, till we find, as a

nucleus, the peaks of Scawfell and the neighbouring summits, cleft with chasms and ravines. Certain Norman nobles and monks, to whom lands had been granted, came and sat down in the levels, and spread their flocks and tributary husbandmen over the slopes and nearer valleys, though they appear never to have attempted an entrance upon the wilder parts. The abbey of Furness was established in A.D. 1127; its domains extending over the whole promontory of Furness, and to the north as far as the Shire Stones, on Wrynose; and being bounded on the east and west by Windermere and the Duddon. The mountain-land included here is not much: only the Conistoun mountains and Wetherlam being of considerable elevation.

The Abbot of Furness was a sort of king in his place. His monastery was richly endowed by King Stephen, and maintained in wealth by the gifts of neighbouring proprietors, who were glad to avail themselves, not only of its religious privileges, but of its military powers for the defence of their estates against Border foes and the outlaws of the mountains.

In the low grounds between the Scawfell Peaks and the sea, Calder Abbey was next placed. It dates from A.D. 1134; seven years after the establishment of Furness Abbey, of which it was a dependent. The small religious house of St. Bees was restored by a Norman about the same time. It was very ancient, and had been destroyed by the Danes; but it now became a Norman monkish settlement. Round to the north-east, and lying under the Picts' Wall, we find the Augustine Priory of Lanercost, founded in 1169 by the Norman lord of Gilsland. Several castles were scattered around the skirts of the mountain cluster: and as the serfs on the estates rose to the condition of tenants, facilities were continually offering for the new owners to penetrate more and more into the retired parts of the district.

The process appears to have been this, in the case of Furness Abbey:—The lord's land was divided into tenements. Each tenement was to furnish, besides proper rent, an armed man, to be always ready for battle on the Borders or elsewhere. The tenement was divided into four portions,—woodland, pasture, and arable land being taken as they came; and each portion was given to an emancipated serf. The four who were thus placed on each complete tenement took care of the whole of it;—one of their number always holding himself in readiness to go armed to the wars. Thus spread over the land, and secure of being permitted to attend to their business in all ordinary times, the tenants would presently feel themselves, and be regarded by the mountaineer, husbandmen on their own ground rather than retainers of the hostile lord; and their approach towards the fastnesses would be watched with less and less suspicion. As for the shepherds, they were more free still in their roving with their flocks: and when, by permission of the abbots, they inclosed crofts about their hillside huts, for the sake of browsing their charge on the sprouts of the ash and the holly, and protecting

them from the wolves* in the thickets, they might find themselves in a position for many friendly dealings with the dwellers in the hills. The inclosures for the protection of the flocks certainly spread up the mountain sides to a height where they would hardly be seen now if ancient custom had not drawn the lines which are still preserved: and it appears from historical testimony that these fences existed before the fertile valleys were portioned out among many holders. Higher and higher ran these stone inclosures,—threading the woods, and joining on upon the rocks. Now, the woods are for the most part gone; and the walls offend and perplex the stranger's eye and mind by their ugliness and apparent uselessness: but, their origin once known, we would not willingly part with them,—reminding us as they do of the times when the tenants of the abbots or military noble formed a link between the new race of inhabitants and the Saxon remnant of the old.

The holders of these crofts were the original of the Dalesmen of the present day. Their name arises, we are told, not from the dales of the region,—these tenants being chiefly dwellers on the heights,—but from the word *deyler*, which means to *distribute*. In course of time, when the Border wars were ended, and armed retainers were no longer needed, the distribution of the inhabitants underwent a change; and several portions of land were held by one tenant. To this day, however, separate fines are often paid for each lot; this recognition of a feudal superior, on the part of purchasers who have otherwise a freehold tenure of their lands, being a curious relic of ancient manners. The purchaser of two or three acres, subject to no other liability, will enjoy paying his nine pence a year to the lord, in memory of the time when tenancy was a sort of servitude, of which there are now no remains but in this observance.

For many centuries, an extraordinary supply of armed men was required; for the Border wars, which raged almost without intermission from the reign of the Conqueror to that of Queen Anne, were conducted with great ravage and cruelty. Besides the frequent slaughter, many hundreds of prisoners were carried away, on the one side or the other, after almost every battle. The aim of the Scots usually was to attack and pillage Carlisle, Penrith and Cockermouth, and the neighbouring country: but though the devastation and pillage were chiefly experienced there, the loss of men was felt throughout the whole mountain district. The enemy sometimes fell on the Border towns in fair-time, for the sake of the booty: and sometimes they came down when least expected. We read of them as laying waste the district of Furness; and again as ravaging the whole country on their way into Yorkshire. Wherever they might appear or be expected, there must the armed vassal repair on summons; and for retaliatory incursions he must also be prepared. The curse of the war thus spread into the most secluded valleys, where there

* The wolf is spoken of as a public enemy in edicts of Edward I. and John. Sir Ewen Cameron laid low the last Scotch wolf in 1680. The last presentment for killing wolves in Ireland was made, in the county of Cork, in 1710.

was no road by which soldiery might arrive, or cattle be carried away. The young wife or aged parents need not there apprehend that their cottage would be fired over their heads, or their crops be trodden into the bloody swamp of a battlefield; but they must part with the husband and the son, to overwhelming chances of death, wounds, or captivity. Under the constant drain of able-bodied men for many centuries, the homes of the region must have been but little like what English homes, and especially mountain homes, are usually considered to be;—abodes where life goes on with extraordinary sameness from generation to generation.

After the Union, the Lake District became again one of the quietest on the face of the earth. Except some little excitement and disturbance when the Pretender and his force marched from Carlisle, by Penrith and Shap to Kendal, there seems to have been no inroad upon the tranquillity of the inhabitants to this day for nearly a century and a half. If there be any exception, it is owing to that Border distinction which made Gretna Green, and the conclusion of a certain sort of treaty there, the aim of a certain order of fugitives, whose pursuers were pretty sure to follow on their track. But this kind of Border contention must have been merely amusing to the Cumbrians; and the encounter and capture which they sometimes witnessed involved no danger to life or limb.

The changes which have taken place since the extinction of the Border wars at the Union are of the same quiet, gradual, inevitable kind, which Nature has been carrying on from the time that the mountains were upreared. Nature is always at work, producing changes which do not show from day to day, but are very striking after a course of years. She disintegrates the rocks, and now and then sends down masses thundering along the ravines, to bridge over a chasm, or make a new islet in a pool: she sows her seeds in crevices, or on little projections, so that the bare face of the precipice becomes feathered with the rowan and the birch; and thus, ere long, motion is produced by the passing winds, in a scene where all once appeared rigid as a mine: she draws her carpet of verdure gradually up the bare slopes where she has deposited earth to sustain the vegetation: she is for ever covering with her exquisite mosses and ferns every spot which has been left unsightly, till nothing appears to offend the human eye, within a whole circle of hills. She even silently rebukes and repairs the false taste of uneducated man. If he makes his new dwelling of too glaring a white, she tempers it with weather stains: if he indolently leaves the stone walls and blue slates unrelieved by any neighbouring vegetation, she supplies the needful screen by bringing out tufts of delicate fern in the crevices, and springing coppice on the nearest slopes. She is perpetually working changes in the disposition of the waters of the region. The margins of the lakes never remain the same for half a century together. The streams bring down soft soil incessantly, which more effectually alters the currents than the slides of stones precipitated from the heights by an occasional

storm. By this deposit of soil new promontories are formed, and the margin contracts, till many a reach of waters is converted into land, inviting tillage. The greenest levels of the smaller valleys may be seen to have been once lakes. And while she is thus closing up in one direction, she is opening in another. In some low-lying spot a tree falls, which acts as a dam when the next rains come. The detained waters sink, and penetrate, and loosen the roots of other trees; and the moisture which they formerly absorbed goes to swell the accumulation till the place becomes a swamp. The drowned vegetation decays and sinks, leaving more room, till the place becomes a pool, on whose bristling margin the snipe arrives to rock on the bulrush, and the heron wades in the water-lilies to feed on the fish which come there, no one knows how. As the waters spread, they encounter natural dams, behind which they grow clear and deepen, till we have a tarn among the hills, which attracts the browsing flock, and tempts the shepherd to build his hut near the brink. Then the wild swans see the glittering expanse in their flight, and drop down into it; and the waterfowl make their nests among the reeds. This brings the sportsman; and a path is trodden over the hills; and the spot becomes a place of human resort. While Nature is thus working transformations in her deeper retreats, the generations of men are more obviously busy elsewhere. They build their houses and plant their orchards on the slopes which connect the mountains with the levels of the valleys: they encroach upon the swamps below them, and plough among the stones on the hill-sides,—here fencing in new grounds, there throwing several plots into one: they open slate quarries, and make broad roads for the carriage of the produce: they cherish the young hollies and ash, whose sprouts feed their flocks, thus providing a compensation in the future for the past destruction of the woods. Thus, while the general primitive aspect of the region remains, and its intensely rural character is little impaired, there is perhaps scarcely a valley in the district which looks the same from one half century to another.

The changes among the people proceed faster: and some of these changes are less agreeable to contemplate, however well aware we may be that they are to issue in good. Formerly, every household had nearly all that it wanted within itself. The people thought so little of wheaten bread, that wheat was hardly to be bought in the towns. Within the time of the existing generation, an old man of eighty-five was fond of telling how, when a boy, he wanted to spend his penny on wheaten bread; and he searched through Carlisle from morning to evening before he could find a penny roll. The cultivator among the hills divided his field into plots, where he grew barley, oats, flax, and other produce, to meet the needs of his household. His pigs, fed partly on acorns or beech mast, yielded good bacon and hams; and his sheep furnished wool for clothing. Of course he kept cows. The women spun and wove the wool and flax; and the lads made the wooden utensils, baskets, fishing-tackle, &c. Whatever else

was needed was obtained from the pedlars, who came their rounds two or three times a-year, dropping in among the little farms from over the hills. The first great change was from the opening of carriage-roads. There was a temptation then to carry stock and grain to fairs and markets. More grain was grown than the household needed, and offered for sale. In a little while, the mountain farmers were sure to fail in competition in markets with dwellers in agricultural districts. The mountaineers had no agricultural science, and little skill; and the decline of the fortunes of the statesmen (estatesmen), as they are locally called, has been regular, and mournful to witness. They haunt the fairs and markets, losing in proportion to the advance of improvement elsewhere. On their first losses, they began to mortgage their lands. After bearing the burden of these mortgages till they could bear it no longer, their children have sold the lands; and among the shop-boys, domestic servants, and labourers of the towns, we find the old names of the former yeomanry of the district, who have parted with their lands to strangers. Much misery intervened during this process of transition. The farmer was tempted to lose the remembrance of his losses in drink when he attended the fairs and markets. The domestic manufactures he carried with him,—the linen and woollen webs woven by his wife and daughters,—would not sell, except at a loss, in the presence of the Yorkshire and Lancashire woollens and cottons made by machinery. He became unable to keep his children at home, and they went off to the manufacturing towns, leaving home yet more cheerless—with fewer busy hands and cheerful faces—less social spirit in the dales—greater certainty of continued loss, and more temptation to drink. Such is the process still going on. Having reached this pass, it is clearly best that it should go on till the primitive population, having lost its safety of isolation and independence, and kept its ignorance and grossness, shall have given place to a new set of inhabitants, better skilled in agriculture, and in every way more up to the times. It is mournful enough to a resident to meet everywhere the remnants of the old families in a reduced and discouraged condition; but if they can no longer fill the valleys with grain, and cover the hill-sides with flocks, it is right that those who can should enter upon their lands, and that knowledge, industry, and temperance, should find their fair field and due reward.

There has been much lamentation made about the approach of railways to the district; and strenuous efforts were employed in vain to prevent their penetrating the mountain region. The thing is done now, and it can never be undone. One railway runs from Kendal to Carlisle, by Shap Fell; another skirts the mountain region to the north-west, passing from Carlisle to Maryport; another penetrates to Windermere from Kendal. It might be enough to say that, as the thing is done, and cannot be undone, there is nothing for it but to acquiesce, and make the best of it. But there is a more cheerful and grateful way of regarding

the matter,—more cheerful, while not less serious. We can fully sympathize with the resident gentry, who, having either inherited the secluded abodes of their fathers, or come hither to live in the midst of quietness and beauty, dread the invasion of the quietness, and the impairing of some of the beauty. But, if they reckoned on having, for their own exclusive possession, any of the repose and beauty of the wide open earth, they reckoned on what they have no right to. They have hitherto enjoyed a rare privilege, a pure gift in their lot, temporary in its very nature; and when its term has arrived, they have no right to complain, as of any personal grievance. In the fullness of our sympathy for this class, we may even see with pleasure that the new state of things may yield them moral blessings of far greater value than anything they can lose. "The trail of the serpent" is in every earthly paradise, whether the dwellers heed it or not. Here it is evident enough to those who are not too familiar with the place to note its peculiarities. The life of refined enjoyment led by those who live in a beautiful seclusion, has a strong tendency to make them exclusive, fastidious, and too often insolent towards the world without. The danger of the growth of this temper is great to the most watchful and guarded; and it is certain that some who think the liberality of their tempers of more consequence than the seclusion of their valley, are personally thankful for the little shock which has roused them to a consideration of the claims of all fellow-heirs of the earth, and of the tenure on which they hold their local enjoyments.

We have full sympathy also with those who imagine that there will arrive by these railways an influx of moral and economical evil to the fixed population of the district. We do not agree with them as to the fact, but we respect the objection. Such persons fear that there will be a rush to the district; that starved artisans will come in crowds to displace the present occupants, or to divide their work; and that over-population, reduced wages, and pauperism, will be the consequence. But almost all the occupations of the region are so peculiar, so remarkably local, that it must be very long before strangers can compete with the old residents. Even the agriculture is modified by the locality; and if it were not, it is for the interest of all that the land should be in good hands; and the qualifications of those who can purchase and undertake to till lands are surely more promising than those of the parties who cannot hold the farms which have come to them as an hereditary possession. As for the other occupations of the region, it is difficult to see how the builders of Ambleside,—so noted in their craft as to be sent for from Liverpool, Manchester, and even London,—can be displaced and thrown out of work by hungry operatives from Manchester or Paisley. The same may be said of the copper and lead miners of Conistone and Borrowdale; the slate and stone quarrymen of Honister Crag, Rydal, and Langdale, and many others. If more labour is wanted and can be maintained, it will gradually flow in, and be trained to its work: and this will be a good

for all parties. But there can be no reasonable fear that trained and skilled local workmen can be excluded or depressed by untrained and unskilled strangers from the manufacturing towns.

As for the fear that the innocent rural population will be morally corrupted by intercourse with people from the towns, we have no apprehension of this, but are disposed to hope rather than fear certain consequences from the increased intercourse of the mountaineers with the people of large towns. We doubt at once the innocence of the one party and the specific corruption of the other. Scarcely anything can be conceived more lifeless, unvaried, and unideal, than the existence of the Dalesmen and their families; and where the intellect is left so idle and unimproved as among them, the sensual vices are sure to prevail. These vices rage in the villages and small towns; and probably no clergyman or Justice of the Peace will be ever heard speaking of the rural innocence of the region,—which is indeed to be found only in works of the imagination. The people have their virtues, many and great: they are kind as neighbours, and hospitable to strangers: their probity in money transactions is very remarkable: they are thrifty and prudent, as far as their knowledge goes, while liberal and genial in their dealings: they are independent in their ways and notions; sometimes shy in manners, but in temper easy and free. Now, while this is the case, and while they dwell among their free mountains, in the birthplace of their country customs, scattered or gathered together where every man of them is wanted, and of value, and where there is room for a good many more, it appears most improbable that they should learn from strangers a trickery, servility,—a mendicant habit of mind, which is altogether inappropriate to their condition of mind and life. It seems improbable, too, that the mendicant class of townsmen—or those who carry within them the mendicant mind—should come hither by railway to reside. If, by the apprehended corruption, a spirit of accumulation and worldliness is meant, it is here already, in a greater degree than in the towns. The clergy declare that their duties are so far different from those of their brethren in cities, that they have to preach against worldliness, instead of having to inculcate foresight and thrift. We speak here in a very general way, as we must when describing a general population anywhere. We may, no doubt, find spendthrift villagers, and intellectual Dalesmen in the region; but we understand the prevalent character of the people to be as we have said.

Thus we have no fear of either moral or economical mischief to the region from the opening of railroads into it. On the contrary, we hope for much good. To begin with the lowest consideration,—we hope for a fuller and cheaper supply of fuel; a matter of no small importance in a region of mists and snows, where rheumatism and consumption are the curse of old and young in mountain dwellings. We hope for the introduction of arts and conveniences which are elsewhere already at the command of men of the same quality as

the residents here. We hope for a quickening of intellect and education of taste, which cannot be more wanted anywhere than they are here. In some of the vales, the inhabitants appear really scarcely able to speak. Their seclusion, and the deadness of their lives, reduce some few of them, though not poor, to the intellectual condition of the lowest specimen of coal-pit or factory training which has been adduced to rouse the sympathies of society. The men have some little stimulus and friction of mind by going to markets, and meeting neighbours when out at work: but the women, who stay at home, seeing scarcely a face for months together, except at an occasional fair, seem hardly able to express themselves by speech. If they have any thoughts, they cannot bring them out. Such as these live in the most retired parts: but even in the villages and little towns, there is among the labouring classes a slowness of mind, and difficulty of utterance, truly surprising to any one conversant with people of the same standing in cities, and certainly not, in his eyes, any token of a condition too good to be improved.

With the rousing of the intellect generally we may hope to see the improvement of taste in particular. The girls dress in a style which is quite gone out elsewhere—at least in the retired parts. In towns, we are disposed to welcome among the poor an ambition to be well dressed, as some little safeguard against squalidness or recklessness. Here, where such safeguards are not wanted, there is something painful, if not ludicrous, in the passion for fine clothes, unregulated by any degree of taste. We were approaching a primitive little country church one morning lately, while its rusty outside bell was clanging to collect the worshippers. Among these was a group of country women, one of whom, a fair girl, was talking very loudly about ball-dresses, slackening her steps as she approached the porch, to finish telling her companions her conjectures as to whether Charles — admired her most in her diamonds or her emeralds. In a humble dwelling, in a retired corner of the district, we saw a curious article hung up at the foot of the bed—a clear muslin frock, which would fit a child of four years old, trimmed with lace and satin ribbons, and stuck over, in the waist and sleeves, with atrocious artificial flowers, red and blue, with a morsel of tinsel in the middle of each bunch. The same want of taste is seen in the household ornaments, as far as their idea of art is concerned, though, when they are not thinking of art, their taste is good enough. One may see in the fire-places in summer-time beautiful bunches of holly, or other green, refreshing the eye, while on the mantel-shelf are scarlet and blue earthenware castles, or the 'Children in the Wood,' lying in ball-dresses, with a lilac and green robin, very like a pelican in shape, covering them with cabbage-leaves. Round the walls are pictures of the 'Resurrection,' or the 'Virgin and Child,' so shocking as to make one look away; or Queen Victoria, on a prancing yellow horse, in a scarlet riding habit, with a fierce plume of blue feathers in her hat. It will be strange if, in a short time, the railway does not bring into the

district those specimens of art, in the shape of cheap casts and prints, which have of late years been a blessing diffused over every other part of the island. Mean-time, we cannot believe that any inhabitant of the valleys would, if seriously asked, say that his happiness has been impaired by the sight of the parties who arrive by steamboat or railway, carrying their provisions, and sitting down in the churchyard, or under the trees of some knoll, to have their minds opened and their hearts softened by a spectacle of beauty which gives them for a time a new existence. The annoyance to residents is not from these; but from those self-called gentry who travelled hither before the railways were opened, and who came for other purposes than to enjoy the natural beauty laid open to all; people who prowl about the residences of the celebrated persons who live here for the sake of quietness, knocking at the door to ask for autographs, staring in at the windows, taking possession of the gardens, thrusting themselves into the houses with complimentary speeches, and then sending to the newspapers an account of all they saw and heard, and much that they merely imagined. If we were to tell what we have seen of the intrusions upon the domestic quiet of the aged poet whose presence is the crowning honour of the district, it would be seen that before railway and steamer were heard of in the neighbourhood of Windermere, all chance of quiet was destroyed for three months of the year, for those whose leisure and whose homes should, in common gratitude, be better respected. The new facilities for access have not as yet increased this evil; for the new class of visitors have better manners than those who could afford to come by other means. Of this new class we would say—let them come; and the more the better! that the more refreshment of spirit may be shed from the fountains of beauty here into the dusty ways of common life in the towns.

We have already described the most remarkable scenery on Windermere, and its immediate neighbourhood. In order to give a detailed account of the remaining objects of interest in the Lake District in the most intellectual and practical form, we will divide them into three portions, which will be treated separately.

It has been observed that, from the sea-coast and level lands which surround the region, the whole rises towards the centre, where the loftiest mountain peaks are found: that is, the ridges on the whole rise, and the valleys deepen, and the summits become more imposing, till, near the centre, Scawfell, Bowfell, Gable, and the Langdale Pikes, tower over all. We propose to divide the region lying round these mountains into three: and the first that we will take shall be that which is bounded by the Duddon, the sea, and Ennerdale. And, as we have not space to review every possible way of traversing the ground, we will suppose the observer to proceed in the best way of all,—on foot, for the most part, with the relief of a country car or a horse on the high-roads in the outskirts.

Perhaps the best way of approaching the Duddon is to descend upon it from Walna Scar, from Coniston.

When the traveller has left the bright and prosperous environs of Coniston behind him, and entered upon the moor, he begins to feel at once the exhilaration of the mountaineer. Behind him lies a wide extent of hilly country, subsiding into the low blue ridges of Lancashire. Below him, he sees when he turns, here and there a reach of the Lake of Coniston,—gray, if his walk be, as it should be, in the morning: gray, and reflecting the dark promontories in a perfect mirror. To the right, as he proceeds, towers the Coniston mountain,—the Old Man; (Cut, p. 78,) and the only traces of human existence that he can perceive are the tracks which wind along and up its slopes,—the paths to the copper-mine,—and a solitary house, looking very desolate among its bare fields and fences. Soon, however, when he has crossed one or two of the grassy undulations of the moor, he comes upon a party of peat-cutters, with their crate, and their white horse, which looks absolutely glittering in the sunlight, amidst the brownness of the ground. The next trace of man that he meets is in a little stone bridge spanning the rushing brown stream, the outlet of the tarn called Goat's Water, which has always water enough to make foam among the stones in its channel, and in winter is a torrent. Before him is a pretty steep ascent, with a well-marked track: and as soon as he begins to pant, and to complain of the heat, a breath of cool air comes to him over the ridge, warning him to turn and bid farewell to the scene behind him before a new one is disclosed.

What a disclosure it is, when he has gone a few steps further! To the right, (the north,) rise the highest summits of the district, Scawfell and Bowfell, with the lower Hardknot interposed between them and the eye. A little further round to the front, (the west,) are the sweeping Screees, behind which Wastwater is hidden. Over the ridges before him lies, with a high horizon line, the sea, blue in the morning light: and his eye discerns, faint and far, the hilly outline of the Isle of Man. All around him are fells, sloping down to the Duddon, and completely inclosing the little circular vale of Seathwaite, into which he is now to descend. These fells are, some of them, and especially the one on which he stands, green and smooth: others are brown with heather; or half-covered with wood; or broken up by gray rocks. Below him he sees,—not the Duddon, for it is hidden in a deep rocky channel,—but the vale so well known through Wordsworth's description of it in his notes to his Duddon Sonnets. Down he goes into it, first by the green track across the fell, and then by a steep stony road, which lands him at last among the farmsteads of the vale, and the gray stone cottages, each overshadowed by its massive sycamores or light birch, and surrounded by its field plots.

Of course, his first inquiry is for the church, and Robert Walker's tomb: and he is told to follow the road above the beck (brook) till he comes to Newfield. The brook is so like a river that he takes it for the Duddon: but the Duddon, though close at hand, is not yet visible; there being still a ridge between its deep channel and the brook. A sweeter walk than this,—



CONISTON OLD MAN.

the two miles from the ridge of Walna Sear to Seathwaite church,—can scarcely be found, nor a more complete contrast than between the wildness of the moor and the rich broken ground of the vale, with its wooded and rocky knolls, its full stream, prosperous homesteads, and fertile fields. When the traveller reaches the church, he finds it little loftier or larger than the houses near. But for the bell, he would hardly have noticed it for a church on approaching: but when he has reached it, there is the porch, and the little graveyard, with a few tombs, and the spreading yew, encircled by the seat of stones and turf, where the early comers sit and rest till the bell calls them in. A little dial, on a whitened post in the middle of the inclosure, tells the time to the neighbours who have no clocks. Just outside the wall is a white cottage, so humble that the stranger thinks it cannot be the parsonage: yet the climbing roses and glittering evergreens, and clear lattices, and pure, uncracked walls, look as if it might be. He walks slowly past the porch, and sees a kind-looking elderly woman, who tells him that it is indeed Robert Walker's dwelling, and invites him in to see the scene of those wondrous charities of sixty-six years. Here it was that the distant parishioners were fed on Sundays with broth, for which the whole week's supply of meat was freely bestowed. Hither it was that, in winter, he sent the benumbed children in companies from the school in the church, to warm themselves at the single household fire, while he sat by the altar during all the school-hours, keeping warmth in him by

the exercise of the spinning-wheel. But the story is too well known for any need to give its particulars here. The stranger sees that there is a school-house now, and admires the healthy looks of the children about the doors. If he stops to speak to them, or examines the gravestone of the pastor, he will probably be accosted by an elderly man, who will ask him his name, and tell him of his own relationship to Robert Walker,—that he is the grandson of Robert Walker's sister. He will tell of the alteration of the times, and how the Wesleyans have opened a chapel at Ulpha, which draws away some of the flock; and that others have ceased to come to church since the attempts to get copper from the neighbouring hills,—the miners drawing away the people to diversion on Sundays. The old stocks are gone, he says; and the new families are different. There used to be from seventy to ninety worshippers in the mornings; and from fifty to seventy in the evenings: and now there are seldom more than seventy.

The traveller will next take his choice whether to follow up the Duddon towards its source, through a tract of broken rocks; or down towards its mouth, through scenery growing more open and fertile, till the river spreads among sands, where it meets the sea; or he will cross it, and proceed over the next ridge into Eskdale.

If he follows the river downwards, he will probably choose to ascend Blackcomb, the solitary mountain which occupies the centre of the peninsular lying between the estuary of the Duddon and the sea. Of this

mountain Wordsworth tells us,* that "its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain." The old history of Nicolson and Burn† tells us, that "here ariseth gradually a very high mountain, called Blackcomb, which, standing near the sea, and having the two level counties of Lancashire and Cheshire on the south-east side thereof, may be plainly discovered on a clear day, from Talk-o'-the-Hill in Staffordshire, near one hundred miles distance. And from the top of Blackcomb one may see several mountains in North Wales, seven English counties, and as many in Scotland, together with the Isle of Man. This mountain, and the ridge of hills which run north-west from thence, are esteemed the best sheep heaths in the country." Here is great temptation to the traveller to ascend this solitary mountain; and we have further the assurance of Colonel Mudge, that when residing on Blackcomb for surveying purposes, he more than once saw Ireland before sunrise. But few visit the mountain, as it lies out of the track of ordinary travel through the district.

The traveller may follow the Duddon a few miles down its channel, and then cross it by the bridge near Ulpha, and proceed past Ulpha into Eskdale; or he may take a shorter and wilder route over the Fell from Seathwaite, dropping down into Eskdale at its most beautiful part. If he takes a guide, or, going alone, is careful to carry a pocket-compass, and not brave a fog, this way is undoubtedly the most desirable. He will cross the Duddon on the Stepping Stones, made memorable by two Sonnets of Wordsworth's, and note well the features of the pass above, which is the finest part of the course of the river; and then, ascending the opposite ravine by the guidance of the brook within it, he will emerge on the hill-side near the farm of Grassgarth. Holding on awhile north-west, over the Fell, now swampy, and now slippery with drought, he will see Eskdale opening before him, and descend to it beside another brook, through hazel copses and fields, to the bridge over the Esk, which he has long seen from above. From Conistoun to Seathwaite church he had walked about six miles; and now four or five more to this bridge; and about five lie between this bridge and the great waterfall, which is the finest object in Eskdale,—Stanley Ghyll, often called, but erroneously, Birker Force by the country people.

If he is tired, he can have a bed at the Woolpack, a wayside house, a mile from the bridge; or he may go on another mile to Bout, a hamlet where he may rest in comfort in the clean humble inn, and enjoy a series of exquisite pictures in the little ravine and on the uplands behind and above the mill. The view of Eskdale here is lovely, and the sea again bounds the view, the little town of Ravenglass lying visible in the

bay where the Irt, the Mite, and the Esk flow into the sea. Perhaps the traveller may be able to engage a shandry here, to spare him some of the fatigue of the next day; or he may be fortunate enough to get a cast in the miller's cart, and lose nothing by having to stop to drop a sack of flour here and there. He may thus see something of the ways and appearance of the farm-houses, and hear the characteristic talk of the residents when exchanging news with the miller. In this case, however, he will appoint his meeting with the cart at the farm-house of Dalegarth, after seeing Stanley Ghyll, which he must on no account omit. This fall has, in itself, much of the character of Ara Force, the celebrated fall on Ulleswater; and the immediate surroundings may perhaps be rivalled by other waterfalls in the district. But the ravine itself is indisputably the finest in the region; and it is scarcely possible to say too much of the view from the Moss-house on the steep, which should certainly be the first point of view. From hence the eye commands the whole ravine, whose sides are feathered with wood from base to ridge. The fall is between two crags,—the one bare, the other crowned with pines; and if the spectator is there in the early morning, there may be a gush of sunlight coming in obliquely, which will give the last finish of beauty to that ultimate point of the view. Throughout the ravine, the young larches, the most modern feature, are so intermingled with the well-grown beech, oak, birch, and hollies, as to gratify the eye, instead of offending it, as they too often do. There is a bridge below, just seen from this height, which will tempt the stranger to find his way down; and there he will meet with two more, by means of which he will reach the fall. Here, among a wilderness of ferns and wild-flowers, he may sit in the cool damp abyss, watching the fall of waters into their clear rock-basin, till his ear is satisfied with their dash and flow, and his eye with the everlasting quiver of the ash-sprays, and swaying of the young birches which hang over from the ledges of the precipice. A path then leads him under the rocks, now on this side of the stream, and now on that, till he emerges from the ravine, and winds his way through the hazel copse to the gate, where the miller's cart may be in waiting.

Then he jogs along a tolerably level road, past homesteads, each overshadowed by its sycamore clump,—that luxury, introduced, we are told, within two hundred years, but now so common as to make one wonder what was in their stead before,—past wayside cisterns, where the waters from the hills are flowing in and out again the whole year round; past fields which expand and brighten as Eskdale opens out towards the sea; past Santon Bridge, where the Irt runs to the bay under an ivy-mantled bridge, through meadows and scattered woods; past Gosforth, a stirring and rising little town, where new dwellings, built of the red stone of the neighbourhood, are rising on every hand; up the hill whence there is a wide view of coast and sea, with the Isle of Man lying afar, so clear at times, when the wind is east, as that the shadows are seen filling the

* Works, (edit. of 1841, vol. ii. p. 189, note.)

† "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," 1777, vol. ii. p. 13.

hollows of its hills; and then down between an avenue of beech, ash, and other trees, to Calder Bridge.

Here the miller's horse naturally turns its head,—for no one better understands its master's business,—to trot back again to Bout; and the traveller is left to order dinner, to be ready for his return from the Abbey. If he wishes for shade and quietness, to prepare mind and body for what he is next to see, he will go down through the inn garden, to the bridge, and perhaps waste an hour in watching the gush of the Calder past the curve of the red rock, and into the brown shadow of the low bridge, beneath which the vivid green ferns wave without ceasing. It is but a mile to the Abbey. Having gone through the village, and past the bare new red Church, he enters upon a scene so quiet, that a monkish feeling steals over him before he catches a sight of the Abbey. Nothing is heard as he passes along the shady road but the stroke of the woodman's axe, or the shock of a falling tree, or the whirr of the bustling magpie, or the pipe of the thrush, unsubdued by the noonday heat. The squirrel, perhaps, hies across the road; and where the sunshine streams in under the tent of a spreading beech, a pair of white butterflies may chase each other with a dancing flight round its trunk up into the lucent green shadow; but no rude sounds or sights mar the repose sacred in his mind to the old Cistercians who trod these ways in peace while all the world besides was at war.

At the end of a mile he looks about for the ruins,—on his right hand. He sees a tempting avenue, and thinks he will try it; so he ventures upon opening the gate, and advances under the chestnuts, limes, and beeches, till he perceives somewhat under their sweeping branches which shows him that he is right. The greensward at the outlet is so bright as to have the effect of a gleam of mild sunshine, even on a shady day or after sunset; and, springing clear from this sward, rise to the left the lofty pointed arches of the old ruin, in noble proportions, disclosing beyond a long perspective of grassy lawn and sombre woods. The Abbey is built of the red sandstone of the neighbourhood, now sobered down by time (it was founded in A. D. 1134) into the richest and softest tint that the eye could desire. But little is known of it beyond its date and the name of its founder, Ranulph, son of the first Ranulph Meschines, a Norman noble. The Church was small, as the scanty remains show; and the Monastery, which now looks like a continuation of the same building, could not have contained a numerous company. From the fragments of effigies preserved, it appears that some eminent persons were buried here; but who these knights and nobles were, there is no record available to tell, carefully as these memorials were wrought to secure the immortality of earth.

The eye is first fixed by the remains of the tower, from whose roofless summit dangles the tufted ivy, and whose base is embossed by the small lilac blossoms of the antirrhinum; but at last the great charm is found in the aisle of clustered pillars. Almost the whole aisle is standing, still connected by the cornice and

wall which supported the roof. Luxuriant honeysuckle and ivy load these remains with verdure and luscious bloom, climbing up till they grow down again on the other side. The traveller will wander in and out among these pillars, and into the sombre corner where the tall ash grows over towards the old tower wall, making a sort of tent in the recess; he will look into every niche and damp cell in the conventual apartments, and go down to the red and tufted and broken river-banks, and watch its stream leaping and rushing along in its deep channel, under the over-arching trees, and he will say to himself, how well the old monks knew how to choose their dwelling-places, and what it must have been to the earnest and pious among these Cistercians to pace their river-bank, hidden in the shade, and to attune their thoughts to the unceasing music of the Calder flowing by. After all, it is a pity not to contemplate this place in the evening. It is a fine thing to see the shadows flung upon the sward, sharp in the broad sunshine, and to have the eye caught by the burnish of the ivy, and the sense soothed by the shade of the avenue: but the scene is sweeter when there is just glow enough in the west to bring out vividly the projections and recesses of the ruins; and when the golden moon hangs over the eastern mass of tree-tops, ready to give her light as the glow dissolves; and when the rooks are winging their way to settle for the night in the nearest wood.

Calder Abbey is on the estate of Captain Irwin, whose house, a plain substantial dwelling, stands rather too near the ruins. As he did not build it, this is no fault of his; and he does what he can in carefully preserving the Abbey, and permitting the freest access to it.

From Calder Bridge the traveller should take a car to Ennerdale Bridge, or the Boat-house, a public-house at the foot of Ennerdale Water, where he may usually find accommodation for the night. Few visitors come to this lake, because it is not easily accessible, except to pedestrians, from any quarter but the west. It is, however, well worth a visit from the independent walker, who can find his way out again over the eastern fells.

Let the proudest and most independent traveller, however, not be too proud and independent to take a guide in wild and unknown places. When he studies his map, and sees a track marked straight from one point to another, he cannot conceive of any danger; and he throws on his knapsack, takes his stick, and, with a compass in his pocket, does not doubt that he may defy all the misleading powers of heaven and earth. But, once out of reach of human help, he may find his case not so plain as he thought. Instead of one path, as marked on his map, he may find three. and perhaps the one on his map may have disappeared in a swamp, or under recent accidents. He finds himself on the edge of a precipice, and does not know how far to go back. He finds the bog deepen, and thinks he can scarcely be in the right road. He finds a landslip, which compels him to make a wide circuit; and

meantime it is growing dusk. Worst of all, a fog may come on at any moment; and there is an end of all security to one who does not know the little wayside marks which guide the shepherd in such a case. In every part of the region, tales are current of the loss of life, under such circumstances, even of natives. Besides the accidents by snow, there are records of some in almost every dale, of death by fog, wet, fatigue, or fall, where the lost were much fitter for mountain expeditions than any stranger can be.

In every direction from the foot of Ennerdale Water, except the roads behind him, the traveller will have to cross mountain or moor,—either immediately, or when the road becomes a mere track beyond the head of the lake; and he should inquire for a guide at once, or learn the probability of his obtaining one at his point of entrance upon the Fell. We could hardly give a better warning on this head than by telling what befel us in this very neighbourhood. We proposed, a party of three, to cross Blake Fell to Scale Hill, by a track distinctly marked in the map, and which, according to it and the Guide-book, would be more difficult to miss than to find. But meeting with uniform answers from all of whom we inquired along the previous road, as to the difficulty to strangers of finding the path over the Fell, if any adverse circumstances should occur, we stopped at the Boat House to inquire for a guide. It was long doubtful whether we could procure one; and while the search was making, we lay on the shingle on the margin of the lake, rather perplexed as to our course if no guide could be had. The waters grew grayer and rougher while we waited; but we thought no more of this than that the wind would be refreshing during the ascent; and the heat that day was intense. Soon, the messenger returned with the news that a guide would await us at the distance of a few fields; and when we met him, we found that the walk was not more than six miles;—a mere trifle on an afternoon of tolerable coolness: so we considered our affairs comfortably settled, and set off up the Fell, all in good spirits and security. The heat was still very great; so we took our time, and lagged behind the guide, though he carried our knapsacks. He was a quiet-looking, elderly mountaineer, who appeared to walk very slowly; but his progress was great compared with ours, from the uniformity and continuity of his pace. In the worst part of our transit, I tried the effect of following close behind him, and putting my feet into his footsteps; and I was surprised to find with what ease and rapidity I got on.

At first, we stopped frequently, to sit down and drink from the streams that crossed the track, or flowed beside it: and during these halts we observed that the blackness which had for some time been appearing in the west, now completely shrouded the sea. Next, we remarked that while the wind still blew in our faces,—that is, from the north-east,—the mass of western clouds was evidently climbing the sky. The guide quietly observed that there would be rain by-and-by. Next, when we were in the middle of the wide Fell, and we

saw how puzzled we should have been to find a path while winding among the swampy places, even in the calmest weather, we pointed out to one another how the light fleeces of cloud below the black mass swept round in a circle, following each other like straws in an eddy. Soon, the dark mass came driving up at such a rate that it was clear we should not achieve our transit in good weather. The dense mist was presently upon us. On looking behind, to watch its rate of advance, I saw a few flashes of lightning burst from it. The thunder had for some time been growling afar, almost incessantly. The moment before the explosion of the storm was more like a dream than perhaps any actual experience I ever had. We were walking on wild ground, now ascending, now descending, a deep Tarn (Floutern Tarn) on our right hand, our feet treading on slippery rushes, or still more slippery grass: the air was dark as during an eclipse; and heavy mists drove past from behind, just at the level of our heads, and sinking every moment; while before us, and far, far below us—down as in a different world lay Buttermere, and the neighbouring vales, sleeping in the calmest sunshine. The contrast of that warm picture, with its yellow lights and soft blue shadows, with the turbulence, and chill, and gloom of the station from which we viewed it, made me feel this the newest scene I had witnessed for many a year. I had but a moment to look at it; for not only did the clouds close down before my eyes, but the wind scudded round to the opposite point of the compass, throwing me flat as it passed. Within a few minutes, I had several falls, from the force of the wind and the treachery of the ground,—now, in a trice, a medley of small streams. It was impossible to stop the guide, much as I wanted to ask him to look back now and then, to see to the safety of my companions in the rear. In the roar of the blast, and the crash of the thunder, and the pelt of the hail, I might as well hope to make the elements hear. So it was necessary to keep up my pace, that he might not stride away from us entirely; my companions making a similar effort to keep up with me. Through stumblings and slidings innumerable, they did this,—the lightning playing about our faces the while, like a will-o'-the-wisp on the face of a bog. The hail and rain had drenched us to the skin in three minutes. The first hailstones penetrated to the skin. They were driven in at every opening of our clothes; they cut our necks behind, and filled our shoes. Our hats were immediately soaked through, and our hair wringing wet. The thunder seemed to roll on our very skulls. In this weather we went plunging on for four miles, through spongy bogs, turbid streams, whose bridges of stones were covered by the rushing waters, or by narrow pathways, each one of which was converted by the storm into an impetuous brook. When we had descended into a region where we could hear ourselves speak, we congratulated one another on our prudence in having engaged a guide. Without him, how should we have known the path from the brook, or have guessed where we might ford the streams, whose bridges were out of sight? Two horses, we afterwards



ENNERDALE WATER.

heard, were killed on the Fell in that storm: and we should never have come down, we were persuaded, if we had been left to wander by ourselves. Even in the clearest and safest weather, it is well worth one's five shillings to be free from the responsibility of finding the way,—free of one's knapsack,—free to deliver up one's attention to the enjoyment of the distant scenery, and of the characteristic communications of the guide.

Not far from hence, an inexperienced tourist passed a day rather curiously, in the autumn of 1842, from starting without a guide from Wastdale Head over the Fell to Buttermere. "After wandering about for some time, he missed the road, and, instead of getting into Buttermere by the pass of Scarf Gap, he took the deep ravine between Kirkfell and the Gable, and arrived (without finding out his mistake) at the precise point from which he had started, having made a circuit of many miles."* That is, he spent his energies in walking completely round the same mountain.

The chief danger in such adventures on the Fells is from the bodily exhaustion caused by conflict with the elements in such exposed places. I have encountered a wind at the top of a pass which blew so continuously, as well as vehemently, that I am persuaded I could not have lived half an hour, if exposed without shelter, or possibility of retreat. One is astonished at the effect, after the first minute, of a continuous wind too strong to stand in: and, after the second, exhaustion begins;

* A Complete Guide to the Lakes (1843), p. 59.

and a minute or two more brings a feeling of some alarm. Floods of rain are rather exhilarating in warm weather, at mid-day; but the number of victims to heavy rain in this district shows what it must be to encounter it in cold weather, and after too much fatigue. Three men, residents of Kentmere and Staveley, were lost in places quite familiar to them, a few seasons ago. A stout woodman and his son, and a tailor of their acquaintance, went up towards High Street to fish, in late autumn: they were so worn out and drenched with heavy rain on their return, that they died in the descent. From the situation of the bodies the relatives were persuaded that the strong woodman might have escaped, but that he would not leave his boy and less hardy comrade. It is a fearful mistake in pedestrian tourists to underrate the force of storms upon the Fells.

A little beyond Calder Bridge, the road to Ennerdale turns up to the right from the main road to Egremont and Whitehaven. It passes over bare fells, where the heat is excessive on a sultry day: but the views are fine, of the coast and sea as far as the headland of St. Bees. Below lies the little town of Egremont, of Norman name (the Mount of Sorrow), and distinguished by Norman traditions. It was at the gateway of Egremont Castle that the horn was hung, in crusading days, which was twice blown by the gallant Sir Eustace de Lucy. As the Cumberlanders tell, Sir Eustace and his brother Hubert rode forth together to the Holy Wars; and Sir Eustace blew the horn, saying to his brother, "If I fall

in Palestine, do thou return and blow this horn, and take possession; that Egremont may not be without a Lucy for its lord." In Palestine, ambition of this lordship so took possession of Hubert, that he hired ruffians to drown his brother in the Jordan: and the ruffians assured him that the deed was done. He returned home, and stole into the castle by night, not daring to sound the horn. But he soon plucked up spirit, and drowned his remorse in revels. In the midst of a banquet, one day, the horn was heard, sounding such a blast that the echoes came back from the fells, after startling the red deer from his covert, and the wild boar from his drinking at the tarn. Hubert knew that none but Eustace could or would so sound the horn: and he fled by a postern while Sir Eustace entered by the gate. Long after the wretched Hubert came to ask forgiveness from his brother; and, having obtained it, retired to a convent, where he practised penance till he died. The ruins of this castle stand on an eminence to the west of the town, which, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, is now commonplace enough.

The road passes under the hill Revelin (another Norman name), and approaches Ennerdale Water at its finest end. (Cut, p. 82.) The lake is two miles and a half long; and at this lower end the mountains come down abruptly to the water. The traveller must take the road along its northern shore, as there is no room for a path on the southern; and pursue his way to the head of the lake, having the fine summits of the Pillar and Kirkfell before him as he goes. When he has left the lake behind him, he follows still the northern bank of the little river Liza, which flows into it, for a mile and a half, till he comes to the farm-house in Gillerthwaite, where he is to inquire for a guide. The guide will lead him on beside the stream, not crossing it till near its source, when they will turn to the right, up Blackrill, in search of the brook, which will show them the way down to Wastdale Head. The distinguishing features of this walk are the two great mountains, the isolated Pillar on the right, rising to the height of 2893 feet, and its craggy and precipitous sides forbidding the thought of ascent; and Kirkfell, round whose base the "inexperienced tourist" took his long day's walk. The ascent of this pass is steep and rocky; and its ridge is so narrow, that from it may be seen, by only turning the head, the vale from which the traveller has mounted, and that into which he is about to descend; that is, behind him, Gillerthwaite, with its circular green level, dropped over with wood, its farm-house, and stream, and lake outlet; and, before him, Mosedale, the wild valley which winds away between Kirkfell and Yewbarrow, and discloses in front the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell—the rallying point of our winding exposition. Even here, with these landmarks in sight, travellers have missed the way to Wastdale Head. Some years ago, three young ladies, coming from Buttermere, dismissed their guide at this point, having taken his directions how to proceed. They had five or six hours of daylight before them; but they wandered about till daylight again

before they saw a house. They got to the left of a beck instead of the right, became bewildered, and did not reach the valley till three in the morning.

Wastdale Head is better known, year by year; and every one who has visited it will send others to enjoy its glorious beauty. It is one of those perfect levels, shut in by lake and mountains, which give a different impression from any other kind of scenery in the world. The mountain passes themselves are so high as to leave no appearance of outlet except by the lake; and of these passes there are but two—the one we are describing, and that over Sty Head, which, seen from any point, looks prodigiously steep, as indeed it is, though we have seen the impressions of horse-shoes upon it. The green and perfect level, to which the mountains come down with a sheer sweep, is partly divided off into fields, the stone fences of which are provided with that primitive sort of stile—stones projecting in oblique order. A few farm-houses are set down among these fields, here and there, on the bends of the rushing and gurgling stream. In its own separate enclosure is the chapel—the humblest of chapels,—with its three windows, one at each side, and one at the east end, and its skylight over the pulpit, and its eight pews. There is now a school. A chapel and a school, and no public-house or inn! Long may it be so! A lady who lived some time in this nook took an interest in the children; and, finding that twenty might be mustered, she offered a guinea a year towards a school. Two gentlemen, who made this their headquarters for nine nights, while exploring the mountains, left a little money for the same purpose. The inhabitants entertain a schoolmaster on "whittle gate"* terms—i. e., he boards at the farm-houses in turn; and an old man told us the other day that the plan prospers. "He gets them on very well," says the old man; "and particularly in the spelling. He thinks that if they can spell, they can do all the rest." We certainly wished, here and elsewhere—indeed, almost throughout the region—that good spelling would ensure personal cleanliness. The children certainly do not get on in that, however they may prosper with their spelling. The schoolmaster may think that this is not included in his province; but perhaps, if he and the clergyman were to insist, patiently and seriously, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," they might work a reform in the next generation. The dwellings are, in some respects, a pattern of neatness in the rural districts. The beds are perfectly luxurious in this respect. You might eat your dinner off the slate floor or the deal table; and pots and pans make a shining array; but it is best for one's own comfort, in certain of the dales, not to look at the children's hair, or the babies' faces, or anybody's skin or teeth. This must be from ignorance; for these same people are living in the midst of plenty. There are places where they employ a dancing-master for several weeks of the year, and dress gaudily in the dancing season. They attend fairs in good style, and

* This term describes the guest as putting in his whittle (his knife) among the provisions of the family.



GRANGE, BUTTERMERE.

support a schoolmaster, and fee the clergyman. Is it not possible to educate them up to a decent point of personal cleanliness? If parents fail to train their children to it, and the example of good habits here and there does not spread, is it not the business of the pastor and the teacher to take the matter in hand? It is time it was done.

As we have said, there is no inn at Wastdale Head. Within the memory of the existing generation a stranger was a very rare sight. The Tysons, who dwelt in the dale head half a century ago, used to open their doors to any one who dropped down from the passes, as a mere matter of necessity, as any one would house a traveller coming in from among the snows. At any hour of the day or night, Tyson would welcome such a wanderer to the family accommodations, and then guide him on his way out. But such chance wayfarers told of the beauty of the nook; and others came. Of late years there have been so many that Ritson the younger and his wife, who now occupy the dwelling-house, have increased its accommodations; so that they can lodge and board, in homely comfort, several guests. And very comfortable the place is, with its nice beds, good bread, eggs, potatoes, cheese, bacon and tea, and the kindness and goodwill of host and hostess.

Is there any traveller who needs a warning to be careful not to get any hospitable mountaineer into trouble about Excise matters? It is painful to think—but necessary to tell—how the generous hospitality of the dalesmen has occasionally been abused for the advantage of Excise informers. In a farm-house in Langdale the owner has been three times fined for furnishing a draught of beer to a thirsty traveller, who pressed for it, and afterwards laid down money, including the beer in the payment for the bread and cheese, thus bringing the case within the reach of the law; so that the farmer now, fearing the kind feelings of his own family in his absence, keeps no beer for his own drinking. Here and there, a resident who, living in comfort, has yet but little to do with money, has been heavily and long oppressed by the imposition of a fine and costs, for permitting a stranger to hire his horse and cart. The simple-minded people were long in

learning the ways of the law, in its interference with their hospitality to wayfarers: and even those who understand the case, and are on their guard, have sometimes been cruelly used, as an adventure of John Ritson's may show.

One evening, in a time of bad weather, when both father and son were absent, a party arrived from one of the passes, apparently much exhausted, and asked hospitality of John Ritson's wife. She did her best to make them comfortable; but, cautioned by her husband, she declined to supply any but the most indubitable articles of refreshment: and this, though she never makes any charge, but takes what her guests think proper to give. The fellow who came to entrap her—no traveller, but an informer by trade—complained movingly of fatigue and exhaustion, and implored her to let him have a little whiskey. She long refused, saying that she did not supply it; but he so appealed to her compassion, that at last she told him there was some in the cupboard, and he might help himself. When going away, he asked what there was to pay. She answered—"Nothing for the whiskey; for the rest, what he pleased." He made out that it would be, without the whiskey, so much: and he should lay down so much more: would that do? She replied, "If he pleased;" and set them forth on their way. Such was the transaction which the wretch went straight to report, and which he so reported as that John Ritson was fined twenty pounds, and charged with the costs—a heavy sum to a dalesman, who lives almost entirely on the produce of his farm, and is far out of the way of towns and markets. One such case should be a sufficient warning to a traveller not to ask for any exciseable articles in private dwellings in these dales; lest one infringement of the law should tempt to a repetition of an act considered innocent and merely hospitable, and the informer find his way in at last.

If the traveller means to ascend Scawfell the next day, he should see Wastwater this evening, which he can very well do after his moderate walk from the Ennerdale Boat House. This is not the best way of seeing Wastwater, which should be approached from



SCAWFELL, OVER WASTWATER.

the other end: but he cannot have everything at the very best here, any more than in other passages of human life: and he may yet see Wastwater in the best way, if he will walk four miles from Ritson's without looking behind him. Then he will have the glory of the scene on his return; and there is quite enough for him to enjoy on his way down, in the spectacle of the Screes, with the still and gray lake lying at the base—quite up to the base—of their prodigious sweep. The Screes form the south-eastern shore of the lake, which is three miles and a half long. The line of this singular range is almost unbroken. The crest consists of crags, bare of vegetation, except where a mere tuft or drip of ferns sprouts out at long intervals. At about a third of the way down, these crags are hidden by a slope of *débris*, slanting into the lake. This expanse of rotten stone and red gravel, streaked with the colours found

where iron is present, is so loose that it is believed not even a goat could climb it. No man ever attempts it: so there it lies from year to year, untouched but by the forces of Nature. The summer thunderstorm and the winter tempest sometimes shiver the loosely-compacted crags above: and then, when a mass comes thundering down, and splashes into the lake, the whole range feels the shock, and slides of stones rush into the waters, and clouds of dust rise into the air. The accessible side of the lake affords a charming walk—the road winds so easily among the promontories and bays.

At the end of his four miles, the traveller may turn his head; and then he will see reason for this being called the most sublime of the lakes. We have seen it in the sunny morning, and in the calm gray evening, when a pearly light lay upon the waters; and again

when heavy black clouds gathered about the stern mountain summits; and we have found it truly imposing under every aspect.

As he returns, the traveller will see as noble a group of mountains closing in Wastdale, as he can look upon from any one spot of the district. Carrying his eyes along from the Series opposite, he sees next them the great Seawfell summits, which he hopes to reach to-morrow. Great End peeps over the ridge of Lingmell: and Lingmell (the lower slope of Seawfell), projects boldly into the dale, at the head of the lake. Great Gable closes in the whole pass. Next to it Yewbarrow advances towards him on his own side; and nearer, Middlefell; and he is standing under Buckbarrow. All these giant hills seem to grow, and deepen and darken as he advances among them, till he arrives at the rich green levels of the dale, and rejoices that they now fill the area which was once evidently occupied by the waters of the still retreating lake.

If it be still daylight, he had better go to bed notwithstanding: for he cannot be too early astir in the morning. John Ritson will get him up Seawfell in time to see the sun rise, if he wishes it. When we made the attempt (in which we were baffled) we rose at two, when the summer dawn was near breaking; and the walk up the dale towards Pease Ghyll was delicious, with the clear light brightening over Great End, and the fragment of a moon hanging over Seawfell. After half an hour's walk, we began to climb; and were soon gratified by fine glimpses into the abyss of Pease Ghyll, which gaped below us on the right, a rocky chasm, into and through which rushed a stream from the heights. Here, however, it became evident to us how great was our misfortune in John Ritson's having been absent on our arrival. Our guide, a very old man, was uncertain and changeable about the way by which he should take us; and he appeared far from strong enough to attempt an ascent so formidable, among precipitous rocks, loose stones, and slippery turf: so we were compelled to change our plan. We made him lead us over the lower ridges to Esk Hause, on our way to Langdale, by Sty Head and Sprinkling Tarns—a glorious mountain walk enough to those whose heads are not full of ambition to look abroad from the Pikes.

The best way to begin the ascent, for those who do not think the sight of Pease Ghyll worth the additional toil, is up Lingmell, which may be reached either by boat up the lake, or from Ritson's house. The distance from the base of Lingmell to the summit of Seawfell is about three miles; and the most active order of climbers may achieve the ascent in an hour and a half. But it is better to pause on the ridge of Lingmell, to see the glorious view there. There is always sufficient uncertainty about the weather, to the last instant, in a climate like ours, to make it wise to obtain what can be had in the course of an ascent to a very elevated peak like that of Seawfell, where a rapid congregation of vapours may shut out every object from the longing eye, at the instant of its greatest expecta-

tion. From this ridge, a sweeping course, over slopes, now of stones, and now of that species of moss which is the food of the reindeer, leads the traveller to the summit, and places him on the loftiest point in England, at a height of 3160 feet above the sea. The lower Pike, long supposed to be the loftiest of the two, is 3100 feet above the sea, and stands about 250 yards south-east of its companion, being separated from it by the remarkable chasm called Mickledore (Great Door).

Of the view from the summit we have the best account that could be desired in a letter from a friend of Mr. Wordsworth's, which is found in Mr. W.'s Guide to the Lakes: "On the summit of the Pike," says the writer, "which we gained after much toil, though without difficulty, there was not a breath of air to stir even the papers containing our refreshment, as they lay spread out upon a rock. The stillness seemed to be not of this world: we paused, and kept silence to listen, and no sound could be heard: the Seawfell cataracts were voiceless to us; and there was not an insect to hum in the air. The vales which we had seen from Esk Hause lay yet in view; and, side by side with Eskdale, we now saw the sister Vale of Donnerdale terminated by the Duddon sands. But the majesty of the mountains below, and close to us, is not to be conceived. We now beheld the whole mass of Great Gable from its base—the Den of Wastdale at our feet—a gulf immeasurable; Grasmoor, and the other mountains of Crummock; Ennerdale and its mountains; and the sea beyond! We sat down to our repast, and gladly would we have tempered our beverage (for there was no well or spring near us), with such a supply of delicious water as we might have procured, had we been on the rival summit of Great Gable; for on its highest point is a small triangular receptacle in the native rock, which, the shepherds say, is never dry. There we might have slaked our thirst plentifully with a pure and celestial liquid; for the cup or basin, it appears, has no other feeder than the dews of heaven, the showers, the vapours, the hoar frost, and the spotless snow. While we were gazing around, 'Look,' I exclaimed, 'at yon ship upon the glittering sea!' 'Is it a ship?' replied our shepherd guide. 'It can be nothing else,' interposed my companion. 'I cannot be mistaken; I am so accustomed to the appearance of ships at sea.' The guide dropped the argument; but, before a minute was gone, he quietly said, 'Now look at your ship—it is changed into a horse!' So it was; a horse with a gallant neck and head. We laughed heartily; and I hope, when again inclined to be positive, I may remember the ship and the horse upon the glittering sea; and the calm confidence, yet submissiveness, of our wise man of the mountains, who certainly had more knowledge of the clouds than we, whatever might be our knowledge of ships.

"I know not how long we might have remained on the summit of the Pike, without a thought of moving, had not our guide warned us that we must not linger: for a storm was coming. We looked in vain to espy

the signs of it. Mountains, vales, and sea were touched with the clear light of the sun. 'It is there,' said he pointing to the sea beyond Whitehaven; and there we perceived a light vapour, unnoticeable but by a shepherd accustomed to watch all mountain bodings. We gazed around again, and yet again, unwilling to lose the remembrance of what lay before us in that mountain solitude; and then prepared to depart. Meanwhile the air changed to cold, and we saw that tiny vapour swelled into mighty masses of cloud, which came boiling over the mountains. Great Gable, Helvellyn, and Skiddaw were wrapped in storm; yet Langdale, and the mountains in that quarter, remained all bright in sunshine. Soon the storm reached us; we sheltered under a crag; and, almost as rapidly as it had come, it passed away, and left us free to observe the struggles of gloom and sunshine in other quarters. Langdale now had its share, and the Pikes of Langdale were decorated by two splendid rainbows. Skiddaw, also, had his own rainbows. Before we again reached Esk Hause, every cloud had vanished from every summit. I ought to have mentioned, that round the top of Seawfell Pike not a blade of grass is to be seen. Cushions or tufts of moss, parched and brown, appear between the huge blocks and stones, that lie in heaps on all sides to a great distance, like skeletons or bones of the earth not needed at the creation, and there left to be covered with never-dying lichens, which the clouds and dews nourish; and adorned with colours of vivid and exquisite beauty. Flowers, the most brilliant feathers, and even gums, scarcely surpass in colouring some of those masses of stone which no human eye beholds, except the shepherd or traveller be led thither by curiosity; and how seldom must this happen! For the other eminence is the one visited by the adventurous stranger; and the shepherd has no inducement to ascend the Pike in quest of his sheep; no food being *there* to tempt them. We certainly were singularly favoured in the weather; for when we were seated on the summit, our conductor, turning his eyes thoughtfully round, said, 'I do not know that in my whole life, I was ever, at any season of the year, so high upon the mountains on so *caba* a day.' (It was the 7th of October.)"

From other visitors we learn that Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, and now and then the Welsh mountains, are visible from this summit.

Our traveller, about to conclude his circuit by descending upon the Duddon, must now make his way down first to Esk Hause, a central ridge, which commands, to singular advantage, a number of the leading valleys of the district, and sends down its first waters to the Esk. On the same morning, that 7th of October, the letter-writer above quoted saw it thus:—"... Three distinct views. On one side, the continuous vale of Borrowdale, Keswick, and Bassenthwaite, with Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Saddleback, and numerous other mountains, and, in the distance, the Solway Frith, and the mountains of Scotland; on the other side, and below us, the Langdale Pikes, their own vale below

them; Windermere; and far beyond Windermere, Ingleborough, in Yorkshire. But how shall I speak of the deliciousness of the third prospect! At this time, *that* was most favoured by sunshine and shade. The green vale of Esk, deep and green, with its glittering serpent-stream, lay below us; and on we looked to the mountains near the sea,—Blackcomb pre-eminent,—and still beyond, to the sea itself, in dazzling brightness. Turning round, we saw the mountains of Wastdale in tumult; to our right, Great Gable,—the loftiest; a distinct and huge form, though the middle of the mountain was, to our eyes, as its base." When we were on Esk Hause, the spectacle of these three lines of landscape was remarkable. Towards Keswick the atmosphere was thick, just to the degree that gave a visionary character to the long perspective. The lake of Derwent Water was hardly distinguishable from its shores, so that the wooded islands and the town of Keswick lay as if in air, still and unsubstantial. In the direction of Eskdale all was bright and glittering; while from Langdale and the head of Borrowdale the white mists came tumbling out towards us, as if to stifle us; and nothing could be seen except at intervals, when a whiff of wind disclosed long sweeps of the sides of the valleys, and stretches of the streams and fields below. It is these changes that give a singular charm to this mountain district. The residents of the valleys, in their occasional ascent to these heights, never see the scene twice alike; the great landmarks themselves being scarcely recognizable but by their forms.

From this ridge the traveller may descend upon the Esk and the Duddon, whose sources lie near each other; and thus is completed the traverse of our first division. We now proceed to a survey of one of the most primitive valleys of the district,—lapped in by mountains; it is reached by a descent from this mountain nucleus into the head of Borrowdale. The head of Borrowdale is forked, by the mountain Glaramara being set down in the midst. We will descend into the western vale, that of Seathwaite; and end our circuit by ascending the eastern, that of Stone-thwaite.

Borrowdale was anciently called Boredale, "having its name probably from the wild boars which used in former times to haunt the woody part of Wastdale forest; the hill above it being called Styhead, where the swine were wont to feed in the summer, and fall down in autumn into this dale, where they fed upon nuts and acorns. Here are large flocks of sheep; and anciently were mines of lead and copper. Here also, in a very high and perpendicular rock called Eagle Crag, is every year an eyrie or nest of eagles." So says the old history.*

We have to pass down by Styhead; but we shall find no swine there, summer or winter. No creature now comes to drink at the tarn, the little clear rippling lake, where the mountaineer throws himself down to rest on the brink, when heated by the ascent from the

* "History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland," ii. p. 69. Nicolson and Burn.

vales. He has found everything sunny and dry, perhaps; but here he sees, by the minute diamond drops resting thick on the grass, that a cloud has lately stooped from its course, and refreshed the verdure in this retreat. It looks very tempting, this bright sheet of water; but no creature now comes to drink, unless a sheep may have strayed far from the flock, and in its terror may yet venture to stoop to the water, with many a start and interval of listening, till, at the faint sound of the distant sheep-dog, it bounds away. Some persons have laughed at the expression, in a grave poem, of the "solemn bleat" of

"a lamb left somewhere to itself,
The plaintive spirit of the solitude."

But such persons cannot have met a stray sheep high on the mountains. Their associations are of market-day in a town, or of droves of cattle in a dusty road. If they had ever felt the profound stillness of the higher Fells, and heard it broken by a single bleat, repeated and not answered, they would be aware that there is as much solemnity as plaintiveness in the sound. It is a sport of ours in such places to answer the bleat, when we are going in such a direction as not to mislead the wanderer. Sometimes we have thus gained the confidence of a single lamb: sometimes we have gradually attracted a considerable number, beguiled them on for a space, and then left them wondering.

On proceeding down the pass, we see no prospect below of "nuts and acorns" enough to feed swine in their own dale. There are crags on every hand where eagles might build, and where they have built often enough to deprive us of the lark and other singing birds, which have thus been driven from the narrow vales which assuredly they would otherwise haunt. When the angler leaves his home in the dale, in the early morning, he may not hope to see the lark spring from the furrow, and soar above the shadows of the hills; nor will any other songster amuse his ear but such as lie deep within the covert of the wood: but when he is approaching the Tarn, high up on the mountain, and pauses to watch the herons at their fishing, and the wild ducks on the brink, before he frightens them away, he witnesses a sudden alarm, before there can possibly be any notice of his intentions; and then he knows where to look for the cause of all the scudding, and flapping, and screaming. He looks up, and sees no longer the sailing eagle, descending at every circuit, with a louder rush of wings, and casting a broader shadow, till it has swooped upon its victim, and is gone; but, now the eagle has departed, the meaner buzzard, pouncing from stone or tree, or heavily rising from its nest upon the moor: or the more active hawk, which scares away the water-fowl no less surely than the noble bird, which is now rarely, if ever, seen. The shadow of the latter has, we know, fallen upon this Styhead tarn; for the eagles, disturbed on their own crag at the lower end of Borrowdale, established themselves first on a rock in Seathwaite, and

afterwards flew over the ridge into Eskdale. The disturbance was, of course, from the shepherds, who lost so many lambs as to be driven desperate against the birds. There was no footing on the crag by which the nest could be reached, so a man was lowered by a rope sixty yards down the precipice: he carried his mountain-staff with him, its spiked end being the best weapon against the birds. He did not expect to kill the old ones; but, year after year, the eggs or the young were taken. If he brought away the young alive, he had the birds for his pains; if the eggs, every neighbouring shepherd gave five shillings for every egg. It is said that no more than two eggs were ever found at one time. The nest was made of twigs, and lined with a sort of grass from the clefts of the rock. When the fowler failed, and eaglets were reared, they were led away, as soon as strong enough, by the parent birds,—no doubt to settle in some other spot,—and the parents returned without them. One of this pair was shot at by the master of a sheep-dog which had been actually carried some way into the air by it, escaping only by its flesh giving way: the shot took effect, but the eagle disappeared for a time. About a week after, it was found lying on the grass on the uplands at Seatoller, nearly starved: its bill had been split by the shot, and the tongue was set fast in the cleft; it could not make much resistance, and was carried home captive. But when relieved and restored, it became so violent, that it was necessarily killed. Its mate brought a successor from a distance; a much smaller bird, and of a different species. They built, however, for fourteen more years in Borrowdale, before they flew over to Eskdale. They were not long left in peace there; and when the larger bird was at length shot, his mate disappeared entirely. Such devastation as was caused by these birds is not heard of now; but while there are crags aloft and lambs in the vales, there will be more or fewer, nobler or meaner, birds of prey. We are unable to ascertain positively, amidst conflicting testimony, whether any eagles at all remain in the region. It appears that one has certainly been seen within a few years; and almost every season there is a rumour of one having visited some point or another; but, on the whole, we find that the preponderance of belief is against there being any eagles' nest among the mountains of Westmoreland or Cumberland.

When the traveller has reached the stream, and crossed the bridge, he may begin to look for the Wad (black-lead) mine on the hill-side to his left. It is high up; but the heaps of rubbish still point it out to him plainly enough. In the clay-slate of this mountain is a bed of greenstone rock; and "nests" or "sops" or "bellies" of black-lead are found in the greenstone. The plum-bago is the finest ever discovered; and from it the famous lead pencils are made which are used everywhere by sketchers. But there is great uncertainty about finding it: at one time a mass of it was discovered lying along like a mighty tree, the thicker part being of the finest quality, and the ramifications of a poorer, till, at the extremities, it was not worthy even to clear

stoves. At other times, the searchers have been altogether at fault, for a long time together: and the works have occasionally been closed from this cause. There was a time when the value of this plumbago was so little known that the shepherds used it freely to mark their sheep: and next, the proprietors were obtaining from thirty to forty shillings a pound for the lead of one single "sop," which yielded upwards of twenty-eight tons. At that time houses were built at the entrance, where the workmen were obliged to change their clothes, under inspection, lest they should be tempted to carry away any of the precious stuff in their pockets. We believe the mine is at present in one of its turns of adversity; but, under the enterprising spirit of our times, probably some new "sop" will be hit upon before long, which will pay for the locking up of capital meanwhile.

Under the mine, and a little onward, amidst the copse-wood, are the dark tops of the Borrowdale yews to be seen, the "fraternal four," which, as Wordsworth tells us, form "one solemn and capacious grove." The size attained by the yew in this district is astonishing. One which for many years lay prostrate at the other end of Borrowdale, measured nine yards in circumference, and contained 1460 feet of wood. The famous Lorton yew has about the same girth; and one of these four measures seven yards round, at four feet from the ground.

At Seatoller the road parts off right and left. We take the left, in order to quit Borrowdale for Buttermere; a magnificent walk, of a totally different character from any in our former circuit.

The road is very stony, and not a little steep: but the stream on the left hand, with its innumerable little falls, and the trees which sometimes overhang it, and the patches of grass and large smooth stones, tempting the traveller to many a halt, beguile him of heat and fatigue. And then, every time he turns, how exquisite are the glimpses into Borrowdale! Its cultivated levels contract, and the farmsteads disappear, one by one, as the projecting mountains overlap; till a mere triangular morsel remains—a hint of a peaceful valley lying among a billowy expanse of hills. It is always a pleasure to get out from between the fences upon the moor; and here the emancipation is soon obtained. The traveller mounts gradually by a horse-road,—a road practicable indeed for cars,—till he attains the summit of the turn under Honister Crag;—the dark, stupendous, almost perpendicular Honister Crag, where it almost takes one's breath away to see the quarrymen at work in the slate quarries above, looking like summer spiders hanging quivering from the eaves of a house. It was at the base of this crag that we once had the question forced upon us whether this was a car-road or not. A car, with four persons in it, had toiled slowly up from Borrowdale, without even the gentleman having once got out to relieve the horse. There were two young ladies also, who appeared capable of using their feet occasionally. The fourth was a stout lady: and all four were dressed as they might be for the flower-show at Chiswick. We were resting at the summit, with the

crag opposite to us, when the car came up, and the driver civilly gave notice that the party had better alight, as the descent was so extremely rough and steep as to be unsafe for a loaded carriage. Instead of using their eyes to convince themselves that this was true, these gentry scolded the driver. The three juniors alighted, and set off arm-in-arm, slipping and suffering in their paper-soled shoes, and so engrossed with their hardships in having to walk down a stony hill, that they actually never once looked up at the Crag. They did not turn, to take a last look of Borrowdale; and now they actually passed under Honister Crag without seeing it! As for the lady, she loudly declared that she did not hire a car to be prevented riding in it; she should speak about it to the driver's employer, when she got home; and she should keep her seat: and so she did, scolding the driver, as well as the jolts would permit, as long as she remained within hearing. We imagined the amusement of the driver at this way of coming to see the country. He looked very civil and indifferent, not even objecting that it was not his wish that the pass should be so steep and stony. These are the strangers, and not those who come in third-class railway-carriages, and take their way on foot, who behave in a manner unworthy of the scenes around them: and even these may become softened and refined by what they see: and therefore they are welcome too.

The slate-quarrymen are a hardy race, capable of feats of strength which are now rarely heard of elsewhere. The most stalwart knight who ever came hither of old, with his full armour and battle-axe, to fight against the Scot, never carried a heavier weight, or did more wonders in a day, than these fine fellows. The best slate of Honister Crag is found near the top: and there, many hundred feet aloft, may be seen by good eyes the slate-built hovels of some of the quarrymen, while others ascend and descend many times between morning and night. Formerly, the slate was carried down on hurdles, on men's backs: and the practice is still continued in some remote quarries, where the expense of conveyance by carts would be too great, or the roads do not admit of it. Thirty years ago, a man named Joseph Clark made seventeen journeys, including seventeen miles of climbing and sharp descent, in one day, bringing down 10,880 lbs. of slate. In ascending, he carried the hurdle, weighing 80 lbs., and in descending he brought each time 610 lbs. of slate. At another time, he carried, in three successive journeys, 1,280 lbs. each time. His greatest day's work was bringing 11,776 lbs.; in how many journeys it is not remembered: but in fewer than seventeen. He lived at Stonethwaite, three miles from his place of work. His toils did not appear to injure him: and he declared that he suffered only from thirst. It was believed in his day that there was scarcely another man in the kingdom capable of sustaining such labour for a course of years.

In some places where the slate is closely compacted, and presents endways a perpendicular surface, the quarryman sets about his work as if he were going after



CRUMMOCK WATER, BUTTERMERE, AND HONISTER CRAG.

eagles' eggs. His comrades let him down by a rope from the precipice, and he tries for a footing on some ledge, where he may drive in wedges. The difficulty of this, where much of his strength must be employed in keeping his footing, may be conceived: and a great length of time must be occupied in loosening masses large enough to bear the fall without being dashed into

useless pieces. But, generally speaking, the methods are improved, and the quarries made accessible by roads admitting of the passage of strong carts. Still, the detaching of the slate, and the loading and conducting the carts, are laborious work enough to require and train a very athletic order of men. In various parts of the district, the scene is marked by mountains of *débris*,

above or within which yawn black recesses in the mountain side, where the summer thunders echo, and the winter storms send down formidable slides into the vales below.

The stream in the valley beneath Honister Crag,—the beginning of the river Cocker,—must be crossed by stepping-stones or wading, according to the weather: for there is no bridge. At the end of this wild and stony valley, where sheep and their folds, and a quarryman's hut here and there, are the only signs of civilization, stands the farm-house of Gatesgarth, with its clumps of sycamore and ash. The road thence to Buttermere, lying for the most part above the Lake of Buttermere, is bordered by the plantations which clothe the base of Great Robinson. This little lake is only a mile and a quarter long. At the head,—that is, the south-east,—it is apparently closed in by Honister Crag; and High Stile and Red Pike tower on the south-western side. At its northern end, the lake has for its margin the green meadows which separate it from Crummock Water: and these meadows are dropped over with woods, hedges, and a few dwellings; so as to offer a tempting resting-place to the angler who comes to enjoy the plentiful sport yielded by the two lakes. On this level stands the little Buttermere inn: and on a rising ground by the road-side is the new Chapel, erected on the site of that which was celebrated for being the smallest in England,—being completely filled by half-a-dozen households.

Travellers who do not desire to make the longer circuit which we have to describe, turn off here among the mountains to the right, to pass through the Vale of Newlands to Keswick. We should desire nothing better than to go up the Vale for six miles or so, till we come in view of Derwent Water, and the rich plain which lies between it and Bassenthwaite, just for the sake of coming back again. The road is perfectly easy, winding up and along the green hills opposite Whitelees. The sweep of these bare green hills is fine; and the walk along their sides very exhilarating, from the airiness and freedom of the scene. The grand point of the journey is perhaps the turn into the second pass,—that of Newlands Haws,—where, at its head, Great Robinson sends down the first waters of one of the streams which go to make the Lake of Bassenthwaite. Above this pass it was that, according to tradition, there was once gold and silver found, enough to supply not only the kingdom but a considerable foreign market, till the works were destroyed, and the miners slain, in the civil wars. In modern times, however, more gold and silver have been sunk in the Newlands mine than raised from it. When the traveller has advanced far enough to obtain a good view of the plain, with Saddleback beyond, and to discover the blue mountains from which flow the Tyne and the Tees, he may rest and refresh himself, and reckon on new pleasures on his return. At the end of his walk, in his descent upon Buttermere, he will obtain charming glimpses of the two lakes, and be in face of a noble array of mountains, from Gable to Melbreak.

He must, of course, see Scale Force, on leaving Buttermere for the other end of Crummock Water. It is best, as far as the aspect of the fall is concerned, to go to it across the fields from the inn: but some of the low ground is so muddy, at all ordinary times, that the walk can be achieved in comfort only after very dry weather. If he goes in a boat, he is landed a mile from the Fall; and then his road is none of the easiest. Between stone-heap and swamp he must pick his way. But what a scene it is at last!—that deep chasm,—a hundred feet of fissure, with perpendicular or overhanging walls, and a sheet of falling water one hundred and eighty feet high at the end! The relief of the verdure usually found under the spray of cataracts is not absent. The ash quivers from the crevice, and ferns wave on every ledge; and grass and mosses shine to the sense, like light in a dark place.

Crummock Water is less celebrated among the lakes than its peculiarities and beauties appear to deserve. From stations on its rocky and elevated shores the most striking views are obtained of the noble surrounding mountains, as far as the dark Honister Crag, which closes in the group; and the meadows between the two lakes afford a singular charm of contrast. (Cut, p. 90.) From the lake, the heights of Melbreak and its neighbour offer an aspect of colouring which is to be seen nowhere else in the district. Long sweeps of orange and gray soil and stones descend to the water; and above, there are large hollows, like craters, filled now with deep blue shadows, and now with tumbling white mists, above which yellow or purple peaks change their hues with every hour of the day, or variation of the sky. There is a good road along the whole of the eastern shore to the inn at Scale Hill; and of late years a delicious woodland path has been made from the landing-place to the inn—a distance of about a mile. The locality is a stormy one. We do not judge by our own experience, though that would lead us to think of Scale Hill as generally under a deluge of rain, while the dust lies thick on the nearest mail-road; but the features of the landscape indicate that the elements are boisterous here. The bare hot-looking *débris* on the Melbreak side, the chasms in the rocks, and the sudden swellings of the waters, tell of turbulence in all seasons. The drive along Crummock Water is one of the most charming we know, especially at the spot where the road forms a terrace overhanging the clear waters, and, sweeping round Rammersdale Knot, Melbreak, with its isolated bulk, fills up the opposite shore; while Red Pike discloses its crater, streaked with red and lead-coloured stratified cliffs, intermixed with tracts of verdure and darker moss. On the side where the road is, Whitelees and Grassmoor rear their swelling masses, and the river winds pleasantly among fields and meadows till it passes behind the Lanthwaite woods, and turns down in full view of the rich vale of Lorton to the Scale Inn, where the tourist may enjoy himself after his toil. The most tremendous water-pout remembered to have visited the region of the lakes descended the ravine between Grassmoor

and Whiteside, in 1760; it swept the whole side of Grassmoor at midnight, and carried down everything that was lying loose all through the vale below, and over a piece of arable land at the entrance, where it actually peeled the whole surface, carrying away the soil and the trees, and leaving the rocky substratum completely bare. The soil was many feet deep, and the trees full-grown. Then it laid down what it brought, covering ten acres with the rubbish. By the channel left, it appears that the flood must have been five or six yards deep, and a hundred yards wide. Among other pranks, it rooted up a solid stone causeway, which was supported by an embankment apparently as strong as the neighbouring hills. The flood not only swept away the whole work, but scooped out the entire line for its own channel. The village of Brackenthwaite, which stood directly in its course, was saved by being built on a stone platform,—a circumstance unknown to the inhabitants till they now saw themselves left safe on a promontory, while the soft soil was swept away from beside their very doors, leaving a chasm where the flood had been turned aside by the resistance of their rock. The end of the matter was, that the flood poured into the Cocker, which rose so as to lay the whole north-western plain under water for a considerable time.

The pretty little lake of Lowes Water is easily reached from Scale Hill inn. It should be seen as the last of the chain, and as presenting some new aspects of the mountain group at this extremity. From Lowes Water the country sinks into the plain which lies between the mountains and the sea: the plain along whose margin are posted the towns of Whitehaven, Workington, and Cockermouth.

And by this time the traveller's eye is ready for the scenery of the plain. The dwellers in a flat country can hardly conceive the refreshment and pleasure given by a glimpse of a sunny champaign to one who has lived for a time shut in among mountains. A friend of ours, in delicate health, became nervous, and felt under a constant sense of oppression, after a three months' residence among the Westmoreland mountains; and cried heartily, from relief and joy, at the first issue upon a wide horizon, in descending into Lancashire. Some younger friends of ours, children who live in a small valley, amused us one day by their exclamations over a volume of Views of the Danube. Whenever they came to a scene almost blank,—a boundless German plain, with only a distant crocketed spire to relieve the uniformity,—they exclaimed in rapture, "Oh, how beautiful!" while they could see no charm in any very circumscribed scene. The traveller who has been long enough among the Fells to relish the sight of open country, could not find a better place for emerging than above the fertile vale of Lorton, on the way from Scale Hill to the mail-road to Keswick. The vale, shallow and wide, spreads out its expanse of fertile fields, endlessly intersected with fences, and dropped over with farms and hamlets, among which may be seen the dark speck of the great Lorton Yew.

The view is bounded by the blue range of the Scotch mountains.

When the traveller turns away from this view, and proceeds towards his next lake, Bassenthwaite, he has Whinlatter on his left hand. If the season is sufficiently advanced, he finds it the gayest hill-side he ever saw,—positively gaudy with the blossom of the heather and the gorse. To reach Bassenthwaite Water, the traveller skirts Whinlatter, and passes through the village of Thornthwaite, the rich levels occupying the four miles between Derwent Water and Bassenthwaite being under his eye, and Skiddaw rising in front. The lake is narrow, averaging less than a mile in breadth. Its length is four miles; its scenery is rich, but tame in comparison with that of all the other lakes; its hills are the mere spurs of the interior clusters; and its charm is in opening out views from its foot, through radiating valleys, into the plain country which stretches to the sea and the Solway.

Skiddaw is 138 feet lower than the High Pike of Scawfell: and it may be ascended with ease; even horses being accustomed to reach the summit. Yet the tourist should not disdain this comparatively easy feat, for the views from Skiddaw are very unlike those from Scawfell: and to some persons they are far more interesting. Few of the lakes can be seen from the topmost station; even Derwent Water is hidden by intervening summits; but the crowd of mountain tops is glorious. We will not enumerate them, for it would be to name the whole list. But think of seeing Lancaster Castle in one direction, and the undulating surface of Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries in another, with a peep at the Isle of Man between; and, if the day be particularly clear, and the hour favourable, a glimpse of Ireland! Lancaster Castle and Carlisle Cathedral in view at once! St. Bees Head, with the noiseless waves dashing up against the red rocks, almost within reach, as it were; and at the same moment, the Yorkshire summit of Ingleborough showing itself over the whole of Westmoreland which lies between!

Yet not a few persons prefer the ascent of Saddleback to that of Skiddaw. One attraction is the fine view of Derwent Water. "Derwent Water," says Southey, "as seen from the top of Saddleback, is one of the finest mountain scenes in the country." Another attraction is Scales Tarn, a small lake, so situated at the foot of a vast precipice, and so buried among crags, as that the sun never reaches it except through a crevice in early morning; and the stars, it is avouched, are seen in it at noonday. Another attraction may be the comparative difficulty of exploring the solitudes of Old Blencathra, as Saddleback used to be called. One would go through much to see any Tarn of which it could be imagined, even erroneously, that the sun was never seen to touch it, or the stars to forsake it. What a singular feature is this incessant guardianship by the stars! What associations of vigilance and eternal contemplation it awakens! Who can wonder that men seek it,—over slippery Fells, and among rugged rocks, and treacherous bogs, through parching heat, and blind-



DERWENT WATER AND SKIDDAW.

ing mists and tempests! Here there are still other dangers, according to the testimony of explorers.

In 1793 a party went up by Scales Fell to see the Tarn. Their account is this:—"When we had ascended about a mile, one of our party, on looking round, was so astonished with the different appearance of objects in the valley so far beneath us, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much farther, when another was taken ill, and wished to lose blood and return. I was almost ready to give up my project, which I should have done with great reluctance, as the day was remarkably favourable, and exhibited every scene to the greatest advantage. Mr. C. (the conductor) assured us if we proceeded a little way, we should find a resting-place, where the second defaulter might recover the effects of the journey. After labouring another half-hour, we gained the margin of an immense cavity in the side of the mountain, the bottom of which formed a wide basin, and was filled with water, that from our station looked black, though smooth as glass, covering the space of many acres. It is said to be so deep that the sun never shines upon it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen therein at noonday; but this was a curiosity we did not enjoy." This was an ascent to the Tarn. We have an account of the still worse descent, accomplished by Mr. Green and Mr. Otley. "From Linthwaite Pike," says Mr. Green,* "on the above excursion, on a soft green turf, we descended steeply, first southward,

* 'The Tourist's New Guide,' &c. By Wm. Green. 1819. vol. ii., p. 459.

and then in an easterly direction to the Tarn, a beautiful circular piece of transparent water, with a well-defined shore. Here we found ourselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west the soft turf on which we had made our downward progress. These side grounds, in pleasant grassy banks, verge to the stream issuing from the lake, whence there is a charming opening to the town of Penrith; and Cross Fell seen in extreme distance. Wishing to vary our line in returning to the place we had left, we crossed the stream, and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge. We had not gone far before we were aware that our journey would be attended with perils; the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect we were reduced to the necessity either of bestriding the ridge, or of moving on one of its sides, with our hands lying over the top, as a security against tumbling into the Tarn on the left, or into a frightful gully on the right,—both of immense depth. Sometimes we thought it prudent to return; but that seemed unmanly, and we proceeded; thinking, with Shakspeare, that 'Dangers retreat, when boldly they are confronted.' Mr. Otley was the leader; who, on gaining steady footing, looked back on the writer, whom he perceived, viewing at leisure from his saddle the remainder of his upward course. On better ground they had a retrospect on Sharp Edge,—which is the narrowest ridge on Saddleback, or any other north of

England mountain: in places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth, and the stepping on the sides being as faithless as the top, the Sharp Edge expedition has less of safety to recommend it than singularity."

We hear elsewhere of these mountain pools reflecting the stars in the day time, when they are made into a sort of wells by the building up of the rocky walls around them. "Bowseale Tarn," says one reporter,* "is a lake, near a mile in circumference, three miles north-east of Seales Tarn, on the side of a high mountain, so strangely surrounded with a more eminently amphitheatrical ridge of rocks, that it excluded the benefit of the sun for at least four months in the middle of winter: but this is not its only singularity. Several of the most credible inhabitants thereabouts affirming that they frequently see stars in it at midday; but in order to discover that phenomenon, the firmament must be perfectly clear, the air stable, and the water unagitated. These circumstances not concurring at the time I was there, deprived me of the pleasure of that sight, and of recommending it to the naturalist upon my own ocular evidence. The spectator must be placed at least 200 yards above the lake, and as much below the summit of the semi-ambient ridge." It is in this Bowseale Tarn that, in the belief of the country people, there are two fish which cannot die. How long they are said to have lived we know not: but they are to continue to live for ever.

Keswick is usually made the head-quarters of tourists for some days,—and this is almost a necessary plan for those who travel only in carriages; but the more independent pedestrian will not find much to detain him in the town. Within reach are several little clean country inns, which will afford him opportunities for seeing, in the most varied manner, the world of beauties included in the Derwent Water district. Besides the inns in the plain, there is the 'King's Head,' at the entrance of the Vale of St. John's, five or six miles from Keswick; and the Lodore inn, near the head of Derwent Water; and further on, in Borrowdale, the little inn at Rosthwaite.

While at Keswick, the traveller will look with interest on Southey's residence, Greta Hall. He will probably visit the Museum: and he certainly ought not to omit seeing and studying Mr. Flintoff's Model of the Lake District, which will teach him more in ten minutes of the structure and distribution of the country than he could learn from a hundred pages of description. On first entering the room, this model—under 13 feet by 10—looks a mere uneven, ugly bit of plaster: but a few moments are enough to engage the observer's attention so deeply, that he does not leave it till he has traced out almost every valley and pass in the district. He visits all the sixteen large lakes and the fifty-two small ones, and looks abroad from every summit in turn. This Model is held to be a work of extraordinary correctness; and a leisurely visit to it should be an object to every traveller who cares to

know where he is, and where he is going. Every one will, of course, visit the Castle Head,—a walk of a mile from the inns; where, from an eminence, a fine view of the lake and environs is obtained. And it is worth while to ascend the long hill of Castlerigg, even if the traveller is not there in natural course on his way to Ambleside, to enjoy the magnificent view which some think unrivalled in the region; extending from the singular and solemn entrance of Borrowdale to the subsiding hills beyond the lake of Bassenthwaite. We have seen this view many times; and each time we have been more than ever taken by surprise by its wonderful range of beauty.

The celebrity of Derwent Water is out of all proportion to its size; for it is only three miles long, and never exceeds a mile and a half in breadth. (Cut, p. 93.) Our own private opinion is, that the beauty of the lake itself does not answer to its reputation. The islands have no particular charm, and rather perplex the eye; and there is nothing striking in the immediate shores, along which a good road runs, nearly level, between fields and plantations. Walla Crag is fine, with its relief of foliage; and the cleft in it, which is called the Lady's Rake, is interesting from its tradition. It is said that the Countess of Derwentwater made her escape up this ravine, after the arrest of her husband. Lord's Island, the largest in the lake, belonged to the family—the Rateliffes—and was a stronghold of theirs. It was confiscated, with their other possessions, after the Rebellion of 1715, and transferred to Greenwich Hospital. St. Herbert's Island contains the ruins of a hermitage, in relation to which a pretty story is told. St. Cuthbert and St. Herbert were very dear friends. When St. Herbert came hither to repose from the cares of life, and end his days in prayer, he was far apart from his friend, as we all know: but he nightly prayed that they might be united in death, by being taken from the world at the same moment. The prayer was granted; and the scenes of the two deaths have been all the more sacred for the coincidence, in the popular mind, ever since.

Every one hears of the Floating Island, in connection with Derwent Water. The wise call it the Buoyant Island, after the hint given by Wordsworth in his 'Guide.' It appears to be merely a loose mass of vegetation, which rises to the surface when swollen by the gases generated by the decay of its parts. When a boat-hook is struck into it, it puffs out carburetted hydrogen and azote. Though this island is now no mystery, its appearance marks the year in which it happens; and the event is told in the newspapers from end to end of the kingdom. It happened last in 1842.

After all that has been said of the Fall of Lodore, it is certainly very fine, in any weather, and whatever quantity of water it may have to show. The main features—the mighty crags on either hand (Gowder on the left, and Shepherd's on the right,) and the ravine of piled blocks—are such as weather cannot impair; and we have not decided to this day whether we prefer visiting the Fall after rain and under a cloud canopy,

* Mr. Smith, quoted in Green's 'Tourist's New Guide,' ii., 173.

or in a hot dry month of the year. The dash of the Fall is heard from the road; and it will guide the traveller through the little garden and orchard of the inn, and over the foot-bridge, and through the wood, to the stone bench in front of the Fall.

And now, what can any one say of the entrance upon Borrowdale, but—"Go and see it!" This is all we will say; for we might write a volume about the disposition of mountains and crags before one could even produce a state of mind which could conceive of what it is here—the tumbling together of steep slopes, precipices and promontories, woods, ravines, and isolated summits. Suffice it that the traveller will pass the village of Grange, and must remember that it was here that the old monks of Furness laid up their crops and other stores, when they were the owners of Borrowdale. (Cut, p. 84.) He must just cast a glance up to the Bowder-stone, if he thinks, as we do, that there is nothing more to be seen which need move him to undertake the ascent to it. The blick is said to weigh about 1771 tons, and stands 36 feet high. Its edge is embedded in the place where, to all appearance, it has fallen from above; and it looks like a ship lying on its keel. A mile beyond the Bowder Stone is the hamlet of Rosthwaite, where we always contrive to pass the night—in Sarah Simpson's well-tended house—when we give ourselves the treat of a visit to Borrowdale. A brother of Sarah Simpson, living at Rosthwaite, acts as guide over the neighbouring passes.

Notwithstanding what we have said of the entrance of Borrowdale, we yet prefer dropping into it above Rosthwaite, from Watendlath,—the extremely secluded valley which lies at the top of the Lodore Fall, and the rocks from which it tumbles. The way into Watendlath is easily found: it branches off to the left from the high road in coming from Keswick, and passes just behind Barrow House. The inhabitants of this valley are the most primitive we have met with in any part of the Lake District: and if the traveller wishes to see what men are—and yet more, women—in point of intelligence, in a position which renders the human face a rare sight to them, he had better take his way to Upper Borrowdale through Watendlath. He must note the circular pool which supplies the waters of Lodore; and he should look through the chasm where the stream pours over, to see how gloriously the Lake and the Skiddaw range here combine. It is a perfect intoxication to traverse this valley when the heather is in bloom on its wild hill sides; and when summer breezes come over the ridge from Helvellyn to the east; and the great central summits of Scawfell and Bowfell show themselves in front over all the intervening heights. The descent upon Rosthwaite is the concluding treat. The way is easy,—a gentle slope over grass and elastic heather; and the whole surface of the slope is starred over with bright heath flowers. The head of the Dale, always awful, whether gloomy or bright, opens out, and seems to be spreading its levels for one's reception. The passes to Buttermere (by which we left the Dale at the outset), to Sty Head

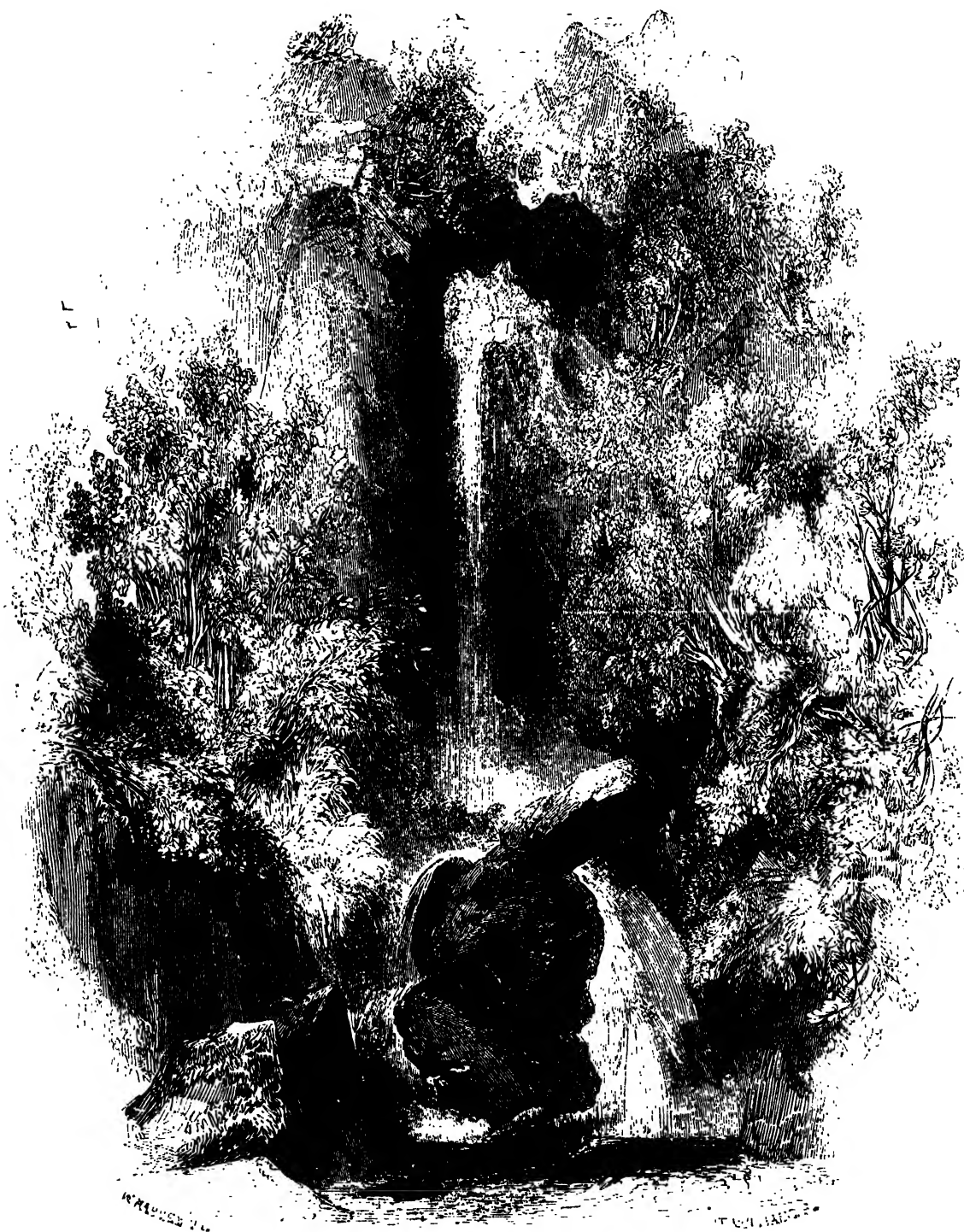
(by which we entered it), and to the Stake (by which we are about to leave it now), disclose themselves round the projecting Glaramara. The other way lie Grange and the Lake. Below us is Rosthwaite, with the brattling stream behind, which we must presently cross by stepping-stones to reach the inn.

And now the time is come for leaving Borrowdale. The top of the Stake Pass is five miles and a half from Rosthwaite. After the first mile, when the farm-house at Stonethwaite is passed, not another dwelling will be seen. The path follows, and at length crosses, the stream, which is the infant Derwent, finding its way down from Angle Tarn, lying high up in a recess of Bowfell. This valley of Langstroth is extremely wild; but there is no perplexity in it for the traveller who keeps the path in view. It is a pleasant path where it goes zigzag up the steep green slope, within hearing of the stream; and offers here an old oak, and there a waving birch within reach, where the traveller may sit and rest, while looking back upon the levels of Borrowdale. When he has reached the Top of the Stake, he is under the shadow of Bowfell, safely returned to his starting point, among the central summits of the region.

The traveller must not linger long on the heights, however; for there is no help there, in case of fatigue and hunger. He must come down into Langdale,—still by the same Stake Pass,—and repose himself at the farm-house at Millbeck, where he can obtain, not exciseable articles, but good plain food, and milk, and water. From the moment of his obtaining a view of Langdale from above, he will see this house, and meet with no kind of difficulty in reaching it, the path being distinctly marked all the way; a distance of above five miles from the Top of the Stake, according to the Guide-books.

The character of Langdale is distinctly marked, and pretty uniform from end to end. It has levels, here expanding and there contracting; and the stream winds among them throughout. There is no lake or pool: and the mountains send out spurs, alternating or meeting, so as to make the levels sometimes circular and sometimes winding. The dwellings, all, without exception, which lie below the head of the dale, are on the rising grounds which skirt the levels: and this, together with the paving of the roads in the levels, shows that the valley is subject to floods. The houses in Langdale,—of gray stone, each on its knoll, with a canopy of firs and sycamores above it, and ferns scattered all about it, and ewes and lambs nestling near it,—these dale-farms are cheerful and pleasant objects to look upon, whether from above or passing among them. Our traveller is, however, to pass only two or three, which lie between his descent and Millbeck.

From Millbeck, he will, of course, proceed to see Dungeon Ghyll Force. (Cut p. 96.) He must not, on hearing this name, let his imagination carry him to the foundations of some robber castle for its origin. In the language of the country people here he must find the



DUNGEON GHYLL.

etymology of the word, while we more substantively record its appearance. Dungeon Ghyll, though picturesque in itself has peculiarities of its own besides, and the visitor may gather from this natural arch, over a trickling beck in Langdale, some idea of the Rock Bridge of Virginia, or the Gorge of Iconzo in the recesses of the Andes. The process of its formation

would seem to have been the starting two great masses of rock from the opposite sides of the mountain, so as to meet at the centre over the chasm, thus forming an arch which nothing short of an earthquake could ever separate. Two or three slim silver-stemmed birch trees fringe with their elegant foliage the gray walls of the dungeon-like cleft into which the water precipitates itself. In





PATTERDALE.

the extreme right of the picture Bowfell closes in the Langdale valley, the head of which is enobled by the swelling masses of the Pikes. A dark cleft in the nearer one is the place where the celebrated Dungeon Ghyll Force may be seen plunging and foaming from a height of ninety feet, down a narrow fissure. When visiting Dungeon Ghyll, the stranger must either take some one with him, to put him in the way (though the place is not more than half-a-mile off), or he must take care not to go up to the ghyll and stream behind the farm, which he will do as a matter of course unless warned to the contrary. What he wants is the next, to the left. When he reaches the spot where the dark chasm yawns, and the waters are loud, though he cannot see anything of the fall, let him not fear missing the sight. If there is a ladder, he must descend: if not, or if it be broken, or rotten with continual wet, he can easily get down the rock. And there it is!—the fall in its cleft, tumbling and splashing, while the light ash, and all the vegetation besides, is everlastingly in motion from the stir of the air. Then let him look up, and see how a bridge is made aloft by the lodgment of a block in the chasm. He will be fortunate if he is there just at that hour of the summer afternoon when the sunlight gushes in obliquely,—a narrow, radiant, translucent screen, itself lighting up the gorge, but half concealing the projections and waving ferns behind it. The way in which it converts the spray into sparks and gems can be believed only by those who have seen it.

In order to get into Easedale, the traveller will take a guide from Millbeck, to conduct him to Stickle Tarn, and thence to Easedale Tarn. We could wish him no better treat than some hours' leisure for angling in Stickle Tarn, which is famous for its trout. This tarn is reached by a peat-road from Millbeck, and its circular basin, brimming with clear water, lies finely under the steep rocks of Pavay Ark. To us there is no object of this mountain scenery more interesting than its tarns. Their very use is one which gratifies one's sense of beauty. Their use is to cause such a distribution of the waters as may fertilize without

inundating the lands below. After rains, if the waters all came pouring down at once, the vales would be flooded; as it is, the nearer brooks swell, and pour themselves out into the main stream, while the mountain brooks are busy in the same way above, emptying themselves into the tarns. By the time the streams in the valley are subsiding, the upper tarns are full, and begin to overflow; and now the overflow can be received in the valley without injury. We know of nothing in natural scenery which conveys such an impression of stillness as the tarns which lie under precipices. For hours together the deep shadows lie absolutely unmoved; and when movement occurs, it may be such as does not disturb the sense of repose: it is only the dimple made by a restless fish or fly, or the gentle flow of water in and out; or the wild drake may launch and lead his brood in the deep gray shadow opposite, paddling so quietly as not to break up the mirror, but merely to let in two converging lines of white light to illuminate the recess. We saw this happen on Easedale Tarn, and felt we could never lose the picture thus made for us in a moment.

And when the tempest takes its swoop upon the tarn, what a sight it is! While we are approaching the hollow where the tarn is known to lie, and some time before the waters are visible, little white clouds come whirling or puffing out, and drive against the mountain side. We expect, of course, to find a mist overhanging the tarn, and begin to wonder whether we shall see anything of it, after climbing so far on purpose: and lo! there it is, distinct enough, in a vast fury. What we saw was not mist, but spray, caught up by the wind, and whirled away. The four winds seem to have met in this hollow, and to be running the waters up towards the centre; or two are pursuing each other, and speeding over the surface in all sorts of rapid caprices. Such wild commotion, in a place so absolutely retired, produces an impression no less singular than that of the deepest stillness, when the solitary angler treads as softly, in changing his place, as if he feared to wake infant Nature from her noontide sleep.

If the traveller wishes to ascend Harrison Stickle,



GRASMERE, FROM DUNMAIL RAISE. DERWENT WATER AND CONISTON IN THE DISTANCE.

the loftiest of the Langdale Pikes, it will be from hence. The height of Harrison Stickle is 2409 feet above the level of the sea. If he does not ascend the Pike, he crosses the Fell to Easedale Tarn, and has before him a descent full of delights, from the dreary and lonely Fell down gradually into the beauty of Grasmere. From the Tarn, he follows the stream, past its many leaps, and rapids, and windings round obstructing rocks, till he finds himself standing above the Fall, called Sour Milk Ghyll Force. This name is said to be given to the Fall on account of the whiteness of its broken waters. It is a full and impetuous fall, visible from afar from the turbulence of its waters; yet we have seen it on a calm winter's day, suspended by frost; its recess, at all other times full of tumultuous noise, then as still as the tarn above from which it flows. Here, where the summer sunshine is apparently fought with and rejected, the mild wintry beams were silently received, and enshrined in crystal icicles.

The fine outline of Helm Crag, with its green sides

and broken crest, now appears to the left; the fertile levels of Easedale lie below; and in front there is an opening to Grasmere, through which the church and village, the wooded knolls, the circular lake with its single green island clumped with pines, the rich sloping shores, and the green declivity of Loughrigg opposite, are disclosed to the eye, more and more fully, till the traveller arrives at Grasmere.

From the verdant and tranquil aspect of the valley, it is usually and naturally supposed that Grasmere is named from its grassy slopes and shores; but its derivation is pointed out by its connexion with Grisedale, which opens laterally from it, under the shadow of Helvellyn. Gris is the old Saxon for wild swine; and the lake was once called Grismere,—the lake of the wild boar. A deep and still retreat this must have been in the days of wild boars! If the traveller has time, he should ascend the pass to Grisedale Tarn, from behind the Swan Inn—the tempting clean white house which catches the eye of every one who visits Grasmere.

Our business now is, however, to follow the high road over Dunmail Raise,—the pass which has Steel Fell on the west, and Seat Sandal on the east. At the highest point, this pass is only 720 feet above the sea; but, in a wind, the ascent is fatiguing enough, from the strength of the draught between the heights. (Cut, p. 98.) The stream on the right divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. One object, so rude as not to attract attention unless pointed out, should not be missed: a pile of stone or cairn, which marks the spot of a critical fight in the olden time, when the Anglo-Saxon king, Edmund, defeated and slew Dunmail, the British king, of Cumbria, and then put out the eyes of the two sons of the deceased king, and gave their inheritance to Malcolm, king of Scotland, to hold it in fee. This happened about A.D. 915.

A little inn, the 'Nag's Head,' stands by the roadside, about a mile and a quarter from the cairn. From thence the traveller should proceed to explore the Wythburn Water, or Leathes Water, now called Thirlmere. Too many visitors see this lake only from the mail-road, and then declare it the least interesting lake of the district: but they can form no estimate of its beauty without exploring its western bank, — a thing easily done, as there is a plain track the whole way. The track, admitting carts, leaves the mail-road not more than a mile from the Nag's Head, and winds between fields to a collection of houses, once called by the grand name of the City of Wythburn; and thence, past a farm or two, and between walls, till the traveller finds himself fairly on his way above the lake. As he looks round him he will wonder at the changes which have taken place since the days when the squirrel could go from Wythburn to Keswick without touching the ground. When the woods so covered the scene, this lake must have been gloomy indeed, overshadowed, as it always is, by Helvellyn, and shrouded besides, at that time, by an unbroken forest. Now light and colour are let in by the clearing of the ground; and the description of a recent observer shows how little like a forest scene it now is: "It was luxury to sit on a high grassy slope, between two bold promontories, and look down upon the black and solemn waters, the great Helvellyn rising steep and bare on the opposite shore. The scene was so sombre, even in the fine evening light of gay July, that a white horse in a cart moving slowly along the road under Helvellyn—a very minute object at such a distance—seemed to cast a light into the landscape! Then, in a few more steps, we emerged into a noble amphitheatre of rocks, retiring from the lake, and leaving a level meadow of the richest green for us to traverse. These rocks were feathered with wood to their summits, except where bold projections of gray or dun crags relieved the prevalent green with a most harmonious colouring. High up, almost at the very top, gushed out a foaming stream, from some unseen recess; and the waters leaped and tumbled in their long descent till they reached the meadow, through which they quietly slid into the lake. Our walk over the deep grass and heather must have

been very noiseless; for I evidently gave as vivid a start as I received, when I came upon a little clear pool in the grass, with a reedy margin, whence a heron sprang up so close that I might almost have laid hold on its beautiful wings or long legs, as it hurried away, leaving the water dimpled and clouded in the spot where it had stood fishing when alarmed. Then our path lay along the margin of the lake, and then through a shady lane which opened into a farm-yard. We came now near the bridge, and were soon to be satisfied how a lake could be crossed by a bridge. In one spot, about halfway along the lake,—which is about two miles and a half in length, and from a quarter to half a mile in breadth,—the shores throw out promontories which leave no very wide space from point to point; and here there is a rising of the ground from below, so that the waters are shallow—even fordable at times for carts and horses. Piers of rough stone are built, and piles of them raised at intervals; and these intervals are crossed by planks with a hand-rail; so that it is a picturesque bridge enough."

Having reached the high road again, the next object is to cross over eastwards to Ulleswater. If the traveller means to make a short cut over the Fells, his guide will meet him at the King's Head,—a neat little inn, near the spot where he has entered upon the mail-road. If he prefers a longer journey by car, or on horseback, he must be met here, according to previous orders, and take the right hand road—that to Threlkeld, instead of the left hand road to Keswick. From the lovely vale of St. John's he will turn, after a time, over the somewhat dreary moor of Matterdale, whose religious name—sacred to the Virgin Mother—reminds us, as does Patterdale, of the monks who named them from their paternosters and Ave Marys, repeated as a tutelary charm as they travelled through these wilds.

From Matterdale the road drops down upon the western bank of Ulleswater, passing at length through Gowbarrow Park. There is perhaps nothing in the district finer than the interval between this entrance upon Gowbarrow Park and the head of the lake. The park is studded over with ancient trees; and the sides of its watercourses, and the depths of its ravines, are luxuriantly wooded. The gray walls of Lynlph's Tower rise on one of the finest points of view. This building is modern, being a hunting-seat erected by a late Duke of Norfolk: but it stands on the site of a former building named, as some think, from the same personage who gave its name to the lake—Ulf, or L'Ulf, the first baron of Greystoke. Others suppose it to signify simply Wolf's Tower. Some one from this house will show the way, over the open grass, and then through the wood, to Ara Force, a waterfall of remarkable beauty, buried deep in a wooded ravine.

As the traveller sits in the cool damp nook at the bottom of the chasm, where the echo of dashing and gurgling waters never dies, and the ferns, long grasses, and ash sprays wave and quiver everlastingly in the pulsing air; and as, looking up, he sees the slender line of bridge spanning the upper fall, he ought to

know of the mournful legend which belongs to this place, and which Wordsworth has preserved. In the olden time, a knight who loved a lady, and courted her in her father's tower here, at Greystoke, went forth to win glory. He won great glory; and at first his lady rejoiced fully in it; but he was so long in returning, and she heard so much of his deeds in behalf of distressed ladies, that doubts at length stole upon her heart as to whether he still loved her. These doubts disturbed her mind in sleep; and she began to walk in her dreams, directing her steps towards the waterfall where she and her lover used to meet. Under a holly tree beside the fall they had plighted their vows; and this was the limit of her dreaming walks. The knight at length returned to claim her. Arriving in the night, he went to the ravine, to rest under the holly until the morning should permit him to knock at the gate of the tower: but he saw a gliding white figure among the trees; and this figure reached the holly before him, and plucked twigs from the tree, and threw them into the stream. Was it the ghost of his lady love? or was it herself? She stood in a dangerous place: he put out his hand to uphold her: the touch awakened her. In her terror and confusion she fell from his grasp into the torrent, and was carried down the ravine. He followed and rescued her; but she died upon the bank—not, however, without having fully understood that her lover was true, and had come to claim her. The knight devoted the rest of his days to mourn her: he built himself a cell upon the spot, and became a hermit for her sake.

Place Fell is a fine mountain, coming out boldly into the lake on the opposite side: and Stybarrow Crag shoots up high overhead, as one follows the windings of the shore. (Cut, p. 102.) One should not pass the next opening without going up to see the little hamlet which the children of the place have named 'Seldom Seen.' This is Glencoin—the Corner Glen, which is one of the sweetest nooks in the district.

The next stream which crosses the road is from Glenridding. Thick and dirty as its waters look, they come down from Kepple Cove Tarn and Red Tarn, high up on Helvellyn. It is from the lead-works that they take their defilement, in passing through Green-side. If the traveller had come over Helvellyn from Wythburn, or through Grisedale from Grasmere, he would have descended by the banks of this stream.

The inn at Patterdale—a luxurious family hotel—is four miles from Lyulph's Tower; and if the traveller has wisely walked from the entrance of Gowbarrow Park, he must still be fresh enough to ascend the glorious pass behind, to obtain a view of Brothers' Water, Hays Water, and Windermere from the top of the Kirkstone pass. If he likes, he can do the greater part of it on horseback or in a car. After three or four miles of winding road, among the rich levels of Patterdale, which is guarded by mountains jutting forwards, like promontories, he begins to ascend, passing Hartsop, and the pretty still sheet called Brothers' Water. Up and up he goes, between the sweep of Coldfell on his

left, and the Scandale Screes on the right, no longer wondering at the tales current of the snowdrifts and murderous frosts which here attack the wayfarer in the winter season. Here there is no shelter or escape from the cutting wind, or the snows which cannot accumulate on the steep slopes, and must therefore drive in heaps into the pass. We have known enough of the biting of a north wind in April in this pass to feel that it must be a calm day indeed which would induce us to traverse it in winter. When the traveller has reached the toll-house, which is declared by an inscription of the Ordnance Surveyors to be the highest inhabited house in England, he obtains a noble view over Ambleside and its valleys at the Head of Windermere, the Conistoun Mountains, and the whole of the district which lies between him and the sea; the sea itself being seen glittering, with perhaps a steamer upon it, in a clear and favourable light.

Returning down the pass, he first observes the fallen rock, ridged like a roof, whose form (that of a small church) has given the name to the pass: and next, is struck with the first sight of Brothers' Water from above: and all the way as he descends to it, the openings on the Scandale side, the left, charm his eye,—with their fissures, precipices, green slopes or levels, and knolls in the midst, crowned with firs. He will not now pass Hartsop, as before, but turn up the road to the right, among the farms, and reach and follow the Beck to its source at Hays Water. It is a lively stream to follow up; and, at a distance of a mile and a half from the main road, lies Hays Water, the large Tarn which is the delight of the angler, because the trout have abundantly delighted in it before him. It is overhung by High Street, so that perhaps the Roman eagles, as well as the native birds of the rocks, have cast their shadows upon its surface. Not far off lies Angle Tarn, on the southern end of Place Fell. Both these tarns send their brooks down, to swell the stream from Brothers' Water, which is itself supplied from the busy, noisy beck which descends the Kirkstone Pass. The whole forms a clear brown stream, winding through Patterdale, and quietly emptying itself into Ullswater, among the green meadows about its head. (Cut, p. 97.)

It now remains to see the Ullswater mountains from the lake; and for this purpose the traveller must take a boat from Patterdale to Pooley Bridge. The lake, somewhat shorter than Windermere, has three reaches,—its form being that of the letter Z; and the diversity of view thus afforded is very striking. (See Plate.) Place Fell, with its noble steep, is the principal object at the upper part of the lake; and next, Helvellyn, which seems to rise in proportion as the distance is increased. The shores subside towards the foot of the lake, and a new country is entered on landing. Penrith, six miles distant from Pooley Bridge, is a neat little town, busy, from being the great thoroughfare of the district, but not particularly interesting, except from some Druidical remains in its neighbourhood, and its vicinity to Brougham Castle. To the stranger, just arriving in the district, there is indeed the interest of seeing for the first

time some of the peculiarities of the people,—their wooden shoes and slated floors, their fine old carved presses and chairs (the envy of curiosity seekers), and their air of homely prosperity. But it has not the charm of the little towns which are set down on the levels between two lakes, or which nestle in the skirts of a mountain, or spread themselves round the curve of a bay. As it is more modern,—or rather, as the notions and habits of its inhabitants are more modern than those of more primitive places,—we may hope it is less afflicted than other towns of the region with their curse and shame,—unhealthiness!

This unhealthiness is no less a shame than a curse: for the fault is in man, not in Nature. Nature has fully done her part in providing rock for foundations, the purest air, and amplest supplies of running water: yet the people of the towns live—as we are apt to pity the poor of the metropolis for living—in stench, huddled together in cabins, and almost without water. The wilfulness of this makes the fact almost incredible; but the fact is so. There are several causes for this; all of which are remediable. The great landed proprietors are, in too many cases, utterly careless about the ways of living of their humble neighbours; and those humble neighbours need enlightenment about sanitary matters. There are even instances known of landed proprietors, urging some feudal claim and authority, who absolutely forbid the erection of any new dwellings except on the site of former ones: and this in neighbourhoods where the population is rapidly increasing. There are some who interest themselves about the building of handsome houses for opulent persons, while they never raise a cottage, or leave the builders time or opportunity to erect cottages, or will dispose of their land for sites. It will be seen at a glance what a despotic and increasing power is thus held by these proprietors:—how absolutely dependant the labouring classes must be on the pleasure of their landlords, when any displeasing act, any unwelcome independence in religion, or politics, or pursuits, or habits, may subject them to warning to leave their cottages, while no others are to be had. The labouring class, therefore, though exempt from poverty, generally speaking,—indeed more prosperous as to gain than perhaps any other of their class in the kingdom,—are too often at the mercy of their rich neighbours, and suffer in health and morals as much as the poor of great towns. They are crowded together in dens and cabins, so that decency cannot be observed. They become profligate accordingly, to such a degree as is shocking and incredible to strangers who come hither with an expectation of finding “rural innocence” befitting the scene. Where the home is disgusting, men go to the public-house; and the staggering drunkards that one meets in the meadows, and the brawls that one overhears in the by-streets, and the domestic troubles which arise from licentiousness among people who are so crowded together that they cannot avoid each other, are a flagrant curse in this paradise of nature. In these little towns, where the fresh

mountain winds are always passing hither and thither, and the purest streams are for ever heard gushing down from the heights, and the whole area is made up of slopes and natural channels, there are fever-nests, as in the dampest levels of low lying cities. The churchyards are so overcrowded in some places, that delicate persons cannot attend service without being ill; and some neighbouring houses are scarcely habitable. At Ambleside, where the small churchyard is inclosed by three roads, the sexton invariably faints when he opens a new grave. When there was a stir, a few years since, about a new church at Ambleside, the curate declared that the movement was made in order to obtain more room for the dead, rather than the living. As yet, nothing has been done. Fever, consumption, and scrofula, abound. And why is it so? Because few know of this state of things; and those who should care most about it care least; a large proportion of them, we fear, being too well satisfied with their possession of power to wish for any change. Nobody stirs;—neither land-owners, nor clergy, nor gentry, nor master-builders. Handsome houses rise in all directions, in the most beautiful valleys: new residents arrive, causing an increase in the number of the labouring class: and it is rare to see a new cottage in any corner, while one may observe three cottages thrown into one, to make a good house for one gentleman, whose occupancy throws three families out of health and hope. As to what can be done,—it is pretty clear. There is no occasion to wait for the enlightenment and regeneration of those who have shown how little they understand the duties of proprietorship. Let their eyes be opened, and their hearts be appealed to, by all means; for their own sakes as well as that of the oppressed: but there is no need to wait till they are wise. The general absence of poverty makes the way to amendment open and clear. The people are able and eager to pay good rents for decent and wholesome dwellings; and their probity about money matters is remarkable and unquestionable. There is, therefore, every inducement to capitalists at hand, and from a distance, to build in these neighbourhoods. There can hardly be a safer or more profitable investment than cottage-building here; and it is inconceivable that, if this were sufficiently known, the thing would not presently be done. But it is not known. The aggrieved class have no means of proclaiming their grievances; and they do not attempt it. They sicken and pine at home; they witness the corruption of some of their children, or, with a less sad heart, follow their coffins to the churchyard, while they hear that rich men round them are buying hundreds of acres, year by year, and leaving their vast estates to the management of stewards, who consider only their employer's taste, or his purse,—giving perhaps some of the contents of that purse in a corrupting bounty, while perpetuating a cruel oppression. If a single capitalist would begin the good work on one spot, with a clear purpose and the needful care, there is no saying what blessings might not spring from the act. It would be a very



STYBARROW CRAG AND HELVELLYN, FROM GOWBARROW PARK.

safe experiment; for a good dwelling is here as convertible a property as a bank-note. If the state of the case can only be fairly made known, we shall not long see the pallid faces of the townspeople contrast strangely with the ruddy health of the dalesmen; or a family of twelve people lodged in two rooms; or open cesspools and stagnant sinks in back streets; or women painfully carrying water up the hills,—so painfully as to be tempted to make the smallest possible quantity serve for household purposes. The railroads, which some have so much feared, will be no small blessing to the district if they bring strangers from a more enlightened region to abolish the town-evils, which harbour in the very heart of the mountains.

The parish of Brougham, Burg-ham, (meaning Castle-town), was the *Brovaecum* of the Romans, where, as we learn from Nicolson and Burn, they had a company of *Defensores*, and left many tokens of their presence in antiquities which have come to light from time to time. The village of Brougham passed into the hands of the *Veteriponts* in the reign of John or Henry III. The Castle of Brougham has been held by the *Veteriponts*, *Cliffords*, and *Tuftons*; and is now the property of the Earl of *Thanet*. It is now in ruins: and fine ruins they are. They stand at the confluence of the *Eamont* and *Lowther* rivers, at the distance of a mile from *Penrith*.

Brougham Hall, the seat of Lord Brougham, is within a mile and a half of *Penrith*. The traveller should walk along the river-bank from the bridge at Brougham Hall to Askham, and then ascend the steep bank of red sandstone, overshadowed by trees, to the park of *Lowther Castle*.

The grounds here are fine; especially the terrace, which affords a noble walk. It is very elevated; broad, mossy, shady, breezy, and overlooking a considerable extent of country,—some of which is fertile plain, and some, a preparation for entrance upon the mountain district within. The most remarkable feature of this landscape is perhaps the hollow, within which lies *Hawes Water*. The park has some fine old trees; and the number and size of the yews in the grounds will strike the stranger. But great damage was caused in the woods by the extraordinary hurricane of 1839, which broke its way straight through, levelling everything in its path. On the road from Askham to Bampton, the high grounds of *Lowther* present on the left a nearly straight line of great elevation, along which runs the park wall, almost to the extremity of the promontory. From a distance, it looks the most enviable position for a park that can be imagined.

About five miles from Askham lies *Hawes Water*; a small lake, but of great beauty. It is little more than three miles long, and about half a mile broad.

One side is richly wooded; the other nearly bare; and two bold promontories threaten to cut it in two, in one part, where the passage is only two or three hundred yards wide. Round the head of the lake cluster the great mountains of Harter Fell, High Street, Kidsey Pike, and others, leaving space among their skirts for the exquisite little valley of Mardale. Those who are able to obtain one of Lord Lonsdale's boats for the traverse of the lake may think themselves fortunate; for this is, of course, the most perfect way of seeing the surroundings of so small a sheet of water: and all other persons are deprived of the means of doing so. There are some good houses on the shores, and at the further end; but the occupants who live on the very brink are not allowed to keep any sort of boat. His lordship's boats are to be had for the asking, it is declared: but there is doubt, of course, about people being on the spot when the boat is wanted: and it must be bespoken at Askham: and all this is something different from the ordinary facility of obtaining a boat at once, wherever there are inhabitants. The walk, however, is easy and agreeable enough,—by a good road which runs along the western bank.

The crags which are heaped or sprinkled about the head of the lake are extremely fine. They jut out from the mountain side, or stand alone on the green slopes, or collect into miniature mountain clusters, which shelter tiny dells, whence the sheep send forth their bleat. There is a white house conspicuous at the head of the lake, which must not, under penalty of disappointment, be mistaken by the tired traveller for the Mardale Inn. The inn at Mardale Green is a full mile from the water; and sweet is the passage to it, if the walker be not too weary. The path winds through the levels, round the bases of the knolls, past the ruins of the old church, and among snug little farms, while, at one extremity of the dale is the lake, and the other is closed in by the pass to Kentmere and Sleddale, and the great Pikes tower on either hand. The stream which gushes here and pauses there, as it passes among rough stones or through a green meadow, comes down from Small Water, reinforced by a brook from Blea Water on High Street, which joins the other a little above Mardale.

The hostess at Mardale Green Inn will make her guests comfortable with homely food and a clean bed: and the host will, if necessary, act as guide up the passes.

The traveller may make his choice of three ways out by the Pass of Nanbield. He may take a turn to the left before reaching Small Water, and go down into Long Sleddale,—to which we know of no sufficient inducement, unless it be that the way is practicable for a horse, which the others are not: or he may ascend, by the pretty Blea Tarn, the slope of High Street on the right, see where the Roman road ran along its ridge, and descend into Troutbeck: or he may go forward past Small Water, leaving High Street unvisited on the right, and drop into Kentmere, study its character as he proceeds down its length, and then strike over the Fells to the right into Troutbeck. His choice will be

much determined by weather, of course: and we wish him something more of a choice than was permitted to us lately by a wind which laid us flat on the summit of the pass, and made all thought of High Street quite out of the question.

There is no difficulty in the ascent from Mardale Green; but the traveller indulges in frequent rests, for the sake of looking back upon the singularly-secluded valley, with its winding stream, its faintly-marked track, and its little inn, recognised to the last by the sycamores and poplars which overshadow its roof and rustle before the door. Then he comes to the hollow where lies the Tarn,—Small Water. Here he will rest again, sitting among scattered or shelving rocks, and drinking from this pure mountain basin. Arrived at the top, he loses sight of Mardale and greets Kentmere almost at the same moment. The dale behind is wild as any recess in the district: while before him lies a valley whose grandeur is all at the upper end; and which spreads out and becomes shallower with every mile of its recession from the mountain cluster which he is now about to leave.

When he has gone down a mile, he finds that he is travelling on one side of the Tongue of Kentmere,—the projection which, in this and some other valleys, splits the head of the dale into a fork. When he arrives at the chapel, he finds that there is a carriage-road which would lead him forth to Staveley and Kendal. But he is going over into Troutbeck: so he turns up to the right, and pursues the broad zigzag track which leads over the Fell, till Troutbeck opens beneath him on the other side. Before beginning the ascent, however, he will note Kentmere Hall,—the birthplace of Bernard Gilpin, in 1517. If familiar with the old descriptions of the district, he will look for Kentmere Tarn, and wonder to see no trace of it. It is drained away; and fertile fields now occupy the place of the swamp, reeds, and shallow waters, which he might have seen but a few years ago. While this tarn existed, the mills at Kendal were very irregularly supplied with water. Now, when the streams are collected in a reservoir which the traveller sees in coming down from the Pass of Nanbield, and the intercepting tarn is done away with, the flow of water no longer fails.

He descends into Troutbeck by the road over Applethwaite Common, which brings him down upon the chapel and the bridge, in the very depth of the deep valley of Troutbeck. Or, if he likes to drop down at once, so as to alight in the dale at the extremity of Troutbeck Tongue, he will enjoy the walk along the whole length of this charming valley,—among its old-fashioned farmsteads, and primitive aspects of every kind. He must be careful to cross the beck, and proceed on the western side of the valley, if, as we must suppose, his object is to reach Lowwood Inn or Ambleside. If he means to make Bowness his resting-place, he may keep on the eastern side of the stream, and follow the road.

From the western road, there are exquisite views,—now of Troutbeck Tongue; next, of the deep levels

through which winds the beck, peopled with trout, and therefore sought by the angler: next, of the chapel and bridge below; and then, when the road has wound some way over the boundary hills, of Windermere in almost its whole extent. The country people will tell him that "this is thought one of the handsomest views in these parts,—especially at the back-end of the year." It is always so "handsome," whether in the vivid green of spring, or the deep lustre and shadows of summer, or the radiant woodland hues of autumn, or the solemn lights of a wintry sunset, that we could make no choice among the four seasons. Has any one who wonders at this seen this view when there was a bar of red-hot snow on the ridge of Wansfell, and the islands lay purple in the crimson lake,—the Calgarth woods standing so still as that not a single twig let fall its burden of snow? If not, let him not wonder that the residents of the district hesitate between its winter and its summer charms.

The traveller may now retrace his steps to Ambleside, or he may take the Kendal road and put himself again on the line of railway to resume his journey northward. After leaving Kendal, Penrith is the only place of importance on the line of the Preston and Carlisle railway. The ruins of the castle, supposed to have been erected by Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, overlook the town from the west. It is built of the red stone of the district, and has suffered much from the action of the weather. The court is now used as a farm-yard. The parish church, dedicated to St. Andrew, is a plain structure of red stone. There are several ancient monuments within the church; and in the south windows are portraits of Richard Duke of York, and Cicely Neville his wife, the parents of Edward IV. and Richard III. In the churchyard is a monument called the "Giant's Grave," said to be the burial-place of Owen Caesarius, who was "sole king of rocky Cumberland" in the time of Ida. Not far distant is another memorial, called the "Giant's Thumb." Sir Walter Scott, on all occasions when he visited Penrith, repaired to the churchyard to view these remains. The new church, recently built at the foot of the Beacon Hill, is in the Gothic perpendicular style of architecture. "The Beacon," a square stone building, is erected on the heights to the north of the town. "The hill upon which the beacon-tower stands," we are informed by Mr. Phillips, "is one of those whereon fires were lighted in former times, when animosities ran high between the English and the Scotch, to give warning of the approach of an enemy." A fiery chain of communication extended from the border, northwards as far as Edinburgh, and southwards into Lancashire.

The antiquities in the neighbourhood are numerous and interesting; and the prospects from the heights are extensive and picturesque. Ulleswater, Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Saddleback, some of the Yorkshire hills, and Carlisle Cathedral can be distinctly seen on a clear day. Brougham Castle is situated one mile and three-quarters from Penrith. It was one of the strongholds of the great Barons of the Borders in the feudal times.

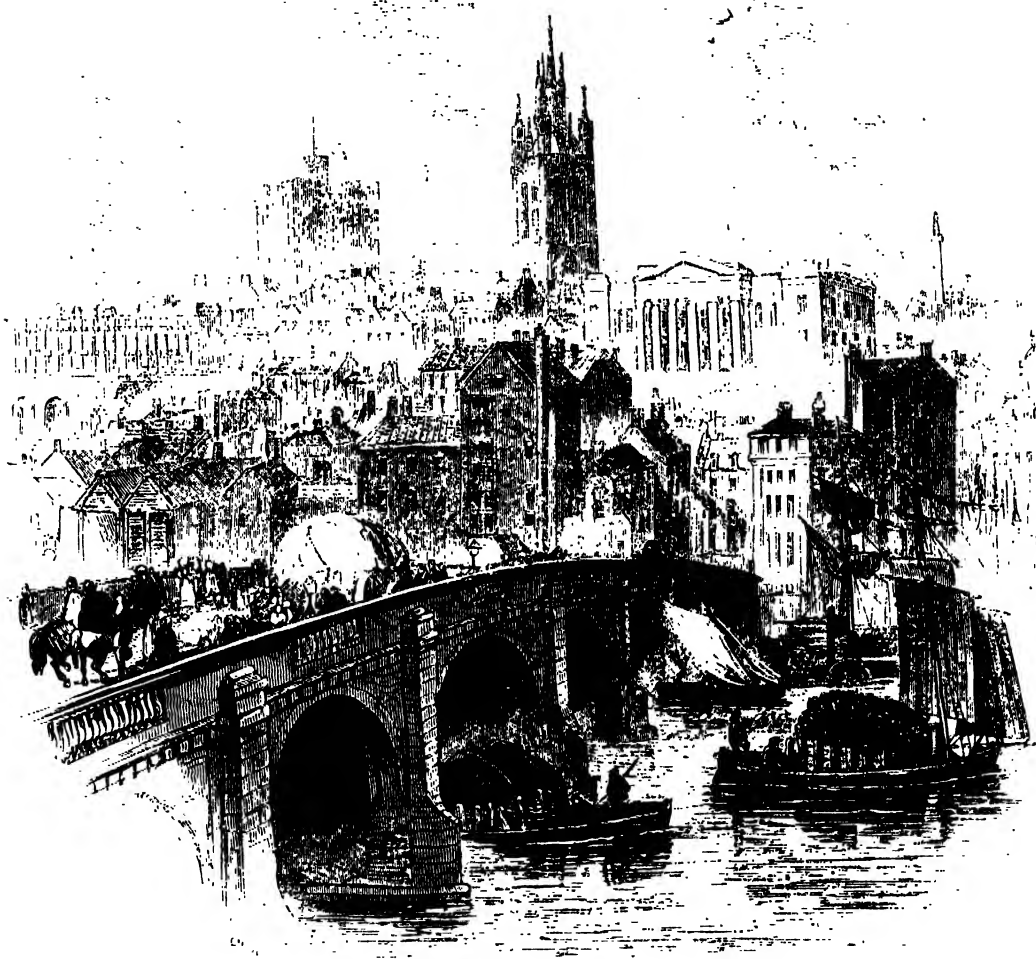
Brougham Hall, the seat of Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, stands on an eminence near the river Lowther, a short distance from the ruins of Brougham Castle.—Lowther Castle, the residence of the Earl of Lonsdale, is in the same district, and is one of the most princely halls in the kingdom, erected in a park of 600 acres.

To the ordinary mind a railway northward, through the bleak and barren hills between Penrith and Carlisle, seemed a very unpromising undertaking; not so, however, to the engineering eye. A railway over this wild region was projected early in the railway era, and was fortunately carried through before the shareholders began to calculate the cost for themselves; and now the traveller traverses the heights of Shap Fell in perfect ease and comfort, by means of the Lancaster and Carlisle railway.

Carlisle, a large city in Cumberland, and the capital of the surrounding district, is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the rivers Eden and Calder, the former of which falls into the Solway Firth about five miles below the city. The name is derived from the Saxon words *Cær lyell*, that is, the city near the wall, from its contiguity to the great Roman wall, which was formerly perceptible within a quarter of a mile of it, and is still visible in some places in the neighbourhood. It was formerly a military post of considerable strength, having its castle and citadel, the former, commanding the passage of the river Eden, being placed on a slight eminence, at the north-west extremity of the town. Although no longer useful as a defence for the river,—which is now passed by a noble bridge of four arches, and nearly a quarter of a mile in length, built in 1817 by Mr. Smith,—the castle is maintained in perfect repair, and contains a gunpowder magazine and armoury, where 10,000 stand of arms are usually kept. The population of the district in 1841 was 30,262, and according to the census of 1851, 40,907. A number of new buildings rising in all directions, and the presence of several important manufactories, testify to the increasing wealth and importance of the city, which returns two members to the imperial parliament.

Besides the Lancaster and Carlisle railway, this city has communication with the north by means of the Caledonian railway, through Lockerby and Moffat, both to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the extreme north. It has a ship-canal to Bowness, on the Solway Firth, by means of which vessels of eighty to one hundred tons can now reach the city, having, besides, steam communication with Liverpool. It has also a railway to Newcastle, which has opened up a very important trade with Ireland and the west coast. This railway, on which we must now pursue our journey, carries us through a highly interesting district, whether taken for its picturesque beauties or for its mineral wealth. In the district through which we pass are found the richest of the Cumberland lead mines, and the road skirts for some distance the famous river Tyne, which at Newcastle spreads before us in a noble river, floating whole navies on its broad bosom.

NEWCASTLE AND ITS COLLIERIES.



TYNE BRIDGE.

THE Newcastle and Carlisle railway extends across the island, connecting the two seas together, its summit level at the village of Glenwhilt being 446 feet above the sea; it is distinguished above all the railways on which we have travelled, by the architectural taste displayed in its various stations, each being constructed

in a distinct style of architecture, and with the happiest effect; the architect deserves to have his name recorded.

One of the largest municipal and parliamentary boroughs in the county of Northumberland, Newcastle, stands on the northern bank of the river Tyne, the south bank being occupied by the town of Gateshead,

which is the suburb of Newcastle in that direction, although actually in the county of Durham. It is a county town, and the assizes and quarter sessions for Northumberland are held there. The municipal borough is divided into seven wards, and is governed by fourteen aldermen and forty-two councilors. The parliamentary borough returns two members, and its population, by the census of 1851, was 87,784, being an increase of about 10,000 on the previous census. The city of Newcastle is built on the summit of three lofty eminences, rising from the north bank of the Tyne, about ten miles from its mouth, and extends about two miles along the banks.

Stow tells us, that "within thirty years past the nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coales were burned; nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea-coal fire." If the "nice dames of London" were as scrupulous in 1855 as Stow informs us they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Newcastle would have rather a sorry tale to tell: here two or three millions of tons of coal annually shipped would wofully fall away, if meat were neither "sod nor roasted" therewith; and we should not then have an inducement to invite the reader to a trip to the land of 'black diamonds.'

Newcastle is the last great centre of enterprize towards the northern margin of England—the last town in which industry, population, shipping, commerce, and wealth, present themselves on that scale of magnitude which gives rank and importance to a town. Newcastle has been the resting-place of many an army, and, in later days, of many a traveller, on the line of route to and from Scotland. It marks the eastern extremity of a wall which shielded the Roman conquerors from the barbarous tribes beyond. It speckles the shores of the last busy English river towards the north, and gives to that river the appearance of one continuous harbour. It is the very centre of the coal district, and the commercial market for the lead district. It is the outlet whence vast cargoes of manufactured produce find their way to southern England and to foreign climes. It is the birthplace of railways and of locomotives,—for coals made use of such agencies long before man trusted *himself* to their guidance. It has still a castle, to indicate its past connection with feudal times; while, on the other hand, it has modern activity enough to show that nothing but a lingering reverence for the past would save that castle from demolition, as a stumbling-block in the way of street improvement. It has ranges of houses and shops, such as no other town in England can excel, and few can parallel, in architectural grandeur. It has, within and around it, a population singularly varied, by the impress which particular employments give to those engaged therein. The Tyne, too, knows no rest: it is called upon to bear to the ocean innumerable vessels, of every size, shape, and burden, laden with the treasures—rough, and coarse, and dirty, but yet treasures—which Newcastle and its vicinity have to offer.

NEWCASTLE IN FORMER DAYS.

How Newcastle grew up to distinction, may be traced without entering very fully into antiquarian matters. After the conquest of this part of Britain by the Romans, Hadrian, about A.D. 120, built a wall across England from the mouth of the Tyne to the Irish Sea. It is supposed that this wall was at first merely a hedge of large stakes, fixed deeply in the ground, intertwined with wattles, and covered with turf. One or two of such walls are mentioned; but the wall which has maintained its place in history, and which still leaves vestiges visible, was built by Severus, about A.D. 210. Some ages after the departure of the Romans, Newcastle became known by the name of *Monkchester*, and retained that name until after the Conquest; this name originated from the number of monks living there. Abbeys, monasteries, and churches appear to have existed in this part of England in considerable number, prior to the reign of Alfred; but from that date to the time of the Conquest, the Danes carried desolation whithersoever they went; and the Normans found scarcely any ecclesiastical establishments existing in the northern counties. The modern name of Newcastle arose out of the construction of a castle at Monkchester, about A.D. 1080. The town was surrounded by a wall, by some of the succeeding monarchs; but whether John, Henry III., or Edward I., is not clearly known. The wall had many towers and many gates; and it is possible, even at the present day, by tracing the names of some of the old streets—such as Westgate, Gallowgate, Newgate, &c.—to form some conception of the course which the wall followed.

About the beginning of the reign of Stephen, Newcastle appears to have been for some time in the hands of David of Scotland, or of his son, Prince Henry; and the town and its neighbourhood were on many other occasions during the next three or four centuries subjected to the predatory incursions of the Scots. Among the 'great days' of Newcastle was that on which, in 1503, Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., passed through Newcastle on her way to Scotland, where she was to become the bride of James IV. According to the circumstantial details given by Leland, Margaret and her splendid retinue were met, about three miles south of Newcastle, by the Prior of Tynemouth and Sir Ralph Harbottle,—the former with thirty, and the latter with forty, richly-attired horsemen. Upon entering the bridge, the procession was joined by the Earl of Northumberland and his retinue, the collegiates, the Carmelite friars, the mayor, the sheriff, and the aldermen, clad in their several modes. Then, as Leland tells us, "at the bryge end, upon the gatt, was many children, revested of surpeliz, synggyng mello-diously hypnes, and playing on instrumentes of many sortes." Within the town, all the houses of the burgesses were decorated; and the streets, house-tops, and rigging of the shipping were filled with spectators, including "gentylnen and gentylnwomen in so grett number that it was a playsur for to se."

Wranglings and fightings between the English and Scotch in times of enmity; processions and feasting in times of peace; and terrible visitations of the plague (which seem to have been more frequent in this town than in almost any other part of the kingdom)—fill up a good deal of the annals of Newcastle in past ages. In 1603, King James spent four days in Newcastle, on his way to London to become crowned king of England. Here, as in other similar instances, the great personage of the day was received at the gates of the town by the mayor, aldermen, councillors, and chief inhabitants. The mayor presented the burghal keys and sword, and a purse full of gold: the king graciously returned the keys and sword, and as graciously kept the gold. On the Sunday, the king attended at the church, where the Bishop of Durham preached before him. On the Monday he visited the whole of the town, and released all prisoners, "except for treason, murder, and papistrie." So thankful, we are also told, were the townsmen of Newcastle for his Majesty's visit, "that they thankfully bare all the charges of his householde during the time of his abode with them." If history does not belie him, King James must have been well-pleased to let his new subjects take this honour to themselves. Fourteen years afterwards, James passed through Newcastle again, on occasion of a temporary visit to Scotland; and again was he presented with some 'jacobuses' by the obsequious mayor.

Newcastle was much involved in the turmoils of the civil war; and there seems to have been a curious mixture of loyalty and republicanism afloat at that time at Newcastle; for Charles I., in 1646, having fled from his enemies in the midland counties, took refuge at Newcastle, and placed himself under the protection of the Scots army. Bourne says, that "upon his Majesty's entrance into Newcastle, he was caressed with bonfires and ringing of bells, drums and trumpets, and peals of ordnance; but guarded by 300 of the Scottish horse,—those near him bareheaded." The king appears to have been kept in a sort of honourable confinement, midway between imprisonment and liberty: we are told, that "both he and his train had liberty every day to go and play at goff in the Shieldfield, without the walls." The people, on one occasion, took a singular mode of showing sympathy for him. "A little after the king's coming to Newcastle," says Whitelock, "a Scotch minister preached boldly before him; and when his sermon was done, called for the fifty-second Psalm, which begins:

'Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself
Thy wicked works to praise?'

Whereupon his Majesty stood up and called for the fifty-sixth Psalm, which begins:

'Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
For men would me devour!'

The people waved the minister's Psalm, and sang that which the king had called for."

The king, however, was imprudent enough to

attempt an escape from Newcastle, under circumstances which presented very little prospect of success; and a consequence of his failure was, that the remainder of his residence in that town was rendered more and more irksome. The troops, Bourne tells us, discomfited the fallen monarch:—"the king, having an antipathy against tobacco, was much disturbed by their bold and continual smoking in his presence." At length, in the next following year, the Scots gave Charles up to the English, and the unfortunate monarch was marched off to London.

The historical proceedings of Newcastle, after the termination of the civil war, settled down into mere annals, disturbed only on two occasions—the rebellions of 1715 and 1745: on both which occasions Newcastle appeared among the defenders of the Hanoverian line.

ASPECT; RAILWAYS; BRIDGES.

The history of a town like Newcastle breaks off into a new channel after the time of the Charleses and Jameses. We cease to read of wars and castles; and we hear more and more of industry and commerce. The great men cease to be barons and lords: they are replaced by shipowners and merchants. We cease to hear of especial favours granted to the townsmen by the sovereign; for the townsmen carve out favours for themselves. The annals of political or warlike events, few and far between, are succeeded by the annals of progress—steady, social, general progress; in which all, from the landowner to the workman, fall into their respective places by the mere force of the circumstances which surround them. We may here pass from the past to the present of Newcastle.

Newcastle presents many remarkable features in respect to situation. Gateshead bears towards it much the same relation as Southwark bears to London: a busy river separates the pair in each case; and in each case the southern portion presents fewer objects of interest to a stranger than the northern. Newcastle and Gateshead, both alike, however, stand on a steeply-inclined plot of ground, descending to the river's brink. The lower portion of Newcastle, next to the river, has crept along east and west year after year, until it now extends not much less than three miles. Most of the streets running north and south, within a quarter of a mile of the river, have a very rapid descent. Dean Street, for example, which forms part of the great highway from London to Edinburgh, has a descent of about one foot in twelve. Northward of these exceedingly steep streets, lies a less dense but still busy part of the town, ascending with a more gentle slope: and the boundary of the whole is the Town Moor—a broad level district, lying at an average elevation of two hundred feet above the river. Gateshead is even more formidable in respect to steepness than its opposite neighbour, Newcastle. Here the ascent from the river's bank is no less than five hundred feet in two miles; and some of the streets, leading from the old railway station to the bridge, are such as horses and drivers

regard with an anxious eye. From this station, or from any contiguous spot, the view over the two towns is very striking; the river, the shipping, the coal-keels, the factories, the glass-works, the pottery-works, the lofty chimneys, the steeples, the new railway bridge—that grandest of features in the town—all combine to form a scene of great activity and interest. Our steel plate gives one of the many general views which may be obtained of the town.

Let us see what this famous railway-bridge is, or rather is to be. To understand its position and object, we must know what are the outlets which railways have afforded to Newcastle.

In the first place, then, there is the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, which, taking the great northern wall as its pretty close companion, stretches across the island nearly from one sea to the other; and has been instrumental in supplying the west with coals from the east. Then there is the North Shields line, which, starting from Pilgrim Street, near the eastern margin of Newcastle, spans over several hollows by lofty viaducts, and passes through North Shields to Tynemouth. Next we have the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, which makes use of a portion of the last-mentioned line, and then darts off northward towards Scotland. Lastly, we have the net-work of Durham railways, which, taking their departure from Gateshead, open up a communication with South Shields, Sunderland, Durham, York, and the south generally.

Then came the great work—a work fit for the age and the place. All these railways stopped short at the several margins of the town; but commerce could not permit such a state of things to remain; she *must* and *will* have a central station; and this station requires enormous viaducts stretching over the deep-lying portion of the town. This state of affairs led to the following gigantic plan being carried out:—A spot of ground was selected near Neville Street, rather to the west of the centre of Newcastle, as the site of a grand central station; and thither the various lines of railway were to be brought. The Carlisle line was to shoot past its former terminus, and arrive at Neville Street by a bold curve passing almost close to the Infirmary. The Shields line, taking with it the Berwick line, was to span over Pilgrim Street, then, still more loftily, over the junction of the 'Side' with Dean Street, and join its opposite Carlisle neighbour at Neville Street. But the great enterprize remains to be noticed—the crossing of the Tyne. The existing Newcastle bridge accommodates the lower parts of Newcastle and of Gateshead; but the railways occupy the heights of the two towns; and any railway bridge over the Tyne must necessarily soar at a vast height above the river. The townsmen for many years had under their consideration the construction of a 'high level' bridge, for the service of the higher parts of the two towns; and after much negotiation, a plan was agreed upon between the railway companies and the corporation, by virtue of which the former undertook the construction of a *double* bridge—one of the most astonishing structures,

perhaps, in England,—consisting of a common foot and carriage bridge at a great height above the river, and a *railway over that!* The railway passes almost close by the castle, and joins the others at the grand central station.

This comprehensive plan—once adopted was rapidly carried into execution, and now forms one of the most stupendous structures in this country. The great station is also completed. The viaduct crosses the low-lying streets from Pilgrim Street to the vicinity of the castle; so that in passing up the 'Side' or up Dean Street, we see the locomotive panting away far above us. The railway-bridge over the river, exhibits two piers at the margin of the river, and four others in the stream itself, besides minor piers to support the land arches. These piers are of masonry, and of immense strength. The distance from pier to pier is about a hundred and twenty-four feet, and this determines the span of the arches. At a height of about ninety feet above high-water level runs a level bridge for carriages, horses, and foot-passengers: and at a further height of about twenty-five feet above this roadway runs the railway itself. The astonishing magnitude of this grand work will be better conceived by bearing in mind, that the entire height of masonry and iron-work, from the bed of the river to the parapet of the railway, exceeds a hundred and thirty feet! The whole length of the structure, from the high ground of Gateshead to the high ground of Newcastle, is nearly fourteen hundred feet. It has been estimated that the iron-work in the structure will weigh nearly five thousand tons! The mason-work, in and over the river itself, has cost above a hundred thousand pounds; the mason and brick-work of the land arches about an equal sum, and the iron-work a still larger sum. The bridge and viaduct are seen in the distance in our engraving, page 110, while the arch at the bottom of Dean Street is shown at page 109, with the tower of St. Nicholas, in the form of an imperial crown, in the distance. There are two streams running into the town, one of which, the Pandon Burn—over whose steep and narrow valley a handsome bridge of three arches was thrown in 1812—flows on the north side and then turning south runs under arches through the town into the Tyne, a quarter of a mile below Tyne Bridge. The other, the Ouse Burn, runs on the east side, and is crossed in several places by bridges, over which roads lead from Newcastle to adjacent places; and about half a mile below the Pandon Burn it joins the Tyne.

Railway affairs may fluctuate; directors and shareholders may wrangle; 'calls' may be amazingly rapid, and dividends amazingly small; golden dreams may be dissipated; estimates may be greatly exceeded;—all this may occur, and Newcastle may have its share of these troubles; but the 'high-level' bridge will stand for ages, a monument of enterprise, skill, and beauty. While the great station and bridge were in course of construction the trains passed along a temporary timber bridge, which looked very dangerous and fragile from its airy height. All these temporary



VIADUCT AT THE END OF DEAN STREET.

erections are now removed, and the works present one of the most striking instances of the enterprise of the Anglo-Saxon people.

The present existing old bridge, at Newcastle, is the only one between the railway bridge and the sea.

Indeed, such a low bridge ought not to have been built there at all; for the river above that point is thereby quite shut out from the approach of shipping; and the whole commercial arrangements of Newcastle have had to bend to the influence of this circumstance. There



NEWCASTLE, FROM HILGATE.

seems great probability that the Romans built a bridge across the Tyne, of seven arches; for various remains were discovered in the last century, in the bed of the river, serving to indicate such a fact. This bridge, or rather a bridge on the same site, was several times destroyed and renewed. The last destruction of this kind took place in 1771, when the bridge was overwhelmed by a flood. The present structure was finished and opened in 1781, at a cost of £30,000. It consists of nine elliptical arches. At the beginning of the present century it was widened on both sides, by buttresses in connection with the piers.

THE CENTRAL TOWN: MR. GRAINGER'S STRUCTURES.

The scene which presents itself to view on entering Newcastle differs greatly, according as we take the 'high-level' or the 'low-level' entrance. We shall find it convenient to adopt the former, and plant the reader at once pretty near the centre of the town.

Newcastle owes no small share of the beauty which marks some of its streets to one single individual,—possessing a bold original mind, which could think and plan for itself, and conquer, one by one, the difficulties

which would have crushed a less vigorous man. If we were to regard this as a matter simply of pounds, shillings, and pence, we should have to place it on a lower level than many a building-enterprise: it is not every one that, in enriching his native town, can also enrich himself,—the town retains the adornment for ages, whether the author of it dies a rich or a poor man. Let us see what has been done by Mr. Grainger, and how it has been done, at Newcastle. It is necessary to know what the town was in the early part of the present century, before we can form an estimate of the amount of boldness, courage, and perseverance necessary to work out the subsequent changes. In by-gone ages the Franciscan convent and the nunnery were surrounded by twelve acres of ground, in the heart of the town; but these were, in later days, replaced by an old mansion (the temporary prison of Charles I., alluded to in a former page), with its gardens and plantations. Down to Grainger's time this garden and plantation remained,—unproductive, on account of the smoke which for so many ages has enveloped the town, and useless to the town in any other way. He watched the ill-ordered empty space with a longing eye; he thought of the excellent building-stone in the

quarries near at hand; he built up in his mind imaginary terraces, and squares, and sumptuous streets; and resolved to bide his time.

Mr. Grainger entered upon various works, as a builder, for other parties; and in the course of a few years built many portions of new streets,—such as Carlisle, Blackett, and New Bridge Streets. Then came the rather ambitious project of Eldon Square, with its handsome rows of stone-fronted houses. Every enterprise successfully brought to a completion, acted as a stepping-stone to something higher. Grainger had advanced greatly and rapidly; and he next conceived the plan of building about a hundred and thirty stone-fronted houses, of a more ornamental character than any yet seen in the town, in the northern part of Newcastle, near the Town Moor: the plan was fully carried out, and the town has unquestionably gained a great ornament by it. His next enterprise was the erection of a building which, under the name of the Arcade, and opening into Pilgrim Street, presents to view a fine stone front, extending nearly a hundred feet in length, and an interior extending two hundred and fifty feet in depth. The whole building affords offices for two Banking-houses, Post-office, Stamp-office, Excise and Permit-office, and other establishments.

Up to this date, say about the year 1832, Mr. Grainger's operations within the town had given new buildings to the value of £200,000, nearly all of them stone-fronted, and far above the usual standard of street-architecture in other towns. But his great work, the development of his vast schemes, was yet to come. The twelve acres of unemployed, or ill-employed, vacant ground in the heart of the town, on which his thoughts had been centred for many a year, at length came into the possession of Mr. Grainger, at a purchase-price of £50,000; and about the same time he appropriated another sum, of nearly equal amount, to the purchase of some old property in the immediate vicinity. What was to come out of this, nobody knew but himself: the plans were wholly developed in his own mind before his fellow-townsmen knew aught concerning them. Something notable was expected, but this something was still vague and conjectural.

The first feature was the construction of a fine central street, in continuation of Dean Street: no ram's-horn (however proverbially crooked) can be more tortuous than the entrance into Newcastle from the old bridge; and it was to lessen a portion of this crookedness, on approaching the heart of the town, that the new street was planned. A butcher-market and a theatre stood in the way of the improvement; but the improver was not to be deterred by such obstacles. The Corporation gave up the old market, and agreed on the plan for a new one, and on the price to be paid for effecting the change. Works were commenced immediately; and in October, 1835, was opened the finest market in the kingdom—the finest at that time, and (we believe) still the finest in 1849: nay, it is even said to be the finest in Europe. The Theatre was the next point: a few difficulties arose

in this matter, for the theatre was a neat and convenient one; but Mr. Grainger cut the matter short by offering to build a new and handsomer one, and to present a good round sum of money into the bargain: this was accepted, and the theatre built. In all these matters, and others of a similar kind, Mr. Grainger's promptness in action became conspicuous; and the townsmen began to look out for something bold and decisive whenever he took a matter in hand.

When the whole of the property for the new central street was purchased, then arose Grainger's greatest mechanical difficulties—the levelling of the ground. Such was the alternation of hill and hollow, that the formation of a fine and regular street in the planned direction struck many with amazement, and many more with doubt. In some parts the ground had to be excavated to a depth of 27 feet, to form the base-ment of houses; in other parts valleys had to be filled to a height of 35 feet, and houses to be built thereupon, in order to form a street of uniform level. There were instances in which more masonry was buried underground than appeared in the whole elevation of the house above. The lowering of hillocks and ridges was so much more considerable than the filling up of hollows and trenches, that nearly five million cubic feet of earth was carried away from time to time, during the progress of the various improvements, after filling up the valleys, making mortar with some of the sand, and making bricks with some of the clay.

This arduous but most necessary operation of levelling being completed, there arose, one by one, those splendid streets, which have no parallel in England. Instances may be met with, in some of our larger towns, of isolated portions of street equal to these in beauty; but it may be doubted whether, as a group, these creations of Grainger's are equalled. Edinburgh could do more than either London or Liverpool in producing a parallel. The builder was, for the most part, his own architect; and as his new streets are mainly streets of shops, he was not bound down by precedent to such a degree as to cramp his invention. Grey Street, Grainger Street, Market Street, Clayton Street, Clayton Street West, Nun Street, Nelson Street, Wood Street, and Shakspeare Street, rose in succession—all situated in the very heart of the town, all occupied by houses presenting fronts of dressed and polished stone, all together presenting a length of a mile and a quarter of street, from fifty to eighty feet wide, and all erected in about five years. It is not merely a list of new streets thus presented by the improvements; new public buildings of a notable character have been reared as parts of the general design. Thus, there are the new Market, the new Central Exchange, the new Theatre, the new Dispensary, the new Music Hall, the new Lecture Room, two new chapels, the Incorporated Companies' Hall, two auction-marts, ten inns, and twelve public-houses,—besides about forty private houses, and the three or four hundred shops which formed the leading idea of the design. It has been estimated that the total value of the buildings thus



GREY STREET.

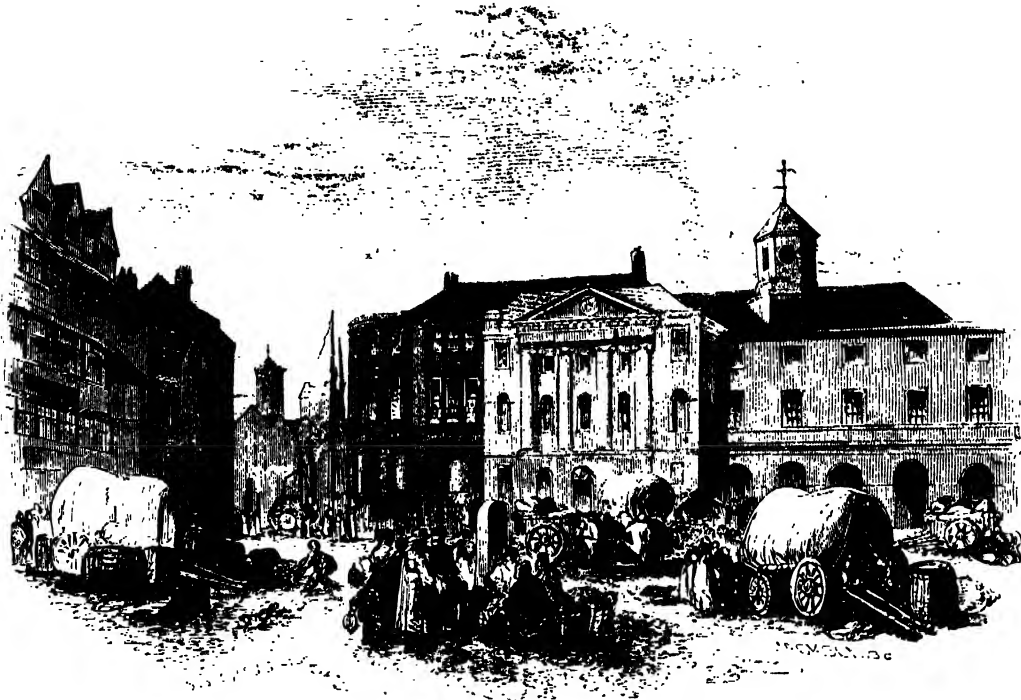
planned and constructed by one man, in five years, at a fair rental, is about a million sterling; and that about two thousand persons were regularly engaged on them for many years!

Let us now, shortly, see what are the appearances which this new world of buildings presents. First, for the Market. This sumptuous building occupies an oblong parallelogram, bounded by Grainger, Clayton, Nelson, and Nun Streets, and having twelve openings to those streets from its interior area. It lies in the very heart of Mr. Grainger's scene of improvements, and is worthy of them. The market is about three hundred and forty feet long by two hundred and fifty wide: covering an area of more than nine thousand square yards, or nearly two acres; neither London, Birkenhead, Birmingham, nor Liverpool, can present such an area of covered market as this. The area is divided into a number of avenues, or bazaars, appropriated as meat, vegetable, poultry, and butter-markets. the Meat Market consists of four long avenues, crossed by four shorter ones, mostly with arched ceilings, and well ventilated. The Vegetable Market is one noble apartment, larger than Westminster Hall, having a carved oak roof, supported by two rows of iron pillars, and a lantern-light running along the centre. The length is 318 feet, the width 57, and the height 40; and the whole appearance is so far beyond the general characteristics of such buildings, that a local guide-

book claims for it the designation of "a gorgeous hall, of vast extent, rather resembling the nave of some mighty cathedral than a market for the sale of the fruits of the earth." Without soaring to so lofty a height as this, we can well imagine how Newcastle may well be proud of such a market—and of the mind that planned it.

But Grey Street (Engraving,) is the great work. This street is, by the crossing of other smaller streets, divided into sections, each of which is made to comprise a distinct architectural design, worthy of study, independent of the rest. All, however, agree in this—that the front and entire decorations of the houses are in solid stone; that the stone is of a warm, rich colour; that the ranges excel those of Edinburgh, in being more ornate; and that they excel those of Regent Street, in London, as truly as good stone excels shabby stucco.

Taking the west side of Grey Street, we find it divided into three compartments by the crossing of High Bridge and Market Street. The south compartment comprises a Corinthian design in the centre, with two wings; derived, in many of its details, from the interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The entablature of the centre front rests on eleven lofty Corinthian columns; and the whole is surmounted by a double range of balustrades. This central portion is occupied by the offices of two banking companies. The next



SANDHILL—EXCHANGE AND MARKET.

group, or compartment, about half the length of the southern, presents an Ionic design, after the Temple on the Illyssus at Athens: the middle portion is occupied by a large inn. The northern compartment (the shortest of the three) comprises one side of a triangle of houses, the area of which triangle is occupied by the Central Exchange. This spot is perhaps the most central and the most magnificent in the whole group of new buildings. The Exchange is a rich and beautiful semicircular building, imbedded in a triangle of noble houses, whose fronts are in Grey Street, Grainger Street, and Market Street. Seven entrances lead from these streets to the Exchange. It is a semicircle, about a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred in width, wholly lighted from above, as the building is encased in a triangle of houses. The roof is supported by fourteen Ionic columns, twelve of which form a semicircle; and within the columned area of this semicircle is the News-room; on the outside of the semicircle are the corridors, entrances, and staircases leading to the Coffee-room and other apartments. Above the entablature, round the top of the semicircle, spring a series of curved ribs, one over each column: and these ribs form the skeleton for a magnificent glass dome, through which descends ample light into the area of the room. In an upper part of the building are apartments for the School of Design. The triangle of houses, within which the Exchange is thus singularly

placed, are of uniform design; the fronts presented towards the three streets are each an adaptation of the design of the Corinthian Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli; and the three points of the triangle are each finished by a dome springing from a nearly circular range of Corinthian columns.

Next taking a glance at the east side of Grey Street, we find the entire length distributed into five architectural compartments, separated by the crossing of other streets. The first or southern compartment, from Mosley Street to Shakspeare Street, has in the centre a colonnade of lofty Corinthian columns, with wings having pilasters and balustrades. The second compartment, from Shakspeare Street to Market Street, is almost wholly occupied by the front of the new theatre. This theatre is one of the largest and most beautiful out of London; as the portico projects completely over the foot-pavement, and is formed wholly of highly enriched stone-work, it constitutes one of the greatest ornaments of Grey Street. Continuing our route up this street, we come to the third architectural compartment, lying between Market Street and Hood Street. Here, according to Mr. Grainger's original plan, would have been a splendid range of buildings, occupied by the Town and County Courts, Council Chamber, Town Clerk's, and other corporate offices and chambers, and a residence for the mayor: but difficulties interfered with the carrying out of the plan;

and Mr. Grainger has made a portion of his architectural design available for other purposes. The centre of this compartment, as now completed, is occupied by a banking company; it presents a highly-enriched façade in the upper stories, supported by more sober Doric pilasters beneath. The fourth compartment, occupying the space between Head Street and High Friar Lane, is of the Ionic order, with increased columns in the centre, and pilastered wings. The fifth and last compartment, ending at Blackett Street, is more simple than all the others.

Such, then, is Grey Street; and this detailed view of its architectural features will serve as a general representative of all Mr. Grainger's beautiful streets. A somewhat less ornate version of this magnificent street will serve to describe each of the others. At the point where three of them meet, at the top of Grey Street, is Bailey's statue of Earl Grey, on a lofty column.

THE OLD TOWN: THE QUAYS, CHARES, AND STAIRS.

It may not be amiss to take this galaxy of new streets as a centre, from which we can radiate in different directions, to view some of the other notable features of the town.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader, taking the south and south-east direction from this centre, finds himself near the foot of the bridge—the bridge over which so many a mail-coach has passed on its way from London to Edinburgh. Among the odd twistings and contortions of Newcastle, one of the oddest is the non-existence of any main line of thoroughfare in continuation of the bridge. We are before us a steep, absolutely insurmountable by streets or vehicles of any kind. This was the ground first built upon, and it became gradually a dense mass of courts and alleys—"a vast hanging-field," as one topographer has designated it, "of sombre and cheerless houses, huddled mobbishly into a confused and pent-up mass, packed and squeezed by mutual pressure into panic retreat from the approach of wheel and carriages." But though we can see no streets, we have almost interminable flights of stone steps before us, as if they were climbing up the face of a hill. There is one such flight, very near the bridge, which contains more steps than we have succeeded in counting; and the drollery of the matter is, that it forms a veritable Monmouth Street or Field Lane—boots, boots, boots, at every yard. Whether Newcastle sends all its second-hand boots and shoes to this staircase, we do not know; but, as we ascend, we are tempted and attracted as much as it has been by the well-polished array of boots and shoes—now the lofty Wellingtons, now the lowly Bluchers; here the classic Oxoniens, and there the Royal Clergymen or Alberts; while the 'single soles,' and 'goloshes,' and 'prunellas,' for the gentler wearers, also occupy their places in the display. Little houses or shops, or stalls or nests (for it is hard to know what to call them), line the sides of the staircase and how

the indwellers manage to avoid tumbling down stairs when they come out of their shop doors, is a matter for marvel.

If, then, there be no regular street opposite the bridge, there must be a detour so as to surmount the ascent in some other way. This detour is towards the right, or east, where we come to an irregular open space of ground, denominated, at its northern part, the Sandhill, abutting at its southern part against the river, and having a large building in the centre called the Exchange. It is said that the higher part of this open space is formed by a heap of sand thrown up by the tide: whence the name of Sandhill. In the midst of this spot once stood an equestrian statue of James II.; but the unfortunate bronze monarch falling a victim to popular fury, was metamorphosed into bells for the churches of St. Andrew and All Saints'. The middle of the vacant space is now occupied by the Exchange, built nearly two centuries ago; the architect of which was Robert Trollope. Whether Trollope will be most enduringly remembered by this Exchange, or by his epitaph in Gateshead Churchyard, is for the future to show; but the effusion is certainly a curiosity in its way:

"Here lies Robert Trollope,
Who made yon stones roll up;
When Death took his soul up,
His body filled this hole up."

The lower portion of this building is appropriated as a fish-market. In Cut p. 113, we see the old Exchange and the Market.

The houses which surround the Sandhill, on all but the water-side, are many of them highly picturesque, having survived the changes which have run through their course of fashion since the days of half-timbered and carved-gabled houses. It was from one of these houses that Lord Eldon, when a young man, stole away his bride on a runaway match to Scotland. Turning out of this open space, at its northern extremity, we come to the *Side*, a street running north-westward. This street is also quite picturesque in its house-architecture, and so steep, that both man and horse think it rather a serious affair to be obliged to make the ascent; and until 1696, it was a still more serious affair; for Lord Burn at that time ran in a gully at the bottom of the Side, which was not arched over until the year named. When we make the ascent of the Side, and reach the top, we soon emerge into the open space which contains St. Nicholas' Church. On our way we pass Dean Street, which branches out on the right towards the north, and which shows that the Newcastle people, sixty years ago, had to display some of the same kind of ingenuity which Mr. Grainger has recently so signally exhibited. Where this street of good-looking houses now runs, there was formerly a dean, or glen, through which a brook, crossed by a Roman bridge, once flowed. The street hangs on the sides of, or rather surmounts, this filled-up ravine.

If we walk along the banks of the river eastward, we maintain a pretty general level, and find ourselves

immersed among the oldest, densest, and dirtiest parts of the town. Ships and coals, coals and ships, leave their commercial impress on the houses of the quay-side. The warehouses, the offices, the counting-houses, although resembling those of Hull and other sea-ports in respect to ships, have a character of their own in respect to the immense coal dealings carried on. One of the buildings in the Quay-side is the Custom-house, which received a new stone-facing about twenty years ago. The long dirty roadway on which we walk, from the bridge almost to the eastern extremity of Newcastle, presents us with the river and its shipping on the right-hand, and the warehouses and offices on the left. If we seek for any good streets to lead us up from this quay to the higher parts of the town, we shall find none; but a little industrial search detects a whole string of steep alleys, called *charcs*, which lead up from Quay-side to the elegant precincts of Butcher Bank and Dog Bank. But though Butcher Bank is a narrow, crooked, odd-looking street, and though its name indicates how it has been (and, in part, still is) occupied, yet we must not forget that Akenside, to whom we owe the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' resided there: whether his imagination were ever kindled by the scenes of such a place, is another matter. Bucke tells us, that "Akenside is said to have been, in after life, very much ashamed of the comparative lowness of his birth; and it is also reported, that he could never regard a lameness, which impeded his walking with facility, otherwise than as an unpleasant memento of a cut on the foot, which he received from the fall of one of his father's cleavers when about seven years old." Mr. Bucke gives the following lines of Akenside, which resulted from his rambles to the country places near his native town:

"Oh ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye, most ancient woodlands! where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!"

The steep *charcs* or alleys of Newcastle are close neighbours. Whether human ingenuity could wedge a greater number of houses into an equal space may well be doubted. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," they certainly are. Love Lane (one of these *charcs*) is distinguished for having given birth to two ennobled lawyers, whose names are not likely to die out of remembrance; viz., Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. The father of the two brothers was one of those whose occupation is closely associated with Newcastle; he was a coal-fitter; but the house where he once resided, and where the two great lawyers were born, has since been occupied as a bonded-warehouse.

While standing in, or looking up, this Love Lane, we can hardly avoid meditating on the singular rise of those two brothers. William, afterwards Lord Stowell, was born in 1745; while John, Lord Eldon, was born in 1751. Horace Twiss, in his 'Life of Lord Eldon,'

relates the following incident, in connection with the birth of William:—"On the 17th of September, 1745, the city of Edinburgh had surrendered to the Pretender's army, whose road to London lay directly through Newcastle. The town walls were planted with cannon, and every preparation was made for a siege. In this state of things Mrs. Scott's family were anxious that she should remove to a quieter and safer place. The narrow lanes, or, as they are called, *charcs*, of Newcastle, resembling the wynds of Edinburgh, communicate from the upper part of the town to the quay-side; and in one of these, named Love Lane, which is in the parish of All Saints, stood the residence of Mr. William Scott (the father), conveniently situate for the shipping, with which he was connected; but the line of the town-wall at that time ran along the quay between Love Lane and the river Tyne; and the gates having been closed and fortified, egress in any ordinary way appeared impossible. This obstacle, however, was overcome by the courage of Mrs. Scott, who caused herself to be hoisted over the wall in a large basket, and descended safely on the water-side, where a boat lay in readiness." She was conveyed to Heworth, three or four miles from Newcastle, where William, the future Lord Stowell, was born shortly afterwards. Mr. Twiss, however, gives two stories, which have been current on this subject; and though the above is the more romantic and more popularly-believed version, he accepts one, in which the contents of the basket are said to have been—not the lady, but the medical practitioner who was to attend her at Heworth. Lord Eldon, six years afterwards, was born in the family residence in Love Lane. Some of the few Chancery jokes of the sedate Earl, in later years, related to his having been born in a '*charc*.'

But to resume our ramble. Passing beyond the quay-side, we come to another densely-built parallelogram of *charcs* and houses. This parallelogram is bounded on the south, or river-margin, by the New Quay, and on the north by the New Road to Shields; a road which, like the 'New Roads,' and 'New Streets,' and 'New Cuts,' of London, has long outlived its newness. Parallel and between these two is Sandgate, a narrow lane, surrounded by still narrower courts. This Sandgate was one of the oldest entrances into Newcastle from the east; the Corporation have recently bought the whole south side of Sandgate, with a view to the construction of new offices and warehouses for merchants. In the New Road is the Keelmen's Hospital; an institution whose name at once indicates the peculiar local association with which it is connected. It is a large brick structure, enclosing a quadrangular court; and for nearly a century and a half it has afforded an asylum to disabled keelmen, and assistance to their widows. Most of the keelmen contribute a mite out of their own earnings for the support of the hospital. In the same line of road we meet with the Royal Jubilee School, St. Ann's Chapel, and one or two other chapels; and a continuation in this route would bring us to the multitude of collieries, potteries, glass-works, iron-

works, chemical-works, &c., which lie between Newcastle and North Shields.

THE UPPER TOWN: NORTH, EAST, AND WEST.

Thus far, then, for the 'along-shore' quays, and streets, and chares, and stairs. Now for the upper parts of the town. Pilgrim Street and Northumberland Street form a nearly north and south barrier between Mr. Grainger's splendid town and the east town. Pilgrim Street was the main highway through the town, before the construction of Grey Street: it received its name from having in early days been in the route of the pilgrims towards the shrine at Jesus' Mount (now Jesmond), in the north-east vicinity of the town. Eastward of this line of street the respectabilities and the gentilities increase a little as we get further from the centre of the town. The poor streets cling pretty closely to the river: the commercial streets group themselves in and around Mr. Grainger's structures; while the private dwellings stretch themselves further and further away towards Pandon and Jesmond. The cricketers have contrived to secure a capital piece of ground to themselves, somewhat north-eastward of the town, which is used as a cricket-field; and a series of baths, a cricketers' club-house, and a hotel, near the ground, contribute something to the pleasantness of the spot.

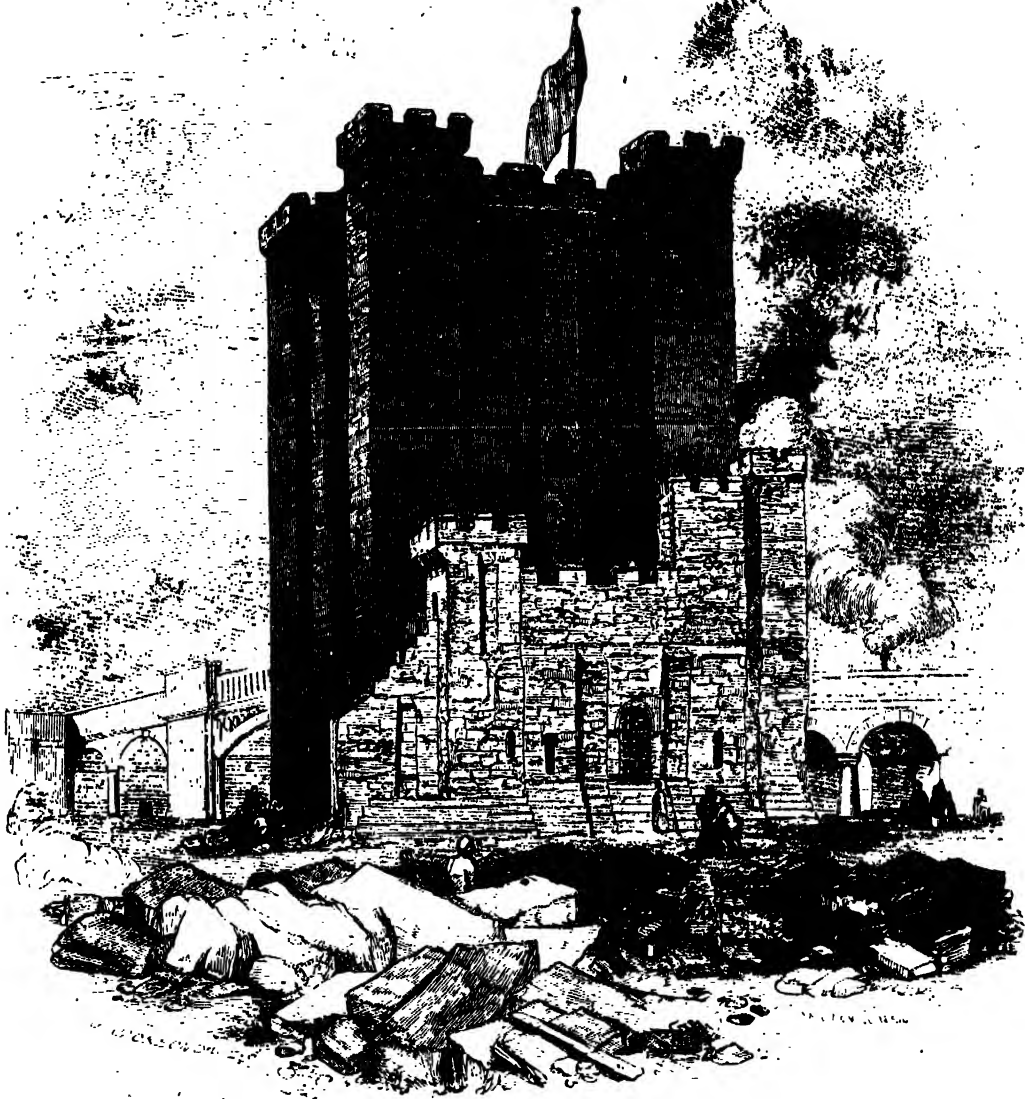
Our northern margin speedily brings us to the open country; where Jesmond, with its pleasant cemetery; the extensive Town Moor; the open space, called the Castle Leazes, with its contiguous rows of fine houses; the open ground, called the Nun's Moor; the Westgate Cemetery, at the extremity of the long line of Westgate Street and Hill; the numerous streets of well-built private houses; and the churches and chapels built within the last few years—all tend to show that it is in this direction that we must look principally for the private residences of the principal inhabitants.

West and south-west of the centre of the town, we find more buildings connected with the early history of Newcastle than in any other quarter. As in the eastern division, we will begin at the river, and ascend to the higher parts of the town. First, then, for the *Close*—the Thames Street of Newcastle, or a kind of hybrid between Thames Street and Bankside. This *Close* runs from Sandhill to the Forth Bank; it is a narrow street, crowded with manufactories, warehouses, and wharfs; and is about as clean as such a place can be expected to be. Yet it was not always such; in days gone by the leading families of the town dwelt in this street, among whom were the Earl of Northumberland and Sir William Blackett. One of the large buildings on the north side, now occupied as warehouses, was for many generations the Mansion House, in which all festivities had run their career of glory. The houses on the north side of the street lie at the foot of the steep slope, before alluded to; and it is at this part that we meet with the numerous flights of steps which lead up to the higher town.

Immediately north of this close, and forming the nearest conspicuous objects from the two bridges, are the Castle and the County Courts, crowning the summit of the ascent. The two buildings are very near each other, and the open space of ground between and around them is called the Castle Garth. The County Court comprises the Moot Hall for Northumberland, where the assizes are held. It is a large and fine building, built about forty years ago, on the site of a Roman station.

At what time and under what circumstances the castle was built, has been noticed in an earlier page. It remained Royal property, and went through the various vicissitudes of those times. In 1336, there was an inquisition appointed, to inquire into the condition of the castle; the result of which was, that the great tower, the great hall, the king's chamber, the queen's chamber, the king's chapel, the buttery-cellar, the pantry, the bridges within and without the gate, and one postern—were declared to be "£300 worse than before." The castle maintained its place among the fortifications of the north until the end of the sixteenth century; when its days of degradation began. From 1605 to 1616, it was farmed by the Incorporated Company of Tailors of Newcastle! What the tailors required of it does not appear to be known; but they paid an annual rental of one pound sterling: the *keep*, however, was still set apart as a prison. In 1618, King James I. granted, or let out, at a rental of forty shillings per annum, for fifty years, to Alexander Stevenson, one of his pages of the bed-chamber, "all that his old castle of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the scyte and herbage of the said castle, as well within the walls of the same as without, with the rights, members, privileges, &c., thereto belonging;" those portions of the castle which had been used for corporate purposes seems to have been excepted from this grant. The subsequent history of the castle is anything but a royal or a feudal one: the bright days of the old structure were long departed. There has recently, however, a step been taken which will probably preserve the venerable relic from ruin. The Corporation has let the castle, at a nominal rent, to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society (one among many excellent literary and scientific associations with which Newcastle is provided); and the two bodies have agreed to spend a certain sum on the restoration of the interior. An Antiquarian Society could hardly have a more fitting locale.

The state of the castle at the present day (Cut, p. 117) does not differ very greatly from that described by Brand, seventy years ago. The *keep* is still standing, nearly a hundred feet in height; with its immensely thick walls, and its lofty ranges of stone steps. There are nineteen steps from the ground up to the outer portal; twenty-four steps from thence to a sort of guard-room, which seems to have been highly embellished; and eight further steps up to the grand portal, which led at once to the state-apartments of the *keep*. In the hall of this castle the competitor for the Scottish



THE CASTLE.

crown, with Robert Bruce, betrayed his country, and did homage to Edward I. for the crown of Scotland. Into this hall, also, David Bruce was brought as a prisoner by John Copeland. Though it was transferred to the possession of the incorporated Company of Tailors, as we have seen, yet it did not altogether lose its warlike character or ancient strength ; for, by a few

repairs, and by planting cannon on the walls and on the top of the tower, the gallant Sir John Marley, Mayor of Newcastle, was enabled to hold out for a considerable period against the Scots under the command of General Leslie, in 1644, when the town, after an obstinate defence, had surrendered to the enemy. A winding staircase, from the ground to the summit,

and galleries in various directions, exist in the thickness of the walls. Near the grand entrance is the chapel,—an apartment, about forty-six feet by twenty, now shorn of its beauty, but once evidently a highly-adorned Norman edifice. The exterior wall of the fortress enclosed an area of more than three acres, and had a grand entrance, or portal, of thirty-six feet width.

In Leland's time, Newcastle was regarded as one of the most strongly fortified towns in Europe. Although advancing population and commerce have ground most of these fortifications to dust, there still remain indications to show what they have been. The town wall was upwards of two miles in circuit, from twelve to twenty feet high, and eight feet thick: it was perforated by six or seven strongly-embattled gates, and defended by a large number of semicircular vaulted towers, and another series of quadrangular watch-towers. All the gates were still in existence about half a century ago; and of the very numerous towers, about a dozen yet survive, repaired and kept in order, and applied to various useful purposes—very burghal and commercial, but very anti-feudal. One is the Shipwrights' Hall, one the Masons' Hall; while the weavers, the colliers, the paviours, the glaziers, the plumbers, the armourers, the felt-makers, the curriers, the slaters, the tilers, the bricklayers, and the plasterers—have all succeeded in obtaining halls for their guild-meetings in some or other of these old wall-towers.

We must return to the neighbourhood of the castle. Not far from the castle is St. Nicholas' Church—by far the most noteworthy in Newcastle: it is the church, and was for many generations the only one. If there were nothing else about it to attract attention, its spire—its delicately-supported spire—would be an object of interest; but it has all the claims of antiquity in its favour.

This church, or at least a church on the same site, was built so long ago as 1097; and there is a record of the church having been destroyed by fire in 1216. The present structure was probably built soon after that period; but so numerous have been the alterations and 'improvements' that very little is left to speak of past ages, except the steeple. This steeple (Cut. p. 119) has been described by almost every writer who has spoken of Newcastle. It is believed to have been built in the time of Henry VI., before which period the square tower was crowned only by a battlement of open stone-work and embrasures; and it is also probable that the body of the church was newly roofed at the same period. As it at present stands, the church is cruciform, about two hundred and twenty feet long, by seventy wide. There is a choir, with seats, and a nave without seats, in the cathedral style. The interior generally, and the exterior of the body of the church, exhibit the effects of the numerous patchings to which the structure has been exposed; but the steeple remains true to its original character and design. It is upwards of two hundred feet in height. From the ground to the battlements it is divided into three stages, or architectural designs; the

lower are pierced by the principal entrance and by a noble window. At the corners of the tower are bold buttresses, surmounted by octagonal turrets, with crocketed pinnacles. From the bases of these turrets spring four flying buttresses, of very graceful form, and crocketed at their edges; from their points of intersection, near the centre, rises a very light and elegant square lantern, with a crocketed pyramidal spire at its summit and crocketed pinnacles for its angles. The whole appearance of this crowning termination to the steeple is singularly graceful: it has been universally admired, and has been the model for the steeples of St. Giles at Edinburgh, St. Dunstan-in-the-East at London, and of many other churches.

St. Nicholas' Church lies at the southern extremity of a wide line of street, which probably formed, at one time, the main artery through the town; and the names of Groat Market, Cloth Market, and Bigg Market, applied to different portions of its length, seem to indicate that the markets of Newcastle were once here held.

Westward of the castle lies an irregular mass of streets, partly occupied by factories, partly by poor dwellings—nothing clean and nothing picturesque must be there looked for, until we get beyond the Forth Field and Forth Bank. This Forth, in the middle of the last century, was a fine open elevated spot of ground, from which an extensive view could be obtained in and around the town: it was the chief public walk of Newcastle, and was afterwards a bowling-green. But brick and stone, population and industry, have, by little and little, crept up and over the Forth, until hardly a vestige of it is left. The Cattle Market has seized upon one portion; the Infirmary on another; numerous rows of streets on other portions; while the gigantic new railway-station threatens to swallow up another notable area.

But when we advance north-west of the castle, and wend our way through Westgate Street, we ere long reach a tolerably pleasant open district of private streets, roads, and terraces. One of the most interesting buildings here is the Grammar School, which—even if it had no other claims to attention—would be noteworthy, as the place where Bishop Ridley, Mark Akenside, Lord Collingwood, Lord Eldon, and Lord Stowell, received their education.

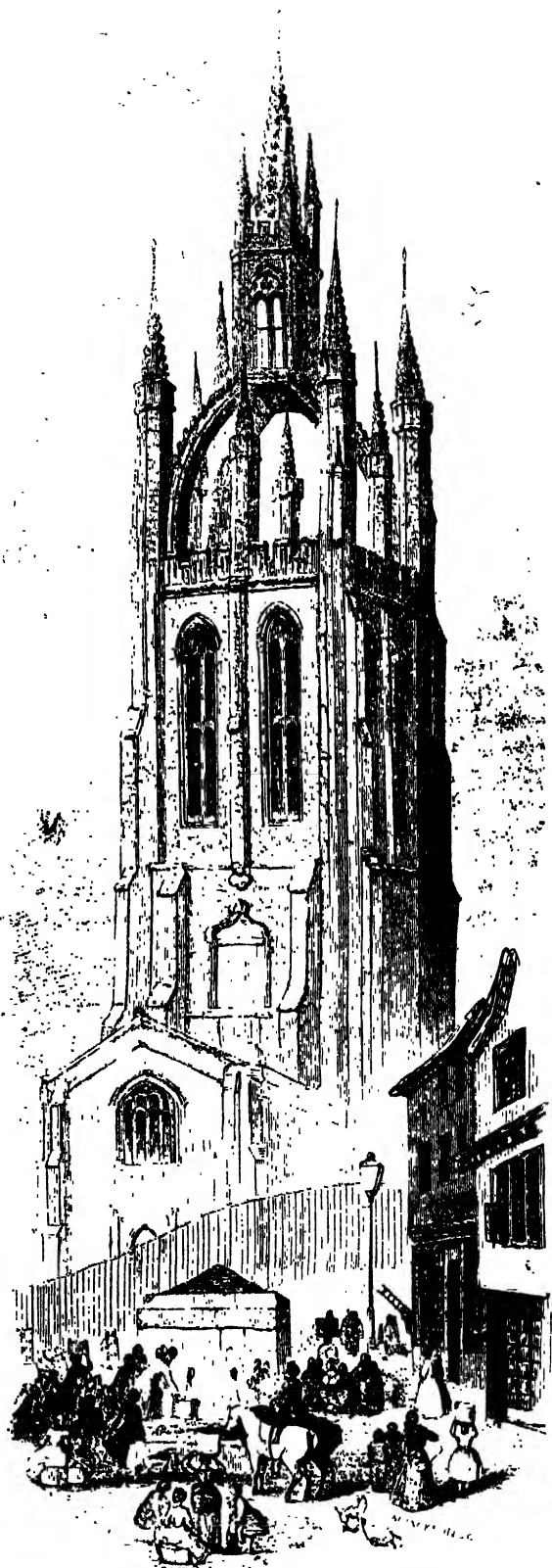
Mr. Twiss gives a multitude of Newcastle anecdotes relating to the two great lawyers in their schoolboy days. The following was told by Lord Eldon to his niece, Mrs. Forster: it reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's school-boy battles with 'Green-brecks,' at Edinburgh:—"I believe no boy was ever so much thrashed as I was. When we went to school we had to go by the Stock Bridge. In going to school we seldom had any time to spare; so Bill (the future Lord Stowell) and Harry used to run as hard as they could; but poor Jacky's legs not being so long or so strong, he was left behind. Now, you must know, there was eternal war waged between the Head School lads and all the boys of the other schools; so the Stockbriggers seized the oppor-

tunity of poor Jacky being alone, to give him a good drubbing. Then, on our way home, Bill and Harry always thrashed them in return,—and that was my revenge; but then it was a revenge that did not cure my sore bones." Lord Eldon once said to Mr. Surtees, "When your father and I were boys (and that is now a long time ago), I remember our stealing down the Side, and along the Sand-hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept in along the counter, then pop't our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection." The following is quite delectable in its way:—"Between school-hours" (Eldon is still the narrator) "we used to amuse ourselves at playing at what we called 'cock-nibs,'—that was, riding on grave-stones in St. Paul's churchyard, which, you know, was close to the school. Well, one day, one of the lads came shouting, 'Here comes Moises!' (the schoolmaster)—that was what we always called him, Moises—so away we all ran as hard as we could, and I lost my hat. Now, if you remember, there were four or five steps going down to the school, a sort of passage. Unfortunately a servant was coming along with a pudding for the bakehouse; and in my hurry, when Moises was coming, I jumped down these steps, and into the pudding. What was to be done? I borrowed another boy's great coat, and buttoned it on, over my own coat, waistcoat, pudding and all; and so we went into school. Now when I came out, I was in an unforeseen dilemma; for this great coat had stuck to my own: another boy's coat sticking to me, and my own hat lost!—here was a situation! With great difficulty the coat was pulled off; but my father was very angry at my losing my hat, and he made me go without one till the usual time of taking my best into every-day wear." Mrs. Forster states that the unlucky wight went no less than three months without his hat.

THE VARIED MANUFACTURES OF NEWCASTLE AND THE TYNE.

We will now take our departure from the multi-formed streets, time-worn antiquities, and modern splendours of Newcastle, to glance at the vast industrial features of the surrounding district.

No one can enter Newcastle from Gateshead, or Gateshead from Newcastle; or trip along the Brandling Railway to South Shields, or the Tynemouth Railway to North Shields; or take a threepenny voyage down the Tyne in the steamers which are running to-and-fro all day long;—without seeing that the whole neighbourhood is a focus of manufacturing industry. It is scarcely too much to say, that the whole distance from Newcastle to the sea, on both sides of the river, forms one huge manufacturing town; so thickly are the factories and works strewed along the double line. And yet we cannot detect any unity of object in these works. It is not as at Manchester, where cotton reigns supreme; or in the West-Riding towns, where wool is the staple of industry; or at Sheffield, where steel is the be-all



ST. NICHOLAS, FROM HEAD OF THE TIDE.

ten pounds of viscid glass on the end of a tube, blows and whirls, and blows and whirls again, until the hollowed mass of glass suddenly flashes out into the form of a flat circular sheet. Or let it be *Flint-glass*; where, after a mass of the semi-liquid material has been blown hollow on the end of a tube, it is brought by a few simple tools to the form of a goblet, decanter, wine-glass, or other vessel, in a way that almost baffles the eye and the comprehension of the most attentive observer. Or, lastly, if *Bottle-glass* be the form in which the material is produced; we see the mode in which the employment of cast-iron moulds is made to bear its share in the general routine of operations.

Potteries, likewise, are very numerous in this busy district. They do not aim at the dainty and tasteful productions of the Copelands, the Mintons, and the Chamberlains, in other parts of England: their pots are to bear rough usage, and they are made roughly. There is clay in abundance near the Tyne and the Wear, fitted to make coarse pottery and earthenware; and this circumstance, coupled with the abundance of coal and of shipping, enables this northern district to beat Staffordshire out of the market in supplying coarse goods to Germany, Denmark, and other northern countries. The grinding, the mixing, the 'throwing,' the drying, the baking, the glazing,—all are effected on the same principle which distinguishes the manufacture elsewhere, but with a certain tinge of coarseness and cheapness.

The chemical works of the Tyne are among the largest and most important establishments of the vicinity. They are found on both sides of the river—from Newcastle on the west, to Shields on the east; and their numerous chimneys tell of the extent and variety of the operations conducted therein. 'Chemical' is a word of wide significance, and indicates how large a number of substances may fittingly come under the notice of such manufacturers. Soda, potash, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, nitric acid, chlorine, chloride of lime, alum, red lead,—all are 'chemicals,' in the manufacturer's acceptance of the term; and all are made largely on the banks of the Tyne. Some of these establishments are beautiful examples of scientific system, and present striking features. In the making of sulphuric acid, for instance, there are, in one establishment, leaden chambers employed, each two hundred feet in length, twenty in width, and twenty in height!—these are to contain the sulphur-vapour which is to form the acid. There is, in the same works, a platinum crucible, or still, for boiling the acid, which cost as many guineas as it weighs ounces—one thousand!

The lead-works, again, are notable features. At Aldstone, several miles westward of Newcastle, there are extensive lead-mines, many of which belong to Greenwich Hospital: they are leased or farmed-out to individuals or companies, by whom the ore is raised and the metal separated from the impurities. The lead is sent to Newcastle in the form of 'pigs,' or oblong blocks; and here it is either exposed to the manufac-

turing operations of refining, shot-making, red-lead making, and white-lead making, or it is transformed into the various forms of pipes, sheets, &c. Some of these operations of the lead-works are not less interesting than those of the chemical works: let us instance the 'refining.' Nearly all lead contains a little silver; if the ratio be even so small as five ounces of silver to a ton of lead, it will repay the process of refining; and this refining is a delicate and beautiful process—in which the silver, by its different chemical and mechanical properties, is separated little by little from the lead. If we take the still more curious process of shot-making, we see how the melted lead is dropped through the holes of a kind of colander—how it falls into water at the bottom of a pit (perhaps a deserted coal-pit), one or two hundred feet in depth,—how it here solidifies into small roundish drops—how these drops are first dried, and then sifted into different sizes—how the well-formed shot are separated from the lame and halting, by setting them to run a race together down an inclined plane,—and how they are finally churned in a barrel, with a little black-lead, to give them an enticing polish. Or, if we watch the process of making white-lead, we have not only the means of seeing how vinegar will gradually convert the surface of a sheet of lead into white-lead; but we are incited to ask a question (which, however, is more easily asked than answered), why do *women* make the white-lead? it is not a particularly clean, nor a particularly lady-like series of operations; and yet it is said that the larger number of persons in the white-lead works at Newcastle are females. Nay, scandal has said, that, in the last generation, the bricklayers' labourers of Newcastle were women!—but this we will be polite enough to disbelieve.

Oil-mills, where oil is obtained, by pressure, from linseed, hempseed, and rapeseed,—turpentine-works, where the rough substances, black and yellow resin, and the transparent oil of turpentine, are obtained by the distillation of the viscid turpentine which exudes from fir-trees,—starch-works, where starch is obtained from flour,—these are among the numberless manufacturing establishments of the vicinity. All such works require furnaces for carrying on the operations; and the abundant supply of coal in this district furnishes, as we have before remarked, a strong inducement to this localisation. The Tyne and its banks supply abundant indications of the mutual services rendered by land and water: the land gives freight to the ships, and the ships find a market for the produce of the land. If we mount any tolerably-elevated spot (and there are several such), and glance down the river, we shall see that there are staiths and wharfs and landing-piers belonging to most of the large manufacturing establishments. At the chemical works we see enormous heaps of 'waste,' consisting of earthy residue, which must be brought away from the buildings in some way or other, and which must *not* be thrown into the river. What, then, is to be done with it?—buy a piece of ground on purpose to contain it,

until the wit of man can find out some way to bring it into use: such has often been the case. It is a remarkable circumstance, that refuse-heaps have been accumulated along the banks of the Tyne, not only from the chemical works, but from another cause of a wholly different kind; it arises thus:—The Tyne sends a much larger amount of cargo to the Thames than the Thames sends to the Tyne. The Tyne sends glass, pottery, chemicals, machinery, and, above all else, coals, in vast quantities, to London; and as the return-cargoes are not of equal weight, the ships have to be ballasted with sand taken mostly from the bed of the Thames. When this sand-ballast has enabled the ship to be safely navigated to the Tyne, it has performed its work—it must be got rid of; but as it must not be thrown into the river, nothing remains but to pile it up on land; and as land is a valuable element in such a district, it must be bought for this purpose. Hence it is that, in some places, we see vast heaps of sand, two or three hundred feet high, near the river. A few years ago, a sea-side district was purchased, southward of South Shields, and a railway laid down from thence to the shipping-quays, expressly for removing the waste sand away from the river and its banks. There are persons who take up this curious branch of commerce, and who are paid by the shipowners so much per ton for all the sand-ballast which they take off the hands of the shipowners.

A PEEP AT THE COLLIERIES.

Hitherto we have rambled in and around Newcastle, or have crept along the shores of the Tyne, watching its industry as we went. But now we have to depart a little further from both town and river, and watch that vast system which eclipses everything else in the district—viz., the COLLIERIES. He who visits the Tyne, and knows nothing of the Collieries, knows little indeed. Coal is the life-blood (black blood though it may be) of the whole region. All the fortunes made here are either due at once to coal, or to something which coal has helped to bring into prosperity. The people, the ships, the town, the buildings—if we could follow the chain of cause and effect, we should see how closely coal is interwoven with the interests of all.

Let us see what Geology has done for the district, in supplying an almost exhaustless abundance of coal.

Of all the coal-fields in England (and there are many), that of Northumberland and Durham is the most important. It extends as far north as the river Coquet in Northumberland, and as far south as the river Tees. For the most part, it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east; while on the west, it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata 'dip' or descend towards the east, and 'crop out,' or ascend, towards the west. At one point, a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots, the same seam rises nearly to the surface. Throughout

the greater part of this coal-field, the various beds, or strata of the coal measures amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The aggregate thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. The number of seams of coal which take part in this series is not exactly known, but is supposed to be twenty-five or thirty; lying at various depths, and separated by more or less numerous earthy beds. All these seams have particular names, and are known one from another by the colliers. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main: they are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. Many of the seams are so thin that they cannot be worked; so that it is calculated the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet. All calculations of the absolute available quantity of coal contained in this vast field are vague and indecisive.

What is meant by the 'Tyne Collieries' is, the whole group of collieries, whether lying north or south of the Tyne, which ship their coals in that river. There are about thirty of these collieries in Northumberland, on the northern side of the river; and about twenty in the northern part of Durham, on the south side of the river: those in South Durham belong to the Wear, or to the Tees systems. Mr. Buddle, one of the most eminent of the coal-viewers of the north of England, estimated a few years ago, that the persons engaged 'underground' in the Tyne Collieries amounted in number to 8500, while the 'upperground' establishment numbered 3500—making about 12,000 in the whole. This agrees very nearly with Mr. Leifchild's estimate in 1841, and gives an average of about 240 persons to each colliery. The largest number at that time was at the Heaton Colliery (a little to the north-east of Newcastle), amounting to 481. The Tyne, Wear, and Tees Collieries, together, produce the vast quantity of five million tons of coals annually!

It is curious to look at a map in which these collieries are laid down—such as that which accompanies the Report of the 'Children's Employment' Commissioners. The pits are dotted here and there on both sides of the river, being more and more thickly congregated as they approach nearer to the river's banks. These pits are about a hundred in number: two or more, in some cases, belonging to the same colliery. Not less curious is it to trace the dotted lines which mark the 'ways'—one of the most characteristic features in the coal districts. As the river Tyne is the great outlet for nearly all the coal derived from the Tyne collieries (notwithstanding the spread of the railway system), some means must be adopted for reaching the Tyne. But how is this to be effected? The colliery may be situated six or eight miles from the river, and the surface ground between the two may belong to other parties. Long before passenger-railways were heard of, railways or tramways were laid down to

facilitate the carriage of coals in trucks from the pits to the river; and we find these tramways following the best route which lies open to them. Now it is obvious that some arrangement must be made with the landed proprietors in these matters; and in truth these arrangements are often a grave question to the coal-owners. Although the expense of the mining operations is so great—although the establishment of a first-rate colliery, with its machinery, horses, wagons, &c., amounts to a sum varying from £40,000 to £150,000 (the sinking of a single shaft having, in one instance, cost £40,000):—although the capital employed by the Tyne coal-owners is estimated at a million and a half sterling—yet are the ‘way-leaves,’ or ‘way-rents,’ an additional feature beyond all these, without which not a ton of coal can be brought to market.

On taking a glance round the surface of the country underlaid by the coal-seams (especially at night), we become cognizant of a fact which must excite regret in every thoughtful mind. An immense amount of coal is burned to waste, because it will not afford to pay freight to London. This consists of small coal, which, when taken out of the pit, is not shipped, but lies as an incumbrance at the pit’s mouth; and these heaps have on many occasions caught fire. The establishment of numerous manufactures on the banks of the Tyne has, however, increased the facilities for using the small coal.

The character of the pitmen, the nature of their labour, the relations between them and their employers—all are dependent, more or less, on the mode in which the coal is distributed under the surface of the ground. To these deep-lying coals, therefore, we must ask the reader to pay an imaginary visit.

First, then, how to descend? We see a vertical hole, or pit, pitchy dark, and surmounted above by a windlass, or some other means of raising weights. Two men are about to descend. They make a loop in the lower end of a rope, and each man inserts one leg in this loop,—the two clinging together in a strange sort of perilous brotherhood. The windlass to which the rope is attached is set to work, and the two men are lowered safely to bottom of the pit. If the rope should break, or the loop become unfastened—but it is fearful to speculate on such ‘ifs!’ Each man holds the rope by one hand, while with a stick in the other he shields himself from inconvenient oscillations. Sometimes there are two ropes in one pit, one ascending and the other descending; the two human loads meeting each other half-way. In some pits there are more couples than one thus clinging to the rope at the same time; and then one feels almost tempted to liken them to onions strung to a rope. Many collieries have *corves*, or baskets, in which the men are raised and lowered. Another plan is by means of a large iron tub, which holds eight or ten persons; but in the most modern arrangement there are square iron cases, working in vertical grooves, and capable of accommodating either men and boys or tubs of coal. The ropes employed in this work are evidently important features in the

arrangement. In some collieries they have a round rope, from five to six inches in circumference; in some, a flat rope, four or five inches wide, and formed of three or four strands, or smaller ropes plaited side by side; in a few instances, chains are used. Some of these ropes are of immense length, owing to the depth of the pits. The deepest, we believe, in England, is the Monkwearmouth pit, belonging to the Durham, as distinguished from the Northumberland collieries: its depth is 292 fathoms, or 1752 feet. Two ropes for this pit weigh about 12,000lb., and cost more than £500.

Arrived at the bottom of a pit, what do the pitmen see—or rather what does a stranger see who makes the descent? Nothing, or nothing but ‘darkness visible.’ All vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before he becomes accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men; each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness; for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are seen to be moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem fit to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of these horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

A coal mine is not simply a pit, with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction, to a great distance. These passages are cut in a ‘seam’ of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it: there are portions left, therefore, called ‘pillars,’ to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways or railways are laid along the passages, to afford facilities for moving the corves or tubs of coal from the workings to the vertical shaft. Mr. Holland, in his ‘History of Fossil Fuel,’ speaks of the timidity which often prevents persons from visiting these striking scenes, where the pitman pursues,

“How’er the daylight smiles or night-storms rave,
His dangerous labour, deeper than the grave;
Alike to him whose taper’s flickering ray
Creates a dubious subterranean day,
Or whether climbs the sun his noontide track,
Or starless midnight reigns in coil of black;
Intrepid still, though buried at his work,
Where ambush’d death and hidden dangers lurk!”

... “But if courage,” he remarks, “be required to enter a coal-mine at ordinary depths, it is in descending

the frightfully deep pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, that sensations bordering on the awful are inevitably experienced; and in traversing at such profound depths, the endless galleries into which the shafts ramify, the visitor is struck by the perfection of plans adapted to lessen, as much as possible, the risk which the pitmen run."

THE WORKING AND MANAGEMENT OF A COAL-MINE.

In most of the collieries around Newcastle, the seams of coal vary from two and a half feet to six feet in thickness. The pitmen are obliged to adopt different modes of procedure, in respect to the thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases, the hewer cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in advance of him; and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and the top to the general mass. The driving in of a few wedges, or the application of gunpowder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state. Where the seam is very thin, or where it occupies an inclined position, various modes are adopted, each calculated to surmount a particular kind of difficulty.

Without troubling the reader with any extended or scientific details, the following will give him some notion of ventilating and lighting a coal-mine. The seams of coal, and the apertures where such seams have been, often give out carburetted hydrogen and other gases, which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as quickly as possible; and this can only be effected by sending a constant current of air through the workings. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves, throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages! In former times the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a 'steel-mill'; but the beautiful safety lamp—or 'Davy,' as the miners familiarly term it—has superseded this. In this lamp, there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope; for the iron wire cools the gas too much to permit the flame to exist on the *outside* of the gauze. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected—as it often is by the miners—those explosions take place, which so frequently give rise to such fearful results. From some

collieries the gas which constantly escapes is in enormous quantity; so much so, indeed, that an attempt was made a few years ago to employ the gas from the Wallsend Colliery for gas-lighting in the neighbourhood. Some of the larger collieries require a stock of nearly a thousand 'Davys,' for the efficient working of their pits.

The relations between a coal-owner and his pitmen have a more commercial and extensive character than those between a manufacturer and his operatives. The pitmen are always engaged for a year, and a regular 'bond' is drawn up between them and their employer. This period of a year commences on the 5th of April. As the chief among the pitmen are paid by 'piece-work,' the details are very minute, in order that disputes should as much as possible be avoided. The coal is measured by *corves* or *tubs*, which vary in their capacity from 16 to 30 coal-pecks; and a *score* consists of 20 corves at the Tyne collieries, or 21 at those of the Wear; but as each colliery has its own 'score' and its own 'corves,' all the parties concerned understand each other. The bond is made between the owners on the one hand, and the principal pitmen on the other. The men are, by its provisions, engaged for twelve months to "hew, work, drive, fill, and put coals." The seam of coal is specified, and the price named for hewing a 'score' of coal from it. A price is then named for 'putting' or driving a score of tubs—so much for the first eighty yards, and so much additional for every further twenty yards. Beyond the stipulated rate of pay, the coal-owners in some collieries engage either to provide a house for each miner, or allow a certain addition to the wages. The putters are to provide themselves with "candles, grease, and soams;" candles to light them along the dark passages, grease for their trams or vehicles, and soams (short ropes) for forming harness to their trams. The coal-owners engage that the pitmen shall have the opportunity of earning, throughout the year, not less than a certain fixed sum of money per week; while on the other hand, the pitmen engage that they will always be ready to perform a certain minimum amount of work within a given period. The coal-owners affix their signatures, and the pitmen more usually their 'marks,' to this bond; and thus the year's labours are planned and settled.

The persons engaged in a colliery are subdivided into a greater number of classes than might perhaps be supposed; and generally speaking, the technical designations of these classes is more significant than is usually observable in other industrial occupations; but some of them sound strangely to the ears of the uninitiated. They are distinguished into the two great groups of 'underground' and 'upperground' establishments: the former engaged in the pit, and the latter in conducting the open-air arrangements. The chief of them are occupied in a way which may be illustrated in the following connected view.

The *hewer* is the actual coal-digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough for him

to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed: such a man often extricates six tons of coal in a day. Next to the hewers come the *putters*, who are divided into *trams*, *heads-men*, *foals*, and *half-marrows*. These are all children or youths; and the employment consists in pushing or dragging the coal from the workings to the passages where horses are able to be employed in the work: the distance that a corve or basket of coal is dragged in this way averages about a hundred and fifty yards. When a boy drags or 'puts' a load by himself, he is designated a *tram*; when two boys of unequal age and strength assist each other, the elder is called a *heads-man*, and the younger a *foal*,—the former receiving eightpence out of every shilling earned conjointly by the two; when two boys of about equal age and strength aid each other, both are called *half-marrows*, and divide the earnings equally between them. The weight of coal dragged by these various classes of putters varies from five to ten hundred-weight to each corve; and the distance walked in a day varies from seven to nine miles, to and fro, along the iron tramways of the mine. When the corves are 'put' to a particular place, where a crane is fixed, the *crane-man* or *crane-hoister* manages the crane by which the corves are transferred from the tramway to the rolleys; and for keeping an account of the number so transferred. The *corf* is a wicker-work basket, containing from four to seven hundred-weights; the *rolley* is a wagon for transporting the corves from the crane to the shaft; and the *rolleyway* is a road or path sufficiently high for a horse to work along it with the rolley, and kept in repair by the *rolleyway-men*. The *driver* takes charge of the horse, which draws the rolley along the rolleyway. The *on-setter* is stationed at the bottom of the shaft, to hook and unhook the corves and tubs which have descended, or are about to ascend the shaft.

Many of these strange designations for the pitmen find a place in the stories and songs of colliery districts—songs which cannot be at all understood unless we know something of the peculiar vocabulary of the place. In one of these pitmen's songs, called the 'Collier's Rant,' relating to the vaunted exploits of a *putter*, we find the following two stanzas:

"As me and my marrow was ganging to wark,
We met with the devil, it was in the dark;
I up with my pick, it being in the neit.
I knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet!
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
Follow them through, my canny lad oh!
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!
Oh lad ly away, canny lad oh!

As me and my marrow was putting the tram,
The low it went out, and my marrow went wrang:
You would have laugh'd had you seen the gam,—
The de'il gat my marrow, but I gat the tram.
Follow the horses," &c.

Besides all the varieties of pitmen hitherto named, who are immediately instrumental in bringing the coal

to the bottom of the shaft, there are other men and boys whose employments are in various ways subsidiary to them,—such as the *furnace-men*, who attend to the furnace for ventilating the mine; the *horse-keeper*, who attends to the horses in the pit; the *lamp-keeper*, who has the care of the all-important 'Davy' lamps,—a careless management of which has led to so many colliery accidents; the *wasteman*, who walks along all the 'wastes,' or deserted workings, to clear away stones and rubbish which may have fallen, and to attend especially to any obstructions in the ventilation; the *shifter*, who, as a kind of labourer, assists the waste-man; the *switch-keepers*, who attend to the switches, or passing-places in the subterraneous railways; the *trappers*, little boys who are stationed at traps or doors in various parts of the mine, which doors they are to open when corves of coal are about to pass, but to keep closed at all other times, as a means of forcing the current of air for ventilation to follow certain prescribed channels; the *way-cleaners*, who cleanse the rails of the mine from time to time, to remove all obstruction from coal-dust, &c.; and the *wood and water leaders*, who carry props and wood to various parts of the mine for the use of the men, and who also remove water from the horse-ways and other parts of the pit.

There are, of course, superintending officers of the mine, who are responsible, to a certain extent, for the due performance of all the work. The chief of these is the *viewer*, a person usually of great trust and experience. At the opening of a new pit or seam, he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the stratification, the thickness of the seam, the probable extent and direction, and other matters of a similar kind; and his great problem is to determine how to bring up a given quantity of coal to the light of day with the least expenditure of time and labour. He arranges the whole plan of working; and he imposes certain restrictions and fines for such hewing as may be deemed unfair or wasteful. It requires a combined exercise of firmness and tact on the part of the viewer, to keep clear of disputes with the pitmen. The *under-viewer*, as the name imports, is an assistant to the viewer in his important duties. The *overman* is the third in rank among the officers of the colliery; he is the real working overseer, requiring some brains and much activity: he has the charge of everything underground, locates the work-people, examines the ventilation, and keeps an account of all the proceedings. The *back-overman* is to the overman what the under-viewer is to the viewer. The *deputy* sets props, lays tram-roads, arranges the boarding and timbers of the pit, and has a watchful eye on the general safety of the whole workings. The *keeper* inspects the workings of the hewers.

The reader has here ample means of observing that colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit, to seek their coally fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic:

every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he has to do. But the above list, formidable as it appears, does by no means include all those engaged at a colliery; they are nearly all of them the 'under-ground' hands, who could not transmit the coal to market without the aid of the 'upper-ground' establishment. These latter comprise *banksmen, brakesmen, waiters, trimmers, stalthmen, screen-trappers*, and many others.

Hard as a pitman's life seems to be, yet it is agreed by those who knew the Northumbrian collieries half a century ago, that it was then much more laborious. It fell with peculiar severity on the boys employed in the pits. A boy was generally placed at this kind of work at six years old, his parents being poor, and willing to avail themselves of his small earnings. His occupation was first that of a 'trapper,' to open and shut the doors of the pit; he remained the whole day at this employment, sometimes for a period of eighteen hours, and received five pence per day as wages. He went to his labour at two o'clock in the morning, in pitchy darkness, so that it was literally true that in winter he did not see daylight from Sunday until the next Saturday afternoon, when the hour of leaving work was earlier. At twelve or fourteen years of age he became a 'putter' or a 'driver,' and worked shorter hours, but more severely than as a trapper, receiving wages much lower than those received at the present day, and working a much greater number of hours. At length, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, his strength enabled him to become a 'hewer,' in which employment he was destined to pass the rest of his life, and in which he earned about one-half the average wages of a hewer at the present day.

THE PITMEN; THEIR DWELLINGS, HABITS, AND PECULIARITIES.

The pitmen are in every sense a peculiar race. Their life is half passed in the bowels of the earth, shut out from the light of day. Their thoughts and occupation are with coals from early boyhood to old age; and a very narrow circle indeed it is within which their sympathies extend. They are almost utterly ignorant of the world which exists beyond the colliery world; and any further excursion than an occasional one to Newcastle is truly a great event.

In many parts of England, the houses of the working-classes are better than the furniture; but among the pitmen of Northumberland and Durham the furniture is better than the houses. A pitmen's village usually consists of houses built in pairs, and the pairs placed in rows. The space between the fronts of the houses, forming the street, is unpaved and undrained; but the space between the backs of the houses (where gardens would be in houses of a better class) not unfrequently exhibits a joint-stock dust-heap and dunghill running along the avenue, flanked here and there by pigsties and heaps of coals,—all in such a state as to show that the masters neglect the men, or the men neglect them-

selves, or both. The pitmen's houses are erected either by the proprietor of the colliery, or by certain petty companies, who speculate in the building and letting of them to the coal-owners, at rents varying from three to four pounds per annum. All the pitmen's houses are near the pits; so that when a pit is abandoned, the village is abandoned also; and in such case presents a most desolate appearance. The houses are of three degrees of value; the best possess two rooms on the ground floor, with a kind of loft above; the next best have only one room on the ground-floor, with a loft above; while the worst consist of but one single room. Some colliery villages, where probably the owners pay more personal attention to the comforts of the men, are of a superior character; but the average seem to be about on a level with those here described. Yet these dirty dwellings have, for the most part, better furniture within them than is to be found in houses of a parallel cast elsewhere. Eight-day clocks, mahogany chests of drawers, and four-post bedsteads, are said to have become quite a common object of ambition among the pitmen, and as forming items for consideration at the time of marrying.

It is rather remarkable, and contrary to what might perhaps be expected, that the medical men of the colliery districts do not speak highly either of the physical strength or of the courage of the pitmen. In the evidence collected by the 'Children's Employment' Commissioners, a few years ago, Mr. Morrison, a surgeon, makes the following remarks:—"The 'outward man' distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive, his figure disproportionate and misshapen, his legs being much bowed; his chest protruding (the *thoracic* region being unequally developed); his countenance is not less striking than his figure, his cheeks being generally hollow, his brow overhanging, his cheek-bones high, his forehead low and retreating; nor is his appearance healthful. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even those among the wan and distressed stocking-weavers of Nottinghamshire, to whom the term 'jolly' might not be inaptly applied; but I never saw a 'jolly-looking' pitman." Mr. Morrison partly traces this to the fact, that the whole of the pitmen have been pit-boys at an earlier age, during which the form is injured by the cramped positions occupied by the boys in the mine; but he also adduces other reasons:—"Pitmen have always lived in communities; they have associated only among themselves; they have thus acquired habits and ideas peculiar to themselves. Even their amusements are hereditary and peculiar. They almost invariably intermarry; and it is not uncommon, in their marriages, to commingle the blood of the same family. They have thus transmitted natural and accidental defects through a long series of generations, and may now be regarded in the light of a distinct race of beings." Whether seen in the pits or out of them, the pitmen are a singular-looking race. In the dingy lanes which surround many of the collieries, pitmen may often be seen returning

home from their 'eight-hours' shift' of labour, nearly as black as the coal on which they have been at work. Their dress, a tunic, or short frock, of coarse flannel, and trousers to match, becomes soon saturated with moisture and coal-dust. The complexion of the men, when it can be seen in its own proper hue, is generally sallow. Owing to the unusual light by which they pursue their occupations, the eyelids often become swollen, and the eyes assume a diminutive appearance: the strong light of day is sometimes painful to them.

Everybody seems to award credit to the wives of the pitmen, as being indefatigable in their endeavours to keep all right and tidy at home, so far as the arrangements of the houses and the employments of the people will permit. The household duties of a pitman's wife are very numerous. Her husband, brother, father, sons—as the case may be—are often divided into two groups, such as "putters" and "hewers," who work at different hours; the former go into the pit when the latter leave, and the hours of labour and of rest are consequently not the same in the two cases. But the ever-busy housewife has to be ready for both. Every man or boy, immediately on coming from the pit, has a thorough and hearty ablution (for the pitmen, to their credit be it said, have the character of being personally clean when not at work, whatever their villages and houses may be), and then either changes his dress, or partakes of a meal, and then goes to bed. The flannel-dress, too, in which the pit-work is done, has to be subjected pretty frequently to the action of soap and water.

One of the gentlemen before named, Mr. Morrison, who was the medical attendant at the great Lambton collieries, gives a picture which shows that the pitmen have the means of living happily and comfortably, if their moral and mental development were a little further carried out:—"The children of colliers are comfortably and decently clothed. Cleanliness, both in their persons and houses, is a predominant feature in the domestic economy of the female part of this community. The children, although necessarily left much to themselves, and playing much in the dirt, are never sent to bed without ample ablution. Pitmen, of all labouring classes I am acquainted with, enjoy most the pleasure of good living; their larders abound in potatoes, bacon, fresh meat, sugar, tea, and coffee, of which good things the children as abundantly partake as the parents; even the sucking infant, to its prejudice, is loaded with as much of the greasy and well-seasoned viands of the table as it will swallow. In this respect the women are foolishly indulgent, and I know no class of persons among whom infantile diseases so much prevail. Durham and Northumberland are not dairy counties, consequently the large population (excepting the *hinds* in the northern part of Northumberland) are very inadequately supplied with milk. Did this wholesome and nutritious beverage more abound, probably the infant population would be more judiciously fed." In some of the colliery villages there are public bakehouses, one to a certain number of houses, and each containing a large brick-built oven. Early in the morning the wife and daughters of

a pitman may be seen assembled at these places, gossiping with their neighbours, and baking the week's bread for their family. To a person who has no previous conception of the capaciousness of a pitman's appetite, the number and bulk of these loaves will be a matter for marvel.

Follow the pitmen to Newcastle—their great metropolis—and we find them still a characteristic race. Their velveteen dresses, with large and shining metal buttons, mark them out from the rest of the population. Mr. Holland states that the pitmen used formerly (perhaps more so than at present) to be fond of gaudy colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *possy jackets*, were frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various hues: their stockings were blue, purple, or even pink or mixed colours. Many of them used to have their hair very long, which on week-days was either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, it was commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wore two or three narrow ribands round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it was customary to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers. Such were the pitmen of past days; and many of their holiday peculiarities still remain.

THE HOSEMEN AND KEELMEN.

The *keelmen* of the Tyne belong rather to the past age than the present. Steam-engines and railways are gradually effecting changes in the mode of shipping and transporting coals; and the keelmen are becoming less and less essential to the working of the system. Yet we cannot afford to lose sight of them: as memorials of a past state of things, as members of a social machine which has played its part, they deserve a word or two of notice. Their own Keelmen's Hospital would reproach us, if we quite neglected them. It is, perhaps, the only hospital in the kingdom built and supported by the working classes for the benefit of their own members.

These *keelmen* have been known for at least four centuries. There was a complaint made in 1421, that the Crown was defrauded of certain coal-dues at Newcastle, by the merchants using *keels* which would contain twenty-two or three chaldrons each instead of twenty; and it was thereupon ordered that the keels should be of definite size and shape. "Keel" was one of the Anglo-Saxon names for a ship; and the same name was applied to the barges used in conveying coals from the staiths to the ships. These coal-keels are steered by a large kind of oar at the stem, called a *scrape*; while a kind of pole, called a *puy*, is employed to push on the keel in shallow water; the captain of the keel is called the *skipper*, and his cabin is the *huddock*. When the water is so shallow as to render the use of sails or oars inconvenient, the keels are thus propelled: Two men, called *keel-bullies*, are on each side of the vessel, thrust their poles or puyes in the muddy bed of the river, rest the upper end against their shoulders,

and walk along the vessel from head to stern—thus making the puy serve as a lever to propel the boat: such a method is often to be seen in practice in shallow rivers. When the wind is favourable, the keel is navigated with a square sail; but more usually there are employed two long oars: one worked at the side in the usual way, by two or three men; and the other (the swape) at the stern. The keels themselves are oval in shape, clumsy, but very strong. The wives and daughters of the keelmen have the office of sweeping the keels, from which they derive the titles of *keel-deeters* ('deet' being a north country term for cleaning); they receive the sweepings for their pains.

There are certain points of difference between the keels of the Tyne and those of the Wear. Sir George Head, after speaking of the noble bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, says, "From a height commanding a bird's-eye view of the river below, the neat trim Sunderland keel, compared with the heavy lighter on the Tyne—wherein a mountain of coal is confined by a fortification of moveable boards—appears to considerable advantage. The Sunderland keel resembles in shape the horizontal section of a walnut, divided into eight compartments, each containing a square iron tub, fitting like a canister in a tea-chest. Instead, therefore, of the laborious practice, on the Tyne, of shovelling the cargo by hand from the keel into the vessel, each of these tubs is lifted up bodily by machines, and the contents—fifty-three hundred-weight, or a Newcastle chaldron—tilted at once into the hold of the receiving vessel: a modern improvement, whereby, though the public profit generally, the loss and hardship press partially on a particular class of men. The hardy laborious race of keelmen are more and more, every day, deprived of their ancient occupation; as, by means of new appliances, vessels are laden at the wharfs and staiths which formerly received their loads shovelled on board, in the stream, by their hands." This change in the mode of shipping the coal is extending still more rapidly, both on the Tyne and the Wear; and it is on this ground that we may regard the keelmen as a race belonging to past days. The same writer continues, "I saw one of these keels unladen at a wharf close to the bridge. A score, or more, lay moored together—each of the shape described, similar in size and figure, and displaying an outline of geometrical precision. The one to be unladen being alongside the sloop destined to receive her load, and both close to the wharf, the process was as easily effected as described. A huge crane let go its grappling-chain within the keel; this was in a moment fixed to one of the tubs; the tub was lifted, swung over the sloop, tilted, swung back again, disengaged from the tackle, and a fresh one hooked on. By the assistance of one man, the machine on shore continued its office with the same apparent ease that an elephant swings his proboscis out of his cage, and in again to pick up an apple."

There has always been an intimate connexion in the Tyne between the *keelmen* and the *hostmen*. This

latter body was established in conjunction with the Company of Merchant-Adventurers in the time of Henry IV. These hostmen were incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, who, having tried in vain to get her due of two shillings per chaldron for all coals shipped in the Tyne, gave the hostmen a charter, on condition that they would ensure to the crown *one* shilling for every chaldron so shipped. The ostmen, or hostmen, were a kind of coal-brokers, midway between buyers and sellers; and the name is supposed to have implied 'eastmen,' as if they had come originally from Germany, or the eastern parts of Europe. Their brokerage appears to have included the whole responsibility of shipping the coal purchased; so that the keelmen were the servants of the hostmen. Down to the year 1600, if not later, the coals were brought from the pit-mouth to the staiths in wagons, or wains, along the common roads; but a great step in advance was made when tramways were laid down, to facilitate the transport of the coal. The hostmen have now changed their designation—or others have changed it for them—to *fitters*: the 'coal-fitters' of the Tyne are identical with 'hostmen,' but neither term serves to indicate with any great clearness the nature of the employment.

There is a record in existence which shows that, in 1602, there were twenty-eight hostmen, or coal-fitters, at Newcastle, who employed eighty-five keels. The numbers of both these classes gradually increased for many generations; the fitters are now, perhaps, more numerous than ever, but the keelmen have for some years past been declining in number. The old bridge at Newcastle has had much to do with perpetuating the keelman-system. If the colliery vessels were wished ever so urgently to ascend the Tyne, the bridge effectually stops them; so that keels, or some similar contrivance, are essential. In the improved mode of shipping coal, where no impediment exists to the approach of the coal-ship, it is brought to the shore, underneath a large and lofty timber-structure, called a *staith*, which overhangs the river, and which is connected by railway with the pit's mouth. The laden wagons are brought to this staith, and the coals are at once deposited from them into the hold of the vessel, without the intervention of any keelmen's assistance. It is said that ninepence per chaldron is saved by this using of the staith; if so, the keelmen have indeed a powerful antagonist to compete with.

The father of the two great lawyers whose names have before occupied our notice—Lords Eldon and Stowell—was a hostman of Newcastle: he was William Scott, descended from one of the numerous branches of the Scotts of Scotland. Mr. Twiss gives a conversation between Lord Eldon and his niece, Mrs. Forster, in which the keelmen of his early days are mentioned. Mrs. Forster remarked—"I remember, uncle, hearing of Master Jacky being celebrated for the hornpipes he danced at Christmas: there was an old keelman in the hospital at Newcastle, who talked of your hornpipes." To this Lord Eldon replied, "Oh yes, I danced hornpipes: at Christmas, when my father gave a supper

and a dance at Love Lane to all the keelmen in his employ, Harry and I always danced hornpipes." Mrs. Forster adds:—"The supper which, about Christmas, Mr. Scott used to give to his keelmen, was what was called a binding supper,—that was, a supper when the terms on which they were to serve for the ensuing year were agreed upon. Patterson, the last surviving keelman in Mr. Scott's employment, dined in our kitchen every Christmas-day until his death, about ten years ago. He expatiated with great delight upon the splendid hornpipe that Master Jacky regularly danced for their amusement after these suppers."

The keelmen live about Sandgate and Quay-side, and many of them reside at Dunston, two or three miles from Newcastle. In their blue jackets, flannel breeches, and blue stockings, they form an unmistakable body; and they, like the pitmen, have their songs, their odd stories, and their oddities of many other kinds. In the following song the allusion to the Sandgate fixes the locality to Newcastle.

"As I went up Sandgate, up Sandgate, up Sandgate,
As I went up Sandgate, I heard a lassie say,
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in."

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple on his chin;
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in."

And here is another, in which the lady celebrates the blackness of her lover in a way that tells very much indeed of coals:

"My bonnie keel-laddie, my canny keel-laddie,
My bonnie keel-laddie for me, oh!
He sits in his keel, as black as the de'il,
And he brings the white money to me, oh!"

The custom was, a few years ago, (we do not know whether it is still kept up) for the keelmen to meet once a year, to celebrate the establishment of their hospital: perambulating the town with bands of music playing 'Weel may the keel row.'

THE TYNE; JARROW; SHIELDS; TYNEMOUTH.

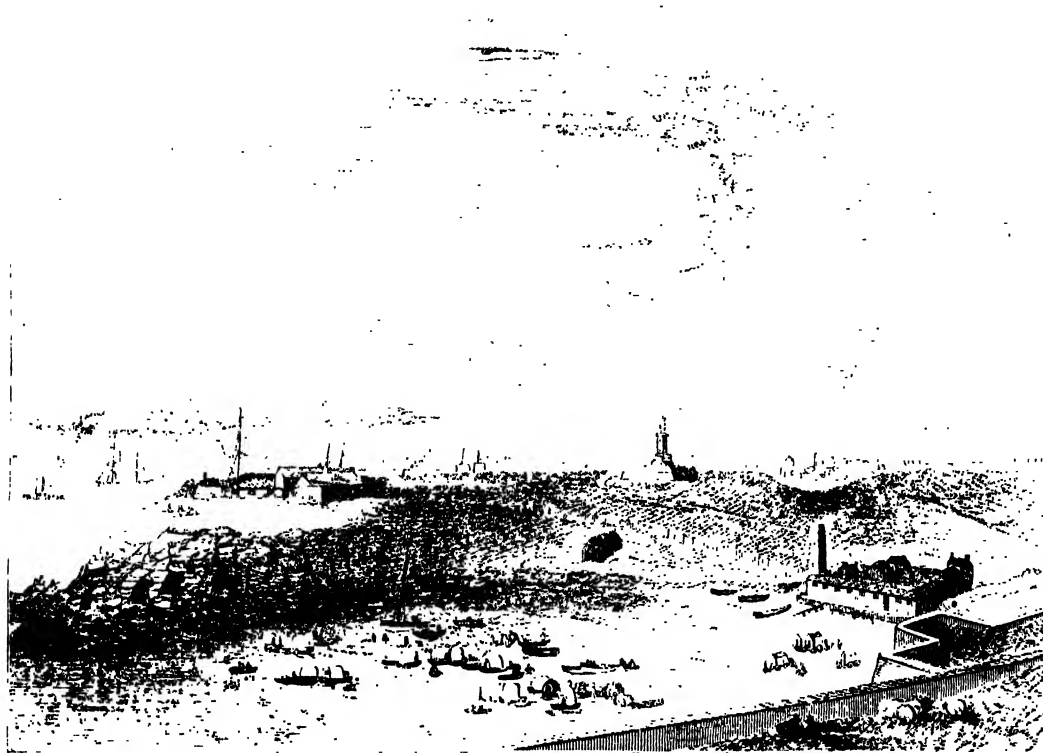
We must find a little corner wherein to notice the course of the Tyne from Newcastle to the sea; and we may here refer to the busy scene taken near the bridge, represented at page 105.

Whatever may have been the origin of the name *Tyne* (concerning which the etymologists are by no means agreed), the river has been known by that name since the time of Bede, 685. Soon after the Conquest, records and charters were agreed upon, by which the width of the Tyne, near and below Newcastle, was divided into three parts: one belonging to the county of Northumberland, one to the bishopric of Durham, and the middle of the channel to be free to all. In subsequent ages, the Prior of Tynemouth on the north, and the Bishop of Durham on the south, frequently

made encroachments on their respective sides of the river, and the sovereign frequently interfered to secure the rights of the townsmen and the traders. It is curious, indeed, to trace through successive centuries the struggle of the various parties for precedence in the ownership and government of this important river. At one time there was a judgment passed, that "the port within the water of Tyne, from the sea to Hedwin Streams, is the free port of the king and his heirs." At another time a Council order was issued, "That the Prior of Tynemouth, who had built a shore at North Shields, within the flood-mark of the river, should remove it at his own cost." In another instance, Edward III. issued a writ, in which he "forbade the mayor and bailiffs of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to hinder the mooring of ships on the south side of this river." A few years later, the Bishop of Durham obtained a verdict against the king's commissioners, "for trespasses done by them in intermeddling in the conservatorship of the south side of the river Tyne." About the end of the fourteenth century, the bishop obtained powers "to unload and load coals, merchandise, &c., without hindrance or molestation from the men of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Soon afterwards the corporation and the bishop had another dispute "concerning the right of wrecks and fishery in the Tyne." Throughout these contests the bishops showed themselves no less desirous of maintaining their privileges or supposed rights than the laymen. The general course of modern legislation has been to give increased power to the Corporation of Newcastle over the navigation of the Tyne. The jurisdiction now extends to high-water mark on both sides of the river, from the sea to some distance above Newcastle; the distance is annually surveyed, on Ascension-day, by the mayor and river-jury, in their barges.

The reader will, we trust, not look out for notices of anything very picturesque on the banks of the river, between Newcastle and Shields: he must throw his thoughts into another channel, in such a district as this. As we have before said, the whole line of shore from Newcastle to North Shields is speckled with collieries, iron-works, glass-works, pottery-works, chemical-works, &c. And the same may be said of the south shore, from Gateshead to South Shields. Gateshead possesses a hospital, whose history is traceable up to monastic times; and we may seek for matters of interest in such antiquarian details as these; or we may think affectionately of Gateshead as the town wherein Daniel Defoe lived, and wrote his never-dying 'Robinson Crusoe'—but it is of no avail; Gateshead *is* and *will be* a centre of work, bustle, noise, smoke, and dirt; and all other associations are speedily dissipated. Iron-works, brass-works, chain cable-works, glass-works, bottle-works, and chemical-works, lie on all sides of us. At Gateshead Fell are situated the great grindstone quarries, whence Newcastle derives her fame for 'Newcastle grindstones,' which are despatched to all corners of the globe.

At one part of the southern banks of the Tyne lie



TYNEMOUTH, WITH COLLINGWOOD MONUMENT.

Jarrow Colliery, Jarrow Village and Church, and Jarrow Slake. This Jarrow is remarkable both for its past and for its probable future. Jarrow is both a parish and a village: the parish was anciently a place of considerable importance. Here Benedict founded a monastery, which was completed in 685, and dedicated to St. Paul. It was some years afterwards consolidated with the monastery of Monkwearmouth, which was of rather earlier foundation than itself. The venerable Bede was born in Jarrow parish, and received the rudiments of his education in the monastery; he subsequently became an ecclesiastic, and spent his useful literary life within the monastery, where he died in 735. He was buried in a porch on the north side of the church; but nothing of the church now remains; and nothing of the monastery except a few short Saxon columns and tombs. The parishioners, however, still retain an ancient oaken chair which once belonged to Bede, and which now occupies a place of honour in the vestry of Jarrow church. Various remains have been found in and around Jarrow, which show that the Romans had buildings at this spot long before the time of Venerable Bede and his brother Saxons. At the present day Jarrow is very little more than a pitman's village, inhabited by the persons employed at an extensive colliery in the neighbourhood.

Jarrow is, however, remarkable for the bend or enlargement of the river at that spot; which enlargement,

called Jarrow Slake, bids fair to be an important shipping-place in days not far distant. This Slake covers an area of four hundred and sixty acres of ground; it seems to have been a haven which has gradually choked up with sand and mud; and it is said that it once accommodated the navy of Egfrid, king of Northumberland, whose ships anchored in the Slake. Its form is nearly an oblong square, jutting out of the southern bank of the Tyne. In 1847 the York and Newcastle Railway Company—which had gradually formed itself into a vast undertaking, by absorbing under one head about a dozen different railways, and several docks and quays—obtained an Act for making docks on the side of Jarrow Slake. According to the terms of this Act, a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be spent on the docks. The company are empowered to make “docks, locks, quays, cuts, piers, warehouses, and storehouses.” As it is at present, the Slake is of very little use to any one; but there can be no question that the formation of docks in such a spot will be highly advantageous to the commercial proceedings of the neighbourhood.

At the very mouth of the Tyne stand the three towns which look like sentinels, guarding the interests of the important river. These towns are South Shields, North Shields, and Tynemouth; the former on the south bank, and the two latter on the north. The two Shields face each other at the mouth of the river;



SHIELDS HARBOUR.

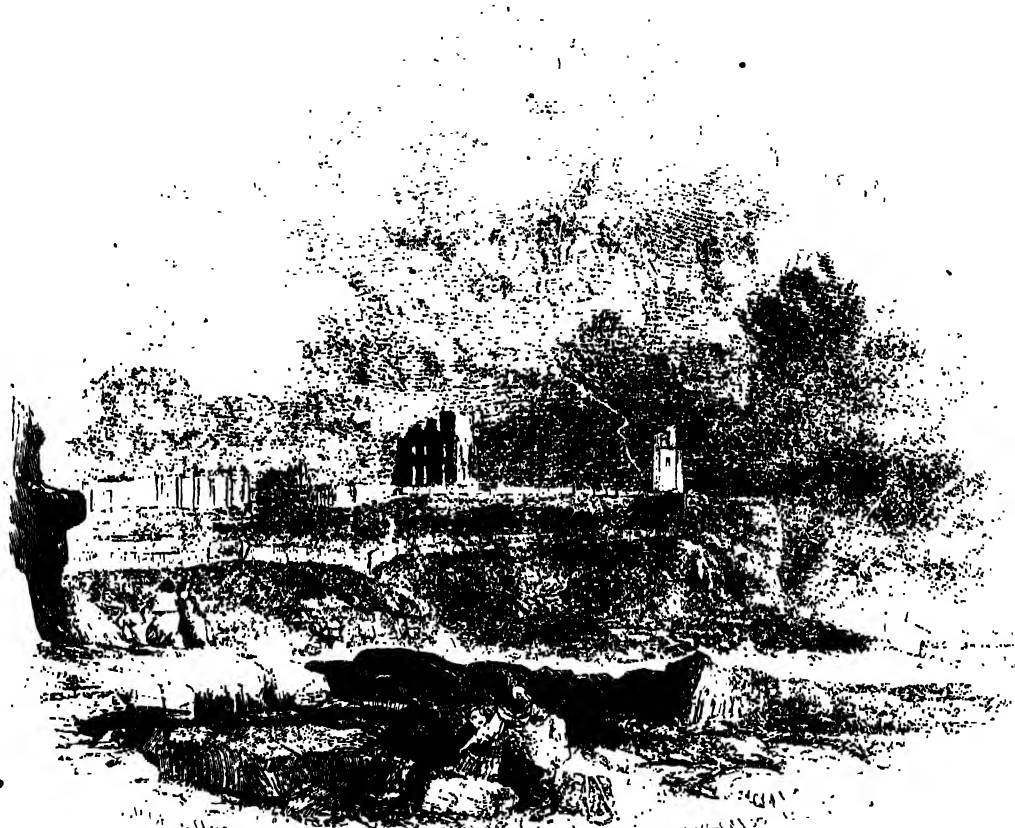
while Tynemouth advances further east, hanging over the estuary of the river like a protruding upper lip, and shielding it from the northern blasts. If the shipping could possibly admit of such a thing, the two Shields certainly deserve a bridge of connection as much as any two similarly situated towns in England; for both of them are places of great trade, and much intercourse is maintained between them. But a bridge is out of the question where so many top-masts rear their heads, especially as the lowness of the banks do not admit of such a 'high-level' bridge as the one now constructing at Newcastle. In 1830 a 'North and South Shields Ferry Company' was established, to maintain communication across the river; but the monopoly of this one company has been found to restrict the amount of accommodation within too narrow limits; a new company was therefore established, in 1848, under the title of the 'Tyne Direct Ferry Company.' This new company is empowered to build steam ferry-boats, to establish various piers and stations on both sides of the river, and to sell the undertaking to the old company if terms can be agreed on.

South Shields is not a whit less than two miles in length. It has crept along the bank of the river year after year, and age after age, until it stretches nearly the whole distance from the sea to Jarrow Slake. Ship-building is carried on largely; and there are manufactories of glass and soap, breweries, roperies, &c.; but the main commerce of the town has relation to the coal trade: immense portions of the sea-borne coal being shipped off South Shields, either from the keels, or from the railways and staiths. The town has had a

very rapid growth; for, at no very remote date, it consisted mainly of a few fishermen's huts, provincially termed *Shiels*, from which, with a slight alteration, the present name has been derived.

Crossing the Tyne to the northern shore, we find ourselves at North Shields, stretching itself, like its opposite neighbour, along the banks of the Tyne. Like South Shields, too, it has risen from a very humble beginning; for it is said to have been, a century ago, "a poor miserable place, containing scarcely a single house roofed even with tiles." There are manufactures of chemicals, tobacco, hats, gloves, &c; but the chief industry and commerce of the place of course relate to shipping and coals. The reason why North and South Shields have risen into importance is mainly because the Tyne is too shallow to admit the large vessels which now crowd the harbour. It is near the mouth of the Tyne, therefore, that the real harbour exists; and the shoals and rocks near the opening of the river render two or three lighthouses necessary for the safety of this harbour.

It is pleasant, however, to feel that, when we escape from North Shields and approach to the shores of the German Ocean at Tynemouth, we fairly reach open country: we leave smoke and factories behind, and meet with a spot where sea-bathers, pleasure-seekers, and antiquarian ramblers congregate. Its distance from Newcastle—about eight miles—renders it almost a suburb to the great town; and the easy, rapid, and frequent communication from the one to the other, gives to Newcastle almost the advantages of a sea-side town.



TYNEMOUTH CASTLE.

Tynemouth has a far more ancient history to boast of than either of the two Shields: it is the natural mouth of the Tyne—the others are commercial mouths. It occupies a sort of promontory, jutting out into the sea on the east, and forming the overhanging northern boundary to the mouth of the river. As a town, it consists mainly of one street, leading east and west, crossed by two smaller streets at right angles. The chief source of its present importance is the Prior's Haven, which, being sheltered by an amphitheatre of rocks, forms one of the best bathing-places on the eastern coast. Hence we have all the usual finery, and pleasantries, and liveliness of a watering-place—at least in the summer season; for we presume that Tynemouth is not especially lively in the seasons of snow and storms. There are many elevated spots from which views can be obtained of the surrounding country. In Cut, page 131, we have a view of Shields as seen from Tynemouth; in Cut, page 130, a view of the haven or bathing-bay, with the honorary column erected to the memory of Lord Collingwood; while, from all sides of the town, may be seen the venerable Priory (Engraving), whose history carries us back through many centuries.

Tradition attributes the founding of this priory to St. Oswald, the first Christian King of Northumberland—although some authorities mention its founda-

tion in connection with the name of King Egfrid. It is known, however, that St. Herebald was abbot here in the beginning of the eighth century. The priory was plundered by the Danes three several times, before and during the time of Ethelstan. Shortly after the Norman conquest, the priory was restored by one of the earls of Northumberland. In subsequent ages the priory enjoyed considerable wealth: no fewer than twenty-seven manors in Northumberland, with their royalties, and other valuable lands and tenements, having belonged to it.

The lofty position which the priory occupies, renders its ruins visible far out at sea. The fine old windows of the Priory Church present graceful examples of the early English style of pointed architecture; and the crumbling ruins around it show that the priory must have been a place of vast extent. Indeed there are few relics of ancient times combining so much beauty of architectural detail with picturesque grandeur of position, as this far-famed ruin. Viewed from the sea, it forms a striking and well-known land-mark; and few, we think, can visit it from near points of the adjoining coast, or examine it more closely in detail, without being struck with its peculiar aspect. This scene is familiar to the thousands of mariners and others, whose employment causes them to pass this spot.

The approach to the Priory is from the west, by a gateway of square form. From this entrance, on each side, a strong double wall extends to the rocks on the sea-shore, which, from this great height, were at one time supposed inaccessible. The gate with its walls was fortified by a deep outward ditch, over which there was a drawbridge, defended by moles on each side. The tower comprehended an outward and interior gateway, the inner of which was defended by a portcullis. This tower has been modernized, and converted into a barrack, in which, during the late war, four hundred men were accommodated. On passing the gateway, the view towards the sea is crowded with the august ruins of the Priory. On the south side, adjoining the wall, which stands on the brink of the cliff, are several vaulted chambers—one of which is supposed to have been the kitchen. At the west extremity of the ruins is a gateway of circular arches. The west gate of the Priory Church, of early pointed architecture, still remains. The east wall forms a beautiful feature of the ruins, and contains lancet windows, the loftiest about twenty feet high, richly ornamented with rosework and zigzag ornaments. The architecture through the whole of this part is singularly light and elegant.

Beneath the centre window, at the east end, is a doorway, leading to the oratory of St. Mary. On each side of this door is a human head elaborately cut; the apartment within is eighteen feet six inches in length, twelve feet two inches in breadth, and eight feet high to the commencement of the arches. On the south side are three windows, and on the north side two others besides a circular window at the east—so elevated as to leave space for the altar beneath. On each side of the window is a figure kneeling, and two emblematical subjects commonly depicted with the Evangelists. The side walls are ornamented with pilasters, from whence spring the groins and arches of stone, which form various intersections from the roof, the joinings of which are enriched with carved bosses. The circles contain sculptures of biblical subjects, which are all of good workmanship. Round each sculpture is a belt with a sentence in old English characters, well raised, namely, "Sanct. Petrus ora p. nobis," &c., each varied by the name of the personage who is here represented. Many other characteristic ornaments will be found inside the little chapel. For many years this interesting relic has been hidden from public view, and converted into a magazine for gunpowder. We are glad to be able, however, to state that this dangerous material has been removed, and the interior most carefully restored, under the direction of John Dobson, Esq., the able architect, who has on several other occasions exerted his skill to preserve the ancient remains of Northumberland. The ruins of this venerable building have been sadly and wilfully demolished. Mackenzie, in his "History of Northumberland," states that large quantities of the stones were carted away to assist in the building of the new portions of North Shields. The Priory Church exhibited various periods of architecture, from the early Norman to the style of the little Chapel of St. Mary,

which was probably erected about the middle of the fifteenth century. The original length of the Priory building was 279 feet, breadth of the nave at the west and the oldest part twenty-six feet; the length of the transept was seventy-nine feet; the dimensions of the tower, which was square, twenty feet; the choir and east end were thirty-one feet.

Tynemouth Priory is placed on a steep promontory, on the west or Newcastle side of which is the Prior's Haven, constituting a most excellent bathing place; and on the other the short sands. Towards the south, on the opposite side of the mouth of the Tyne, are the Herd Sands, on which many ships have been wrecked. Indeed all this part of the coast is most dangerous during north-east winds. It is not long since that nearly twenty vessels, of different sizes, were driven ashore near Tynemouth, and in a short time broken to pieces. Light-houses have been erected at Tynemouth and Shields, and we believe that attempts are to be made to improve the entrance to the harbour, by removing part of the dangerous shoal of rocks called the Black Middens. Tynemouth, has, during the last few years, increased greatly in importance. Public buildings and institutions are being established; the baths and hotels have been improved; there is a railway from Newcastle, which in the summer months, brings a large and fashionable company to this delightful and convenient watering-place.

From this spot we may continue our journey northwards either by sea or land. There are weekly communications between Newcastle, and Edinburgh, by steam-boat, and in the seasons the London and Edinburgh, as well as the Aberdeen, and Inverness steamers, —weather permitting,—call for passengers. Our further progress being by rail, we retrace our steps to Newcastle.

Along the dangerous coast between Tynemouth and Leth are numerous places of traditionary interest and romantic appearance, to which the railroad now affords convenient access; but long before such assistance, the writer of this history has more than once started with staff in hand and knapsack properly disposed, from the ruins of Tynemouth towards the north. In this route the traveller may see the deserted halls of Delaval and the ancient Norman chapel, containing the cross-legged effigies of the ancients of that race, tattered funeral-banners, armour, and quaint devices. Next comes Warkworth Castle and the Hermitage by the side of the beautiful river Coquet, imbedded amid the greenest and most luxuriant trees—a place delightful alike to the historian, the artist, or disciple of good old Isaac Walton; then Mitford, and the black, dismal-looking rocks of Dunstanborough Castle; after, Bamborough Castle, and the fine remains of Lindisfarne, or Holy Island; and so on to Berwick; from thence to Fast, Dunbar, and Tantallon Castle, the Bass, and a host of other places well worthy the attention of the curious traveller.

Proceeding by easy stages we pause at the Belford Station, on the Newcastle and Berwick railway to view

Bamborough Castle; the railway passing within a short distance of it.

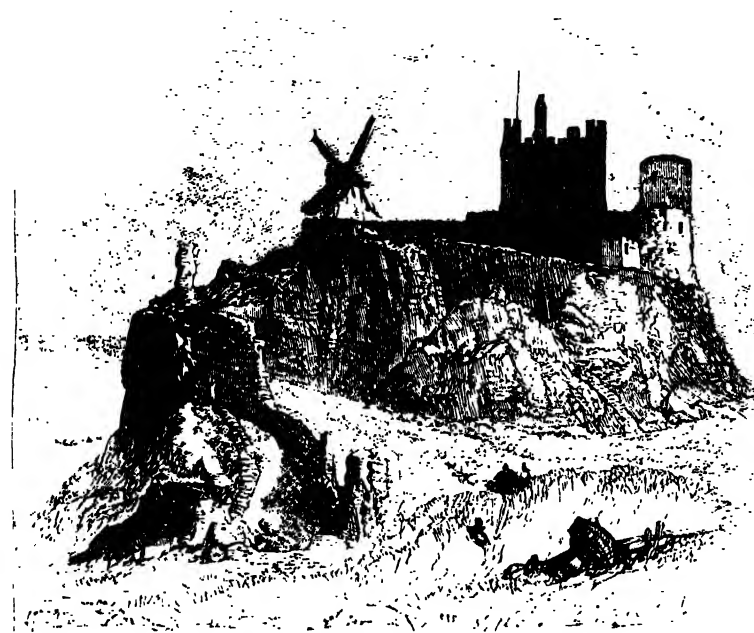
This ancient fortress, the scene of so many events during the early years of English history, stands on the crown of a high rock of a pyramidal figure, one of the points projecting into the sea. The rock is beauti-

fully besprinkled with lichens of various tints. Seen from the now clean and neat-looking town of Bamborough, the appearance of the Castle is most striking—the square Norman Keep, similar to those at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Rochester, stands boldly, a conspicuous object, which is finely carried off (as the painters say) by the numerous, yet smaller portions of defence—built, in many instances, on the very edge of the precipice. During the last few years, the roughly-thatched cottages of the town or village of Bamborough, which formed artistically such a choice foreground to the picture, have been removed to make way for neater and more comfortable dwellings. This is a circumstance which, in spite of a partiality for rich colours and rugged foregrounds, gives us pleasure; and yet we cannot but look back to the old town with lingering recollections—inasmuch as it was so perfect in its way, and harmonized so well with the surrounding country. During the time of the north country fairs, Bamborough, at the day to which we allude, afforded material for many animated and singular pictures—when troops of “muggers” or gipsies with their camps and wares—Scotch and Cheviot drovers with their black cattle and black-

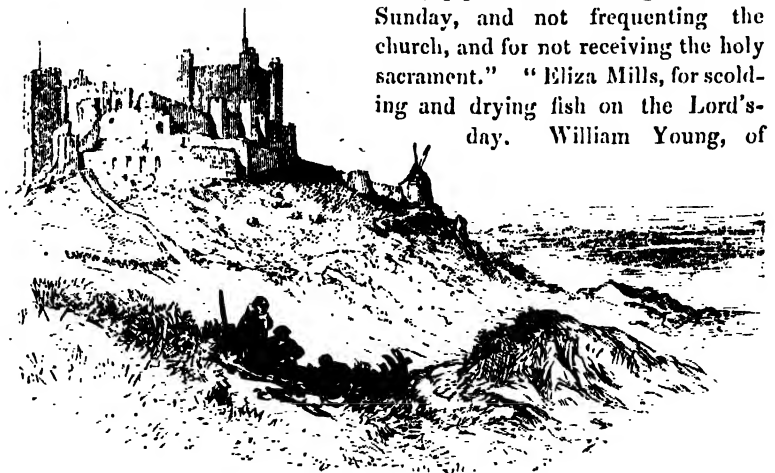
facéd sheep—and the usual accompaniments of such like groups were gathered in this place.

Bamborough is about five miles east by north from Belford. The town chapel, which is dedicated to St. Aidan, is a curacy in the gift of the trustees of Lord Crewe. The most remarkable object in this church is a cross recumbent effigy, said by tradition to be that of Sir Launcelot du Lac. The town of Bamborough was once a royal burgh, though all trace of this ancient magnificence is now demolished. It sent two members to the twenty-third Parliament of Edward I. In King Edward III's time, it contributed one vessel to the expedition against Calais. In 1137, during the reign of Henry I., a monastery was founded at Bamborough for Canons Regular, of the Order of St. Austin. The site of this monastery with its possessions, &c., was granted by Henry VIII. to John Forster. Leland speaks of a college a little without Bamborough. This was a religious house, founded by Henry III. Bamborough was a very extensive deanery, comprehending a tract from Berwick to Kirk-Newton, including Norham.

In a curious book, containing the names and crimes of people in Northumberland who had incurred the punishment of excommunication, and were presented to the Consistory Court of Arches at Durham, are the following entries:—“Bamborough, May 21st, 1681.—Presented, Thomas Anderson, of Swinhoe, for playing on a bag-pipe before a bridegroom on a Sunday, and not frequenting the church, and for not receiving the holy sacrament.” “Eliza Mills, for scolding and drying fish on the Lord's-day. William Young, of



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE, FROM THE SEA.



BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Budle, a common swearer,” Signed by the Churchwardens.

Leaving the pretty little town, and walking round the base of the rocks on which the old Castle stands, the visitor is struck with wonder at the assistance which

nature has given to man; and at each step the lover of the picturesque will stop and admire. At the north-east side are the "Sally-port stairs," a rugged and dangerous pass, where many a fearful struggle has taken place, and which is the only mode of access to the fortress on this side. From the Castle to the north, reaching to Budle Bay, the beach is formed of hard sand, broken here and there by lines of rocks which form little havens, excellently adapted for the purposes of bathing. Although the walk along these sands is most pleasant (made more so by the varied views of Bamborough and Lindisfarne Priory, which the change of position is constantly giving), we will at present pass in front of the Castle from the sea. Some idea of the grandeur of this scene may be formed by an examination of our engraving. In calm summer weather, the view towards the sea is delightful—the numerous vessels passing to and fro coming so near the shore that the voices of the mariners can be distinctly heard—the picturesque scenery enlivened by flocks of sea-birds. Passing round to the south-west side is the main entrance, in fact the only way by which large bodies of men could be admitted. This narrow path is defended by all the best methods of former days. Passing through the varied arches, and strong, yet time-worn walls, the visitor—although somewhat out of breath by travelling up the steep ascent—enters the castle yard with more ease than 10,000 sturdy foes of the warder would have done in the olden time. Having passed the outer barriers, we are enabled to appreciate the large proportions of the Keep, and the great extent of the various offices. Passing thence to the entrance of the Castle, which is said to be partly formed of the Saxon building—a matter, however, of much question—we proceed towards the top, viewing on the way the curious font of the Saxon chapel of Bamborough, tapestried chambers, and the places applied to charitable use—to which we will afterwards more particularly refer.

From the summit of the great tower there is an extensive prospect both towards the sea and land. Looking towards the sea we discover the whole group of Fern Islands, and the Castle and lands of Holy Island, and more distant, the fortifications of Berwick-upon-Tweed. On the right hand is Dunstanborough Castle, behind which are promontories, creeks, and bays beautifully intermingled, the extensive view terminated by the ruins of Tynemouth. On the land side are tracts of well cultivated fields, skirted by heathy moors and the Cheviot hills. It is altogether a charming scene, naturally beautiful and abounding in historical and other associations. Bamborough castle was the scene of many stirring events, and was finally forfeited by Sir Thomas Foster for his share in the rebellion of 1715. After many vicissitudes, the castle and estates were purchased by Lord Crewe, the maternal uncle of the late proprietor, and by the will of his descendant Lord Crewe, the kind-hearted and amiable Bishop of Durham, the Castle of Bamborough, which for more than a thousand years, had been principally devoted to the purposes of bloodshed and destruction, has been converted into

an establishment for the purpose of giving food to the hungry, instruction to the ignorant, assistance to the sick, and protection, so far as it is possible, to the seafarer on this dangerous coast. The estates bequeathed by Lord Crewe for the above purposes were valued, in 1803, at nearly £9,000; and have no doubt by this time greatly increased. The property of the charity is vested in trustees who, for the time being, hold certain offices in Durham Cathedral, and who have generally devoted themselves in a praise-worthy manner to further the intentions of the founder.

The upper part of the great Norman Keep contains an ample granary, from whence the poor, in times of scarcity, are supplied on low terms. Mackenzie, in his "History of Northumberland," published in 1825, says—"There is a meal market and grocer's shop, opened every Tuesday and Friday for the benefit of the industrious poor. The meal is sold at reduced prices, and the groceries at prime cost. As the extension of the charity is not limited to any fixed distance of place, the annual average number of persons upon the list, as partaking of those charities, is about 1300; but in times of particular scarcity the number is much increased. A considerable distribution of beef is made at Christmas to the poor inhabitants of Bamborough. An infirmary is also established, in which many thousands of indigent and diseased objects have been relieved. In addition to the above provisions, there is a large library appropriated to the use of the neighbourhood."

By will, the benevolent Bishop also provided protection against the dangers of the sea. At all seasons, on a high point of the cliff, watchers are placed to give notice to strange ships which may get amongst the numerous hidden rocks which lie between the Farne Islands. In time of storms and mist, bells are rung, and signal guns are fired, and the best means used to save life. Should the wrecked crews of vessels fortunately reach the shore, by means of the brave and ready help of the Bamborough or North Sunderland fishermen, they are speedily and hospitably received in the grim-looking and ancient fortress, where, at a moment's notice, every necessary is provided. If it is needed, the sufferers are retained until their recovery, and provided with money and what is needful to enable them to reach their native ports. Even with the termination of life, the care of the Bishop has not ceased, for he has ordered that the dead shall be provided with coffins, and be buried at the expense of the foundation.

Space prevents us from mentioning many a touching scene which has been witnessed by the dispensers of this part of Lord Crewe's bounty.

Early in the month of December, 1771, many vessels were wrecked on the coasts of Northumberland and Durham. The sands for about a mile in extent, between North Sunderland and Bamborough Castle, were covered with wrecks and dead bodies. One of the vessels lost here was the "Liddell," of Newcastle, and all hands perished. Another was the "Peggy," of Leith, from London, which, with the goods, was valued at £15,000, and several passengers, all of whom, with

the crew, perished. The whole coast, from the Tyne to the Tweed, exhibited a most terrible scene of desolation. Among the bodies driven on shore was that of a lady, with five diamond rings on her fingers and gold earrings in her ears.

On this sad occasion the utility of Lord Crewe's charity, in the appropriation of Bamborough Castle to the use of the public, was most conspicuous. The Castle was open to every person who went in search of his property; and, to the honour of the gentlemen all along the coast, they not only exerted themselves in assisting the sufferers, but preserved such goods as were saved from being pilfered. The following anecdote was some time since related to us by an inhabitant of Bamborough, now dead:—

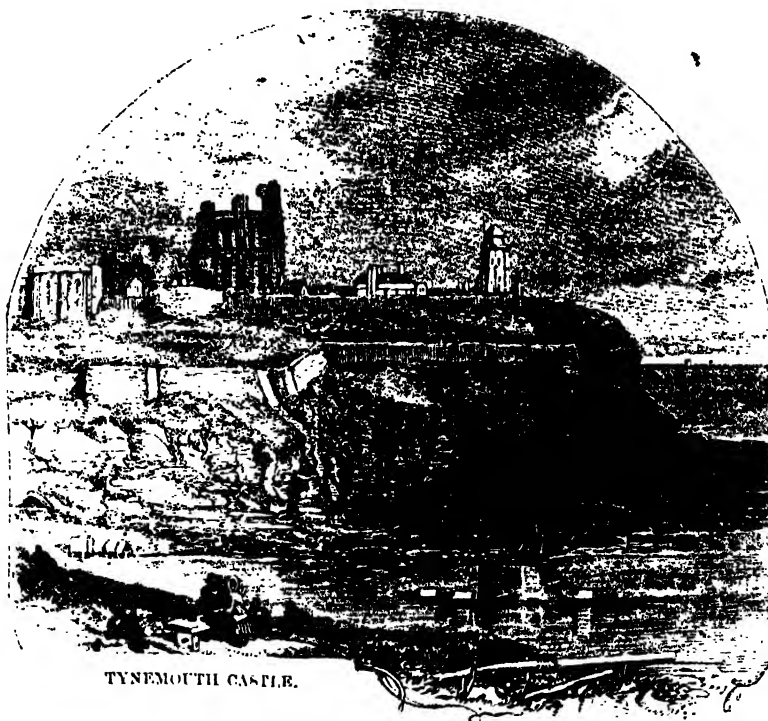
"In one of those storms," he said, "so fatal and, unfortunately, so frequent, a ship was wrecked in spite of all the warnings and other means we could use. By the exertions of the fishermen, who, unmindful of the waves, launched their cibles out to sea, the lives of several persons were saved. Amongst these was a foreign gentleman of rank. His young wife, at the time of the sinking of the ship, had been parted from him by the force of the sea, and had disappeared. His distress was dreadful. The kind attentions of Dr. Thorpe, the then resident, and his family, were of no avail in checking his grief. During the night, however, the carriage of one of the neighbouring gentlemen arrived at the Castle, and in the carriage the beautiful wife of the distressed gentleman, who had been rescued by some North Sunderland fishermen, and taken to that port. The joy shown by all, particularly those most interested, may be better imagined than described. The

sailors, with the characteristic forgetfulness of danger which is so well known, were not amongst the least pleased; and although they had been so recently snatched from the jaws of death, sang merry songs after the reunion, until late into the night."

The town is well sheltered from the bleak winds, and the sandy beach is excellent. The views as we have already mentioned, are beautiful; and in the summer time, many a day may be pleasantly spent in fishing or sailing to Lindisfarne, or to the Fern Islands, where will be found the cell of St. Cuthbert, the nests of the eider-duck, and strange perpendicular rocks, inhabited by thousands of various sea-birds. The light-house in which Grace Darling lived is also an object which will no doubt attract many visitors. The heroism of Grace has been made the subject of illustration by poets and artists, and will always be a fertile theme of admiration.

Resuming our journey, we pursue our northward course, and in a short time we reach the southern bank of the Tweed, which river is crossed by a high-level bridge, similar to that of Newcastle, but of smaller proportions.

At Berwick-upon-Tweed the neutral ground is reached, which is neither Scottish nor English, but has frequently been the bone of contention with both. Happily for both countries the ancient rivalry between them has assumed a more peaceful character, and is now confined to the best crops, the most skillful cultivation, and the best breed of stock. Any impartial judge, who will join us in our autumnal ride along the coast, by the North-*British* railway, will assuredly confess that such crops as he will see are not to be surpassed.



TYNEMOUTH CASTLE.



EDINBURGH, FROM SALISBURY CRAGS

EDINBURGH.

—“Caledonia's Queen is chang'd,
Since, on her dusky summit rang'd,
Within its steepy limits pent
By bulwark, line, and battlement,
And flanking towers, and laky flood,
Guarded and garrison'd she stood,
Denying entrance or resort,
Save at each tall embattled port;
Above whose arch, suspended, hung
Porteullis, spiked with iron prong.
That long is gone; but not so long
Since, early clos'd, and opening late,
Jealous revolved the studded gate,
Whose task, from eve to morning tide,
A wicket churlishly supplied.
Stern then, and steel-girt, was thy brow,
Dum-Edin! O, how alter'd now!
When safe amid thy mountain court
Thou sitt'st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfin'd, and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea.”

THE Edinburgh — the “Dum-Edin” — the “Auld Reekie,” thus apostrophized in the Introduction to *Marmion* — is now within fourteen hours' distance of the Great Metropolis! A revolution has occurred, in time and space, the full consequences of which no one can predict. All those social influences which result from frequent intercourse between town and town, or between state and state — all that follows on interchange of thought and interchange of produce — will be now presented to us more rapidly, by the iron roads of the north, than at any former period.

There have been three great stages in the process which has made Englishmen acquainted with Edinburgh, and with Scotland generally. The *Rebellion* of 1745, *Walter Scott*, and the *Railways*, mark these stages. There are others of minor import; but it is impossible, in this point of view, to lose sight of the peculiar influence of those now mentioned.

That the attempt made by the grandson of James II., commonly known as the Young Pretender, to regain the throne of his forefathers in 1745, was a means, though an unforeseen one, of bringing England and Scotland into closer intimacy than before, is plain from the details given in histories of the period. From the time of the union of the two countries, in 1707, Edinburgh had been almost a *terra incognita* to Englishmen: the centre of honour, and power, and patronage, and political influence, was London; and no one seemed, unless from urgent motives, to think of going thence to Edinburgh. But after the chequered fortunes of the war of the Rebellion in 1745-6, the Government found it necessary to be better acquainted with their northern dominions. Roads were cut, settled habits were encouraged, manufactures began to spring up, the Highland clan-system gradually lost some of its force, Scotch cattle-rearers and English

cattle-dealers engaged in more frequent transactions along the border counties, and English travellers began more commonly to bend their steps towards the lochs and mountains of the north.

That Sir Walter Scott has opened up — not only to England but to all the world — scenes which were before like a sealed book, can still less be doubted. The vivid description of places, buildings, persons, and events, scattered through his novels and poems, have made a deeper impression on his readers than any sober histories or topographies could have done. Not a year passes without seeing numbers flocking from England and other countries to Scotland, to visit scenes which they would probably never have heard of but for Scott. Who does not know something about Holyrood and the Canongate, the Cowgate, and the Grass-market, and the Tolbooth, at Edinburgh? Who is not familiar with Loch Katrine, and its ‘Lady of the Lake,’ Loch Lomond, with its ‘Rob Roy’s Country,’ Loch Leven, with the place of poor Queen Mary’s incarceration; Fifeshire, with the scenes of the old ‘Antiquary’ and ‘Edie Ochiltree,’ the Solway, and its stirring associations with ‘Redgauntlet?’ If visited, they are examined with eager curiosity; if yet unvisited, they have still a place in the mind: they are bright spots, which we yearn to look upon some day or other. We can no more shake off the belief that the ‘Lady’ *did* live on Loch Katrine, — that *Marmion did* assemble his adherents on the hills southward of Edinburgh, — that Jeannie Deans *did* meet Geordie Robertson at a spot just by Arthur’s Seat; — we can with scarcely more ease shake off this abiding faith, than that Richard fought at Bosworth Field, or that Queen Elizabeth went to Tilbury Fort. It is no guess-work to say that Scott’s writings have wrought this feeling beyond the limits of his own country. Soon after the publication of the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ a letter, written by Mr. Cadell, contained the following remarks: — “Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well-ascertained fact, that from the date of the publication of the ‘Lady of the Lake,’ the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree; and, indeed, it continued to do so, regularly, for a number of years, the author’s succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for all scenery which he had thus originally created.”

That the extension of the railway system is drawing still closer the ties that bind England to Scotland, and the attractions which draw Englishmen towards the north, is so obvious as scarcely to need proof. Until 1847, a notable link was wanting. The Edinburgh

and Glasgow Railway has been opened for some years ; there have also been scraps of lines in other quarters •—from Glasgow to Greenock, Ayr, and Kilmarnock ; from Edinburgh to Dalkeith, Leith, and Musselburgh ; from Dundee to Arbroath, and to Forfar. But these were all Scottish : no line of rails crossed the Cheviot Hills, or the debateable 'border-land,' or the Tweed, or the Solway. We have at length, however, on the east coast, the North British Railway, running from Edinburgh to Berwick, there to join, by a bridge, the Northumberland and Yorkshire network of lines ; we have, farther west, the gigantic Caledonian Railway, extending from Edinburgh in one direction, from Stirling and Castlecary in another, and from Glasgow, along the rich Clydesdale district, in a third, to a point of junction near the famed 'falls of Clyde,' at Lanark, whence a nearly north and south course of seventy miles brings us to English ground at Carlisle ; and lastly, we shall have, when works at present in progress shall have been completed, another line of railway—the Nithsdale—still farther west, which will proceed from Glasgow by way of Kilmarnock, Dumfries, and Annan, to Carlisle. When we consider that the finely-appointed coaches from Glasgow to Carlisle, and from Edinburgh to Newcastle, the beautiful steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow, and the yet larger steamers from London to Edinburgh, have been for many years busily laden, and yet that they took small numbers compared with those who now travel by railway, we may easily conclude how many are the points of contact where English ramblers may meet with scenes famous in Scottish story, and how rapid the assimilation of habits and customs, of wants and wishes, between the two countries. Indeed, this process is advancing almost too rapidly for some lovers of the picturesque ; since the distinctive features of many spots are fast melting away into the smooth level of modern civilization.

There is no place in Scotland which has been more influenced by such circumstances than the capital itself—Edinburgh. Edinburgh, before the Rebellion : Edinburgh, after the Rebellion : Edinburgh, as made memorable by Scott : Edinburgh, in our own railroad times—all have their marked features of distinction ; and there are many parts of the city whose history is particularly connected with one or other of these eras, to the exclusion of the rest.

But beyond these external circumstances, the past and present features of Edinburgh have been remarkably influenced by the undulating surface of the ground on which it is built. Glasgow, and Liverpool, and Newcastle, and many others of our large towns, have begun their existence on the water-side, and have extended landward, as increased space became necessary—new streets branching out from, or forming continuations of the old ones ; but in Edinburgh there are formidable depressions of surface, which rendered necessary a good deal of ingenuity in planning and contriving. The 'Court-end,' the city, the suburbs—all these terms have suffered more change at Edinburgh

than in most British towns ; and these changes have occurred quite as much from the remarkable character of the site itself, as from a necessity of enlargement to meet the increasing population of the city.

Let us, then, in the first place, take a bird's-eye view of the portion of ground on which Edinburgh is situated, and by which it is surrounded. A clear conception of this matter will much facilitate the comprehension of subsequent details.

The Firth of Forth is a wide estuary, opening into the German Ocean : it is, in fact, an expansion of the mouth of the river Forth, having Fifeshire on the north, and Edinburghshire and one or two other counties on the south. Towards the inner part of this Firth the width contracts very considerably, forming the passage of Queensferry, having the two towns of North and South Queensferry on the north and south shores. Eastward of this there is an undulating coast on the Edinburgh or southern side, studded with various towns, fishing-villages, havens, and piers. First, after passing Dalnecny Park, comes the village of Cramond, at the mouth of the river Cramond, which river is crossed by Cramond Brig or Bridge, rendered famous by an incident in Scottish history ; then comes the newly-formed village of Granton, with the fine stone pier, built by the Duke of Buccleuch for the accommodation of steamers ; and these are followed by a chain-pier, Newhaven village and pier, and the commercial town of Leith, with its harbour and piers ; while, still further east, are the towns or villages of Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and Preston Pans, all near the shore of the Firth and all on a low level. Taking Leith as a centre, we may trace a curved line of hills, comprising Corstorphine, Craiglockhart, Braid, Blackford, and Cragmillar Hills, and the famed Arthur's Seat ; and these hills form a kind of cordon round the southern half of Edinburgh ; or in other words, we may say that Edinburgh is placed in the midst of a tolerably flattish country, bounded by hills on the east, west, and south, and by Leith and the Firth of Forth on the north.

But, if this were all, Edinburgh would be analogous merely to many other cities. It is itself, however, built upon a series of hills, which, with the three or four intervening valleys, give that remarkable undulating character to which allusion has been before made. These hills we may designate the central, the northern, the southern, and the eastern ; or, to come to more familiar appellations, the Castle Hill, the North Town, the South Town, and the Calton Hill. Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat, two hills far higher than any of the others, lie beyond the precincts of the town on the east, and can hardly be considered as forming part of the town itself, though they add not a little to the grandeur of the features presented by it.

The central hill, by far the most important one to Edinburgh, has a remarkable shape : it is like a wedge, lying with its sloping side uppermost, having the Castle at its upper or thick end, and Holyrood Palace at its lower or thin end. This simile, however,



THE CASTLE HILL, FROM SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

is not very exact, unless we imagine the sides of the wedge to be bevelled off, so as to make practicable slopes from the ridge to the hollows on the north and south. The ridge lies very nearly east and west, having the Castle at the west end, and Holyrood at the east. This west end reaches an elevation of nearly 400 feet above the level of the sea, and consists of rude, rough, time-resisting rock. The rock is bare and inaccessible on the west; it has slopes of almost impracticable descent on the north and south; but on the east it communicates with the sloping street—the ridge of the wedge—which descends to Holyrood, upwards of a mile distant, in a straight line.

This wedge-shaped elevation is bounded on the north and south by hollows or valleys, which separate it from other elevated ridges or hills still further to the north and south. These are not hills in the same sense as the Castle or central hill, being much less lofty and prominent; but it will be convenient to adopt the term. The southern hill rises gradually from the south valley, and then spreads away imperceptibly to the level of the surrounding country; the northern hill rises by a slope from the north valley, and then declines again towards the sea at Leith and Granton. Westward of the Castle Hill the

ground is pretty level, having less ascent than to the north and south. Eastward of the northern hill lies Calton Hill, separated from it by a valley; while eastward of the southern hill is Salisbury Crag, separated from it by a pleasant, open, green spot. Arthur's Seat is still further east than Salisbury Crag, having an intervening deep valley, called the Hunter's Bog.

We therefore find that there are six elevated spots, to which the designation of 'hills' may, without much impropriety, be given, and four or five valleys, that separate these hills one from another. The buildings of Edinburgh occupy four of these hills and three of these valleys; while the other two hills furnish the most glorious vicinity to a city, in respect to prospect and healthy exercise, that can be imagined. As these valleys or hollows are such as would shame our Holborn-hill or Ludgate-hill, in regard to steepness, the reader may ask whether the streets follow all the windings of hill and valley, and whether horses and vehicles can surmount these difficulties? We shall by-and-by explain in how picturesque a way this matter has been managed, and how the hills are linked together, in spite of the valleys beneath.

It will readily be imagined that these hills and valleys have been brought within the limits of Edin-

burgh by degrees. "Rome was not built in a day;" nor was Edinburgh. The Castle Hill, and a portion of the slopes leading thence down to the north and south valleys, formed the city of Edinburgh long before the north and south hills were built upon; the latter were "out in the fields" until a comparatively recent period. Wherever there is a very ancient castle, in or near any of our old towns, we may in most cases safely infer that the castle was the nucleus of the town, and that the town spread out by degrees from the base of the castle. Edinburgh is no exception to this rule. The Old Castle was the centre—the heart, from which all else has sprung. Its arteries have ramified north, south, east, and west; it has seen the picturesque quaintness of the old town, the sober comfort of the south town, the architectural splendour of the north town; and the old black rock yet rears its head as proudly as ever, defying both man and time: the railway whistle is heard round its very base, and the steam of the locomotive condenses on its rugged sides, but the Castle Rock still maintains most of its old features.

The mode in which Edinburgh has spread out from the Castle as a centre, will be best understood by a rapid glance at the social history of the city. This we shall therefore give, before inviting the reader to a topographical ramble through it.

In the seventh century the southern part of Scotland belonged to the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Northumbria; and one of the sovereigns of that kingdom, Edwin, built a fort on the site of the present Castle. Thus is said to have originated the appellation *DEN EDIR*, the Celtic name for Edinburgh, meaning the Hill of Edwin; the Anglo-Saxon name was *EDWINSBURGH*, whence the modern designation. It is, however, the opinion of antiquaries who have studied these matters, that a fort or castle existed on this hill before the arrival of the Romans in Britain. A few scattered notices are met with in early annalists and historians, from which we learn that, by about the year 854, a tolerably large village had grown up around the base of the Castle. In 1093, we find the Castle to have been a place of refuge for the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, and to have been besieged by Donald Bane, the brother of Canmore, and the usurper of his throne.

By the reign of David I., in the twelfth century, Edinburgh had become an important Scottish town, and had been erected into a burgh, although it consisted of mean thatched houses. William the Lion frequently resided at the Castle. In 1215 Edinburgh acquired a higher degree of importance, from being made the scene of the first Parliament appointed by Alexander II.; and, twenty years afterwards, it was further made the scene of a provincial council by the Pope's legate. Alexander III. made the Castle the depository of the regalia and relics. During the fourteenth century, Edinburgh, with its castle and its palace of Holyrood, was involved in the turmoils arising out of the successive attacks of the English Edwards. One incident

of those times gives us the intimation that St. Mary's Wynd, still existing as an offshoot from the High-street, was known by its present name so far back as 1336. When Scotland was freed from these hostile excursions Edinburgh became a more important place than at any former period. Robert Bruce bestowed on the burgh the harbour and mills of Leith. Before the end of the same century it was confessedly the chief town in Scotland, though not nominally the capital; parliaments were frequently held there, and a Mint was established for coinage. In 1384, Edinburgh is described by Froissart to have contained about 4,000 houses; but these were of so poor a character that they could not accommodate a company of French knights who about that time visited it. In the next following year the whole town was reduced to ashes by Richard II., except the Castle; so that we may consider this as a point of division between two distinct parts of the town's history. The poor houseless inhabitants were permitted to raise habitations within shelter of the Castle walls.

During the first half of the fifteenth century Edinburgh gradually recovered from the disasters of the fourteenth; and when James I. of Scotland died in 1430, it became in name what it had long been in effect, the capital of the country. Before this time, Perth and Stirling had disputed with it the palm of superiority; but when James I. was murdered, his son James II., then a mere boy, was enthroned in Edinburgh, as possessing the strongest castle, and as being best able to defend him from the ambitious nobles who distracted Scotland at that period. James II., III., and IV., during the latter half of the same century, granted to Edinburgh many privileges, which still more enhanced its importance as the Scottish metropolis. Permission to fortify the town with a wall, and to levy a tax to defray the cost; exemption of burghesses from the payment of any duties, except a petty custom; a grant of all the Vale between Craigend Gate on the east, and the highway leading to Leith on the west; a grant of the 'haven silver' and customs on ships entering the roadstead and harbour of Leith; a charter establishing the sites of its markets—these were some of the favours granted to the royal city.

There seems every reason for believing that Edinburgh, in the middle of the fifteenth century, comprised only the main line of street from the Castle to Holyrood,—the upper surface of the wedge,—and a portion of the north and south slopes, leading down to the adjacent valleys. But about that period the town began to extend its limits. The wall was built in 1450, and included very little more than the present High-street, from the Castle to the Canongate; but by the year 1513 a much larger area was included within the city boundary. The wall, at this latter date, proceeded from the Castle, southward, to near the present site of Heriot's Hospital; then in a crooked line, eastward, to a lane or street called Pleasance; and then northward, by St. Mary's Wynd and Leith Wynd, to the open ground forming the northern valley.

In fact, this extension included the southern valley, known as the Cowgate, and portions of the slopes extending upwards on either side of that valley. It must, therefore, be borne in mind, that the valley on the southern side of the wedge, or central hill, was brought within the verge of the city much earlier than that on the northern side. Poor, and dirty, and wretched as the Cowgate may now seem, it was an important district three centuries ago. It appears that, after the construction of the first wall in 1450, the town extended itself with great rapidity beyond the wall, without any measures being taken for the defence of this new portion; but, after the fatal battle of Flodden the defenceless position of the Cowgate was felt as a matter of uneasiness by its inhabitants; and hence the construction of the second defensive boundary in 1513.

The lower portion of the main artery of street, from west to east, did not at that time belong to Edinburgh Proper. David I. founded the Abbey of Holyrood in the twelfth century, in the low ground lying east of the city. The abbot and monks, in order to connect themselves with Edinburgh, planned a line of street from their Abbey, up the slope of the wedge-shaped hill, till it joined the High-street of Edinburgh in a continuous line: this street received the name of the *Canongate*, and was constituted a burgh distinct from Edinburgh.

For nearly two centuries and a half subsequent to the year 1513 Edinburgh maintained almost precisely the same external limits; but she gained in *height* what she required in surface. Before the boundary of the first wall was passed, the north and south slopes, declining from the central ridge, were crowded with tenements as dense as they could be packed, separated only by closes, wynds, or courts, so narrow that one might wonder how light, and air, and sunshine, could gain access to them; and these houses were raised higher and higher, by the building of additional 'flats' or stories, before the suburbs were built upon. There was a reason for this, which no longer meets the eye. The north and south valleys were morasses or lochs, which required to be drained before houses could be there constructed. The southern morass was drained between the two dates above given. There were formed the streets now known as the Cowgate and the Grass-market, mostly inhabited, at that time, by the wealthier classes. The closes, or wynds, extended down the slope from the High-street to the Cowgate; while at a short distance southward of the latter commenced the ascent of what we have termed the southern hill.

When James V. of Scotland ascended the English throne as James I., it was expected that Edinburgh would lose most of her nobility, who would follow the Court to London. But this occurred only to a limited extent. The Scotch nobles were too poor to shine with advantage at the English Court, and too proud to submit to disadvantageous comparisons: they therefore, for the most part, remained at their houses in the district of the Canongate, except an occasional visit to

London. While, therefore, there was nothing, on the one hand, to lead to the extension of Edinburgh as a city, there was, on the other, no cause for the abandonment of the houses already built; so that Edinburgh remained in a stationary condition. The brightest period which it experienced in the seventeenth century, was during the residence there of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and his daughter (afterwards Queen Anne). The Duke was sent to Edinburgh as King's Commissioner in the Scottish Parliament; and, feeling some misgivings as to his chance of succeeding his brother Charles II. on the throne, he endeavoured to gain the good opinion and support of the Scotch, which might be available to him in time of need.

After the departure of the Duke of York from Edinburgh, the city remained in a dull and stagnant position for a long time. Had he stayed there a few years longer, the city might have received some one of those large extensions which have only been adopted in later times. A project was brought forward for extending the royalty, and for building a bridge over the northern valley, in order to connect the central hill with the northern hill. The duke gave all reasonable countenance to these projects, and in all probability they would actually have been carried out; but their patron was removed, and Edinburgh was, for many years afterwards, a neglected city.

The Union, in the early part of the eighteenth century, took away a good many of the nobility from Edinburgh. The Parliament and the Privy Council were both transferred to London: the wealthier inhabitants came to enjoy the sunshine of Court favour in London; and the Canongate, more than any other part of the city, became deserted by those who had formed its main stay and support. Edinburgh then had an extremely dull half century. The English Court treated Scotland with undeserved neglect; and the two revolutions of 1715 and 1745 were almost the only incidents which drew the attention of the English towards Edinburgh. Under these circumstances, any notable extension of the town was out of the question; there was neither spirit, nor wealth, nor population, to induce any large plans of civic improvement. Very few strangers came among them: the townsmen all knew each other, as those of a small country town do at the present day. There were neither political nor commercial events of any importance observable in the city; and the people seem to have acquired a cold, dull, formal, morose demeanour, suitable to the stagnant place in which they lived. In short, this has been designated the *Dark Age* of Edinburgh.

The year 1745 brought about a new order of things. When the pretensions of the house of Stuart were finally set aside by the defeat of the Young Pretender, many circumstances occurred to give new life to Edinburgh. The feudal system of Scotland died out; manufacturing and commercial industry began to develop itself; and the inhabitants seemed to awake out of a lethargy. An old house happened to fall down

in 1751, upon which a general survey of the houses of the city was ordered; and all those which had become dangerously dilapidated (apparently no small number) were pulled down. Immediately after this, in 1752, the Convention of Royal Burghs, the Lord Provost and Town Council of Edinburgh, and the Lords of Session, agreed upon a plan for the improvement of the city. A pamphlet, drawn up by Sir Gilbert Elliott in support of the plan, gave the following description of Edinburgh in its then state:—"Placed upon the ridge of a hill, it admits of but one good street, running from east to west; and even this is tolerably accessible only from one quarter. The narrow lanes leading to the north and south, by reason of their steepness, narrowness, and dirtiness, can only be considered as so many unavoidable nuisances. . . . Many families—sometimes no less than ten or a dozen—are obliged to live overhead of each other in the same building; where to all other inconveniences is added that of a common stair, which is no other, in effect, than an *upright street*. It is owing to the same narrowness of situation that the principal street is encumbered with the herb-market, the fruit-market, and several others. No less observable is the great deficiency of public buildings. If the Parliament-house, the churches, and a few hospitals, be excepted, what have we to boast of? There is no Exchange for our merchants; no repository for our public and private records; no place of meeting for our magistrates and town council; none for the convention of our borough, which is entrusted with the inspection of trade. To these and such other reasons it must be imputed that so few people of rank live in this city; that it is rarely visited by strangers; and that so many local prejudices and narrow notions, inconsistent with polished manners and growing wealth, are still so obstinately retained. To such reasons alone it must be imputed that Edinburgh, which ought to have set the example of industry and improvement, is the last of our trading cities that has shaken off the unaccountable supineness which has so long and so fatally depressed the spirit of the nation."

The above is a description which points out forcibly how few objects of beauty or attraction there were in Edinburgh about a century ago. After many considerations and changes of plan, the authorities of the city obtained an Act of Parliament in 1753, regulating the mode in which they might obtain possession of the property necessary for the forthcoming improvements. The first work commenced was an Exchange for the use of the merchants. Next came a project for extending the royalty by building a new town, which should contain houses worthy of the residence of the nobility. Hereupon the burgh of Canongate took the alarm at the prospect of a rival to itself, and succeeded in shelving the question for the time. In 1763 the Lord Provost Drummond, an enlightened and liberal man, resolved that no more time should be wasted; but that the bridge, which was to connect the central hill with the northern hill, should be com-

menced, without waiting for any Act of Parliament. He did not wish to raise unnecessary opposition; he therefore made no mention of an extended royalty, but merely designated the bridge as an improved medium of communication between Edinburgh and Leith. The north valley (or North Loch, as it was then called,) was drained; the foundations were laid; and the bridge was, in the course of a few years, completed. The remarkable position of this bridge will be described in a future page.

In 1767 the Town Council obtained an Act of Parliament for the formation of a new town on the north hill, beyond the North Loch. Mr. James Craig, a Scottish architect, laid out a plan for a town so far exceeding anything known up to that time in Scotland, that he received vast encomiums on all sides for it. But while these matters were in progress, a new town had been silently springing up on the southern hill, south of the Cowgate. An enterprising builder, named Brown, bought a large plot of land for a small sum of money, and immediately began to build two squares and a few adjoining streets. The place being at the outskirts of the town, bordering on green fields, and the houses being of a modern and convenient kind, it soon became a favorite *locale* with the wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh. George-square, where Sir Walter Scott was born, and Brown-square, thus became the centre of fashion: indeed, the encomiums lavished on those squares by contemporary writers would no little astonish any one who might now visit them for the first time, especially after seeing the superb buildings of the new or north town. St. John's-street, branching out from the Canongate to the south, and New-street, branching out on the north, were also new lines of houses, better than those higher up the hill, and calculated for a somewhat superior class of inhabitants. Argyle-square and Adam's-square were two other spots selected for good houses in the southern new town.

These operations on the southern side of the old or central town greatly retarded those on the northern side. The wealthy inhabitants of Edinburgh found houses suited for their purposes somewhat southward of the Cowgate; and it thence became a doubtful point, whether a splendid new north town might not be a ruinous speculation. There arose also a disagreement between the Town Council and the lessees of the North Loch or Valley; for that loch had originally been intended to be laid out as a sort of ornamental canal, with gardens and public walks along the banks. The east and west avenue, corresponding with the present Princes-street, was then a narrow road, called the Lang Dykes; and beyond it, where the splendid streets, squares, and crescents of the New Town appear, was a very large farm, the luxuriant fields of which spread out before the view of the inmates of the old, elevated town. It has been before mentioned that the Duke of York, in the latter half of the preceding century, sanctioned the project of a new town on this spot; but it was not until 1766 that

a commencement was fairly made. The progress of the new south town—rather discouraged speculators in the north; and builders did not purchase feus with the avidity which the magistrates wished and hoped. A bribe was therefore offered of a premium of £20 to the person who should build the first house in the extended royalty, or new north town. A beginning having thus been made, the town gradually grew up; St. Andrew's-square, nearly in a line with the North Bridge, being the nucleus of the building operations.

The reader will therefore find his comprehension of the topography of Edinburgh assisted by bearing in mind the following points:—That the town was situated wholly on the central hill until the fifteenth century; that the first wall, built in 1450, enclosed very little more than the present High-street, and the wynds branching out from it on the north and south; that the town next extended over the southern valley or hollow, identical with the present Cowgate and Grass-market; that the second wall of the city, built in 1513, included a considerable area of ground southward of this valley; that a period of two centuries and a half elapsed, during which scarcely any extensions of the town were made; that about the close of George the Second's reign a bridge was built over the northern valley, preparatory to an extension of the town to the fields then lying between Edinburgh and Leith; that shortly afterwards a new town of (relatively) good houses began to spring up considerably southward of the Cowgate valley; that about the year 1770 the new north town, to which the bridge over the northern valley gave access, was fairly commenced; and that ever since that period the town and its suburbs have spread out extensively in every direction.

Let us now ramble through the various quarters of this remarkable city, noticing, as we proceed, the most prominent features, especially those which connect past times with the present. Where the pen is weak, the pencil is often strong: the sketches of our colleague, Mr. Harvey Orrin Smith, will present many of the scenes at once and forcibly to the eye. And first for the *Castle*, the nucleus of the whole.

When we ascend the sloping street that leads westward to the Castle, a shade of disappointment is apt to be felt at its appearance. It is not a good old, weather-beaten, moss-grown, picturesque, novel-reader's castle. The soldiers in their red coats, the shabby-looking barracks which have been built for their accommodation, and the changes made from time to time in the approaches, somewhat disturb one's notions of an ancient castle. But when we have clambered round the curved roads and paths which lead up to the bastions and ramparts, we cannot but remember of how many a busy scene it has been the theatre. It was the fortified castle-rock of the *Outadini*, before the Roman invasion; it was the *Castrum Puellarum* of the Pictish kings; it afforded a refuge to the widow and children of Malcolm Canmore, in the eleventh century; it was the residence of William the Lion in the next following century, and of many other monarchs in

succeeding centuries; it was bandied about from one possessor to another during the stormy period of the Edwards and the Bruces; it was alternately in the hands of kings and of nobles during the reigns of the Jameses; it took a part in all the busy events of Scottish history during the next three or four centuries; it welcomed George the Fourth in 1822, and Victoria in 1842.

By the articles of the Union between England and Scotland, four Scottish fortresses are to be kept up in an efficient state: Edinburgh is one of these; the other three being Stirling, Dumbarton, and Blackness. We therefore expect to see the usual concomitants of military defences at the Castle. The Castle altogether occupies about six acres of ground. The rock on which it stands is, as has already been stated, very precipitous on the north, south, and west; its highest point is about 300 feet above the valley below, or nearly 400 above the level of the sea. On its eastern side it throws off a glacis or esplanade, communicating with the High-street, and affording a parade-ground and promenade. From this parade we advance westward to a barrier of palisades; then a dry ditch and a drawbridge, flanked by low batteries; then a guard-house; then a strong archway, passing under a building used as a state prison; then a battery, an arsenal, and barracks. A second strong gateway gives entrance to the inner or higher fort, which contains the oldest portion of the Castle. There is a large pile of building, containing what were once the state apartments of Queen Mary; and the Crown-room, in which are lodged the regalia of Scotland.

Two of the batteries of the Castle, the half-moon and the bomb-batteries, command a glorious view over the city and its environs. Eastward, past the lofty buildings of the Castle, may be seen the ancient part of the city, backed by Arthur's Seat; towards the north-east the eye glances over the gardens and railway of the North Valley to the Calton Hill and the superb buildings near it; northward lies the new town of stone houses, "stretching its white arms to the sea," and beyond it the Firth of Forth and the Fifeshire hills; while westward are the Corstorphine hills, backed by a dim outline of mountains far in the west. Captain Basil Hall, though no great admirer of the New Town, speaks with rapture, in his amusing collection of odds and ends called 'Patchwork,' of "the happy elegance of outline of the Old Town; the boldness of the Castle, which overlooks both towns; the matchless beauty, occasional grandeur, and pleasing variety of the adjacent scenery—which includes very respectable mountains, richly-cultivated plains, wooded valleys, and, above all, one of the finest specimens of estuary scenery which is to be found in the wide world. The only match that I know of for the glorious Firth of Forth, viewed from the Castle of Edinburgh, is the Gulf of St. Lawrence, seen from the ramparts of Quebec. In both cases the extent of water is great enough to show that it is the ocean we are looking at; and yet the width is not so vast as entirely to remove the idea

of a river; at the same time that the high grounds which form their banks would be in character with streams of such gigantic dimensions, supposing those arms of the sea to be rivers." A portion of this varied view is given in our Engraving.

When Queen Victoria visited Edinburgh in 1842, she sat down on the parapet of the Castle to enjoy this splendid panorama: the people, assembled by thousands in Princes-street, two or three hundred feet below, espied her, and greeted her with stentorian lungs; while the handkerchief which she waved in recognition of them was distinctly seen below; nay, it is even said that the captain of the *Pique* frigate, lying out in the Firth of Forth, espied her with his telescope, and immediately fired a royal salute.

The buildings of the Castle may be passed over with slight mention. The barracks, presenting their broad front towards the south-west, on the highest part of the Castle rock, form a most provokingly ugly mass. No cotton-mill could exhibit a more bare series of plain, flat, dismal, modern windows; and ingenuity could hardly have contrived a structure less in harmony with the scenes that surround it. As seen from the valley beneath, it is beyond measure tame and spiritless.

The glittering treasures which form the *Regalia* were hidden from the light of day for nearly a century. When the Union took place between the two countries the Scottish crown-jewels were lodged in a room in the Castle, in 1707; but they seem afterwards to have passed almost out of mind, for no one knew what had become of them. At length, in 1818, the Prince Regent deputed some commissioners to search for them; and they were found carefully secured in a large oaken chest. They are now placed in a small room, lighted by lamps, and strongly secured by iron railings; and the corporate officers have power to grant tickets of admission to see them. The regalia consist of the Scottish crown; the sceptre; the sword of state; the Lord Treasurer's rod of office; a ruby ring, once belonging to Charles I.; a golden collar of the order of the Garter, presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI.; and the badge of the order of the Thistle, bequeathed by Cardinal York to George IV.

One of the objects to be seen at the Castle is the ponderous gun, designated 'Mons Meg,' placed on the bomb-battery, and pointing its mouth very harmlessly (for it is never now fired) over a portion of the New or North Town. 'Mons Meg' is a curiosity for which the "gude folk" of Edinburgh have a great affection. It is supposed that this monster cannon was fabricated in the time of James IV.; but how it obtained its familiar name does not seem to be known. There is a curious entry in the accounts of the High Treasurer, during that reign, relative to 'Mons Meg' having been transported on some occasion of national festivity from the Castle to the Abbey of Holyrood; there was a payment of 10s. to the pioneers for aiding to remove the cannon; 14s. to the minstrels who played before it during the removal; 9s. 4d. for eight ells of cloth, "to be Mons' clait to

cover her;" payments for the iron and for men's labour in making a cradle for 'Meg' during her removal; and many other items. The great gun appears to have been fired off occasionally at holiday times; but at length, in 1754, it was removed from Edinburgh Castle to London, where it remained in the Tower during three-quarters of a century, much against the inclination of the Scots. It is said that when George IV. was standing on the ramparts of the Castle, during his visit in 1822, Sir Walter Scott, who was by his side, brought 'Mons Meg' to the recollection of the king; and that, consequent on this circumstance, the cannon was restored to its ancient site in 1829. 'Mons Meg' is about 13 feet long, 2 feet 3 inches diameter at the mouth, and having a bore of 20 inches. It is formed of a number of iron bars welded together, and bound by strong hoops.

Leaving the Castle, we commence the descent of that remarkable line of street which extends thence to Holyrood, almost in a direct line from west to east. It consists of four distinct portions—Castle-hill, Lawnmarket, High-street, and Canongate—all names well known in the past history of Edinburgh. Every year witnesses some change in the appearance of this venerable avenue—some alteration, to make way for modern improvements; and it is, perhaps, scarcely improbable that persons now alive may see the whole line converted into smart shops and modern-fronted houses. One could almost feel regret at such a change. There is such a unique picturesqueness about the oldest portions of this line of street, that we can hardly afford to part with it, even for the increased comforts of modern erections. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in his account of Queen Victoria's 'Royal Progress' in Scotland, justly remarks, "There are thousands of streets in the civilized world to which the High-street of Edinburgh can bear no comparison, either as to elegance of architecture or magnificence of design; but the antiquated, unpretending, and smoke-discoloured fronts of its houses, of some ten stories, occasionally topped by curious gables and huge square chimneys, so high in the heavens that, notwithstanding its great breadth from side to side, it is painful to look directly up to them from below, give to it a peculiar species of venerable grandeur which is to be found nowhere else."

We may walk from end to end, from west to east, without meeting two contiguous houses similar to each other. Here we have a house both broad and high, speckled over with a vast number of windows; next may come a house equally lofty, but narrower; then another, in which gables and odd nooks and corners diversify the front; at one point is a stair (the Scotch do not use the plural word, *stairs*, in the same sense as the English: the whole ascent, reaching from the bottom of the house to the top, is simply a *stair*;) passing upwards from a doorless entrance between two houses; and at another a stair reaching outside the house from the pavement up to the story or *flat* over the shop; some of the houses have inscriptions on



LENEURGH NEW TOWN AND CALTON HILL. FROM THE BANCART.

them, serving as the mottoes of the pious occupants two or three centuries ago; while others have been partially modernized to suit the altered taste of the times; in some, the upper windows are decked with boards indicating the occupation of those who dwell within; while other of the upper windows, at such a height that one begins to wonder whether the Scotch ever feel wearied with climbing such interminable flights of stairs, have clothes hung out on poles to dry. Here and there we see a piece of looking-glass jutting out from the side of a window, in such a position as to reflect the images of the passers-by: a fancy which is exhibited in many of the towns of Holland and Germany. Sometimes the upper flats, or stories, project beyond the level of the lower, as in old-fashioned English houses; but, for the most part a pretty general level is maintained in this respect. Many and many a 'spirit-cellar' is to be seen under houses, the upper flats of which are occupied in other ways; but the number of these is probably much less now than in former times. A good idea of the shop-cellars in the High-street, as they existed in the time to which the novel refers, is given in the 'Antiquary.'

The first portion of this long line of street commencing from the Castle, we have said is designated Castle Hill. Just at this spot is a series of flights of steps, leading down from the level of the Parade to the valley of the Cowgate (or rather, the Grass-market,) beneath, on the south; and a pretty considerable descent it is. Down we go, counting the steps by dozens or scores, and meeting on the way with the new road, scooped out of the southern brow of the Castle Hill; then descending again to a lower and lower depth till we fairly reach the valley. This is the most western descent from the central ridge to the southern valley: the others, as will be presently described, are formed by very steep narrow wynds, or closes.

One of the first buildings met with on Castle Hill, after passing a few old houses on the south side of the street, is Victoria Hall, the new place of meeting for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Assembly had before only an inconvenient place of meeting; but this new structure has been so planned as to serve the purpose of a meeting hall and of a church for one of the Edinburgh parishes. This Victoria Hall was made the scene of holiday ceremonial, on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Edinburgh in 1842. The royal procession advanced up the main artery of street, from Holyrood to the Castle; and when it arrived opposite this spot, the Queen's attention was attracted to a gallery, where stood the Grand Master Mason of Scotland, Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, and a glittering array of the Masonic fraternity. After the bowings, the shoutings, the wavings of handkerchiefs, customary at such a scene, the Masons laid the foundation-stone of the building in great form. It is a very beautiful Gothic structure, having a range of five windows on each side, separated by buttresses crowned with pinnacles; while at the

eastern end is a tower of great richness, which rises to a height of 240 feet, and is a most prominent object from almost every part of Edinburgh.

Very few of the old houses of Castle Hill are now left; they have been destroyed, to make way for various improvements. In former times, in a little block of buildings bounded on one side by Blyth's Close, and on another by Tod's Close, was a private oratory of the queen of James V., afterwards Regent of Scotland: it was a most curious relic of past times, but was, in later days, parted off into a number of 'flats,' or dwellings, for a poor class of inhabitants. There was also, on the south side of the street, the house of the Earl of Dumfries, the access to which was by a stair entering from an alley at the side: it was inhabited by one of the earls of Dumfries about a century ago, then by Lord Rockville, and lastly, like almost all the houses of the nobility in Edinburgh, it was divided into distinct flats, and let off to poor people. At the corner of Blair's Close, also in Castle Hill, was the residence of the Duke of Gordon,—another of those Edinburgh mansions, tall, wide, substantial, and closely pent up on either side. On the opposite side of the street, declining a little way down the northern slope of the Castle Hill, Allan Ramsay built a house for himself, whither he retired about ninety years ago. It is reported that he was very fond of his new house, and was on one occasion showing all its beauties and (probably) eccentricities to Lord Elibank, to whom he remarked, that the wags about the town likened it to a goose-pie. "Indeed," said his lordship, "when I see you in it, Allan, I think they are not far wrong."

We next come to the Lawn-market, a place which, as its name imports, was once occupied as a market for cloth and other materials. Between it and the Castle Hill stood, until about five-and-twenty years ago, one of the most picturesque streets in Edinburgh, called the West Bow, leading down, in a crooked and very steep line, to the Grass-market in the southern valley. This West Bow will occupy a little of our attention in a future page.

Going eastward from the Lawn-market, we come at once into the High-street—the scene of so many stirring events in Scottish history and story. It is a pretty long street, extending to the boundary of the Canon-gate. As seen at the present day, it presents, on the north side, first a short street, called Bank-street, leading down to the Bank of Scotland, which overhangs the northern slope of the hill. This is a large, handsome, and rather costly structure. The Institution itself, which had the merit of establishing the distinctive principles of the Scottish banking system, was founded as long ago as 1695; but the present building is comparatively modern. Farther down, on the same side of the High-street, is the Royal Exchange, the building which has been before alluded to as opening a new era for Edinburgh. It is something more than an Exchange, being appropriated partly to the Council-chamber for the meetings of the magistracy, and various other offices and apartments

for the transaction of municipal business. Before the construction of the North and South Bridges, the whole northern range of the High-street, from the point now under notice down to the Netherbow which separated it from the Canongate, was occupied by lofty houses, separated by those wretched narrow wynds, which, as having been once the residence of the high-born and noble, we can view only with astonishment.

Nearly opposite to the spot now occupied by the Royal Exchange is a piece of radiated pavement, in the High-street. This marks the spot where the celebrated *Cross* of Edinburgh stood, before it was destroyed in the middle of the last century. We can well imagine such a man as Scott lamenting the destruction of any old picturesque, time-worn memorials of past ages, even though the spirit of street-improvement be the idol to which the sacrifice is made:

"Dun Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone,
Rose on a turret octagon;
(But now is razed that monument
Whence royal edict rang,
And voice of Scotland's law was sent
In glorious trumpet-clang.
O! be his tomb as lead to lead
Upon its dull destroyer's head!)"

This Cross, against the destroyers of which the minstrel thus hurls his anathema, was an octagonal tower, about sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between the pillars were arches: above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, ornamented with rude but curious medallions: above this again rose the proper cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high. The magistrates of Edinburgh, apparently forgetful that the unsightly Tolbooth was a far greater obstruction, came to a conclusion, in 1756, that this ancient cross was a nuisance and encumbrance on the king's highway; and they obtained the sanction of the Lords of Session for its removal. The Cross is said to be still preserved, on the estate of Drum near Edinburgh. A fountain which had belonged to the Cross, came into the hands of Sir Walter Scott. In a letter to Terry the actor, written in 1817, Scott states that he had obtained possession of this fountain, and had conveyed it to Abbotsford.

The southern side of High-street, as at present existing, exhibits, at the junction of this street with the Lawn-market, a wide opening to George the Fourth Bridge, a busy new thoroughfare, carried on lofty arches over the Southern Valley, or Cowgate. There then comes upon the sight a wide spot of ground, occupied by so many different buildings that we hardly know by what name to designate it. Fronting the High-street is the venerable High Church of Edinburgh, St. Giles's; at the western corner of the square is the County Court; at the eastern corner, the Police-office; and behind this, the almost interminable maze of

buildings known as the Parliament House, with other new buildings attached to it. One general name for the irregular open spot of ground surrounded by these several buildings, is Parliament-square.

Now, in order to unravel the arrangement of this maze of buildings, we must bear in mind that Parliament-square was once the churchyard of the High Church of St. Giles. This church stood, as it now stands, on the south side of High-street, and the churchyard extended from thence nearly to the Cowgate. The Tolbooth—the strange, clumsy, odd-looking building, of which we shall have presently to speak—was built, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, as a Parliament-house and a Court of Justice; but as it was in many respects inefficient for such a purpose, it was, in 1640, converted into a prison, and a new Parliament-house was constructed on a part of the ground before occupied by St. Giles's churchyard. From time to time, as occasion offered, new buildings were erected, abutting on the old, until at length a mass of rooms and offices was obtained, almost as labyrinthine as the Parliamentary and Judicial buildings at Westminster, with their interminable corridors and passages.

In the centre of the Parliament-square, having the church on the north side, is an equestrian statue of Charles II. It was erected in 1685; it is formed of lead coated with bronze, and is regarded as one of the best pieces of sculpture in Edinburgh. The building at the north-east corner of the square is a police-office, presenting no peculiar features to call for notice. This is separated by an opening from the much larger building known as the Parliament House. In modern times a Grecian front has been put to this building, somewhat out of character with the original; but this is not the only example in Edinburgh where a desire has been manifested to give a classical exterior to a structure, without reference to its internal style.

One of the first rooms entered is the noble *Hall* of the old Parliament House, designated, at the present day, the *Outer House*. This is one of the finest halls in Scotland. It was the hall in which the Scottish Parliament sat for about seventy years, until the union with England. The hall is 122 feet long, by 49 broad. It has a finely-carved oak roof, with pendant gilt knobs. Here the nobles, prelates, and commons met in Parliament assembled. At the present day, this great hall, in the busy law season, is one of the most bustling and striking places in Edinburgh: it is a sort of Westminster Hall. Around it are the various Scottish courts of law, at which are employed the advocates and writers to the Signet (nearly equivalent to English barristers and solicitors); and these agents of the law make use of the Great Hall, or 'Outer House,' as a general place of rendezvous. Here are the wigs and gowns in plenty. Lawyers and clients are busily conferring together, and popping in and out of the various courts; some are parading up and down the room, discussing some knotty point of the law (for Scottish law is apparently not less full of knotty points than that

of other countries), or assembled in groups. A crier at one end of the Court bawls out the name of any person who may be wanted, as is the custom at the London Stock Exchange and Hall of Commerce: a constant hum fills the whole area. But when the law sittings are terminated—here is a change! Judges and advocates, writers and clients—all stay away. The statues of Lord Melville and Lord President Blair have it, then, all to themselves.

Connected by various entries and passages with this fine old hall are the Courts of Law, which are very numerous. There are four small chambers, or courts, in which the Lords Ordinary sit. There are two larger courts, in which the First and Second Division of the Court, as they are termed, hold their sittings. In another Court-room is held the sittings of the High Court of Justiciary, the supreme criminal tribunal of Scotland. All these various Courts of Law form collectively the Scottish Court of Session, which is separated into two chambers or divisions, of which the first is presided over by the Lord President, and the second by the Lord Justice Clerk. The Lords Ordinary are subordinate to these higher functionaries, and generally attend to the initiatory steps of law proceedings. All the varied powers which in England would be exercised by the Courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, Admiralty, Ecclesiastical Courts, and Criminal Courts, are within the scope of the Court of Session, and constitute it a powerful and important body.

The *Advocates' Library* adjoins, and has a communication with the Parliament House. This is a very valuable establishment. It is one of those privileged libraries, which are empowered to demand a copy of every printed work published in Great Britain or Ireland. By this means a fine library, amounting to upwards of 150,000 volumes, has been accumulated. There are also among the MSS. many valuable works on the civil and ecclesiastical history of Scotland. This library belongs wholly to the Faculty of Advocates, and its current expenses are defrayed by small fees from the advocates; but nothing can exceed the liberality with which it is managed. Inhabitants of the city, who are in any way known as trustworthy, may have books home for perusal at pleasure; while strangers have no difficulty whatever in obtaining access to its treasures. The catalogues, instead of being arranged in one alphabetical series of authors' names, (as in the ill-digested system at the British Museum Library,) are first grouped into a few large divisions, according to the subjects, and then treated alphabetically under those divisions. A MS. Bible of the eleventh century; a copy of Faust and Guttenberg's first printed Bible; the original solemn League and Covenant, signed in 1580; and a number of other literary treasures, are among the contents of the library. All these books and MSS. have been deposited in galleries and rooms prepared from time to time for their reception, as occasion required; but they are worthy of a finer and more complete building,

which they may, perhaps, one day obtain. Ruddiman, Hume, and Adam Ferguson, were at different times principal librarians of this fine collection; the office is at present filled by Dr. Irving, author of the '*Lives of the Scottish Poets*,' eminently to the satisfaction of those who are most interested in the efficient performance of the duties of the office.

The *Signet Library* is another establishment included within the same large mass of buildings. Though not so extensive as the Advocates', it is said to contain 50,000 volumes, and is particularly rich in works relating to British and Irish history. One of its rooms is a very noble one, far exceeding any belonging to the Advocates' Library; indeed, it is one of the finest rooms in Edinburgh. This library is solely supported by the contributions of the Writers to the Signet; but the same spirit of liberality marks its mode of management as in the case of its larger neighbour.

Passing round to the north-west angle of Parliament-square, we come to the last building of this remarkable group—the County Hall. This, it is true, is quite detached from the Parliament House and its contiguous buildings; but it forms one of the Parliament-square series. The County Hall is copied from the Temple of Eretheus, at Athens, while the principal entrance is modelled from the choragic monument of Thrasyllus. This practice of taking some notable Greek structure as a model for modern edifices has been much followed at Edinburgh.

We now come back again into the High-street, where the venerable old Church of St. Giles forms the northern boundary of the Parliament-square, having an opening between it and the Police-office on the one side, and another between it and the County Hall on the other. The church is thus isolated. It is one of the most ancient buildings in Edinburgh, though its exterior has been frequently renovated. At what period the actual foundation was made seems to be unknown; but the church is mentioned in the year 1359, in a charter of David II. About a century afterwards, it was made a collegiate church, and as many as forty altars were supported within its walls. As the Scotch have, within the last three centuries, shown but little liking for episcopal and cathedral establishments, this old church has suffered some curious mutations in respect to the arrangement of its interior. After the Reformation, many of the sacred vessels and relics were removed, and the building itself was partitioned off into four places of worship. In 1603 James the Sixth took a farewell of his subjects in this church, before proceeding to take possession of the throne of England. In 1643 the solemn League and Covenant was sworn to within its walls, by the various parties to that agreement. At the present time the old Cathedral is divided into three distinct churches—the High Church, the West Church, and the Tolbooth Church. If we imagine the nave, the choir, and the south transept of a cathedral to form three churches, and the north transept to serve as a common entrance to all of

them, we may form a tolerably correct idea of this family of churches. Our illustration (Cut, p. 149,) shows the western end of the Church, with part of the High-street, and of Parliament-square. The most noticeable feature about the building is the central tower: the top of it is crowned with open carved stone-work, with arches springing from the four corners, and meeting together in the centre, so as to form a sort of crown. In this respect it somewhat resembles the old church tower of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. As the tower is 160 feet in height, the elegant carved work which thus forms its summit presents a beautiful object as seen from other parts of the city.

Let us stand in the High-street, opposite the old Church, and look around us. We are in the midst of a tolerably wide and long thoroughfare, but we have only to go back one generation to the period when the old *Tolbooth* obstructed the street, standing out as an isolated block of buildings, like our odious "Middle-row, Holborn." We have before us a Map of Edinburgh, published about a century ago, in which the Luckenbooths is represented as a long narrow pile of buildings, having the Tolbooth at its western end, and a small avenue between them: a little to the east of this is the Cross, and still further east the Town Guard-house—all situated in the High-street, and all isolated from other buildings. The Parliament Close is represented as having the Parliament House at the south-west corner, but there are apparently no other official buildings at that spot. The wynds and closes, as represented branching out of this street, in all their full number antecedent to various pullings-down and improvements, cannot fail to strike any one who looks at this old map.

The cumbrous mass of buildings here alluded to as having formed the Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, was destroyed in 1817, very soon after Sir Walter Scott wrote his 'Heart of Midlothian;' and we may therefore refer to him as the most graphic of eye-witnesses respecting it, in recent times:—"The Tolbooth rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High-street, forming, as it were, the termination of a huge pile of buildings called the Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town; leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding between the high and sombre walls of the Tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side and the buttresses and projections of the old cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage (well known by the name of the 'Kramies,') a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments; so that it seems as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly

interested in such wares are tempted to linger But in the times we write of, the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in the narrow alley."

Who can forget the events of which Scott makes the Tolbooth the scene? The skill with which this vivid writer works up the true story of Captain Porteous with the fiction of Effie Deans and her worthless lover, makes it difficult for a reader to separate the one from the other. Porteous was Captain of the Edinburgh City Guard, and one of his duties was to preserve the peace of the city during the execution of criminals. On one occasion two culprits, Wilson and Robertson (the 'Geordie Robertson' of Scott's novel) were proceeding to the "condemned sermon" just before their approaching execution, when Wilson, by a most daring act of courage, furnished an opportunity for Robertson to escape. Wilson was hanged, but cut down by the excited mob, whereupon Porteous shot him dead with a musket, and afterwards caused his guard to fire upon the enraged people, by which many lives were lost. For his reckless conduct in this affair, Porteous was tried, found guilty of murder, and ordered for execution. The 8th September, 1736, was to be the day of execution; but on that day a reprieve was received from the crown. This so exasperated the people, who had conceived the most intense hatred against Porteous, that they took the law into their own hands. At night a drum was heard beating to arms. The populace assembled, took possession of the city gates, cut off all communication between the Guard House and the Castle, and invested the Tolbooth, where Porteous was drinking with some boon companions, rejoicing over his recent escape. The mob endeavoured to batter down the door of the old prison; but this being too strong for them, they fairly set it on fire, made a breach, entered the prison, and dragged out Porteous. The Madge Wildfire, who aided in firing the Tolbooth, and the Effie Deans, who was found imprisoned within it, we may leave to Scott's imagination; but the seizure of Porteous himself was a real and a tragical incident, and so were the marching with him down the West Bow to the Grass-market, and the subsequent execution.

Sir Walter Scott could not fail to feel an interest in the old building which had furnished him with such stirring materials for one of his stories. Accordingly, when the Tolbooth was pulled down in 1817, he obtained possession of the gate, which he forthwith transferred to Abbotsford, where it still remains as an entrance to the kitchen court.

The Tolbooth and the Luckenbooths, the sides of the Cathedral, and the Parliament Close, were in the last century, the places of business of most of the booksellers and goldsmiths of Edinburgh. It appears to have been in the early part of the preceding century that the Old Kirk was first degraded by having shops or stalls stuck up between its buttresses on the



ST. GILES'S CHURCH, AND THE HIGH STREET.

north side. These were not actually removed till 1817. "Long before their destruction," says Mr. Chambers, "the booksellers at least had found the 'cabined space' of six or seven feet too small for the accommodation of their fast-increasing wares, and removed to larger spots in the stupendous tenements of the square. . . . One of the largest of these booths, adjacent to the north side of the New or High Street, and having a second story, was occupied, during a great part of the last century, by Messrs. Kerr and Dempster, goldsmiths. The first of these gentlemen had been member of Parliament for the city, and was the last citizen who ever held that office. Such was the humility of people's wishes in those days respecting their houses, that this respectable person actually lived, and had a great many children, in the small space of the flat over the shop, and the cellar under it, which was lighted by a grating in the pavement of the square. The subterraneous part of his house was chiefly devoted to the purposes of a nursery, and proved so insalubrious in this capacity, that all his children died successively at a particular age, with the exception of his son Robert, who, being born much more weakly than the rest, had the good luck to be sent to the country to be nursed, and afterwards grew up to be the well-known author of the 'Life of Robert Bruce,' and other works." (*Traditions of Edinburgh.*)

Before the destruction of some old houses, where part of the Advocates' Library now stands, the shop of old George Heriot the goldsmith once stood—the wealthy old man, who built the Hospital named after him, and who plays so prominent a part in Scott's 'Fortunes of Nigel.' It was only seven feet square!

From the above sketch the reader will easily see that there is no part of Edinburgh more likely to be rich in indications of the past and the present, than this central portion of the High Street and its adjacent openings. But we must pass on, and pursue our ramble eastward towards Holyrood.

As at present existing, the portion of the High-street from the High Church to the Canongate is broken by the two wide and beautiful openings of the North Bridge and the South Bridge, extending respectively over the two valleys lying on either side of the central ridge. But in older times there were no such wide openings. Nothing occurred but narrow wynds and closes. There were upwards of sixty of these closes in the small distance here indicated: rather more numerous on the northern than on the southern side of the way. The greater part of these, indeed, still remain, but marvellously changed in respect to their inhabitants. Mean and dirty as they now appear, these are the closes which actually lodged the gentry of Edinburgh in past times; while the High Street itself was also occupied by the better classes. In fact, there was hardly any saying where the line was drawn between the rich and the poor; for a man of birth and family would often occupy the upper flats of a house, the lower part of which was in very humble hands. At the corner of Strichen's Close,

next adjoining to Blackfriars Wynd, was a house which, just before the Reformation, was occupied by the Abbot of Melrose; the garden behind it reached down to the Cowgate. The house was afterwards occupied by Sir George Mackenzie in the time of Charles II., and in the eighteenth century by Lord Strichen. Blackfriars Wynd was a very centre of genteel houses two or three centuries ago. At the junction of it with the High Street stood the house of Lord President Fentonbarns.

There is a little knot of narrow wynds, near the east end of the south side of High Street, whose history would be well worth examining, if we could know all the changes which have been there witnessed. These include Tweeddale's Close, Foulis Close, and Hyndford's Close. All of them, narrow and insignificant as they now seem, once contained houses for the great and high-born: nay, some of those houses still remain, though much lowered in the rank of their occupants. If we enter Hyndford's Close, a *cul-de-sac*, we there see a house that has something about it which speaks of aristocratic families in by-gone times: in this house once lived the Earl of Hyndford; then the Earl of Selkirk; and afterwards Dr. Rutherford—who was Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and uncle to Sir Walter Scott. Tweeddale Close, now Tweeddale Court, contains the mansion once occupied by the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose garden extended thence down to the Cowgate. How changed since!—The British Linen Company's Bank afterwards occupied the mansion; and the extensive publishing firm of Oliver and Boyd now occupies both mansion and gardens: the printing-press gives life to a spot where courtly usages were once prevalent. In Foulis Close is a house, once occupied by Lord Foulis; there is also an old weather-beaten kind of paper-warehouse, where the *Waverley Novels* were first printed: the window of a room lies invitingly for inspection, where Sir Walter is said to have revised the proof-sheets of his earlier novels, at a time when profound secrecy was observed as to the name of the author.

We might linger among these old closes and wynds for days (though the present inhabitants might wonder what on earth we could be about), and still find something new, or rather something *old*, to say about them. To proceed, however. We find, nearly opposite the closes last described, a jutting bulk of houses which narrow the street considerably. This narrowed portion, extending from the High Street to the junction with the Canongate at Leith Wynd, forms the *Netherbow*, where was formerly the Netherbow Port, a city gate separating Edinburgh proper from the burgh of Canongate. At the west end of this Netherbow is 'John Knox's Corner,' where the stern old Reformer is said to have held forth to the people. Let those who wish to obtain a last glimpse of John Knox's house, speed thither forthwith. Its days are numbered. A 'free kirk' is about to be built on the spot; and Knox's house, with some others adjoining it, are to be levelled with the dust!

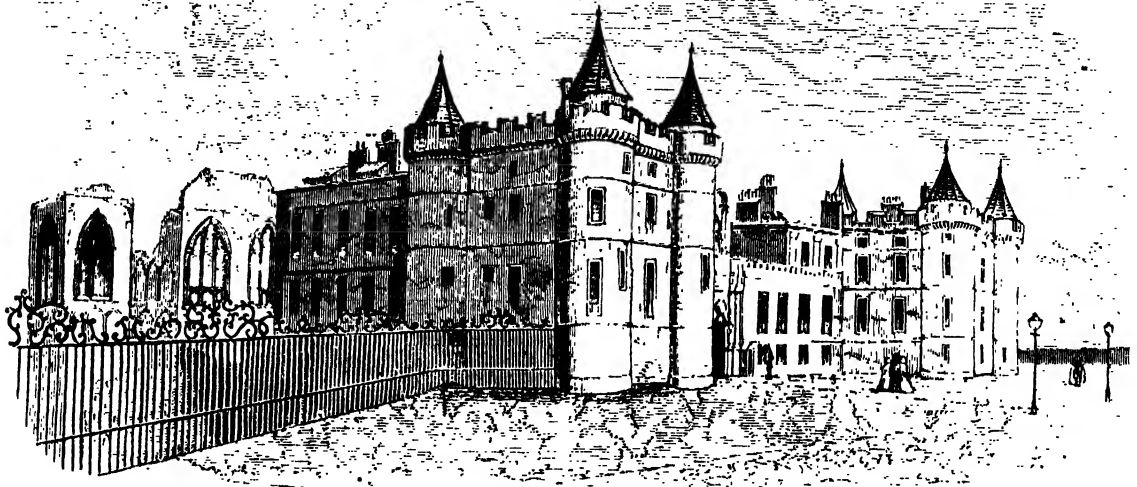
A word or two concerning these 'Free Churches.' The religious ferment which has agitated Scotland for the last five or six years, and which is so little understood in England, is covering the land with new places of worship. When several hundred ministers of the Scotch Church retired from their churches, their manse, and their stipends, a few years ago, on account of religious scruples concerning lay patronage, their congregations, or such of them as sympathized in opinion with the outgoing ministers, subscribed to build them new churches and provide them with new stipends. With such earnestness has this work been carried on within the last few years, that new churches are springing up in every quarter. A feeling of pride, or perhaps of affection towards the minister, has in most cases led to a wish that the new church should be as near as practicable to the old one from which the minister seceded. The process has gone far towards doubling the number of churches in Edinburgh: and not only churches, but all the other buildings pertaining to a particular denomination of Christians. There are already, or are to be, a Hall of Assembly, a College, and a Normal School, belonging to the Free Church in Edinburgh, all similar in their general character to the analogous institutions belonging to the old or established Scotch Church, but kept wholly in the hands of the new or Free Church. The religious or moral effects of this last among the many secessions from the Church of Scotland, we have nought here to do with: the architectural effects have been to add considerably to the public buildings of Edinburgh; the specimens being in some cases very pretty.

John Knox's house, then, is about to come down. A strange old building it is. There are nooks and corners in the front, salient and re-entering angles, gables sticking out in all directions, windows large and small, which seem to have no sort of order in their arrangement. There is a flight of stone steps leading up *outside* to what an Englishman would call the first-floor; there is a sort of shop by the side of these steps, and a shop-cellar under the steps. Over the principal entrance is an inscription, which it is now no easy matter to read, running thus:—"LUKE . GOD . ABOVE . AT . AND . YOUR . NEIGHBOUR . AS . YOUR . SELF." The house is said to have been inhabited by the Abbot of Dunfermline before the Reformation; but when Knox became preacher at the High Church, he came thither to reside. At the extreme corner of the house is stuck up a very rudely-executed effigy of the great Reformer, as if holding forth to the people in the street. About thirty years ago the person who then rented the house, and who carried on the profession of a barber, bedizened up this figure to a degree of smartness quite unparalleled. A red nose, black eyes, white Geneva bands for a cravat, a black gown, a beautifully fringed canopy over his head, bright sunny rays, dark green clouds—all were painted with a very Chinese degree of minuteness. It is said that Knox used to preach to the people from a window near this effigy; but the stern old man would have been rather shocked if he

could have known what a figure of fun would have been made of him three centuries afterwards on the walls of his own house. Whether this painting and brightening have been often repeated, we do not know; but the effigy, the window, the inscription, the steps, the house itself—all look ruinous enough now; and very soon they will all be numbered among things of the past.

At a few yards eastward of Knox's house is the north and south avenue, formed by Leith Wynd and St. Mary's Wynd, the former extending to the north valley, and the latter to the south. These marked the eastern limit of the old royalty of Edinburgh; beyond them eastward commenced the Canongate. This Canongate is not so interesting at the present day as the High-street—it has suffered a greater depth of fall from the days of its prosperity. The poor houses are many, and the poor people are many. It has not so much bustle as the High Street, and what it has is formed mostly by a working population. Yet is it a place not to be passed over without notice. Altered as its houses now are in appearance, many of them are really the old houses inhabited once by the nobility and clergy of Edinburgh. Here was a house once belonging to Lord Balmerino; there was the Mint of Scotland, afterwards occupied as a residence by the Duchess of Gordon; at one spot stood the house of Wedderburne, afterwards Lord Loughborough; and at another that of the Duke of Queensberry.

Leitch Ritchie gives a capital description of a regular, thorough-going, old-fashioned Edinburgh house, such as the High Street, the Canongate, and the Wynds yet exhibit:—"In these vast edifices, as in Paris, each story forms one or more dwellings, all accessible by a single spiral staircase—*Scoticè*, a 'turnpike-stair.' The floor nearest heaven, called the garret, has the greatest number of subdivisions; and here roost the families of the poor. As we descend, the inmates increase in wealth or rank; each family possessing an 'outer door,' answering to the street-door of those who grovel on the surface of the earth. The ground-floor is generally a shop or other place of business; and the underground floor is also devoted, not unfrequently, to the same purpose, but in a lower sphere of commerce. . . . The Scottish 'turnpikes,' like those of Paris, were, and frequently are, dirty in the extreme. The water was carried up on men's shoulders, which may partly account for its scarcity; and besides, as the stair belonged to no one in particular, it was neglected by all; while its convenient obscurity rendered any sins against cleanliness likely to pass without discovery. The various families, thus continually thrown into contact by the necessity of passing and repassing each other's territories, were necessarily well acquainted. To inhabit the same 'land' gave one a sort of right to be known to his neighbour. Besides, the difficulty of access to the street kept up a constant series of borrowings and lendings, which drew still closer the bond of intimacy. Moreover, if you fancy a bevy of from half-a-dozen to a dozen serving lasses



HOLYROOD HOUSE.

meeting constantly on a common staircase, you may imagine that no great mystery could be long preserved, as regarded the affairs of the different families.”—*(Scott and Scotland.)*

Holyrood House now stands before us, nearly fronting the eastern extremity of the Canongate. The central ridge, the north valley, and the south valley, all converge nearly to a point at Holyrood, and all come at that point to the same level. Our view (Engraving.) is taken from a spot which commands also a corner glimpse of the Chapel.

Holyrood has been mixed up with many a busy scene in Scottish history. An Abbey was built here by David I., in 1128; and it became so wealthy before the end of the same century, that the abbot was entitled to hold his court; and accordingly held regular courts of regality like other barons. It is supposed that the first royal palace on the spot, distinct from the abbatial buildings, was a small hunting-seat, built by James V. in 1528, near the south-west corner of the Abbey Church; the fields near Arthur's Seat being then a capital hunting-ground. It is evident, however, that the apartments of the Abbey must have been before this of a palatial character; for many of the Scottish kings are known to have resided there on great occasions. During the minority of Queen Mary, Henry

VIII., frustrated in his plan of marrying the young queen to his son, afterwards Edward VI., determined to resent the affront in a way worthy of his brutal mind. He sent troops to Scotland, expressly to burn Holyrood, and even Edinburgh itself; and so completely, we are told by local chroniclers, were his orders effected, that “within vii myles every waye of Edenborough, they lefte neyther pyle (castle), village, nor house, standynge unbrente, nor stakes of corne, besydes great nombres of cattayles which they brought dayly into the armye.” The Abbey of Holyrood, with the spire and cross of its church, were among the objects destroyed leaving only the body of the church standing. To what degree the mansion or palace was destroyed is uncertain, but Holyrood was very speedily brought again into habitable shape. A considerable part of the palace having been destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers in 1650, the present edifice was built from the designs of Sir William Bruce. From the time of the union of the two kingdoms, Holyrood Palace has remained in the hands of an hereditary keeper, the Duke of Hamilton. He lodged the Young Pretender, during his short sojourn in Edinburgh; and after him came his conqueror, the Duke of Cumberland. Charles the Tenth of France resided here during the revolutionary troubles, and again found a refuge

in the same spot more than thirty years afterwards, when driven from his throne. George IV. visited Holyrood in 1822, and Queen Victoria in 1842.

Such are a few of the regal events which mark this celebrated spot. As at present existing, Holyrood House forms a quadrangular building, with an open court in the centre. There is a quaintness in its exterior which connects it with the semi-classical semi-picturesque structures of France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its front is flanked with double castellated towers. The north-west corner is the oldest portion, for here are the veritable apartments occupied by the unfortunate Mary of Scotland. The other apartments are of varied architectural character, and of different ages. Upon entering within the quadrangle, the visitor soon finds that the art of establishing fees is as well known in Scotland as elsewhere. There is one good lady to show the remains of the beautiful chapel; another to show Queen Mary's apartments; and another to show the modern state-apartments, as they are called. The magistrates of Edinburgh have endeavoured to make some arrangement with the Duke of Hamilton to limit this system of fee-exaction; but the result, as yet, does not seem to be very favourable; for the three sets of locks and keys, and the three expectant guides, are obvious enough.

A feeling of gloom comes over one on visiting poor Queen Mary's apartments. The embroidered bed, the chairs, the little basket, the tapestry, the pictures, the various trinkets, deposited in the two or three rooms exhibited to visitors, all have a dusky half-decayed appearance. The colours are fading fast; and although care is taken to preserve the furniture from actual decay, the finger of Time seems to mock at the fringed and embroidered finery of the rooms. The little apartment where David Rizzio was murdered once formed part of Queen Mary's apartment; but after that dreadful event she had it separated and walled in. On the floor of this small room is a large discoloured spot, which every visitor for generations past has been told is the stain from the real blood of David Rizzio; and if you venture any doubt on the matter, the good lady who is its guardian protectress, becomes naturally shocked at your scepticism. In the introductory chapter to the second series of 'Chronicles of the Canongate,' Scott, in the person of Mr. Chrystal Croftangry, gives a ludicrous story, which bears the impress of having been founded on truth:—A cockney Londoner, agent for a house that dealt in a multiplicity of articles, including a superior patent kind of 'Scouring Drops' among the number, while rambling through these rooms was told the usual tale about the indelible stains on the floor from Rizzio's blood; whereupon he suddenly conceived the idea of trying the virtue of his scouring-drops on the darkened floor. Imagine the horror of the housekeeper! The practical man of business plumped down on his knees, and began to apply the elixir with a corner of his handkerchief; the good lady screamed for assistance; and Mr. Croft-

angry, who was in the neighbouring picture-gallery, pondering in his mind why the kings of Scotland, who hung around him, "should be each and every one painted with a nose like the knocker of a door," came to the rescue, and had some difficulty in convincing the Londoner "that there are such things in the world as stains which *ought* to remain indelible, on account of the associations with which they are connected." Sir Thomas Dick Lauder is rather indignant at any incredulity in this matter. In his 'Account of the Queen's Visit to Scotland, in 1842,' he says: "Those who childishly doubt that the dark stains in the floor are the blood of the poor Italian, only show their ignorance of the fact, that whether blood be that of a murdered man or a slaughtered animal, it becomes quite impossible to eradicate its stain from a deal board if it has once been allowed to sink into it."

The kings of Scotland with noses like knockers, alluded to by Chrystal Croftangry, consist of one hundred and six portraits of Scottish kings, hung on the walls of a picture-gallery 150 feet in length. They are worthless, both as works of art and as historical memorials: no one seems to know when they were painted, or by whom, or how long they have occupied their present position. The Young Pretender gave his grand balls in this gallery in 1745. In the present day it is used for the election of the representative peers of Scotland, and for the levees of the Lord High Commissioner sent by the Sovereign to the General Assembly. In other parts of the palace are apartments of a more modern date, inhabited by noblemen and families who have received permission to reside within the palace, as at Hampton Court. A few groups of family pictures, and state-beds, and reception-rooms, and so forth, are exhibited.

The ruins of Holyrood Chapel lie behind the palace, and form a prominent object as seen from Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crag. After dilapidations of various kinds, the roof sank in 1768, and the whole has since been an utter ruin. Yet it is pleasant to be able to meet with such a remnant of antiquity in the immediate vicinity of a large city: it connects the twelfth century with the nineteenth, and reminds us how busily the interval has been filled up.

The reader has now accompanied us through the great main artery of the Old Town, from the Castle in the west to Holyrood in the east. We will next take a ramble along the valley which bounds this central ridge on the south, and then glance at the South Town generally.

On entering this valley from Holyrood, the street is first called 'South Back of Canongate.' It is a poor sort of street, bounded on the south by tolerably open ground, and having on the north a few wynds and closes leading up to the Canongate. But when we advance farther west, and enter the Cowgate, the characteristics of Old Edinburgh show themselves more distinctly. St. Mary's Wynd joins the High Street and the Canongate at one end, and the Cowgate and the South Back of Canongate at the other: along it was built the boundary wall of

the city in 1513. Here we come to lofty houses, once 'genteel,' but now occupied by poor families; while the wynds and closes become very numerous. There is an odd feature in the physiology of the Cowgate, the Canongate, St. Mary's Wynd, and Leith Wynd, for which we have met with no theory,—Irishmen perform the functions of Jews. The old clothes-dealers congregate in this spot; and most of them are Irishmen, as the names and the features sufficiently indicate. When we have come sufficiently westward in the Cowgate to reach Freemasons'-hall and Niddry-street, we see before us the lofty arches of the South Bridge, (which bridge connects the central ridge with the south ridge); and on passing under this bridge, and walking still farther west, we come to a second elevation,—King George the Fourth Bridge,—built in a similar way and for a similar purpose. Passing under this again, we arrive at an irregular spot, where Cowgate, West Bow, Candlemaker Row, and Grassmarket, all meet. In the Horse Wynd, turning out of Cowgate, resided at one time the Earl of Galloway; and, in another house, Lord Kennet. Lord Brougham's father lived in a house in the Cowgate, just opposite Candlemaker Row; it was at that time a boarding-house, at which he first met the lady who afterwards became his wife, and the mother of the great orator and statesman. Lord Brougham was born in St. Andrew's-square, to which our rambles will conduct us by-and-by. Such are the great names connected with that 'Cowgate' which is now a poor and dirty street!—and it is connected with other great names in a way strange to modern taste. It was a custom in the last century for ladies of rank and station to join gentlemen in racketty tavern amusements in Edinburgh. There were in the Cowgate and in the High Street certain *Oyster-cellars*, to which the titled and the wealthy went in their carriages, by appointment. They feasted on oysters and beer, in a 'lough-shop,' or underground cellar, lighted only by tallow caudles; and the zest of the thing consisted not only in a feast so conducted, but in unrestrained sallies of wit and conversation, such as would not have been sanctioned in the houses of the very same parties, or indeed anywhere else but in these cellars. It was a sort of pre-arranged abandonment of decorum for certain evenings, but it evidently brought no disrepute with it. Towards the close of the century, the Duchess of Gordon and Lord Melville, appearing to meet at Edinburgh, after an absence from it of many years, made up an oyster-cellar party by way of a frolic; and devoted one winter evening to an entertainment which had by that time become obsolete. The convivialities of Edinburgh in the last century, as set forth by Robert Chambers in his 'Traditions,' are in some respects startling, and such as run sadly counter to the common English notion about sober Scotchmen.

When we arrive at the West Bow, at the western extremity of the Cowgate, there are before us many indications of recent change. About twenty years ago a very large sum of money was expended in modern-

ising this district. A street and bridge were thrown across and over the Cowgate, from the Lawnmarket on the north to Bristow Street on the south, and named after the monarch who had recently visited Edinburgh. A new street, called *Victoria Street*, has been opened from the western side of George the Fourth Bridge, and carried in a curved line to the southern part of what used to constitute the West Bow; while the West Bow itself has been almost wholly pulled down. A new road, nearly in continuation of this *Victoria Street*, has been cut in the southern flank of the Castle Rock, to give an improved outlet to the west end of the town. Whether the usefulness of the change has been adequate to the expense, we cannot say; but the old picturesque scenes have suffered sadly. The West Bow was one of the most curious streets in Edinburgh: it commenced at the western end of the Lawnmarket, where it was called Bow Head, and extended, by a very steep and crooked course, down to the eastern end of the Grassmarket, where it was called Bow Foot. The houses were lofty, shaped in the most fantastical form, and some of them much ornamented in the front. Much of the ground near here at one time belonged to the Knights Templars; and the houses built on that ground were distinguished by small crosses planted on their fronts and gables. Many persons of note once lived in this West Bow; and as it formed the chief entry for wheel-carriages to the "High Town" before the building of the various bridges, its inhabitants witnessed many a splendid procession, and many an exciting scene. In later times it became almost exclusively inhabited by whitesmiths, coppersmiths, and pewterers, whose incessant 'tinkling' made it one of the noisiest parts of the town. But Knights Templars, residents of gentle blood, tinkers, crosses, processions,—all have left the spot: very few indeed of the old houses are now left.

One of the spectacles of Edinburgh used to be the melancholy procession of culprits descending the West Bow from the Tolbooth, for execution in the Grassmarket. It partook of some of the features of the bygone cavalcades from Newgate to Tyburn. It wound down the narrow and crooked West Bow, where every window presented its group of eager spectators. When standing in the midst of the Grassmarket, we can hardly fail to think of the stirring 'Porteous' scenes. This area (an oblong square rather than a mere street) was for many years, or perhaps ages, a place of execution. "It was not ill-chosen for such a scene," says Scott, "being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion; so that those likely to be offended or overdeeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions, were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking of a mean description: yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the

southern side of the huge Rock on which the Castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress."

The Grassmarket is scarcely changed at all since Scott wrote his description of the execution of Porteous. The houses are mostly old, and present the same unequal, disarranged, medley-like appearance which marks most rows of old houses in Edinburgh. A curious illustration of its relative position with respect to the houses in the Old Town, is afforded by a story told of Sir David Baird, the distinguished General in our Indian armies:—A house used to stand on the Castle Hill, behind the north side of the Grassmarket, and inhabited by the Duke of Gordon. After changing hands several times, the house came into the possession of the Baird family, and Sir David was born within its walls. When the old General returned from the wars, in his later years, he asked permission to look over the house, which was then in other hands. On going into the garden, he found some frolicsome boys engaged in the very same sport which he had himself indulged in when a boy, - viz. throwing stones down the chimneys of the houses in the Grassmarket, which lay far beneath!

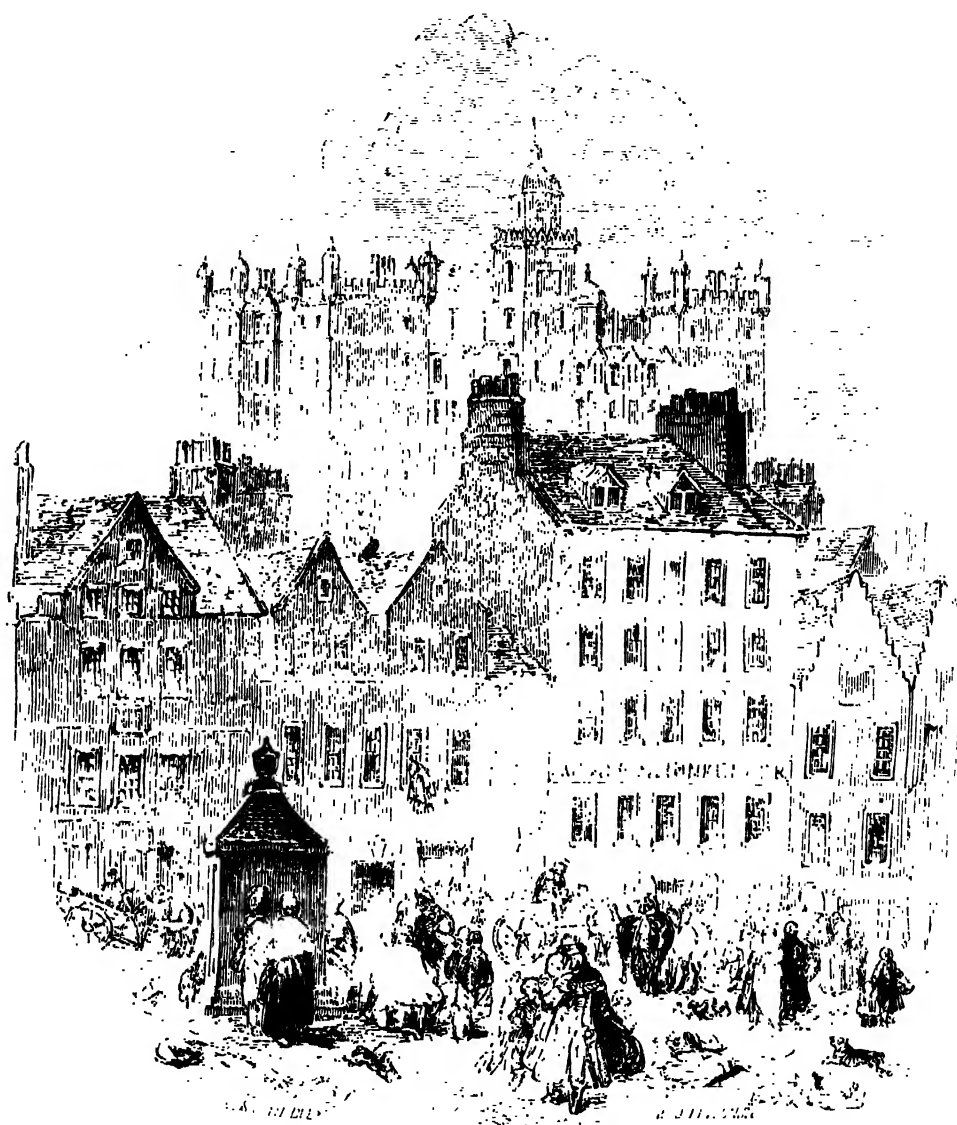
The Grassmarket may be considered as pretty nearly the western extremity of the valley which separates the Old Town from the South Town; which South Town occupies a wide area of ground, exhibiting many interesting combinations of the old and time-honoured with the new. South-westward of the Castle Hill, in the low ground beneath, is an area which is not yet fully laid out, but which will form a respectable district, bounded on the west by the Lothian Road. Beyond this Lothian Road is another district of a somewhat similar character, containing a sprinkling of fair-looking squares, crescents, and streets; and also containing the terminal stations of the Caledonian Railway and the Union Canal. But as nothing particular calls for our attention here, we will trace our steps eastward through the South Town towards Arthur's Seat.

Considerably southward of the Grassmarket stands the Merchant Maiden Hospital; near this is Watson's Hospital; and farther north is the celebrated Heriot's Hospital. All of these are benevolent educational institutions. Merchant Maiden Hospital was founded, in 1695, for the maintenance and education of the daughters of merchant burghesses of Edinburgh: one hundred girls are kept here till the age of seventeen, and receive rather a superior education. George Watson's Hospital is for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed Edinburgh merchants: it accommodates about eighty boys. Heriot's Hospital was founded by the rich old Goldsmith, for the maintenance and education of poor and fatherless boys, or boys whose parents are in indigent circumstances,—“freemen's sons of the town of Edinburgh.” Merchant Maiden and George Watson's Hospitals are of no especial mark as buildings; but Heriot's Hospital is a fine structure. It is situated on one of the highest parts of the Southern Town, and is a conspicuous and

lofty object as seen from the southern brow of the Castle Hill. Even as seen from the Grassmarket, in the South Valley (Cut p. 156), it presents a noble and towering elevation. It was planned by Inigo Jones, and is regarded as the finest Elizabethan structure by him. It is a quadrangular building, measuring 162 feet each way, and having an open court in the centre. Round the north and east sides of this court are covered arcades or ambulatories. On the second story of the north side is an effigy of Heriot, placed in a niche. The gateway is in the north front; and over it is a small projecting tower, with a dome, lantern, and clock. The four corners of the building are occupied by projecting towers or turrets. The general elevation of the building is three stories in height; but in some parts it is four. There are two hundred windows, all of which are said, in accordance with a whim of Heriot's, to be decorated differently. An elegantly-fitted Chapel projects from the southern part of the building; and the four sides of the quadrangle are occupied by the various school-rooms, dormitories, kitchens, and other apartments. Here are boarded, fed, clothed, and educated, nearly two hundred boys, out of estates left for that purpose by George Heriot. Many a respectable and influential inhabitant of Edinburgh was, in early days, a ‘Heriotier,’ and looks back with affection to his old companions and his school-boy associations. Round the wall of one of the school-rooms may be seen a broad black board, on which is chalked lines of music, adapted for the learning of singing in classes,—a significant indication of the prevalence of musical study in schools in our day. The hospital and its funds are managed by the Town Council and city Ministers of Edinburgh, who have recently established, out of the same funds, free-schools for children of both sexes in various parts of the city.

Nearly adjoining Heriot's Hospital, on the east side, is the Greyfriars' Church. A monastery of Greyfriars, used formerly to be situated in the Grassmarket; and this church and its surrounding churchyard stand on the site of the garden of that monastery. In this churchyard lie the remains of many Scottish worthies, including George Buchanan, Allan Ramsay, Principal Robertson, Dr. Black, Dr. Blair, and Colin MacLaurin. Near this are the Charity Workhouse, the Badlam, and one or two other public buildings. Northward stretches the fine broad street of handsome shops, known as George the Fourth Bridge; immediately east of which are Brown Square and Argyle Square, and at some distance to the south, George Square,—those famous centres of fashion in the last century. It is somewhat difficult, at the present day, to realize the idea that these were the squares, the building of which, by their splendid attractions, discomfited the plans of the Town Council in respect to the formation of the New Town.

George Square was the locality of Scott's early days. In Hamilton's Entry—a small close turning out of Bristow Street, near the square—he went to school;



HERIOT'S HOSPITAL, FROM THE GRASS-MARKET.

and in his Memoirs are many reminiscences of this vicinity. The following incident is given in the Introduction to his collected works:— 'The author's father residing in George Square, in the southern side of Edinburgh, the boys belonging to that family, with others in the square, were arranged into a sort of company, to which a lady of distinction presented a handsome set of colours. Now this company or regiment, as a matter of course, was engaged in a weekly warfare with the boys inhabiting the Cross Causeway, Bristow-Street, the Potter Row,—in short, the neighbouring suburbs. These last were chiefly of the lower rank, but hardy loons, who threw stones to a hair's breadth, and were very rugged antagonists at close quarters. The skirmish sometimes lasted for a whole evening, until one party or the other was victorious.' A celebrated hero of these miniature civil wars was one 'Green-brecks,' a daring young urchin, of whom Scott gives a capital sketch.

Resuming our eastward course, we next come to that fine long North and South avenue, formed by North Bridge, South Bridge, and Nicholson Street, containing some of the best shops in Edinburgh. Leaving the North Bridge for notice further on; we find on or near the west side of this line of street, the College or University, Nicholson Square, and a number of churches and chapels; while on the eastern side lie the Infirmary, the Surgeon's Hall, the Blind School, and a number of other buildings. The College is a very large and comprehensive building: it is what the Scotch term 'self-contained,' that is, isolated from all other buildings: it forms a parallelogram, 356 feet long by 225 broad, having an open court in the centre. There may be considered to be eight fronts to the building; for the four which look upon the surrounding streets, and the four which bound the central court, are all regular architectural compositions. The quadrangle is entered by a lofty

portico on the east side, and the doors to the several corridors lie around the quadrangle. There is a covered gallery or ambulatory round part of the court. Within the building the apartments are very numerous. One is a library, nearly 200 feet in length, and contains about 100,000 volumes; it was intended originally "for the use of the citizens," but it has now become exclusively a College Library. The Museum, occupying several galleries and apartments, comprises a collection of stuffed animals, birds, insects, shells, minerals, and other objects: it is at present undergoing repairs and improvements which will make it a valuable depository of natural objects. The various class-rooms, council-rooms, private apartments, &c., call for no note. The funds for constructing this vast and important building were collected in a curious way. King James VI. granted a charter for a University, in 1582; and by subsequent grants and benefactions this University became large and celebrated throughout Europe. The buildings forming it were added from time to time, as occasion offered, until at last they formed an incongruous and unsightly mass. In 1789 the Town Council resolved to build a new one; and to show their respect for learning, they undertook to defray the expense out of the town funds. But they utterly overrated their means: the town revenues and local subscriptions combined could only finish part of the front in twenty years. The Government then stepped in; and by the expenditure of £10,000 a year for many years, the present fine building was finished. Two thousand students are generally located here during the terms, and it need hardly be said how brilliant has been the list of eminent men who owed their education to this institution. At the commencement of the present century it contained within its academic walls, at one time, Robertson, Playfair, Black, Cullen, Robison, Blair, Dugald Stuart, Gregory, and Monro: a constellation of 'lights' not readily equalled elsewhere.

Nearly opposite the College is Surgeon's Hall,—a much smaller but still beautiful building, having a Grecian front of much elegance and simplicity. The chief feature of this institution is a Museum of anatomical and surgical preparations, of considerable extent. This Museum, as indeed most of the public buildings and institutions of Edinburgh, is conducted in a liberal spirit with regard to affording access to the townsmen and visitors. Near the Hall is one of those benevolent and interesting charities—a Blind School. The baskets, and rugs, and mats, and similar objects, made by the boys; the tippets, and gloves, and other articles of needlework made by the girls; the school-room, with its globes, maps, and books, all having raised characters which may be traced by the fingers of the poor sightless students—these cannot be seen without exciting warm admiration of a system which has done so much good with such slender means.

Eastward of the main north and south avenue, of which Nicholson Street forms a part, is another, much narrower and much more poverty-stricken, formed by

St. Mary's Wynd, and a long crooked street called Pleasance. This was evidently at one time a place of no small importance; for the old maps of Edinburgh represent it as forming a main artery into Edinburgh from the south. Eastward of this Pleasance, the strip of inhabited district is very narrow before we come to the roads and paths that lie at the western foot of Salisbury Crag; and the streets, the houses and the inhabitants are mostly of a humble character. Southward of the whole of this South Town of Edinburgh is a pleasant open country, occupied by meadows and Bruntsfield Links or Playgrounds, backed by Braid Hill further south.

As our perambulations have, for a second time, brought us to the vicinity of Arthur's Seat, we may fittingly here describe the noble hills which bound Edinburgh on the east.

While walking along the back of Canongate, or the Pleasance, or St. Leonard's Street, we see Salisbury Crag shooting up like a wall to the east and south-east of us. It is a kind of triangular rock, extending south-west to a sharp point, and then branching off south-east. The highest summit is near this sharp western point, from whence it declines in altitude towards the south-east and the north-east. The rock presents a steep sloping grassy ascent to a certain height, above which is a perpendicular crag of bare rock, forming an object whose outline is remarkably distinct and well defined as seen from a distance. A pathway runs along the whole extent, at the top of the slope, and just beneath the perpendicular crag. Eastward of this crag is a gentle slope leading down to a valley called the Hunter's bog, on the opposite side of which is Arthur's Seat. The whole of this crag—the summit, the high path, the lower path nearer to St. Leonard's—was a favourite resort of Scott's. In his notes to the tale which has made this almost classic ground, he says:—"If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semi-circular rocks called Salisbury Crag, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out in a form, which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon, now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of those enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with or divided from each other, in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime—is lighted up by the tints of

morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes; the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort when engaged with a favourite author or new subject of study." It is from this elevated spot that our view is taken.

Lofty as these crags are, they yield the superiority to Arthur's Seat, which lies behind them on the east. Sometimes this name is given to the highest summit alone, while at other times it is applied to the whole hilly group, with the hollows beneath them. Extending over a space about a mile in length by three-quarters of a mile in width, are many of these alternations of hill and dale, to which are given the names of Arthur's Seat, Whiny Hill, Crow Hill, Hawk Hill, Nether Hill, Sampson's Ribs, Echoing Rock, Salisbury Crag, and Hunter's Bog. The whole series is now encircled by a splendid carriage-drive, called Victoria Road; than which, perhaps, there is nothing finer of the kind in the kingdom. Commencing beneath the westerly point of Salisbury Crag, it proceeds around the entire hilly group in an irregular oval course, nearly three miles and a half in extent. At every step a changing view meets the eye. It is everywhere higher than the surrounding country, so that a complete panorama is ready for him who will make the circuit. Much of the road was formed by blasting the solid rock; and at the south-eastern part of the course this blasting has taken place at a considerable elevation. Duddingston Loch and Dunsapie Loch lie spread out beneath us, and the whole country for miles presents a rich and fertile view to the sight. This Victoria Road has been mostly constructed since the Queen's visit in 1842, and, we believe, at the royal expense.

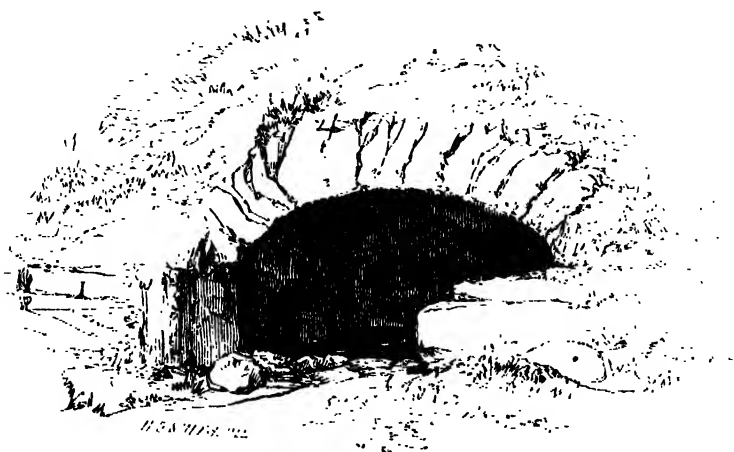
Arthur's Seat itself, the summit which gives name to the whole group, lies toward the southern part of the encircling road. Who Arthur was, where he lived, and how he came to occupy this 'Seat,' are mysteries beyond the power of the nineteenth century to solve. England, Wales, and Scotland have all been busy in finding out occupations and favourite localities for this renowned hero. There is Arthur's Fountain in Clydesdale; Dumbarton Castle is supposed to have been Arthur's Castle in early times; there was also Arthur's Palace near Penryn—Ryoneth in Wales; Stirling Castle was supposed, in the middle ages, to have been the festive scene of Arthur's Round Table; Arthur's Oven is on the Carron; in Cupar Angus is a stone called Arthur's Stone; while there are no less than three Arthur's Seats—one near Loch Long, one in Forfarshire, and the more celebrated one which now engages our notice. This summit is 822 feet above the level of the sea. It is so steep that there are only two paths by which it can be readily ascended. At the top is a black mass of basaltic rock, found to be magnetic; and on this is fixed the Signal-staff used by the Ordnance-officers in conducting the trigonometrical survey of Scotland.

It is the highest spot within a distance of many miles, and from it may be obtained a view of great magnificence. Beneath is the Old Town of Edinburgh, crowned in the back-ground by the Castle; on the left of this is the South Town, with Heriot's Hospital shooting up in the distance; on the right is the splendid New Town, with its squares and streets of white stone buildings:

"Yonder the shores of Fife you saw;
Here Preston-Bay, and Berwick Law;
And broad beneath them roll'd
The gallant Firth, the eye might note,
Whose islands in its bosom float
Like emeralds chased in gold."

Looking towards the east, the eye glances over a wide expanse of the flat lands of Haddingtonshire. To the south-east are Dalkeith Palace, Melville Castle, and many fine residences, embosomed in green fields and luxurious woods. Southward, we look towards Braid Hill and Blackford Hill; and westward towards Corstorphine Hill.

The vicinity of the lofty hill is speckled over with many interesting spots. The Hunter's Bog is a deep grass-grown valley intervening between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crag. When the Young Pretender, as Charles Stuart is frequently called, entered Edinburgh in 1745, he left the bulk of his troops in Hunter's Bog, while he and a chosen few proceeded to Holyrood to reconnoitre the state of affairs. Immediately at the foot of Salisbury Crag is the suburb of St. Leonard's, and a pathway called Dumbiedykes—two names that will not soon be forgotten by the readers of the 'Heart of Midlothian.' Then, by the side of the small road leading from St. Leonard's to Duddingston, is a small old house, said to have been the one which Scott had in his mind as a residence for David Deans, the father of Jeannie and Ellie: at all events, such is now the tradition; and in some modern maps it receives, without any circumlocution, the designation of 'David Dean's House.' Passing round to the north of Arthur's Seat, we find St. Anthony's Well and Chapel. (Cuts, pp. 159-160.) The crumbling ruins of the latter stand out prominently on a craggy rock, at a considerable height from the valley below, in a most picturesque situation. The building was once a hermitage or chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony the Eremita. The water of the well had certain mystic virtues ascribed to it in past times; and even at present, the visitor is invited to drink some of it from tin cups proffered to him by the juveniles who hope to make a profit of old St. Anthony. Near this chapel is the place pointed out as the site on which once stood Muschet's Cairn. Nicol Muschet, or Muschat, murdered his wife on this spot under circumstances of great barbarity some generations ago; and the travellers who passed by, to mark their execration of the deed, each threw a stone or two on the spot, by which a heap or cairn of stones was collected. Scott makes this Cairn a meeting-place between Jeannie Deans and Robertson on the dreadful night before Effie's trial; and if the tourist at the



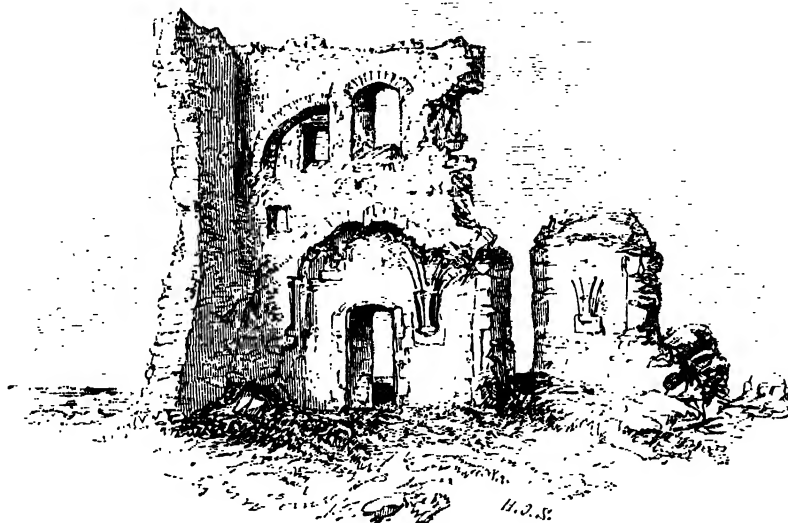
ST. ANTHONY'S WELL.

present day is of easy faith, the self-appointed 'guides' to the lions of Arthur's Seat will point out to him a heap of stones as the veritable Cairn itself, although the aforesaid heap is marvellously near to an open and frequented road.

Exactly north-westward of Arthur's Seat stands another of the many hills which render Edinburgh such a remarkable city, viz. the *Calton Hill*. This is a rounded eminence, forming the eastern extreme of the New Town, and rising to a height of 345 feet above the level of the sea. It is more steep in its elevation towards Edinburgh than towards any other side, and from its summit one of the most beautiful views of the city can be obtained. Burford, the unequalled painter of panoramas, is said to have first conceived the idea of such paintings while viewing the scene from Calton Hill. (The same point of view has been chosen for the steel engraving placed at the head of this article.) Towards the east, north-east, and south-east, the hill descends gently to the level of the surrounding plain. A portion of its eastern slope is laid out in gardens; and around these gardens, having a look-out towards the higher part of the hill, are some fine terraces and rows of houses, partaking of the palatial character which so distinguishes New Edinburgh. The summit or rounded height of the hill is diversely occupied. It forms a sort of honorary cemetery. One of the objects is a monument to Dugald Stuart, modelled after the choragic monument of Lysicrates in Greece; another is a monument to Professor Playfair; another is the Astronomical Observatory. The loftiest object is the Nelson Column: this consists of a shaft springing from an octagonal base; it has a sort of refreshment-room at the bottom, and a look-out gallery at the top. As a

work of art it is not worthy of mention, but its elevated position gives it a very commanding view, not only over the surrounding country, but across the Firth of Forth to Fifeshire. A project has been recently started for making it serviceable to ships out at sea, by the adoption of a 'time-ball,' similar to that used at Greenwich Observatory; such a ball—say four or five feet in diameter—if let drop at a given instant of time, determined by astronomical observations, serves as a guide to captains of ships in adjusting their chronometers before departing on a voyage: the Greenwich time-ball can be seen from the Thames, and the Calton Hill time-ball would be visible from the Firth of Forth. But the most notable structure on this elevated hill is one which might have been honourable to Scotland, if some prudence had marked its plan and conduct: as it is, it is a laughing-stock. We allude to the National Monument. At the conclusion of the last war a project was started for erecting a monument to the memory of the Scottish heroes who fell at Waterloo. It was to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens; but so woefully did the constructors miscalculate their means, that they expended all the subscribed funds in building twelve columns, which now stand isolated, resting on a stylobate beneath, and supporting a portion of entablature above; it consists simply of the pillars at one end of the temple: the rest is—nowhere!

A deep valley separates the Calton Hill from the New or North Town, and as this valley is connected with the north valley between the New and the Old Towns, we may continue our ramble by threading our way along these two valleys, from east to west: this will prepare us for an after examination of the splendours of the New Town.



ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL.

In the old Map of Edinburgh, before alluded to, we find this low ground thus appropriated:—North of Holyrood is a point of junction where three roads meet; one, called Abbey Hill, goes eastward towards Portobello and Musselburgh; another winds round the eastern margin of the Calton Hill, forming the eastern road to Leith; and the third extends south-westward towards the town. This latter, at a place called the Water Gate, divides into two: one branch ascending the old hill and forming the Canongate, the other keeping to the low ground on the north and forming the 'North Back of Canongate';—this latter road has for the most part gardens on its left or south side; while the north side is occupied by the lower portion of the ascent of Calton Hill, very sparingly dotted with buildings. At a point where the College Church then stood, the western road to Leith branches out to the north, round the western side of Calton Hill; while on the left commenced Leith Wynd, which ascended thence up the slope to the Nether Bow of the Old Town. Westward of these cross roads is a 'Physick Garden,' and a considerable amount of open space. Beyond the site of the present North Bridge comes the North Loch, an irregularly-shaped marshy spot, which extended thence throughout the remainder of the valley. With the exception of the markets, nearly all the ground on both sides of this Loch are occupied by gardens and fields.

Such was the northern valley a century ago; but such it is no longer. The whole region, except some portions near Leith Wynd, has been metamorphosed. The east or 'Easter' road to Leith is still maintained; but instead of there being only one road from thence along the southern side of Calton Hill, there are two, a splendid new road having been cut half-way

up the slope of the hill itself. This is called Regent-Road: on the north of it are rows of fine houses, called Regent Terrace and Carlton Place. South of the most elevated portion of the hill is a group of modern buildings, all very near each other; comprising the High School, the Jail, the Debtor's Jail, the Bridewell, the Governor's House, David Hume's Monument, and Robert Burns' Monument: all these being on a lower level than the Calton Hill, but on a higher than the North Back of Canongate, and having some architectural pretensions, impart rather a fine appearance to the locality. The High School is a very noble structure. As long ago as 1519 there was a High Grammar School belonging to the town; in 1578 a new school was constructed, and in 1777 a third; all of these were in the Old Town; but the growing requirements of the place led, in 1825, to the planning of a new and larger edifice on the southern slope of the Calton Hill; the expense, partly defrayed by subscription, has amounted to about £30,000; and the present edifice is certainly a great ornament to the town. It is built of fine white stone. It consists of a central part and two wings, extending to a length of 270 feet. The central portion of the front is a pediment advanced upon a range of Doric columns; but the end buildings are nearly flat-roofed. A spacious flight of steps leads up to the building from the enclosing wall in front. The front is rendered more striking by two temple-like lodges, which occupy the extreme ends, considerably in advance of the main portion of the building itself. The interior is fitted up with the hall, class-rooms, masters'-rooms, library, &c. It is essentially a classical school; but the range of study is made to embrace many branches of modern education.

The fine road in which these buildings are situated opens into Waterloo Place, the superb eastern entrance into the New Town; but as we are at present engaged with the humbler locality of the North Valley, we postpone for a while our gossip about the New Town.

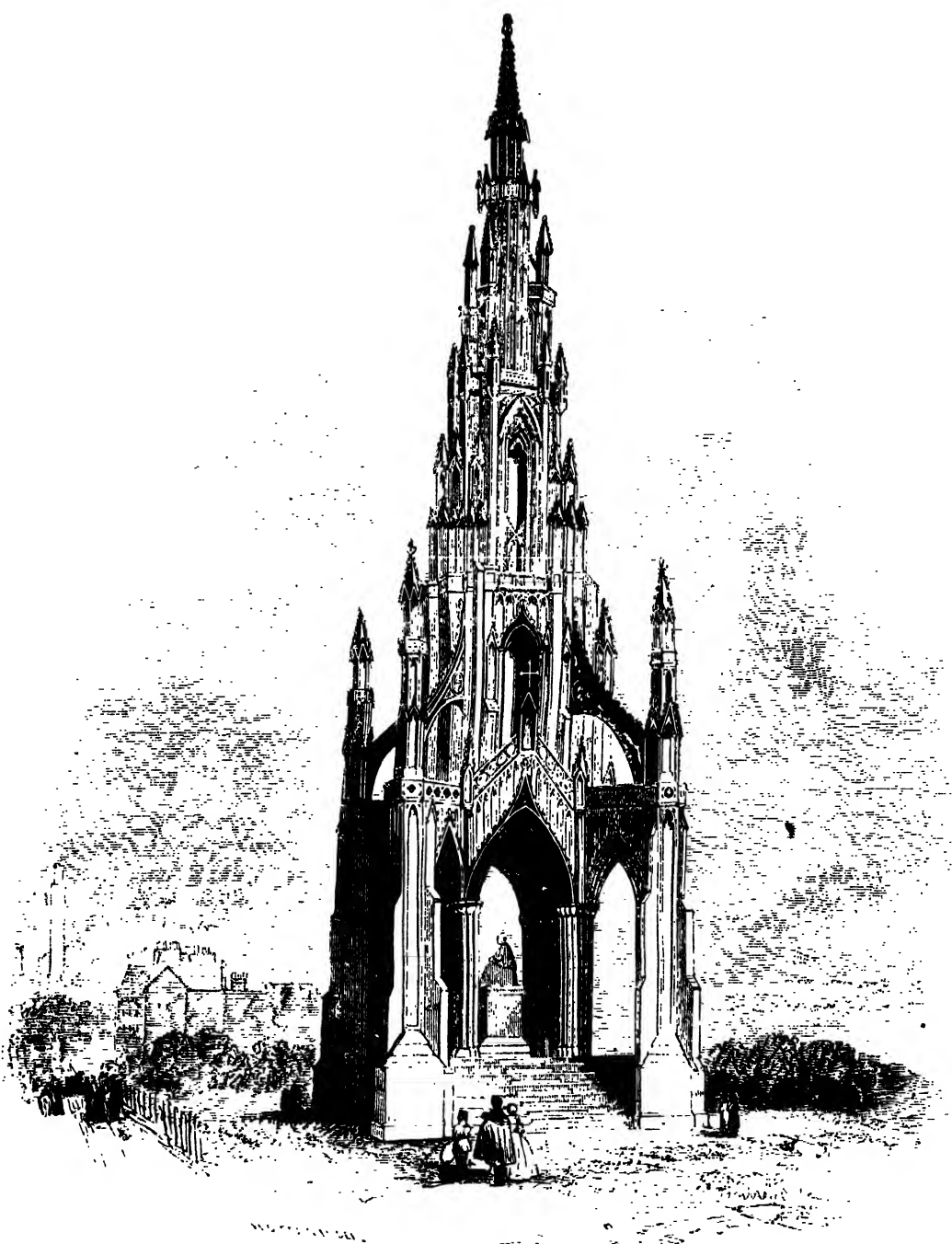
The North Back of Canongate now consists mostly of poor dwellings, between and among which run up some of the narrow wynds that communicate with the Canongate. A workhouse, a gas-factory, and a few other large buildings, stand southward. This street ends at Low Calton, a street running nearly north and south, connecting Leith Walk on the north (winding round the western base of Calton Hill) with Leith Wynd in the south. Very soon after this we arrive at the North Bridge, stretching high over our heads from the Old to the New Town. Looking downwards from the parapets of this bridge, we see the busy hum of a series of markets below, and the still more stirring operations of three separate railway stations, all of which congregate in one spot. Looking upwards from the piers of the bridge, we see houses rising to an astonishing height on all sides. On the south they appear to be literally piled one on another, so steep is the ascent from the low ground to the High-street; while on the north, verging on the New Town, there are houses which present five or six flats or stories, communicating with a street-door on a lower level; and other houses of five or six stories built upon these, having an entrance on the level of the North Bridge. We may more correctly, perhaps, represent it thus: that near the ends of the bridge are houses of vast height; of which the ground story or flat is in the valley below, the fifth or sixth story is on a level with the bridge, and the tenth or twelfth story is up in the clouds. Certainly we may range London from end to end, and find nothing to correspond with this. The nearest approach to similarity, perhaps, is afforded by the houses near the north and south ends of Waterloo-bridge.

The markets—a remarkable series of them—lie immediately westward of the North Bridge. You see, on the lowest level, a vegetable-market; you mount a flight of steps, and come to a flesh-market; you mount another, going southward in both cases, and you meet with another flesh-market; twenty or thirty stone steps more bring you to a fourth market: and so you go on, climbing up the southern slope of the Old or Central Town by a series of flights of steps, and meeting with quadrangular market-places on the way, until at length you arrive by a narrow wynd in the High Street. How many scores of these steps there may be we have not had patience to reckon; but they serve remarkably well to illustrate the difference of level in the ground on which Edinburgh is built. Odd little nooks and corners meet the eye all around these markets. Houses stand on almost impossible places: their parlours are above the roofs of neighbouring houses, while they are in like manner overtopped by other houses only a few yards southward of them. As to whether the fronts of these houses are north, south,

east, or west, it is in some cases difficult enough to guess; the builders seem to have poked them in at random, and to have left the inhabitants to exercise their ingenuity in obtaining access to them. In one of the wynds at this spot, called Fleshmarket Close, almost every house is a sort of tavern, as different as possible from the smart public-houses of London; these dark and oddly-shaped abodes seem to form the 'chop-houses' of Edinburgh,—of which, by the way, there are but very few in the better streets and neighbourhoods. A Londoner, passing through the streets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, can hardly fail to remark the extreme paucity of butchers' shops in those cities. The occupation of a 'flesher,' as a butcher is there called, is almost exclusively confined to the markets; and, moreover, it must be admitted that the Scotch man for man, do not eat so much meat as the English; and this is a second reason why a flesher's shop seldom meets the eye in the public streets.

The railways join precisely at the spot to which the lowest of the markets brings us. Never, surely, was there so admirable a spot for a railway-station in the very heart of a city! It would seem as if Nature and society had both agreed on this matter: Nature made a deep hollow, running between two elevations; and society has left that hollow almost unoccupied, until the railroad times in which we live. The Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway had, a few years ago, a terminus at St. Leonard's, near Salisbury Crag; the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway had its terminus at the western extremity of the town; and the Edinburgh and Granton Railway terminated in Scotland-street, at the northern extremity of the town: but now all have joined. The North British line, into which the Dalkeith has become absorbed, enters Edinburgh by a tunnel under Calton Hill, and ends in the valley near the North Bridge; the Glasgow line is extended eastward from its former terminus, by a tunnel under the western part of the town, and meets the North British, end to end; while the Granton line (which also accommodates Leith) is carried southward by a tunnel under a long line of street, and meets the other two nearly at right angles. All the principal hotels, and the great centres of commercial activity, are very near this spot. If the hissing locomotive should at times disturb one's thoughts, and break the romance that hovers round the Castle Hill and Arthur's Seat, we must endeavour to find in the reality a compensation for this romance—or still better, we will combine the two.

Westward of the railway-station is a sort of earthen road, called Waverley Bridge, elevated somewhat above the level of the valley, and forming a line of communication between the Old and New Towns. But still further westward is a much more anomalous sort of bridge,—one that the Edinburgh folks would gladly see superseded by a good bridge were it practicable. This is the 'Mound,' which forms a high level road from the Old to the New Towns. If we go back to the early history of this mound, we find the following, written by Maitland, in 1773 ('History of Edinburgh'):—



SCOTT'S MONUMENT, PRINCES STREET.

"There has of late been much talk about erecting a Bridge across the North Loch, for a communication with the country on the northern side; which, or something better, may easily be accomplished at little expense, by obliging all builders and others to shoot their rubbish made at the building or repairing of houses into a part of the said Loch, as shall be agreed upon; whereby, in a few years, a ridge or earthen bank might be raised to the required height, which would answer other good ends besides that of a bridge." In other words, make a dust-heap, and then use the surface of it as a road. This has literally been accomplished. Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Provincial Antiquities,' spoke of the "huge deformity which now extends its lumpish length between Bank Street and Hanover Street, the most hopeless and irremediable error which has been committed in the course of the improvements of Edinburgh, and which, when the view that it has interrupted is contrasted with that which it presents, is, and must be, a subject of constant regret and provocation." At the time when Scott wrote, the rubbish of the Mound was in a most unsightly disarranged state; but it must in justice be stated, that, since then the east and west slopes have been trimmed and planted, and a splendid structure (the Royal Institution) erected on the northern end of the Mound; still it has a straggling unfinished appearance to the eye of one walking over it, and is a clumsy and inelegant obstruction to the view eastward or westward along the valley. The North Bridge puts it to shame in every particular. That it is 'no trifle,' may be seen from its dimensions: it is 800 feet long, about 300 wide, and, at the south end, nearly 100 feet high; and it is estimated to contain two million cart-loads of earth! The engineer of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway has had much difficulty to work a tunnel underneath this mound, on account of the looseness and heterogeneous nature of the materials which form it. Westward of the Mound is a garden (somewhat like the enclosed plantation of our London squares), to which the inhabitants of Princes Street have access; and this garden occupies the rest of the valley, bounded on the south by the Castle Hill.

Such, then, is the Northern Valley,—the formidable obstacle which had to be bridged over in the last century, before any attempt could be prudently made to lay out and build the New Town. We may now glance at the features which this new town presents; and as the eastern half of it was the place first built, we will commence our rambles thence:—

When George IV., riding through Princes Street, looked through Waterloo Place towards Calton Hill, he exclaimed, "How superb!" And well might he say so, for the effect is really striking. Waterloo Place is composed of sumptuous stone buildings, of which one is the Post Office, one the Stamp Office, and others hotels and fine shops. At one part we find an open balustrade on both sides of the street; and, on looking through this, we are suddenly met by a glimpse of a busy world below, far less aristocratic than the

world above. The truth is, that this Waterloo Place is carried, by very lofty arches, over the old street called Low Calton: it is, in fact, a bridge connecting the New Town with the Calton Hill, over the intervening hollow. How to manage to carry habitable streets from the high ground to the low ground, has puzzled the road-makers not a little. There is a knot of streets, following almost every imaginable direction, and called Leith Street, Leith Terrace, Low Calton, and High Calton, in which this kind of adjustment has been brought about in a very curious way.

Running westward from Waterloo Place is one of the finest terraces, perhaps, in the kingdom—Princes Street. It is a terrace in so far that there are scarcely any houses on the southern side; a railing alone intervenes between this and the valley. The north side of the street is occupied by houses, all built of white stone, and comprising among them some of the finest shops in Edinburgh. From the windows of the numerous hotels in this street the northern brow of the Old Town is seen to great advantage; the houses rising one above another, and, in the evening, flickering with countless lights: the Castle Hill is seen towering above, and the railway station is far beneath; for you need not see this station at all, unless you look designedly for it; it is by no means obtrusive.

The chief public buildings in Princes Street are the Register Office, the Theatre Royal, the Scott Monument, and the Royal Institution. The Register Office is a very labyrinth of passages and rooms. It was planned by Robert Adams in 1774, for the reception of the multifarious registers and records bearing upon Scottish legal matters; but it was not completed until 1822. The structure comprises a square, measuring about two hundred feet on each side, with a small quadrangular court in the centre, which is surmounted or covered in by an elegant dome, fifty feet in diameter. The outer fronts of the building are of the Corinthian order. Each corner is surmounted by a cupola-topped turret. The central saloon is occupied as a library, and the rest of the building is parted off into a large number of apartments, mostly of small size; the greater part of them arranged for the reception of registers, of which the number is immense.

Of the Theatre Royal the less we say the better: it is, externally, one of the ugliest of theatres, and is a blot to the street in which it is built. The Scott Monument, on the same side of the way, but further westward (Cut p. 162), is one of the best honorary structures of which Edinburgh can boast. Unlike the 'National Monument' on Calton Hill, the projectors have not attempted too much, and what they have done has been done well. This monument was designed by Mr. Kemp, who died before the work was completed. It was commenced in 1840, and finished in 1846, at an expense of about £16,000. It consists of a sort of Gothic tower or steeple, reaching to the great elevation of two hundred feet. This tower is divided into stages, one above another, 'to all of which access can be obtained by a stair within. Every stage

exhibits several niches for the reception of statues, amounting to nearly sixty altogether. The full scope of the design is to occupy all these niches with sculptured figures of the most notable characters introduced by Scott in his novels and poems,—a very felicitous idea, because it can be wrought out a little at a time, if funds should permit, while the monument itself is a sufficiently finished object, even in its present state. Underneath the centre of the tower is a marble statue of Sir Walter, by Mr. John Steel. The decorations of the monument generally, all in carved stone, are most elaborate. Some architectural critics, who are great sticklers for precedents in such matters, find fault with certain parts of the design; but it is, as a whole, unquestionably a great ornament to the city. Would that our 'Wellington Statues' and 'Nelson Columns' exhibited as good a result for the money expended on them!

The Royal Institution, situated at the northern extremity of the earthen mound, is a fine building in the Greek style. So rotten and loose is the material of the mound, that nearly £2,000 had to be spent in preparing a foundation for this structure by piling—one of the benefits of the earthen blunder! The Royal Institution exhibits columnar fronts on every side. The northern front has an octastyle portico, three columns in depth, of the Doric order, surmounted by a pediment, behind which is a sculptured figure, on a sort of Attic story. The sides also exhibit ranges of columns, the uniformity of which is broken by projecting wings at the angles. The building was erected for the accommodation of several societies connected with the arts and sciences; such as the Royal Society of Edinburgh, the Royal Institution of Fine Arts, and the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of Manufactures. In the spring of each year some of the rooms are appropriated to an exhibition of pictures. This building, the Castle, and the tunnel under the mound, are well seen from behind the Scott Monument.

Princes Street may be regarded as a standard from whence the other streets of the New Town spring, for most of them either lie parallel to it on the north, or branch out from it at right angles; and a fine array they make. Behind Princes Street is George Street; behind this Queen Street; and behind this again Heriot's Row. These are crossed by seven wide streets at right angles,—St. Andrew, St. David, Hanover, Frederick, Castle, Charlotte, and Hope Streets. All these are as straight as a line, and of noble width; they form a parallelogram, about three-quarters of a mile in length. One of the series—George Street—is no less than 115 feet in width; and what with its length, width, and fine stone buildings on both sides, has few parallels among our cities and towns. There are monuments and public buildings in great number, which add to the noble appearance of this district. At the crossing of George and Hanover Streets is a statue of George IV. by Chantrey; at the crossing of George and Frederick Streets is another, of William Pitt, by the same sculp-

tor; on the east side of St. Andrew Street is a statue of the Earl of Hopetoun; and in the middle of St. Andrew Square, lying between St. Andrew and St. David Streets, is a monument to Lord Melville. This last-mentioned monument is in the form of a column, 136 feet high, surmounted by a statue of the Earl, 14 feet high. St. Andrew Square was one of the earliest-built portions of the New Town. It was finished about seventy years ago, and was, in its day, the most aristocratic *locale* in Edinburgh. Mr. Chambers gives a list of notable personages who lived in the square in its palmy days: it includes the names of Major-General Leslie, Earl of Leven, Lord Ankerville, Lord Gordon, Lord Dreghorn, Sir James Stirling, Sir John Whiteford, Earl of Buchan, Duchess of Gordon, Countess of Dalhousie, and Earl of Haddington. David Hume lived at the house in the south-west corner; and Lord Brougham was born in the house at the north-west corner. How shorn of its bright beams now! The Most Nobles and the Right Honourables have vacated St. Andrew Square, and left its houses to be occupied as banks, hotels, warehouses, &c. The tide of Fashion set in west and north-west from this square; and it was in those directions that the New Town mostly developed itself.

Among the buildings comprised within the parallelogram of streets above described, one of the most splendid is the Commercial Bank, situated in George Street. Edinburgh and Glasgow are distinguished for the sumptuous character of the buildings occupied by the various Joint-Stock Banking Companies. As a class, they certainly excel the banks of London. It is said that many of them have been built out of unclaimed deposits; but, be this as it may, they are highly ornamental to the two cities. The Royal Bank, the British Linen Company's Bank, the National Bank, the Edinburgh and Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank, and one or two others, all lie very near each other; but the last-named quite eclipses all the others. It cost upwards of £60,000; and its vestibule and principal room are truly magnificent. The Assembly Room and Music Hall form a fine large building, of which the chief front is in George Street. It has a tetrastyle Doric portico; but the sides and back are rather plain. The interior arrangements are fitted for the requirements of assemblies and concerts, for which it was built. The Music Room is nearly a hundred feet long, and not much less in width; the principal Ball-room, also, is nearly a hundred feet in length. The New Club (on the model of our Pall-Mall Clubs), the Veterinary College, the College of Physicians, the Synod House, and several churches, are other public buildings comprised within this parallelogram of new streets. In a district of brick houses, many of these buildings, being built of stone, would stand out as distinctive features; but in a region of stone houses they only form parts of a splendid whole.

Queen Street may be regarded as the northernmost of those which occupy the actual high ground of the New Town, or the northern ridge, as we have termed it.

Beyond this, the ground slopes gradually downwards towards the sea. There is a fine long range of ground laid out in gardens and plantations, having Queen Street on the south, and Heriot Row and Abercrombie Place on the north: these three are all terraces, having houses on one side of the way, and they have a fine frontage towards Queen Street Gardens, as the plantation is called. Northward of these gardens several other streets and squares of new houses are met with, declining gradually towards the Water of Leith—a little river, which may be considered to bound Edinburgh on the north. Eastward of all this district again, lying on both sides of Leith Walk, the high road from Edinburgh to Leith, are many streets and crescents of new houses, moderate in their pretensions, but still stone-built, and studded with churches and chapels.

But the *magnum opus*, the acme of Edinburgh street-building, lies north-westward of the parallelogram lately described. As Brown Square eclipsed the Canongate; as George Square eclipsed Brown Square; as this, in turn, gave way to St. Andrew Square; as the parallelogram of streets eclipsed St. Andrew Square; so does now the immediate neighbourhood of Moray Place assume the superiority over all, in respect to the architectural character of the houses. This is a comparatively new portion of the town; and as the ground begins to slope very rapidly on the northern side of this spot, much skill has been shown in adapting the shape of the streets to the locality. One feature in the arrangement is particularly striking. The ground descends so rapidly to the Water of Leith, that the Dean Bridge, a fine structure in the immediate vicinity, and on the same level as these new streets, is no less than 106 feet above the level of the river which it crosses. The backs of the houses in Randolph Cliff, Randolph Crescent, Great Stuart Street, Ainslie Place, and Moray Place, all look out upon the banks of the river, and have a steep descent of garden-ground down to near the river's brink; so that the houses themselves have an unusually bold and imposing appearance, as viewed from the opposite or north-western side of the river.

By little and little Edinburgh is creeping onwards towards the west, extending its limits out into what were open fields a few years ago. Beyond Charlotte Square, which bounds the parallelogram of streets at its western end, a new neighbourhood is springing up on either side of the road to Glasgow. Rutland Square, Coates and Athol Crescents, and several other ranges of stone-built buildings, contain the private residences of many of the Edinburgh men of business. It is here as in Glasgow and Liverpool: the better sort of houses in the centre of the town become gradually absorbed into the vortex of commerce, and the suburbs thus naturally become extended by the erection of private residences.

The reader has now accompanied us through the length and breadth of this fine old city. We have glanced along the three parallel hills, or elevated plateaus, and the two valleys which separate them, the

hills which bound them on the east, and the remaining valley of Low Calton. It is true that we have not seen everything of interest; and it is equally true that we might ramble over the town for weeks, and still find some odd little nooks and corners which had before escaped notice, but which are well worthy of a visit. Edinburgh has been the centre of so many political and social events, it has been the scene of so many novels, and poems, and songs; its "old town" still contains so many curious and venerable buildings, that there is no lack of material for almost any amount of gossip concerning it. Mr. Robert Chambers has filled a goodly volume with delightful chat about its old houses, old streets, old people, old customs—old everything.

Large as the subject is, however, we spare a little space to glance hastily around at the environs of Edinburgh, to see what sort of open country or what pleasant spots are available to the citizens; in short, what are the Hampsteads, and Richmonds, and Gravesends of the northern metropolis. We will make a circular ramble, beginning westward of the good town.

Near the water of Leith, and entirely westward of the town, in the midst of green fields and pleasant country roads, are three structures, which form a most remarkable group: benevolent in their object, and striking in their architecture, they form a worthy western outpost to the city. These are John Watson's Hospital, the Orphan Hospital, and Donaldson's Hospital. George Watson's Hospital, before described as lying near Heriot's, is an establishment for the benefit of the children and grandchildren of decayed merchants of the city of Edinburgh; John Watson's is for the maintenance and education of 120 destitute children. The Orphan Hospital, which formerly occupied a building in the centre of the town, now occupies a new structure at this spot: it maintains and educates about a hundred orphan Scottish children, of both sexes. Both of these buildings, especially the Orphan's, are handsome structures; but they are quite eclipsed by the third—Donaldson's Hospital. This, perhaps, may be looked upon as the most magnificent modern building in Scotland. It is situated on rising ground, and can be viewed uninterruptedly on every side for a considerable distance. It is in the Elizabethan style, and presents four complete fronts, with a profusion of towers and turrets at the various angles. The founder was an Edinburgh printer, who died in 1830, and left a fortune of more than £200,000 for the building and endowment of this hospital. It is intended to maintain and educate about three hundred poor boys and girls. It can hardly fail to strike an attentive observer, how richly Edinburgh is supplied with educational institutions such as the above. Although called 'hospitals,' they are (like Christ's Hospital in London) schools: the English appellation of hospital to a place for the cure of diseases is not much used in Scotland. These free schools, added to

the parish schools connected with the Presbyteries, give to the humble classes an extent of education far exceeding that afforded in England, taken *pro rata*. The result may be seen in many ways. If a wayfarer on the Scottish roads asks his route to a particular spot, he not only obtains precise information, but he is very likely reminded by his informant of the vicinage of some locality made memorable by Scott, or by Burns, or by Queen Mary, or by the hostile clans, or by the border chieftains. Cross the Cheviots, and ask the same kind of questions of an English countryman; how rarely such can tell you anything of English history or English poets!

At a short distance westward of the three hospitals described in the last paragraph, there is an intersection of the Granton branch with the main line of the Caledonian Railway; and behind this rise the Corstorphine Hills, which form a splendid background to the picture. Were we to continue along the road which bounds these hills on the north, and then bounds Dalmeny Park on the south, we should arrive at Queen's Ferry, a small town situated at the narrowest part of the Firth of Forth, and forming (at least before the introduction of steam navigation) the principal spot for crossing the Firth to Fifeshire and Perth; but the erection of Granton Pier, much nearer to Edinburgh, the establishment of powerful steamers thence across the broad arm of the sea to Burntisland, and the formation of railways from Edinburgh to Granton and from Burntisland towards Perth and Dundee, have considerably modified the course which the northern traffic takes.

The Granton Branch of the Caledonian will pass close to Craig Leith Quarry,—a spot to which Edinburgh owes no small debt, since the stone for her New Town has been obtained from thence. It lies about a couple of miles west from Edinburgh. Captain Basil Hall, in the Miscellany before quoted, says, "Of the many objects of interest in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I am not sure that there is any one better worthy of a stranger's examination than the quarry of Craig Leith, out of which the aforesaid formal New Town has been built. It is not so extensive as those of Rome and Syracuse; but the excavations, instead of straggling along for several miles, having been confined to one spot, form an enormous amphitheatre, 250 feet in depth, and of proportionate width, all hollowed out of the living rock! In this area, with very little additional carving, a million of people might easily be accommodated with seats; and I never looked at this stupendous indenture in the earth's surface, without thinking of the noblest of amphitheatrical buildings ever erected above its level—I mean the Coliseum at Rome." The Captain's "million of people" may perhaps be doubted; but the excavation is most unquestionably a remarkable one. The new town of Edinburgh may be said to have been lifted out of this cavity, and placed in its present position.

Berding round towards the east, in the district between Edinburgh and the water-side, we find a number

of little pleasant villages and country spots, which are gradually assuming the character of suburbs of Edinburgh. First, leaving the regular streets of the New Town, we find the admirable Deaf and Dumb Institution and the Edinburgh Academy, the latter being a sort of subsidiary high-school. Then, further in the suburbs, we encounter the Zoological Gardens, the Botanic Gardens, the Experimental or Horticultural Gardens, and the Edinburgh Cemetery. These are similar in their character to the analogous gardens elsewhere. The Zoological Gardens, in the road to Newhaven, is rather scantily supplied with 'wild beasts;' but in other respects it is a pleasantly laid-out spot. The Botanic and Experimental Gardens are, however, highly valuable, and are stored with rare plants, systematically arranged.

Warriston and Bennington now bring us to the vicinity of the Firth, where the piers of Granton, Newhaven, and Leith, meet the view. Granton is a newly-born place—an infant that may have a busy middle age by-and-by, when the various railway projects are completed. But Newhaven and Leith are old stagers; they had arrived at maritime importance centuries ago. Through various municipal arrangements, in which Edinburgh has had part, Newhaven has not maintained that social rank to which her geographical position entitles her. It has a stone-pier and a chain-pier, for the accommodation of steamers; but its real curiosities are its *fish-wives*—those unmistakable matrons, who may be seen about the Edinburgh streets or in the market-places in the forenoon. Nearly all the Newhaven men are weather-beaten and athletic fishermen, accustomed to encounter all the vicissitudes and storms of the Firth; and nearly all their 'better halves' are Amazons, employed to sell the fish which has been caught. Their hardy features, their jerkins of coarse blue cloth, their yellow petticoats, their blue stockings, their head and neck handkerchiefs,—all give to these women a distinctive mark. They carry their fish in creels, or large wooden baskets, borne on their back; and as these creels are heavy, and have to be held by the muscular power of the head and neck, the women wear no head-dress but a handkerchief; they attach to the creel a broad belt, which they rest across the forehead when moving, and let slip over the head when about to exhibit the fish for sale. Thus equipped, the fish-wives sally forth from Newhaven in the morning, traverse the streets and markets of Edinburgh, and return home when their merchandise is sold. Abundant are the odd stories told of these—mermaids. If common report be truthful, we learn that they are, with their husbands and families, an exclusive race, rarely intermarrying but among themselves—that when the men are detained from sea by tempestuous weather, the women coolly assign them domestic duties to perform, while they themselves go out in search of employment—that when provoked they exhibit a vigour and unscrupulousness of tongue hardly to be matched, even at Billingsgate—that they are rather extortionate in their mode of transacting

business with their customers—but that they form a peaceable and sober community among themselves.

Leith, a little way eastward of Newhaven, is not the most picturesque of sea-port towns. Its sandy shore presents at low-water a very dreary dead level, and the streets for the most part are narrow and dirty. There are, however, a few good streets and buildings, and when we get to the southern outlet of the town, the fine road to Edinburgh, called Leith Walk, and the open spot called Leith Links, impart a more cheerful aspect. There are 'links' on the south side of Edinburgh called Bruntsfield Links; and there are others in other parts of Scotland. It may not be superfluous, therefore, to state that this name is given to an open down or field, where the inhabitants of the neighbouring district carry on various sorts of open-air sports. Leith Links, for instance, is used as the playground of a company of golfers, and as the bleaching ground and public promenade of the inhabitants of the town. The game of golf, here alluded to, is played with a club and a ball. The club is a flexible and finely-tapered piece of ash, from three to four feet long, having a head faced with horn and loaded with lead. The ball is made of feathers covered with leather, and is about as large as a tennis ball. The game consists in striking the ball into a number of small holes successively, the holes being about a quarter of a mile apart: the player who does this in the smallest number of blows wins the match. Each player is accompanied by an assistant, who carries a number of clubs of different lengths and degrees of elasticity, any one of which is used according to the force with which the ball is required to be struck, which force of course varies according to the distance of the ball from the hole. We southrons have no idea of the ardour with which the Scotch engage at this ball-play. If we refer to Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack (a book containing a dense mass of information concerning Scotland, which it would be difficult to get access to elsewhere), we find a list of the members of the 'Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society,' instituted in 1735; the 'Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers,' whose institution is lost in antiquity, but whose regular series of minutes go back to 1744; and the 'Bruntsfield Links Golf Club,' instituted in 1761. All these have their captain, treasurer, secretary, chaplain, council, medal-holder, ball-maker, and club-maker. It is recorded, as instances of the skill acquired by practice in this game, that one player, standing within Parliament-square, in Edinburgh, struck a ball completely over the top of St. Giles's steeple; and that another struck a ball over Melville's Monument, in St. Andrew's Square, which rises 150 feet from the ground.

Leith was once fortified; but if the braggadocia of Captain Colepepper, in the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' had any historic warranty, the fortifications must have been of a humble class: "You speak of the siege of Leith; and I have seen the place. A pretty kind of a hamlet it is, with a plain wall or rampart, and a pigeon-house or two of a tower at every angle. Daggers and scab-

bards! if a leaguer of our days had been twenty-four hours, not to say months, before it, without carrying the place and all its cock-lofts one after another by pure storm, they would have deserved no better grace than the provost-marshal gives when his noose is rieved."

Approaching now further to the east, we find Portobello, Fisherrow, Musselburgh, and a number of small hamlets and villages. In 1762, there was one house, and one only, on the spot where Portobello now stands: it was built by an old sailor, who had taken a part in the capture of Portobello in America, and he named his house from that town. Circumstances afterwards led to the selection of this neighbourhood as a site for private dwellings for the Edinburgh folk, and a very pretty sea-side town has hence arisen. The Portobello sands furnish a fine spot for sea-bathing, and the town is full of the usual kind of holiday visitors during the bathing season. But it never has been, and probably never will be, a port; the coast offering none of the necessary facilities. The next town in the coast is Fisherrow, at the western side of the mouth of the Esk. It has been well said, that this town "presents the beau-ideal of whatever is at once hardy, weather-beaten, and contemptuous of civilized refinements, in a sea-faring and fish-catching life." It is, like Newhaven, a fishing town, and derives all its subsistence from the sale of fish at Edinburgh. The women do not yield to those of Newhaven in masculine character; they used, some years ago, to play at golf on holidays, and on Shrove Tuesday there is said to have been a regular systematic match at foot-ball, between the married and the unmarried women, of whom the former were generally the victors. The powers of endurance shown by these 'gentle' creatures are almost incredible. It is stated in Fullarton's 'Gazetteer':—"When the boats arrive late in the forenoon at the harbour, so as to leave them (the fish-wives) no more than time to reach Edinburgh before dinner, the fish-wives have sometimes performed their journey of five miles by relays, shifting their burdens from one to another every hundred yards; and in this way they have been known to convey their goods to the fish-market, from Fisherrow, in less than three-quarters of an hour. It is even a well-attested fact, that three of their class went from Dunbar to Edinburgh, a distance of twenty-seven miles, in five hours, each carrying a load of two hundred pounds of herrings."

The river Esk divides Fisherrow from Musselburgh. The latter, though its name has a "fishy odour," is not a fishing-town. It is an old-fashioned place, that has a few antiquities to mark its connection with old times, and a few manufactures to connect it with the present. Its tolbooth was built in 1590, of materials derived from the chapel of Loretto, which had existed there from an unknown period, and which had been a shrine of peculiar sanctity in the eyes of all who sought the aid of our Lady of Loretto in their distresses. Musselburgh has always been on the great high-road from Berwick to Edinburgh, and has witnessed many

a royal 'progress,' and many an army, in times when railways had not, as at present, placed it at the end of a branch, as if lying out of the world. Until about forty years ago, there still stood at Musselburgh the house which had been inhabited by Randolph, Earl of Moray, the second in command under Robert Bruce, at the battle of Bannockburn, five centuries ago. The manse of Inveresk, the south-west part of the town, shone with the talents of Robertson, Home, Campbell, Logan, Mackenzie, Smollett, Hume, and Beattie, while in the occupation of Dr. Carlyle, in the last century; and at a later period, Scott and Monk Lewis are said to have enlivened the town with their presence. With regard to industrial pursuits, the Musselburghers have had many battles to fight. At one time they manufactured coarse woollen checks, which found a large sale in America; but these were driven out of the market by showy cottons. They then established a cotton manufactory; but the Firth has been no match for the Clyde in this matter. A china manufactory was established; but the wares were too costly for the purchasers, and the enterprise died a natural death. Dye-works and starch-works once existed; but they are gone. Nevertheless, the Musselburghers have not been dispirited: beaten in some department, they have taken up others. Tanning and leather-dressing are carried on to a considerable extent; a salt-work exists in the immediate neighbourhood; sail-cloth is largely manufactured; a peculiar manufacture of horse-hair cloth occupies a good many hands, who made the horse-hair floor-covering introduced by Dr. Reid into the House of Commons; and there are two or three manufactories of fishing-nets, in which the meshes and knots are formed by highly ingenious machinery. The Musselburgh market-gardens, too, supply a good deal of vegetables for Edinburgh consumption.

Were we to follow the route eastward of Musselburgh, we should meet with many pleasant spots connected with by-gone stories and events, or possessing a living interest on other accounts. For instance, there is Preston Pans, on the coast of the Forth, where the Young Pretender gained a victory over the royal troops in 1745. There is the parish of Tranent, with its villages of Tranent, Portseaton, Cockenzie, Seaton, and Meadow Mill. There is North Berwick, situated on the sea-coast, and near that most remarkable mountain, North Berwick Law, which rises in a conical shape to a height of nearly a thousand feet, and forms a most conspicuous landmark from the surrounding plain, and from the sea. There is the far-famed Bass Rock, the insulated rock shooting up to a height of 420 feet above the level of the sea, at a short distance from the coast, a little eastward of North Berwick; where St. Waldrif is said to have chosen his residence in the seventh century; where the Covenanters were confined during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; and where myriads of sea-fowl and solan geese congregated. There is Tantallon Castle, standing on a lofty precipitous rock, actually overhanging the sea,

and marking the scene of many a baronial strife when it was in the hands of the Douglasses, from three to five centuries ago. Since its dismantlement, in the early part of the last century, it has formed a noble yet desolate ruin; but Scott, in 'Marmion,' gives a fine description of its former condition:—

— "Tantallon vast,
Broad, massive, high, and stretching far,
And held impregnable in war.
On a projecting rock it rose,
And round three sides the ocean flows,
The fourth did battled walls enclose,
And double mound and fosse;
By narrow drawbridge, outworks strong,
Through studded gates an entrance long,
To the main court they cross.
It was a wild and stately square,
Around were lodgings fit and fair,
And towers of various form,
Which in the court projected far,
And broke its lines quadrangular;
Here was square keep, there turret high,
Or pinnacle that sought the sky,
Whence oft the warder could descry
The gathering ocean storm."

Leaving the coast, and bending round towards the south of Edinburgh, we encounter the Lammermuir Hills, forming the northern boundary of the valley of the Tweed, and rendered memorable by the associations connecting it with one of Scott's stories. Then comes that beautiful valley, formed by the Esk river in the north, and the Gala Water in the south. At and near the spot where the last-named river joins the Tweed, there is a circle of country which forms the very home of romance and poetry. Stationing ourselves at Selkirk—itsself a pleasant old Scottish town—we have, a little to the south-west, the mouth of the Ettrick Water, which has flowed through Ettrickdale, the home of the Scotch poet, James Hogg, whose familiar appellation of the 'Ettrick Shepherd' is derived thence. Separated by a low range of hills from this, is another valley, that through which the lovely Yarrow flows—the Yarrow celebrated in the Scottish lays—"Willie's drown'd in Yarrow;" "Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow's stream;" "The Braes of Yarrow;" and the "Rose of Yarrow;"—the Yarrow which was "Unvisited," "Visited," and "Re-visited,"—in Wordsworth's three poems. The next valley, northward of this, is the one through which the upper waters of the Tweed flow, and which contains Ashiesteel, Inverleithen, Peebles, Neidpath Castle, and other names which will give rise to pleasant remembrances to those familiar with Scottish literature. Very near the spot where the Tweed, the Ettrick, the Yarrow, and the Gala Water join, are Abbotsford, Melrose, and Galashiels. Glancing round a little to the north and east of Selkirk, we come to the little Allan Water, the town of Lauder in Lauderdale, Dryburgh Abbey in Tweeddale, and Jedburgh Abbey on the Jed Water. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find another spot in

Scotland where so many "homes and haunts" of poesy are grouped within so small a space.

This district, however, is at a considerable distance from Edinburgh; and we should not have mentioned it in connexion with the environs of that city, were it not that railways have now brought it within easy holiday distance. The Hawick Branch of the North British Railway now passes through the centre of the district close to Melrose, and at a moderate distance from all the places we have named. This same railway is so managed, that either its main line or its numerous branches have given us easy access to almost every part of south-east Scotland.

But, without going so far from Edinburgh, we find that the Hawick line of railway will set us down in another pleasant spot. Suppose we alight at the Dalkeith station; we have, at the east of us, the magnificent palace and park of Dalkeith, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch. The river Esk runs through the middle of the park, and two smaller rivers bound the park on the east and west—the three joining each other before they leave the park. The palace contains a goodly collection of pictures, though far inferior to that of the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace near Lanark. A quiet sort of country place is this Dalkeith: rather dull when no notable personages are visiting at the palace, and when it is not market-day in the town; yet on the Thursday in each week is held a market, which is said to be the most extensive ready-money corn-market in Scotland; and on another day is a market for meal and flour, also extensive: so that, what with these markets, the collieries in the vicinity, and the ducal palace, the town of Dalkeith bids fair to have a prosperous future in store for it. A little to the west of Dalkeith is Melville Castle and grounds, the property of Viscount Melville. Southward of Dalkeith is Newbattle Abbey, a residence of the Marquis of Lothian, and built upon the site of the Abbey of Newbattle, founded by David I. for a community of Cistercian monks. South-westward of Newbattle are Dalhousie Castle and Cockpen. The former of these is a modernised building in the castellated form, belonging to the present Governor-General of India, the Earl of Dalhousie. Of Cockpen there seems little to say, but that it is the place whose 'Laird' has furnished the theme for a Scottish song. Rather farther away from Dalkeith, a little to the east of Leith, lie two castles which have had much celebrity in their day—Borthwick and Crichton. Borthwick Castle was built, in 1430, and still remains a fine old habitable mansion, belonging to one of the Borthwick family. It is in the form of a double tower, reaching to a great height, and visible for many miles on every side. Crichton Castle, instead of being a uniform structure like its neighbour, was built at various periods: it forms a large quadrangular mass, now in ruins, enclosing a central court. Scott has given a fine description of it in 'Marmion.'

A road from Dalkeith, towards the south-west, passes through Lasswade and Loanhead to the beautiful neighbourhood of Roslin. The North Esk is the river which gives a charm to this district: it is one of the most irregular and frolicsome of little rivers; now rushing over a ledge of rock,—now winding round the base of a hill,—now hiding itself behind rocks and woods. Hawthornden stands on its southern bank: it was inhabited by the poet Drummond, a contemporary of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Jonson is even said to have walked from London to Hawthornden to see his friend Drummond. Queen Victoria paid a visit to the spot in 1842,—as much, we may presume, for its poetic associations as for its natural beauty: the house is most magnificently situated on a lofty cliff overhanging the river. Under the mansion are some very extensive caves, which are supposed to have served as hiding-places in times of persecution.

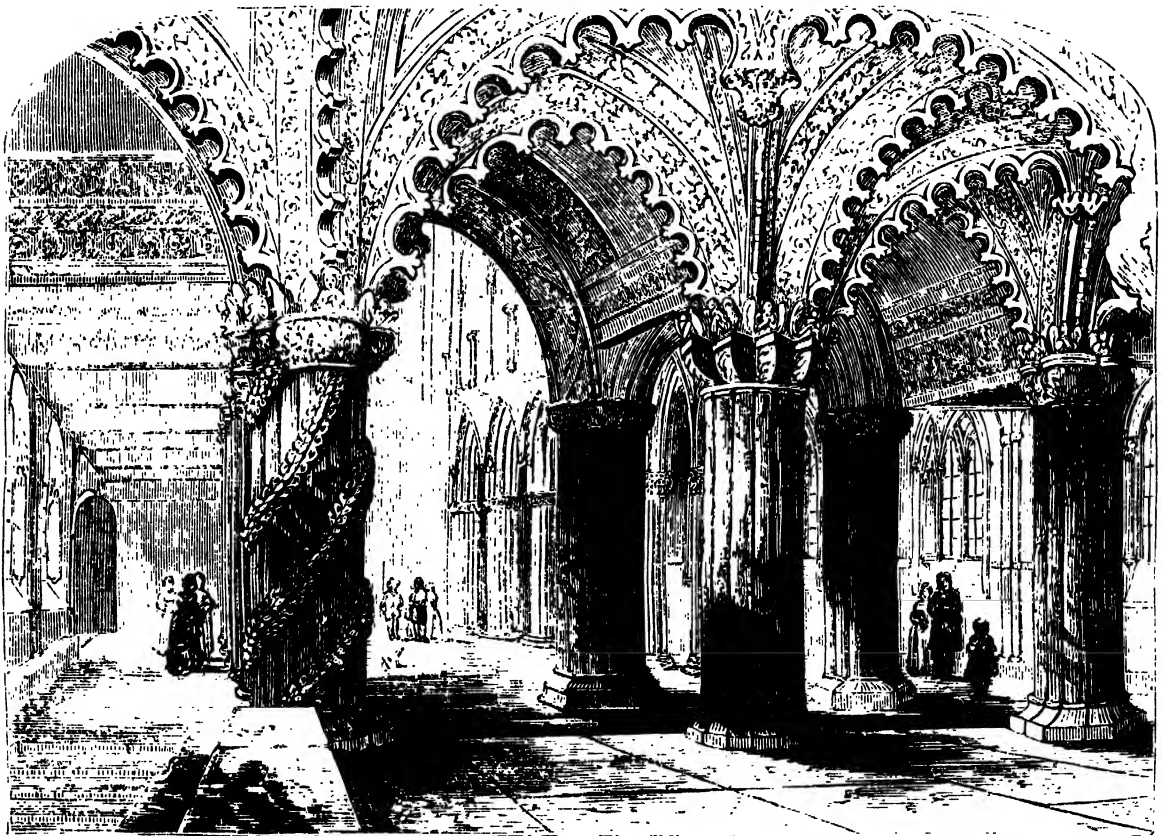
Roslin Chapel, the gem of the neighbourhood, and one of the prettiest gems in Scotland, is about seven or eight miles southward of Edinburgh. The town, the chapel, and the castle, are all at distinct spots, but very near each other. The chapel was built in 1446, by William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Lord of Roslin. After remaining perfect for nearly two centuries and a half, it was much injured towards the close of the seventeenth century; but the successive Earls of Roslin have prevented so beautiful a structure from going quite to decay. It has been remarked that this chapel combines the solidity of the Norman with the minute decorations of the Perpendicular styles: it does not belong to any one style, but partakes of many. The pillars and arches of the nave are most elaborate, as may be seen from our view (Cut, p. 179); one of them in particular, which is designated the 'Prentice's Pillar.' The story told concerning it is as follows:—"The master-builder of the Chapel, being unable to execute the design of this pillar from the plans in his possession, proceeded to Rome, that he might see a column of a similar description in that city. During his absence, his apprentice proceeded with the execution of the design, and upon the master's return he found this beautiful column completed. Stung with envy at this proof of the superior ability of his apprentice, he struck him a blow with his mallet, and killed him on the spot." A sad story this for so beautiful a work; but, whether true or not, it will cling to the pillar as long as the pillar clings to its place. On the architrave over this pillar is a Latin inscription from the Book of Esdras. Beneath the Chapel lie the bones of the Barons and Earls of Roslin, many of whom were buried in complete armour,—a circumstance which Scott has made the burden of his ballad of *Rosabelle*. The Castle of Roslin is a mouldering ruin, almost inaccessible from the surrounding ground, except by a small bridge over a deep valley. It is very ancient; but nothing is known of its foundation, except that it probably belonged to the same powerful barons who owned the Chapel. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it met with the

destructive usage which has brought it to its present skeleton state.

Bending round again to the west of Edinburgh, we pass Penicuik House, the residence of Sir George Clerk; thence we come among the Pentland Hills, lying south-west of the city, and shortly after this the Caledonian and the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railways remind us that we have completed our hasty circuit. Even yet we have not noticed all the riches—tourist's riches, as we may term them—of the neighbourhood. There is the fine old Craigmillar Castle, standing on an eminence within three miles of Edinburgh, and separated only by a valley from Arthur's Seat. There

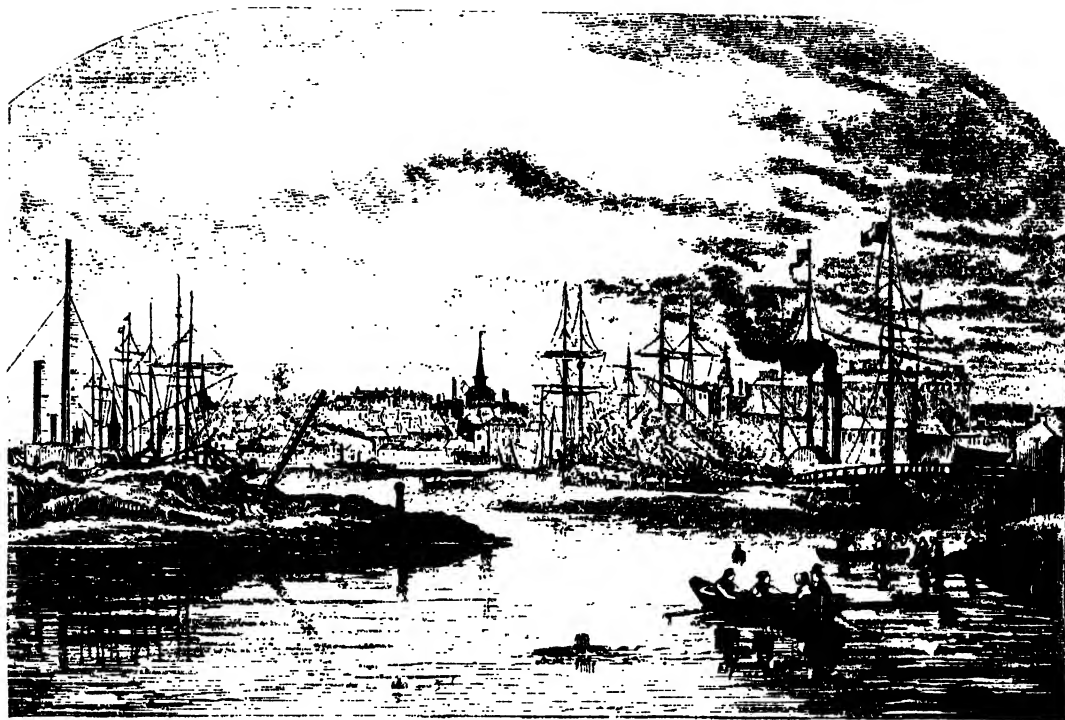
is Merchiston Castle, a little out of Edinburgh on the south-west, where once lived Napier, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. There is Craigerook Castle, not far from Craig Leith, the residence of the late Lord Jeffrey, the garden of which is supposed to have been the prototype of Scott's "Tullyveolan." Farther west there is Hopetoun House, one of the best of the last century mansions.

He must be a hard man to please, and made of rather leaden materials, who could not find where-withal to give him many a delightful day's ramble in and around Edinburgh.



ROSLIN CHAPEL.

ABERDEEN.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF ABERDEEN.

FROM the Scottish capital to the Aberdeen Highlands, whither we are now bound, two routes present themselves; from the central station at Edinburgh we can take the railway which crosses the Firth of Forth by means of the floating train, and, after a rapid journey through Fifeshire by the Edinburgh and Northern, and afterwards by the Dundee and Aberdeen railway, find ourselves in the Highland capital, after a journey of four hours; or we may betake ourselves to the steamer, and trust to the mercies of the waves. Early in September last year we stepped on board one of these vessels, bound to the northern city. The morning was a fine one: the sun shone warmly, the sea-breeze freshened, the rippling waters sprang gaily about, until the ship itself caught up the lively spirit of the scene, and danced and leaped about as though a splash amongst the clear blue waves was pleasant for wood and iron not less than flesh and blood. It soon became apparent, however, that most of our motley party would have preferred that the ship had remained more tranquil. Ladies who had been sweeping the decks with their ample flounces, damsels who had been chatting and flirting from rudder to paddle-box, began to seat themselves on camp-stools, sky-lights, or anything that offered, and remained silent and motionless. Gentlemen who had been peering through ponderous telescopes, or talking "nautical" with the captain on the platform, suddenly sought support from the mast or

the funnel, or staggered to some quiet corner, and there gazed intently at the deck, as though solving some mathematical problem. Young men and old—all became dumb as chiselled statues, and as pale; children betook themselves to the cabin, to sleep away their misery. But their sufferings were of short duration, being roused from them by the cry of "The Port." The ship's colours were hoisted at the mainmast, and her head turned more shorewards. Before long we were near enough to make out the varied features of the long line of sea-coast stretching before us northwards for many a mile. It needed all the cheerful light and warmth the afternoon sun could give us to brighten up that bleak and rugged shore: so stern, so bold, and so unyielding, seemed those sea-girt crags, that one might well imagine they stood there to guard the land of freedom from foreign foes—the stony types of Scotland's hardy sons. This rocky sea-shore, however, had not been always proof against invasion, for if we may believe old chronicles, so long ago as A.D. 1179, one Esteyn, a Norman king, who, as was customary in those days, joined the profession of pirate to his regal calling, landed here, lured by the repute for wealth which the gude folk of Aberdeen had even then acquired; and, as those legends tell us, sacked the fair city, and committed great excess in the neighbourhood.

Before us stood the lighthouse, a goodly building, placed at the extremity of a noble pier, built of solid

masonry, and extending for upwards of two thousand feet. The mouth of the harbour is, moreover, protected from the occasional violence of the unruly German Ocean by a huge breakwater, eight hundred feet in length, composed of huge blocks of granite, heavily linked together. Away in the distance we caught sight of a few tall, straggling chimneys and lofty church spires; a portion of the good city of Aberdeen, which stands on a gentle slope of land, backed in the further distance by dark masses of hill and pine-forest. To the north of the harbour the sea-shore appeared more open, with a fine sandy beach, that reminded us somewhat of Margate sands, without the Cockneys and the bathing-machines.

Passing breakwater and lighthouse at half speed, our steamer wended its cautious way up the narrow tortuous channel that led to the quay, or landing-place, where, after many delays, and no little hard talking and pulling of stout ropes, we at length arrived. We were fairly alongside the northern capital, the third city, in point of wealth and population, of the Scottish kingdom. In a moment we were boarded by a regiment of hotel touters in black suits and Scotch caps, who began laying hands on our baggage, with most provoking, though polite, coolness. It was impossible, had it been advisable, to have resisted the onslaught of this horde of gentlemanly marauders; accordingly, we followed the example of our fellow-passengers, and stepped on shore, keeping in the vicinity of our portmanteau, carpet-bag, and hat-box. Standing on the ample granite-paved quay, we found ourselves in a new country, and with a novel scene about us. The wide granite space was bounded by the port-office, the stores and office of the Aberdeen Steam-Packet Company, and sundry cold stony buildings, with here and there a huge anchor lying idly about for short-sighted folks to break their shins against. About the landing-place was a dense, noisy crowd of omnibusses, light carts, porters, and idlers. The vehicles were carriages such as one might be prepared to meet with anywhere; but as for the people, how strange and foreign they all looked! The women wore long ear-rings, tall white caps, muslin neckerchiefs, and coarse aprons; the men had on queer-looking caps, and wore very strange contrivances at their backs for carrying luggage, just as we have seen in French towns; and then the girls went barefooted, and barelegged, and everybody chattered away so fast, and in such a broad unintelligible dialect, that altogether we began to think rather seriously upon the possibility of having been landed at the wrong place. The impression was not removed when our omnibus was started off, helter-skelter, over the rough blocks of granite, with a loud cracking of long whips that sounded like so many pistol-shots, precisely as we remember to have heard the whips of the Parisian Jehus.

Away went our Aberdeen diligence, up one narrow street, down another, round the corner, along a wide thoroughfare, across a fine square, round another corner, straight on up Union Street, the *Boulevard des Italiennes* of this northern Paris, and there we were, not at the

magnificent "Royal Hotel and Posting House" on the left, with its scores of windows and dozens of ostlers, but at "Macgregor's Aberdeen Hotel," a little further on the right, close to the beautiful granite bridge, with its noble arch of a hundred and thirty feet span.

Most welcome was the calm repose of that cleanly house, with its wide staircase, its large rooms, and their beautifully white curtains, after the hurry, bustle, and excitement of that interesting day. The air felt so pure and ethereal, so soft and bland, compared to the mixture of smoke and vapour one is obliged to inhale under the name of London atmosphere, that we felt quite entranced, and flung ourselves at full length on one of the large sofas in the public dining-room.

Soon after sunrise we were up and a-foot, anxious to explore the topography of the city and its vicinity. By the aid of a map we made our way in the direction of the little river Don, across which, at one point, a venerable stone bridge carries the traveller. The arch of this structure is pointed Gothic, and the bridge is said to be the only one of the kind in the United Kingdom. Its construction is ascribed to "the Bruce;" be this as it may, it assuredly is a fine specimen of early architecture. Across this a road conducted us to Old Aberdeen, situated about three miles to the north of the more modern city. Here the quiet, grass-grown streets, the cold stone houses, the chateau-like villas, laying back amidst avenues of trees, or behind stone courtyards, reminded us once more of France. Why, we remember precisely such a village as Old Aberdeen on the Continent, with just such a calm, desolate look, and such another college and old church. King's College is a venerable building, as its mossy stones and crumbling gateway attest; one need scarcely refer to the records of the place to guess that it dates as far back as A.D. 1194.

Still higher in antiquity is the old church, which stands at the northern extremity of the village, and which is, in truth, but a portion of the nave of the original Aberdeen Cathedral, founded in the middle of the fourteenth century. We forgave the place all its sad desolation for the sake of this beautiful old building, into the interior of which we contrived to gain admission. A finer specimen of early Scottish architecture it would be, perhaps, difficult to find. The gem of the edifice is decidedly the ceiling, elaborately carved and ornamented as it is. Each panel of this part of the building has painted on it the armorial bearings of the princes, and nobles, and prelates who provided the funds for the erection of the Cathedral. Around the roofing are painted, in the old black Saxon character, the names of the various sovereigns of Scotland, from Malcolm II. to Queen Mary. The fine old windows, the ponderous doors, the massive character of the edifice, all give it a charm that more costly decorations would have failed to bestow.

There were many nice-looking farms about, on which busy people were occupied: but in our southern eyes, accustomed to the fields and lanes of Surrey and Kent, the wide expanse of country seemed to wear a chilly

aspect. The fields were green enough, and some were yellow enough, and heavily laden with ripening crops; but we missed the pretty, neatly-trimmed hedges, and found in their places nothing but "French quickset," rough, loosely-piled, low walls of dirty-looking stone. There was scarcely a tree of any magnitude to be seen. As for copse, or woody dell, or shady forest, there was absolutely nothing of the sort along that range of sea-girt coast, and we could but wonder where the Old Aberdeen hedge-sparrows contrived to build their nests.

Returning by another road we passed some rather extensive factories, where the manufacture of linens, cottons, and woollens is carried on. Although not equal to Dundee or Glasgow in the magnitude of its commerce, Aberdeen is, nevertheless, a city of considerable opulence, and appears to have been known as an important manufacturing town for worsteds and woollens early in the sixteenth century. The linen manufacture was introduced here about the middle of the last century. There are besides extensive ship-building establishments, some large iron foundries, rope manufactories, and paper mills, whilst in one part of the city is an establishment with steam machinery for polishing granite and giving to it the smoothness and brightness of marble.

The long walk, the excitement of the scene, and the keen bracing air, so different to that we had been so long accustomed to, sent us back to our hotel with a ravenous appetite. The day was already far advanced, and we felt that at that precise time we could have relished a meal the most ordinary; but when we found ourselves seated before a most sumptuous repast, we fancied that monarchs might have envied us our fare. Bread as white as driven snow and as light; delicious fresh butter worked into swans, Scottish lions, and Cupids; a huge vessel of cream, and a piled up plate of most magnificent strawberries, so cool, so rich, and so ripe. If any of our English readers imagine that they have tasted "strawberries and cream" in perfection on the southern side of the Tweed, we would advise them to try a plateful at Aberdeen after a morning stroll in the open country. We don't wish to bias any person's judgment in the most remote degree; all we say is, go to Aberdeen and try them!

After a quiet lounge at the window, and after spelling over the latest and oldest local papers, and after turning over the leaves of a Bradshaw, and a very thumbed copy of an Aberdeen directory, we perceived that the streets were becoming thronged and animated. The sun was shining brilliantly upon the beautiful gray granite of the lofty houses, lighting up the well filled, capacious shop-windows, cheering the moving crowd beneath, darting rays of fiery vigour upon the clean brass door-plates, that told the passer-by how Mr. Mac-Somebody was Writer to the Signet, and how Mr. Mac-Somebody else was an Advocate, and imparting a radiance to the parasols and silken robes of throngs of fair Scottish dames and blooming damsels.

We ventured into the street, not caring much whither we bent our steps. Every moment, now that it was high

noon, seemed to add to the life and bustle of the scene. It is certainly a noble thoroughfare that same Union Street, running north and south, and so connecting the old and mechanical portion of the city with the modern and fashionable quarter. It possesses all the stability, cleanliness, and architectural beauties of our own London west-end streets, with the gaiety and brilliancy of the Parisian atmosphere. We could have imagined ourselves transported to a continental capital upon a bright May day. The lofty, elegant houses, the beautifully-white, flowing muslin curtains in the first and second floor windows, the expanded shop fronts, set out with such a profusion of rich and costly wares, made all Union Street seem one continuous bazaar or fancy fair. Almost every other shop appeared to be either a confectioner's or a jeweller's; and it was difficult to say which of these wore the most brilliant appearance. The jewellers' shops shone in the sunlight a perfect blaze of wealth and ornamental beauty: rings, bracelets, chains, crosses, brooches, seals, cut from the mineral productions of Aberdeenshire—the onyx, the topaz, the amethyst, the aqua-marine, mica, talc, and many other pretty gems were there, telling of the richness of the Scottish soil and the ingenuity of Scottish workmen. Nay, more than this, it is not more than a century or so since that a veritable pearl fishery existed in the bed of the river Ythan, yielding a rather considerable annual sum.

The same strange mixture of dress and dialect, which had first struck us on landing as so foreign, still met our eye and ear in this mid-day ramble through the city. Ladies in gayest, most fashionable attire, jostled against stockingless, shoeless gills of sixteen, and women in tall Flemish caps and foreign-looking earrings. Dashing young advocates and brilliant M.D.'s walked behind raw Scotch porters, with strange caps on their heads, and queer burthens slung at their backs, or made way for an occasional stalwart Highlander, in his picturesque costume. At the "Royal Hotel" was a scene of unusual bustle; two or three travelling carriages, piled up with gun-cases, hat-boxes, and portmanteaus, and blazing with crests and emblems, told of a projected departure for the highlands. Porters, ostlers, waiters, livery servants, and ladies' maids were doing their utmost to get in each other's way, and so hinder the preparations as much as possible. The Earl of Something was about to have a month's shooting with the young Duke of Somewhere away in the north, and the enormous confusion and wild disorder witnessed in front of the "Royal Hotel," told of how much human industry and animal effort it requires to move a British peer from one part of the country to another.

There are some public buildings well worth seeing before the traveller quits Aberdeen. Marischal College, in Broad Street, is amongst the finest of them. In Castle Street are the Town Hall, the Gaol, and the Court House; and in the centre of the thoroughfare, in a commanding position, stands a full-sized statue of the late Duke of Gordon, well executed in gray Aberdeen granite. Perhaps the most attractive of all the

public buildings are the Assembly Rooms, situated at the southern extremity of Union Street. This is an elegant structure, and, especially as seen from the street, wears a very chaste and graceful appearance, with its many Ionic columns thirty feet in height. It contains a spacious ball-room, card-room, galleries, and refreshment rooms, richly ornamented, and capable of affording accomodation to some thousands of visitors.

Turning northwards, we strolled through the market piled up with fruit and vegetables; and crossing the granite bridge in Union Street, made our way to the "west-end" of Aberdeen—the Belgravia of the northern capital. If the squares there were not quite so spacious or so teeming with liveried equipages, if the mansions were not quite so imposing in their exterior, if the streets were not so thronged with pedestrians and equestrians, as is the case with our own metropolitan world of *haut-ton*, there was still enough to be pleased with, sufficient to give testimony to the prosperous condition of a large portion of the good people of Aberdeen, bearing out the statement that we had heard of this city being the third, in point of population, wealth, and commerce, in the northern kingdom, and the capital of the north of Scotland.

After our evening meal, when the street below was wrapt in quiet rest, when Earls and Dukes had departed for the highlands, and the afternoon mail for Peterhead had made its third and final attempt at starting, we sat enjoying another glorious plate of strawberries and cream; and whilst revelling in pleasant thoughts of all we had seen, and had yet to behold, we gathered from our host, who chanced to enter our room, a few particulars concerning the city and its history. Having no reason to doubt the accuracy of our informant, we may mention that Aberdeen is by no means a modern city. We have already told how a regal pirate of Normandy paid it a visit in the twelfth century, much against the wishes of its inhabitants. Long before that period, however, it was known as a rising city of some commercial importance. In the time of the Romans it was called *Devana*; and that those people held possession of it in some strength is evident from the many large Roman remains scattered about the vicinity. In very remote Scottish times it was frequently the resort of royalty and the nobility; and King William, surnamed "the Lion," had a gayly residence on the east side of the Green, which was afterwards in the possession of the monks of the Holy Trinity. The population amounts to about seventy thousand, and the manufacture of linen, cotton, and woollen goods forms a considerable item of its industry. As we slept that night, a strange medley wandered through our excited brain, made up of bare-legged fasses, jewellers' shops, stalwart Highlanders, aristocratic equipages, strawberries and cream, and a jaunt to Balmoral after breakfast.

DINNAT MOOR.

THERE IS NO country but has its claims to scenic beauty: and wood and hill, river, lake, and waterfall, combined with pleasant mansions and ancient castles,

render Scotland remarkably rich in all that especially ministers to the taste or mental bias of the tourist.

"All please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream!"

Here is the great secret of beauty—here the key-note to the great harmony between the heart of man and the works of God.

Reader do not imagine from this preamble that we are about to lead you through a common-place country and try to argue you into believing it beautiful. We have already given you some account of the City of Aberdeen; so let us take our seats in the comfortable carriages of the Dee-side Railway, for the village of Banchory, some eighteen miles up Dee-side. How smooth is the flow of the river as it winds its way through the marshy land! Tired as it were, it has lost its merry noise, now that it approaches the boundless ocean, and moves almost with a funeral solemnity, as if conscious that soon it must be buried in its depths!

The chain of hills which give so distinctive and imposing a character to Dee-side rise gradually from the coast, at first gently undulating, but soon assuming a more bold and decided character. In the low land by the river side the peat-gatherer pursues his task, and the scattered farm-houses would convey no idea that so large a city was so near at hand. The stone bridge over the Dee, commenced in 1500, is curious, as it hands down a somewhat summary process of dealing with vagabondism, and stopping the plague; for at this bridge was formerly (in times of pestilence) a gallows erected, to which every beggar or vagabond having the plague was instantly suspended, if he chanced to cross the bridge; here, too, the Covenanters fought many a battle in their long and fearful struggle. Near the sixth milestone on the carriage road stands Culter House, erected in the reign of Queen Mary by Sir Alexander Cumming, who, at the Queen's marriage, had his horse shod with silver shoes. Beyond this is the Burn of Culter, perhaps one of the loveliest spots on Dee-side; and near, on the top of a hill, the remains of a Roman camp, the celebrated *Devana*, are as plainly to be traced as when, 1700 years ago, the Roman soldier was its inmate.

About ten miles from Aberdeen, and diverging slightly from the high road, stands Drum Castle. To the general tourist, as to the antiquary, it is an object of great interest; and viewed from the grounds, is picturesquely situated. Though modern comfort and convenience have driven away much of the appearance of the rude grandeur of those

"Dark days, when savage fought with slave."

still more than enough remains to point out the importance of the place as a stronghold, and its horrors as a prison. The large square tower is the most remarkable portion of the pile, and the walls are of immense thickness. Over the door is an opening running to the top of the castle, whence boiling lead and other



DINNAT MOOR.

destructive missiles were thrown upon the besiegers. In this tower is a large dungeon, entered by a hole in the roof; and in the solid masonry are still to be seen fastened huge iron rings, to which its unfortunate inmates were attached.

Totally different in style and appearance is Crathe Castle, on the same side of the river, and by the carriage road, five miles beyond Drum Castle. It is one of those castellated mansions for which Scotland is renowned; and, perhaps, one of the finest examples extant. It is commonly reported that one of its lairds attributed the date of its erection to the time of the Picts; and that the effigy of the architect was carved on the upper part of the walls, decked out in a three-cornered cocked hat, a gold-laced coat, and having a Spanish rapier dangling at his side. But as an author quaintly observes, "some think that there were neither gold-laced coats nor three-cornered cocked hats, nor Spanish rapiers among the Picts, who were a very uncivil, shamefaced, and uncultured people." From the terraced gardens, Crathe Castle is romantically beautiful, and overlooks, towards the river, a thick birch wood which in autumn has a rich and beautiful effect.

Except that the scenery becomes bolder as we proceed, there is little to attract attention before we reach

the village of Banchory-Ternan, the terminus of the Dee-side Railway. This is the Sunday resort of the Aberdonians, and also shares with Ballater the company of many an invalid. It is a lovely spot, abounding in "walks" of great variety as regards the character of the scenes. The thick wood, the hill side, the river, and the rocky bed of the Feugh, all invite and will all repay the tourist for his toil. Especially beautiful is the bridge of Feugh, where the water falls over the rocks in miniature cascades, and where the salmon may be seen leaping with praiseworthy industry to gain the upper portion of the stream. There is a fog-house (a house built of wood and moss) whence the bridge may be viewed to great advantage.

On leaving Banchory, the road lies through a thick wood, on emerging from which, the country, though tied in by lofty hills, is also much more open than it has been for many miles. The Bridge of Potarch well deserves a visit; for the river just above the bridge is so narrow that a caird (*i. e.* gipsy), named John Young, is said to have leaped across it, when pursued for having killed a man. Indeed, this worthy seems to have enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being the Jack Shepherd of the north; for there is scarcely a prison in Scotland out of which he did not break his way; even from Aberdeen he effected his escape, at the same time

letting out all his fellow-prisoners, after impudently writing upon the door, "Rooms to let!"

A pleasant walk of about two miles from the Bridge of Potarch will bring the traveller to Kincardine, or, as it is usually called, Kincardine O'Neil. But rain and "Scotch mist" are no improvements to Scotch scenery; and the recollections of our impressions on entering Kincardine O'Neil are none of the pleasantest. But the accommodation in the village, however, is good; and those who do not walk will find excellent coaches, with first-rate cattle, which run from Banchory up to Braemar Castle.

Two miles and a-half from Kincardine, above the Kirk of Lumphannan, and on the brow of a hill, is "Macbeth's cairn," where, it is said, Macbeth was killed in the year 1056. Formerly the hill must have been covered with wood, though now quite bare, for in Wyntoun's "Chronicle," these lines occur:—

"O'er the Monuth they chased him there,
Until the wood of Lumphannan,"

While Macbeth was being thus hunted down, the king, Malcolm Ceanmore, stayed at Kincardine O'Neil; and it was here they brought to him Macbeth's head, after his slaughter on the hill-side. Little of the cairn is now left, for, like the remains of some most beautiful monastic houses, it has served for building purposes; and the parks, dykes, stables, and byres of the neighbourhood are constructed of the stones.

There is in Aberdeenshire a common saying, "It's as wild as the hills of Birse," when the antiquity of anything from a story to a stone coffin is talked about. The parish of Birse lies between Kincardine O'Neil and Aboyne. This originally was the Alsatia of the Highlands, being the resort of thieves, and other notorious characters, when hard pressed. It is admirably, or we should say, *was* admirably adapted for the purpose, for it is shut in by hills; and in the woods and intricate passes, detection was next to impossible.

The scenery now begins to assume a wilder character. The hills are characterized by greater boldness; they appear more bare and desolate; while large tracts of moorland open to the view. The river, too, is dashing over its rocky bed with a wild but pleasant sound; and there is a grandeur about the scene which cannot fail to impress the beholder.

Near the old Kirk of Aboyne is the hill called the Red-cap of Morthack, deriving its name, according to tradition, from a spirit said to have been seen wandering at night on the summit of the hill, howling and ranting in an unknown tongue. It was solemnly described to us as a "fearsome sight," and an "awful vision," "for, y' ken, that the spirit had a red night-cap on the tap o' his head!"

Beyond this, about two miles, is the village of Charles-town Aboyne. It is literally embosomed in trees, and is a neat and pretty spot. The Castle of Aboyne is a heavy and not very picturesque building, though it is seen to advantage from the road. It is the residence of the Earl of Aboyne, a member of the Gordon family, the great benefactors of the country. In the planta-

tions attached is a curious stone coffin, brought from Loch Kinnord, which is well worthy of the antiquary's attention. The traveller is now treading ground over which the Covenanters fought; and, indeed, the whole country round is noted for the battles and frays of which it was once the scene. At the stream called the Burn of Dinnat,—one of those clear, cold, delicious springs peculiar to mountainous regions,—we step from the Lowlands to the Highlands, which this burn separates. In the distance may be seen the blue peaks of this higher range of hills, while a few yards further on, and the tourist stands on Dinnat Moor, the scene represented in our engraving. Here it is said not less than three hundred battles and frays have taken place; and if the cairns are conclusive evidence, their number would warrant the fact. The place literally swarms with them. The hill in the background of our picture is the Red-cap of Morthack. The moor is a large open, desolate expanse of heath, the favourite resort of grouse; for here the crow-berry grows in profusion, and many is the pack of these feathered inhabitants of the "battle heath" that the traveller will disturb if he diverge from the highway to wander amongst the heather. Culbleen and Morven shut in the moor on one side. The battle of Culbleen is one of the most bloody on record, even among those massacres which the frays and forays of old days were wont to be.

LOCH MUCK.

On leaving Dinnat Moor the road runs almost parallel with the river side; and just beyond, where the highway branches off northwards to Cromar and Tarland, is a small inn, called Cammas-o'-May. The birch-trees hereabouts are of great size; indeed, some of the largest birches in Scotland are to be found in this quarter; and these, with the river bubbling beneath their delightful shade, make Cammas-o'-May a pleasant resting-place. Not always does the river Dee flow so pleasantly over its rocky bed; for at times it is swollen and rushes with fearful rapidity under this lovely birch-wood. In the floods of 1829, the most severe on record in Dec-side, the waters rose to such a height that a trout of large size was carried and left in the plate-rack of Cammas-o'-May, anticipating its destiny, as it were, before its time!

This part of Dec-side, with Ballatrach on the opposite shore of the river, were the scenes in which Byron's youth was passed; perhaps before he had ever dreamed of mounting Parnassus. But these scenes of his youth—these purple heath-clad hills—those songs of the birch-shadowed river, were waking the heart of the poet, though they seemed to lie dumb; and Scotland was indeed the parent of the speechless infancy of the poet's soul, and proved, as Scott had found, this "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," this

"Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child."

At Ballatrach, Byron's bed is still shown to the numerous visitors.

The little village of Tullich is forty miles from



LOCH MUICK.

Aberdeen, and one mile from Ballater; but we have no need to detain the reader at either place. Let us lead him a pleasant walk through Glen Muick by the Linn of Muick to Loch Muick (represented in our engraving), and near which is the hut sometimes occupied by her Majesty the Queen, and which we shall presently describe. Glen Muick falls into the Dee a little above Ballater, and is one of the most noted trout streams in the north of Scotland. For five miles or more up the pass it has little to distinguish it from other streams in the immediate neighbourhood: but hereabouts its character is greatly changed. At this point is what is called the Linn of Muick, a very imposing waterfall, for its size, and far more picturesque than many of greater renown. The fall breaks its way through a dark and deep ravine, between overhanging rocks, the summits of which have been planted with a thick wood, which adds no little to the general effect of the scene. Up from the roar of waters rises the thick mist, and the scanty herbage and bare rocks are saturated with the moisture. The surge, the thundering noise, the glitter, the depth below, the rocks above, each and all lend a charm to this grand and lovely scene. Above the Linn of Muick the river is as calm as where, at the Manse and the Auld Kirk, it meets the Dee. For a mile above the Linn it flows over small rocks, or through large wastes of marsh land, and just where it springs from the Loch is the "Royal Hut."

Never, perhaps, was there a scene so wild, so desolate so out of the civilized world, selected as a royal retreat. Between it and Balmoral there is not a house, though the road on the mountain-side is no less than sixteen miles long. Not a habitation is to be seen, and rarely

a human creature to be met with. Few indeed, and far between, are the shealings, or small farms, around the Royal Hut; while at the Loch itself a cluster of cottages, and a few plots of barley and oats, are all that mark it as the abode of man. Looking over from the Loch towards Ballater, "the Hut" is seen buried in a small plantation of trees, surrounded with a moss-covered morass, through which the river wends its sluggish way, and from the banks of which the heron soars away, or stands quietly perched on one leg, watching his opportunity to capture the speckled trout. It has a dreary, waste, forlorn look; but how wild and grand, only those who have visited the spot can tell.

The Loch itself is picturesque, and abounds in trout and other fish, while the hill-sides are the favourite homes of the ptarmigan and grouse. The hut itself is unlike the other royal residences on the Dee-side. There is no ancestral story, no legend connected with it. It has been the scene of no deeds of crime, no shouts of war, nor of any of those events which in some parts of Scotland seem attached to almost every spot. It is its own legend, and in the nineteenth century has gained a renown which will live as long as any yet on record. Here, away from all the ceremonies of state and courts, the monarch of the greatest empire retires, in the most peaceful and perfect security, year after year. With only a few attendants, her Majesty and her royal consort enjoy all the pleasure of the most perfect retirement and seclusion, while the Loch affords abundant pastime, and the neighbouring scenes, grand and sublime, furnish food for constant reflection and delight.

The road from Ballater to Loch Muick is very rough and ill made, and is even considered dangerous to all

but pedestrians; near, and just over the Linn of Muick, it is notoriously bad. Visitors usually alight from their carriages when they arrive at this part of the road. Indeed, any but an experienced driver, *well* acquainted with the road, would possibly send carriage, visitors, horses and all, over the precipice into the falls below! The road is in many places nothing better than a bare rock; at the Linn, for instance, it is not even broken down, but is jagged, rough, and pointed, so much so, as to render even walking over it by no means an agreeable pastime. The view of the hut from this road, when about a mile and a-half from the Loch is very fine. On one side lies this broad expanse of water; in front, and through the morass, flows the river, along which, and down the pass, the eye wanders over hill and waste; while high up above the hut towers the lofty summit of Loch-na-Gar, 3800 above the level of the sea.

The interior of the hut is very simple; and plain, in the fullest sense of the word, are all its decorations. When we visited it we found the doors were not painted, and apparently were not intended to be, as the finger-plates and handles were attached. The bed and sitting-rooms were furnished (to use a word which will best explain their appearance) *genteelly*, and nothing was to be seen to indicate the residence of a Queen. Everything simple and commonplace; but, at the same time, thoroughly in accordance with that desire of retirement which caused the selection of the place.

BALLATER.

On the south side of the river Dee are the wells known as Jannanich Wells; and it was owing to these medicinal springs that the village of Ballater first rose into importance. Though now much less frequented than of yore, they are still the resort of a large number of visitors every season; and they are compared to the pool of Siloam, since these waters are said to be a universal remedy,—one author gravely asserting that so great is the faith people put in their efficacy, that those afflicted with broken legs have gone there for the “restoration” of the limb! In 1829, however, the reputation which Ballater had gained was suddenly and for a time seriously interrupted by the great floods. Though there had been an unusual amount of rain for some time previous to the calamity we are about to relate, the river presented no signs of flooding to any extent, nor in the slightest degree so as to produce a thought of uneasiness in the minds of the inhabitants. The day before, however, the rain fell without intermission in heavy torrents, but still causing little fear. The inhabitants retired to their beds; and it was not till midnight that the devastation commenced, when a scene ensued which those only who have seen such devastation as it leaves can possibly or adequately picture. The river rose with a noise not to be equalled by the loudest thunders, the waters surging, and in their course, carrying down large trees and masses of solid rock, swept at last into the village and round the dwellings of the sleeping inmates. Some were only awakened by the splash of the cold waters as they

stove in the door, and in an instant filled the room. On rushing to the windows, around them boiled and struggled in mad fury the loud waters, and many a home could not be seen, having been swept away to its foundations in that awful night. Others were washed from their beds before they awoke, or had time to rise, and so were hurried into eternity. Others, again, were only roused by the fearful crack and report a falling house will give before it sinks into a mass of rubbish, burying everything beneath it. Furniture and the bodies of the dead were floating around, or swiftly carried by the torrent through the streets into the bed of the swollen river, as it made its mad way to the ocean. Loudly even above the thunderings of the waters came the shriek of despair, then was lost in an instant in utter stillness!

Hitherto the massive stone bridge had resisted all the pressure of the swelling torrent; but tree after tree, and masses of rock, soon began to choke up the arches, and as they struck the piers, shook the whole structure till it rocked again. Higher the waters rose, and more and more the outlet for them became blocked up, till their pressure and their weight began to tell. The first notice was a loud report. The solid stonework had cracked! The bridge was going—nothing could save it. Presently it was rent asunder, and, with an awful crash, lay a heap of ruins in the river below. The pent-up waters broke over it with a mighty bound, sweeping even over the roof of the inn which stands beside it, and the Bridge of Ballater was gone!

It were next to impossible to describe the ruins of the village. It was for a time complete. The writer a few years ago witnessed a similar scene at Corwen in North Wales, where a stone bridge was carried away; and to show the terrible force of these bodies of water in their course, a mass of rock, upwards of twelve feet square, had been washed from the mountain side across the village, and entering the roof of a house, had completely gutted it, carrying the whole of the inside, walls, furniture, and the back of the house, into the fields beyond!

Our engraving of Ballater will convey at once a correct idea of the general appearance and romantic situation of the village. It is neat, cleanly, and cheerful. The view is taken from a lofty hill opposite Craigen-darroch (the dark hill covered with wood, which rises just behind the village); and from the point where the artist sat, Aberdeen, with its harbour, and the ocean beyond, could be seen on one side, while the blue peaks of Cairngorm and Ben-Muick-Dhui rose on the other, and before him the romantic pass shown in the engraving. Beneath his feet the villagers pursued their avocations, toiling about like ants, so diminutive did they appear.

From Ballater there are two roads. One passes through Glen Muick, along which we conducted our readers to the Royal Hut. The other runs on the north side of the river Dee, and passes by the royal residences of Abergeldie and Balmoral, which are both on the opposite or south side of the Dee.



BALLATER.

Having no intention in this paper to describe the royal residences on Dee-side, we shall, before taking the road past Balmoral, once more lead the reader to the spot where the Muick and the Dee unite.

Near the spot is Birk Hall, one of the royal abodes. It is a plain white house of considerable size, and having a slate roof. It is without any pretensions to beauty, save that by which it is surrounded. Thickly wooded on every side, it appears completely shut in, and for seclusion and quiet could scarcely be surpassed. The gardens attached are simply, but elegantly laid out, and the music of a bubbling burn gives a pleasant sensation of coolness to the wooded walks about them. Her Majesty frequently visits Birk Hall, and has lately erected large schools, and buildings attached for the benefit of the poor Highland children. This munificent act is scarcely known beyond the immediate locality, and is another of the many proofs of that kindness of heart which so distinguishes her Majesty and her Consort towards the poor of this her Highland Home.

Turning now back to Ballater, and taking the road on the north side of the Dee, we will quit the village; and those who would enjoy a fine view may do so by

climbing Craigendarroch, which will amply repay any little trouble in the ascent, or winding round the foot of the hill, wander through the Pass of Ballater. This pass is formed by a deep cleft in Craigendarroch. The rocks rise to a great height, and at their base are heaps of large stones—masses which from time to time have fallen from their sides. In some places the slender stems of the birch and the ash shoot up, as it were, out of the solid rock. A beautiful sparkling burn flows at one part of the pass, and if thirsty, the tourist will find its waters deliciously cool and agreeable. It is a charming spot, and, we need scarcely add, is one of the most favourite resorts of visitors at all times.

Passing on the road from the Pass of Ballater, it presently joins the north road. The scenery from this point is very grand. The hills, thickly wooded at the base, rise one over the other to a great height, the lofty summit of Loch-na-gar majestically crowning the whole. At Coil-a-Cricch there is a small inn, where most excellent whisky may be obtained, the place being one long noted for the admirable quality of the "mountain dew." Beyond this the road is beautifully secluded, a great treat after the grandeur of the mountain scenery. It lies through a thick, high, birch wood, which, save

here and there that glimpses of the hills are caught, completely shuts in the view. At the end of this wood is a curiosity well worthy a visit, and that is Mieras. It is a specimen of the old Highland clachan, and a good one, too, and is one of the very few now extant. The houses are built of turf and divot, or of stone and clay. The windows are small, and the lums are of timber; and if they do not convey great notions of comfort, they at least hand down an excellent idea of the style of architecture in use among the Highland clans in days long since gone by. After pursuing the road for a mile further the first glimpse of Abergeldie is caught, the belfry and turret peeping out from amongst some old weather-beaten trees which spring up from the bed of the river. From the north side of the Dee this (another of the royal residences) cannot be seen to advantage; but there is an excellent contrivance for carrying the visitor over the gurgling waters. This is a machine called a cradle. The cradle is a basket-work kind of car, in which the traveller sits, and machinery is set going by which he is whirled rapidly over the stream. Some years since this cradle gave way, and precipitated its occupiers into the river. Had it been only the ducking in the water, it might have proved a good subject for a joke; but such was not the case. The travellers were a bride and bridegroom; and scarcely had they reached the middle of the stream when the machine gave way, and the rapid waters of the Dee hurried them away. In vain the bride shrieked for help, and in vain the bridegroom struggled to approach her, she perished in his sight, and almost within his reach. A few moments, and he, too, sank beneath the rapid whirl of the eddying stream, while in the act of once more endeavouring to grasp the dress of his bride, which still floated for a few moments on the surface of the water.

"The Birks of Abergeldie" is a well-known Scotch song, and refers to the noble birch trees which adorn the braes on this part of Dee-side. But to return to the castle. It is a very old structure; and, like Drum Castle, its walls are of very great thickness. Of all the castles on Dee-side, always excepting Crathie Castle, it is the most picturesque, and has about it all the wild character of its old days. The modern gardens will not agree with it—they stand quite separate in point of date, each keeping its place in point of time as exactly as if they had never been associated. The turrets, the bartizans, the belfry, the weather-stained walls, the small windows, and the old trees, give an antique appearance to the whole which, so long as they remain, whatever modern additions there may be, it can never lose. Last summer, this was the residence of the Duchess of Kent; but it is feared that the length of the journey proves a drawback to her Royal Highness again visiting the banks of the Dee.

There are many quaint stories told of the affection, fear, or reverence with which the lairds have at various times inspired their tenants; but perhaps one of the most curious is associated with a spot near Abergeldie, called the "Thief's Pot" and the "Gallows Hill." It

is said that a man was about to be hung, and in his last moments he was accompanied by his faithful spouse to this spot, the scene fixed upon for his execution. Possibly having some slight objection to the operation, the man very naturally demurred putting his neck in the noose. Natural as this might be, his better half did not consider it quite the course of conduct he ought to pursue; she felt it her duty to remonstrate, though not as it might perhaps be thought from her devotion to her liege lord. This was quite a secondary consideration with the "gude wife." No doubt her husband's life might be precious—to the man especially; but then, think of the "laird," the "gude laird," the noble gentleman—sure it were a heinous crime to hurt *his* feelings anyhow. So, in as soothing a voice as might be, yet withal vastly full of encouragement, she cheered him up with "Get up, John, and be hanged, and dinna anger the laird!"

On a knoll by the road-side, just before you reach Balmoral, stands Crathie Kirk. It is a small, unpretending building, without the slightest claims to admiration on its own account. It has become celebrated, however; for here, fair weather or foul, the Queen and her household, every Sabbath morning, attend divine service, occupying several seats in the gallery, in no ways railed off or to be distinguished from the other parts of the church. In the very next pews to her Majesty sit the shepherd and the small farmer, and the humble inhabitants of the valleys and glens up Dee-side.

A little to the west of this church, and the pleasant little manse below, the river makes a noble sweep round a spacious haugh, on which stands Balmoral, the Highland residence of her Majesty the Queen. It is by far the largest residence of the three, and since being occupied by the Queen, has had several extensive additions built to it, the whole being in excellent taste. This now, however, has been found in many ways inconvenient, and a new castle is being erected between the present building and the river, more in accordance with the requirements of her Majesty's numerous household. The situation of Balmoral is very delightful, sheltered at the back by Craig-gowan, the sides of which are thickly wooded; and often the tourist will see the deer sporting through its chequered shades. Here, too, the bagpipes wake up the echo of the hills as the Prince returns from deer-stalking, oftentimes with more than one fat buck which has fallen to his gun. These are brave times for Dee-side; and if the Scotch are proud of having their Queen yearly amongst them, and calling back the days of the old Highland clans, with their music, their games, and their gatherings, as of old, they are no less proud that amid all the gaiety of the court she does not forget the poor, as many, very many, a Highland home can testify; and not only testify to the recollection of its wants, but to the kind, simple, and unassuming way in which the kindness has been shown or the gift bestowed.

And now a short ride along the north bank of the Dee and we are in the woods of Invercauld,

and as pleasant a scene for a ramble as heart could desire. Here one sees the perfection of Highland scenery in all its sublimity and boldness, with all the added beauties of wood and water. The country is densely wooded, chiefly with dark pine and Scotch fir, which crown the summit of the mountain range, while the beetling cliffs and pointed rocks hang overhead, as the road winds along the river banks, while the house of Invercauld—the mansion of the Farquharsons, glitters, white as snow, on the hill-side, surmounted and sheltered by a towering cliff. Balmoral itself shows indifferently in comparison with this elegant mansion, not only as a building, but in its approaches. For a considerable distance the road runs through the Invercauld policies, as our northern neighbours term the woods and walks attached to a gentleman's seat, and the paths among the woods are well chosen and tastefully arranged. The valley is here of considerable breadth; the slopes immediately at hand are less steep, but the distant mountains raise their giant heads in all directions. The traveller has passed the ancient castle of Braemar, from which the hamlet takes its name, and now he stops at the door of a most attractive-looking country inn, where there is promise of all the good things a weary traveller requires; nor will he be disappointed here,—the Invercauld Arms is one of those snug Highland hosteldries where the best of fare, the cleanest of beds, the heartiest of welcomes, and the most motherly of hostesses, are all to be found.

Castleton is an excellent centre from which the surrounding country may be visited. The sights within a walking distance are numerous and interesting, and some of the most picturesque waterfalls we have seen, on a small scale, are in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Linn o' Dee is distant four miles to the westward, through a country thickly wooded and full of picturesque views; and in this excursion the traveller cannot fail to be struck with some of the highland villages through which he will pass; among these the village of Inveray, of some note traditionally, from having been the home of a chief and his followers, celebrated in the olden time for their forays upon their lowland neighbours. Looking at the remains of the village, it is a marvel how anything of the shape and size of a man could find entrance into the houses—much less make their homes in them.

The Linn o' Dee presents one of those remarkable geological phenomena which can never be forgotten. The source of the Dee is only a short distance off, and the river is here a moderate-sized brook; but in the course of ages the trituration of the water has worn the rock perfectly smooth, and so deep as to form three considerable falls, at the bottom of each of which stands a pool, so dark and deep as even to look dangerous; nevertheless, the furrow formed in the rock is so narrow as to seem a mere span, while at any part the traveller can step across it.

A mountain ramble is an absolute necessity on a Highland tour, and here is one ready to our hand, from the poetical pen of our friend Jonathan Slingsby, in

the *Dublin University Magazine*, which we present to our readers with some slight abbreviations.

Following the windings of the Dee westward from Castleton, beautiful valleys lie beneath you, sprinkled with groves of beech and lime trees; while upon the hills, from their base to their summits, rise forests of mighty firs, looking in the distance as dark and rugged as the rocks which here and there peep through them. Flocks of black-legged sheep were grazing on the green pastures, through which the river coiled its lazy length, now hid in the grove—now glittering into sunshine; while, mingled with the gentle bleating of sheep, came the sounds of the bagpipe from the hunting lodge on the hills above. Pause, now, when you have gained the centre of the lofty bridge of Corrymulzie, and see through the breaks in the spruce, and the alder, and the red-berried mountain ash, the foam of the stream as it dashes from reach to reach. After crossing the Victoria Bridge, a steep and rugged bridle path leads, by Mar Lodge, over the mountain among roots and stumps—the remains of a once mighty forest. A walk of two hours brings us to Glen-Lai, a wide open valley, bounded by low, retiring, heath-covered hills. Another hour along the stream, and we are in a perfect amphitheatre of hills, wild and bleak, out of which are two foot tracks,—one to the right, leading to the sublime solitude of Glen Avon, the other, which we shall pursue, traversing the base of Ben Muic-dhui by a steep and rugged ascent. At length we descend into Glen Dee, amidst

“—— The grizzly cliffs, which guard
The infant rills of Highland Dee,
Where hunter's horn was never heard,
Nor lull of the fae-t bee.”

Wild, bleak, and desolate, a black wall of rock some thousand feet high rises right in our front, and seems as if about to topple down upon us. Our path, if such it may be called, as we wind between Ben-Muic-dhui and Cairn Toul, lies over high masses of rock, torn down from the mountain tops, which were hid in mists from our sight,—blocks of sienite, red porphyry, and greenstone, piled in heaps on every side, as if the spirit of heavenly order had never redeemed it from its primal chaos; the dark mountains seem closing you all around, and the smoke—like mists curling up along their sides—conveys the idea that you are within a huge volcano.

At length we ascend through the narrowing pass, over masses of rock, beneath and through which the puny rills of the Dee trickle, and, winding under the base of the lofty Cairngorm, we cautiously scramble over the piles of rock which, barricading the entrance, are called the “Walls of Dee.” The summit is now soon gained, and we see in the distance the dark mass of what had been once the Forest of Rothiemurchas. It costs yet many hours of toil, through piles of huge boulders and tangled forest, till we come suddenly upon Loch Eilan, a lovely placid lake, embosomed in trees, and set, as it were, in a cincture of dark rocks.

Another pen, no less eloquent, now, alas, consigned

to rest, has described this scenery. The late learned Dr. Macgillivray has constituted himself the natural historian of Dee-side, its scenery and its productions; and never has locality been more fortunate in its historian. Let us accompany the enthusiast in one of his rambles.

"Fording the Dee above the entrance of the stream which passes the village of Castleton, one day in September, I lingered a while on a small island, to gather the berries of *Rubus saxatilis*. Here a fine view is obtained of the valley of the Dee, with its ancient castle, its cultivated patches, its scattered habitations, its beautiful river, and its rounded hills covered with pine and birch. Following this stream for several miles up a heathy valley, a decayed forest of white birch, with its blasted trunks, presents itself, than which few objects present a more melancholy picture of the ruin of a primeval world; some being prostrate and crumbling into fragments, others scattered along the hills like an army of giants, suddenly scathed by the wrath of Heaven. Having now reached the head of this long dull valley, the pedestrian beholds straight before him the great mountain which must have attracted his attention the day before, and to ascend which is probably the object of the present excursion. Pausing, and seating himself to consider what promises to be the best route, he proceeds to reconnoitre the face of the huge rounded mass, dividing it into three portions:—first, a plain or platform, rising gently at the farther end, and forming a pretty steep acclivity, terminating about a third up; secondly, the middle part, consisting of fragments of rock, stones, and gravel, intermixed with a little vegetation; thirdly, the remaining part, three or four hundred feet high, similar to the last, but more sterile. If one traces his proposed route in this manner, he finds it generally easy enough to ascend a hill without a guide, whereas, if he proceeds at random, he is very liable to become involved among difficulties. Hitherto the sky has been clear, but now clouds begin to gather around the summits of the distant mountains, although that before us is still unshrouded. To the west, the remains of a natural forest of pine are seen scattered along the sides of a valley; and on entering the second region, the heath and other plants are found greatly diminished in size, while various species occur that indicate an approach to what in botany is called an alpine station. Near the summit of a projecting mass of rock, in this region, a large covey of Ptarmigans sprung from among the stones, about a hundred and fifty yards beneath me.

"On reaching the top of the hill, near which I observed a solitary specimen, still in flower, of *Statice Armeria*, I found it to be a long, broad, rounded ridge, covered with stones, gradually sloping to the west, but on the eastern side suddenly terminated by a magnificent precipice, several hundred feet high, and at least half a mile in length. The scene that now presented itself to my view was the most splendid that I had then seen. All around rose mountains beyond mountains, whose granitic ridges, rugged and tempest-beaten,

furrowed by deep ravines worn by the torrents, gradually became dimmer as they receded, until at length on the verge of the horizon they were blended with the clouds, or stood abrupt against the clear sky. A solemn stillness pervaded all nature; no living creature was to be seen; the dusky wreaths of vapour rolled majestically over the dark valleys, and clung to the craggy summits of the everlasting hills. A melancholy, pleasing, incomprehensible feeling creeps over the soul when the lone wanderer contemplates the vast, the solemn, the solitary scene over which savage grandeur and sterility preside. How glorious to live in those vast solitudes, a hunter of the red deer and the forest boar, in the times of old, when the pine woods covered all those long and winding valleys, now strewn with decayed trunks, or bare as the hill-tops around.

"The summits of the loftier mountains—Cairngorm on the one hand, and Ben-na-muic-dhui, and Benvrotan, on the other, and Loch-na-gar in the south, were covered with mist; but the clouds had rolled westward from Ben-na-buird, on which I stood, leaving its summit entirely free. The beams of the setting sun burst in masses of light here and there through the openings between the clouds, which exhibited a hundred varying shades. There, over the ridges of yon brown and torrent-worn mountain, hangs a vast mass of livid vapour, gorgeously glowing with deep crimson along all its lower fringed margin. Here, the white shroud that clings to the peaked summits, assumes on its western side a delicate hue like that of the petals of the pale red rose. Far away to the north, glooms a murky cloud, in which the spirits of the storm are mustering their strength, and preparing the forked lightnings, which at midnight they will fling over the valley of the Spey.

"From a small lake, in a rocky corry, at the distance of five or six miles, a white streamlet rushes down an alpine valley bounded by precipitous rocks. To the west and northwest, the mountains recede, range beyond range, apparently undiminished in grandeur, but towards the east their ridges rapidly fall. The summits of those around are flat or rounded, composed of crumbling stones, with cairns of granitic rock protruding here and there. They are furrowed in many places by persons who, some years ago, gained a subsistence by gathering the rock-crystals and other minerals which are occasionally found among the disintegrated fragments. Many of them present vast precipices, and corries, or great cavities surrounded by rocks, in which is sometimes found a blue lake of unfathomed depth.

"Descending from the highest part of the summit, I proceeded eastward for about half a mile, when I came to a corry facing the south, down a rapid slope, about the centre of which I descended with all possible speed, the sun having by this time sunk behind Benvrotan. A little farther down I saw two does, and as I approached the stream already mentioned was somewhat alarmed by a succession of short brays or grunts, which increased in loudness and frequency, so as at length to become really frightful. It was now quite dark, so

that I could see nothing distinctly at the distance of twenty yards; and whether the sounds proceeded from a rambling stag, or a water kelpie, I have never been able to learn. Crossing the stream, and ascending a low ridge, I fell in with a kind of footpath, which I followed, until I arrived over a deep glen, which I recognized. About a mile farther, finding that I was too high, I with difficulty descended the side of the glen about a quarter of a mile, until I came upon another footpath, much more distinct than the upper, which led me to the place where I had seen the mountain-ash, poplar, and birch, by the stream. At length, after walking two hours in darkness, I gained the valley of the Dee, when the moon began to throw an obscure light over the shoulder of a hill, and I forded the river without accident, and reached the inn at half-past nine, amply recompensed for my labours.

"Two nights after this, having ascended Glen Dee in the afternoon, I found myself at sunset in a valley bounded by very lofty and rugged mountains, and terminating on the side of a vast mass towering above the rest. Before I reached the head of this magnificent but desolate valley, night fell, and I was left to grope my way in the dark, among blocks of granite, by the side of one of the sources of the Dee, ten miles at least from human habitation, and with no better cheer in my wallet than a quarter of a cake of barley and a few crumbs of cheese which a shepherd had given me. Before I resolved to halt for the night, I had unfortunately proceeded so far up the glen that I had left behind me the region of heath, so that I could not procure enough for a bed. Pulling some grass and moss, however, I spread it in a sheltered place, and, after some time, succeeded in falling into a sort of slumber. About midnight I looked up on the moon and stars that were at times covered by the masses of vapour that rolled along the summits of the mountains, which, with their tremendous precipices, completely surrounded the hollow in which I cowered, like a ptarmigan in the hill-corry. Behind me, in the west, and at the head of the glen, was a lofty mass enveloped in clouds; on the right a pyramidal rock, and beside it a peak of less elevation; on the left a ridge from the great mountain, terminating below in a dark conical prominence; and straight before me, in the east, at the distance apparently of a mile, another vast mass. Finding myself cold, although the weather was mild, I got up and made me a couch of large stones, grass, and a little short heath, unloosed my pack, covered one of my extremities with a night-cap, and thrust a pair of dry stockings on the other, ate a portion of my scanty store, drank two or three glasses of water from a neighbouring rill, placed myself in an easy posture, and fell asleep. About sunrise I awoke, fresh, but feeble, ascended the glen, passed through a magnificent corry, composed of vast rocks of granite, ascended the steep with great difficulty, and at length gained the summit of the mountain, which was covered with light gray mist that rolled rapidly along the ridges. As the clouds cleared away at intervals, and the sun shone upon the scene,

I obtained a view of the glen in which I had passed the night, the corry, the opposite hills, and a blue lake before me. The stream which I had followed I traced to two large fountains, from each of which I took a glassfull, which I quaffed to the health of my best friends. Near these wells I met with a covey of gray ptarmigans, and a titling. Descending from this summit, I wandered over a high moor, came upon the brink of rocks that bounded a deep valley, in which was a black lake, proceeded over the unknown region of alternate bogs and crags, raised several flocks of gray ptarmigans, and at length, by following a ravine, entered one of the valleys of the Spey, near the mouth of which I saw a water-ouzel. It was not until noon that I reached a hut, in which I procured some milk. In the evening, at Kingussie, I examined the ample store of plants that I had collected in crossing the Grampians, and refreshed myself with a long sleep in a more comfortable bed than one of granite slabs with a little grass and heather spread over them.

"It is delightful to wander far away from the haunts, and even the solitary huts of men, and ascending the steep mountain, seat one's self on the ruinous cairn that crowns its summit. There, communing with his own heart, in the wilderness, the lover of nature cannot fail to look up to nature's God. I believe it in fact impossible, in such a situation, on the height of Ben-na-Muic-dhui or Ben Nevis, for example, not to be sensible, not merely of the existence, but also of the presence of a Divinity. In that sacred temple, of which the everlasting hills are the pillars, and the blue vault of heaven the dome, he must be a fiend indeed who could harbour an unholy thought. But, to know himself, one must go there alone. Accompanied by his fellows, he may see all of external nature that he could see in solitude, but the hidden things of his own heart will not be brought to light."

We cannot resist one more quotation from the valuable work* of this amiable enthusiast, although it carries us rather in advance of our subject.

"It is pleasant," says the learned professor, "to hear the bold challenge of the 'Gor-cock' at early dawn on the wild moor, far remote from human habitation, where, however, few ornithologists have ever listened to it. I remember with delight the cheering influence of its cry one cold morning in September, when I had just passed the night in a peat-bog, in the midst of the Grampians, between the sources of the Tummel and the Dee, strongly impressed then, as I still am, when life is nearer its close, that there is little pleasure in passing through life dry-shod and ever comfortable. At Blair Athol I had been directed to a road leading over the hills, which I was assured was much shorter than the high road. I proceeded until I reached Blair Lodge, where the good woman of the house very benevolently urged me to remain all night, the hills being, as she said, bleak and dreary, entirely destitute of everything that could afford pleasure to a traveller,

* "A History of British Birds, Indigenous and Migratory. By W. Macgillivray, A.M., F.R.S.E., &c."



RED GROUSE.

and the nearest human habitation being fifteen miles off. It was now six o'clock, and I was certain of being benighted; but I had promised to be at the source of the Dee by noon of next day. The inhabitants on the Blair Athol side of the hill had never heard of the spring in question, nor even of the river; no Cairngorm could be seen; and a woman just arrived from the Spey informed me that I should be under the necessity of going through Bodenoch before I could get to it. I placed more confidence in my travelling map than in their information, however; and, crossing a stream, proceeded eastward, so as to reach the summit of a ridge of mountains, and the first burn of the Dee, where I expected to meet my friend. It was sunset when I got to the top of the first hill, whence I struck directly east, judging by the place where the sun disappeared behind the rugged and desolate mountains. After traversing a mile of boggy heath, I found myself put out of my course by a long deep rocky valley or ravine, which I was obliged to double; and before I had accomplished this, night fell. I travelled on two miles further; but coming upon another smaller valley, in which I was apprehensive of breaking my neck if I should venture through it, I sat down by a rock, weary and covered with perspiration. Rest is pleasant, even

in such a place as this; and when I had experienced a little of its sweets, I resolved to take up my abode there for the night. So, thrusting my stick into the peat between me and the ravine below, I extended myself on the ground, and presently fell into a reverie, in which I reviewed my life, gave vent to the sorrow of my soul in a thousand reflections on the folly of my conduct, and ended with resolving to amend! Around me were the black masses of the granite hills rising to heaven like the giant barriers of an enchanted land; above, the cloudless sky, spangled with stars; beneath, a cold bed of wet turf; within, a human spirit tortured with wild imaginings and the pangs arising from a sprained foot. 'In such a place, at such a time,' and in such a mood, what are the vanities of the world, the pomp of power, the pride of renown, or even the pleasures of bird-nesting! Having in a short time become keenly sensible that a great portion of vital heat had oozed out of me, I looked out for a warmer situation; but, alas, with little success; for although I pulled some stunted heath and white moss, with which I covered my feet, and laid me down by another crag that afforded more shelter, I could not sleep.

"After a while, having experienced a fit of shivering, I got up to gather more heath, with which I formed

a sort of bed, and lay down again. But even heath was not to be obtained here in sufficient quantity, so that for a covering I was obliged to bury myself in moss and turf, with the soil adhering. At long, long length, the sky began to brighten in what I supposed to be the north-east, and I was anxiously looking for the approach of morn, when gradually the pale unwelcome moon rose over a distant hill. It was piercingly cold, and I soon perceived that a strolling naturalist, however fervid his temperament, could hardly feel comfortable, even among moss, in a bog of the Grampians. However, morning actually came at last, and I started up to renew my journey. I now got a view of my lodging, which was an amphitheatre formed of bare craggy hills, covered with fragments of stone and white moss, and separated by patches of peat-bog. Not a house, nor a sheep, nor even a tree, nor so much as a blade of green grass, was to be seen. Not a vestige of life to be found here, thought I; but I was reprov'd by a cry that startled me. The scarlet crest and bright eye of a moor-cock were suddenly protruded from a tuft of heather, and I heard with delight the well-known *kok, kok*, of the 'blessed bird,' as the Highlanders call him. It was a good omen; the night and dullness had fled, and I limped along as cheerily as I could, under the affliction of a sprained ankle. My half-frozen blood soon regained its proper temperature; ere long I reached the base of the rocky ridge, and after passing some hills, traversing a long valley, and ascending a mountain of considerable height, I took out my map, and looking eastward below me, saw, to my great satisfaction, a rivulet running for several miles directly in the course marked. I was assured that this stream, whether the source or not, ran into the Dee, as it proceeded eastward; and therefore I directed my steps toward it. But here, too, a scene occurred which gave me intense pleasure. Some low croaking sounds came from among the stones around me, and presently a splendid flock of gray ptarmigans, about fifty in number, rose into the air, and whirled past me, on their way to the opposite eminence. On the brow of the hill I found two large fountains, the sources of the stream below, of each of which I drank a mouthful, and proceeded on my journey. I explored another of the sources of the rivulet that rose farther up in the glen. But at length the scene became too dreary to be endured: desolate mountains, on whose rugged sides lay patches of snow which the summer's suns had failed to melt; wild glens, scantily covered with coarse grass, heath, and lichens; dark brown streams, gushing among crags and blocks, unenlivened even by a clump of stunted willows. I followed the rivulet, therefore, judging that it would lead to the river of which I was in search. For seven long miles I trudged along, faint enough, having obtained no refreshment for eighteen hours, excepting two mouthfuls of cold water; so that even the multitudes of grouse that sprung up around me ceased to give much pleasure, although I had never before started so many in a space of equal extent. At one o'clock, however, I came to a place named Dubrach,

where stood a hut and three half-blasted firs. To the tenant of the hut I was indebted for such refreshment as his place afforded—namely, bread, milk, and a welcome glass of whiskey. About a mile and a-half farther down I came upon a wood, the first that I had seen since I left Blair.

"The silver Dee now rolled pleasantly along the wooded valley, and in the evening I reached Castleton of Braemar, where, while seated beside a blazing fire in the most comfortable of highland inns, and sipping my tea, I heard a rap at the door. 'Come in,' said I. It was my best friend, with whom I spent a happy evening, in which, I believe, little mention was made of ptarmigans or grouse."

It is not consistent with our plan to dwell further on this delightful spot, and we must leave it most unwillingly, as we have done before. Three modes of departure present themselves: we may retrace our steps to Aberdeen; we may return southward, through the mountain defile of Glen-Shee, which offers the recommendation of having a stage-coach during the summer months, through Strathmore, to Blair-Gowrie, and Perth; or, if the party consists of pedestrians, the celebrated pass of Glen-Tilt carries the tourist through the finest scenery of the Highlands—scenery unequalled in any country. Thanks to the patriotic efforts of a few Scottish *savans*, at the head of whom is Professor Balfour, this celebrated pass is now opened—wrested from the grasp of the ungracious Peer who would have excluded his kind from the harmless enjoyment of its scenery.

There is no public road through Glen-Tilt, although it was proved before the Courts that a bridle-path and road for driving cattle, from the Argyll and Perthshire Highlands to Aberdeenshire, had existed from time immemorial. Everything had been done, during the period of exclusion, to level any trace of such having been in existence. Passing from the Braes of Mar to Blair in Atholl, is a distance of eight to ten miles; when the half of this distance has been traversed, the scenery becomes wild and magnificent—meet haunts for the eagle, which is still occasionally found in these fastnesses. On the left hand Ben-i-gloe rears its steep grassy sides, towering over the neighbouring mountains; on the right rise the shingly and precipitous sides of Craig Callioch, while the river flowing between is gradually lost to our view. Passing this point the scenery changes,—thick, screening plantations now present themselves. The travellers are now passing the demesne of Atholl Castle, and a walk of three miles brings them to the pleasant village of Blair in Atholl.

From this spot another choice of routes presents itself; the traveller is now on the great northern road, and may proceed to Inverness, through Badenoch, or by the Black Mount to Fort William and thence by the Caledonian Canal; or he may return southward, through the celebrated pass of Killicrankie, Dunkeld and Perth; or, by a slight detour to the right, he may take the road to Taymouth, by the Tummel and Glen-Lyon. Our destination being the western capital of Scotland.

we select the latter route. The beautiful banks of the Tummel, with its falls, the pretty village of Petlochric, and a detour to the left, to the pass of Killiecrankie and Glen-Lyon, are all most interesting objects, among

the north-west to the south-east; for two-thirds of its length the Loch is narrow and land-locked, but it gradually expands, until its breadth is between seven and eight miles. Where the lake begins to expand Ben Lomond, on its eastern shore, raises its head three thousand feet above its surface,—a beautiful mountain, rising with a gentle ascent, and covered with fine grass to the very summit. Its beauty is increased by being contrasted with Tullich Hill and the mountains of Arrochar, which run on the western shore, with a steep declivity, and bare and rocky summits, to nearly the same elevation. At the southern extremity the river Leven carries off the surplus waters to the Clyde, through a highly cultivated valley of considerable breadth. There are about thirty islands of various sizes on the lake, those towards the south clothed with wood down to the shore, giving a peculiar charm to the scenery.

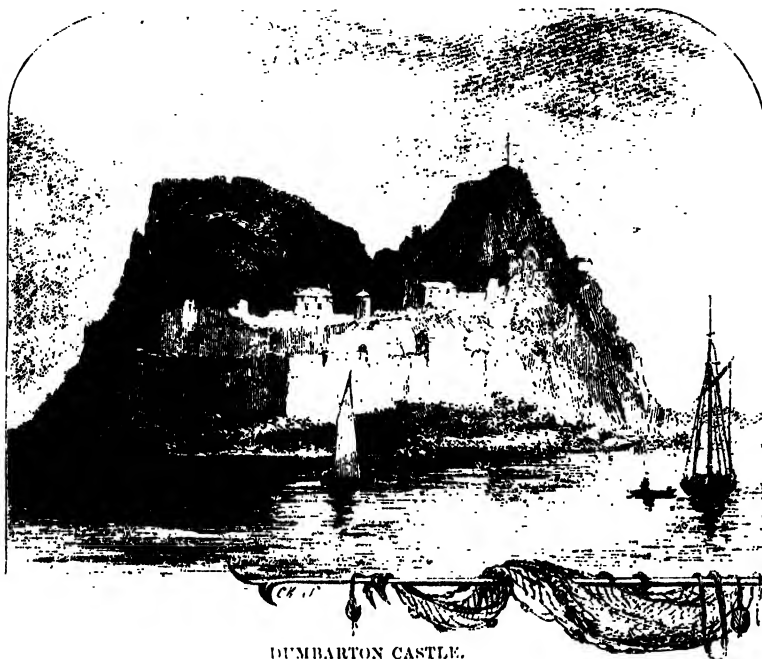
At the confluence of the Leven and the Clyde the celebrated Castle of Dumbarton stands out in bold relief,—standing on a steep rock rising

which a few days may be profitably spent. At Taymouth every accommodation for a lengthened residence may be found in profusion, with numerous objects of interest to visit; and, when those are exhausted, several well-appointed coaches are ready to convey the traveller on his southern journey, through Breadalbane and Glen Falloch, to the head of Loch Lomond, on his way to the commercial capital of Scotland.

Through the rugged land-locked pass of Glen Falloch, we have now reached the head of Loch Lomond, the Queen of Scottish Lakes. The scenery of Loch Lomond is grand and varied, and if the day proves favourable the voyage presents a succession of views unsurpassed in their picturesque beauty. It is about twenty-four miles in length, taking a direction from

up in two points, and inaccessible on every side, except one defended by a narrow passage fortified with a strong rampart. The rock on which it stands is nearly surrounded by the waters of the Clyde. Dumbarton Castle must have presented a formidable appearance to an enemy before the discovery of artillery. Now its interest chiefly lies in its traditions and in the picturesque aspect it presents to the numerous tourists on the Clyde.

From this spot the means of reaching Glasgow are innumerable. The most usual course is to take the railway at Helensburgh or Loch Lomond, making a short pause at Dumbarton, and from thence either taking a steam-boat or the Glasgow and Dumbarton railway, to the western capital of Scotland.



DUMBARTON CASTLE.



GLASGOW.



GLASGOW, FROM ST. ROLLOX.

NEVER perhaps did the two chief cities of any one country differ in a greater number of circumstances than Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two busy centres of population in Scotland. They have had different careers marked out for them, and there are two groups of sympathies and attractions by which they are known and estimated. Neither one could fill the social place of the other. We think of them, and visit them, and read about them, with different expectations; and if chance were to throw us among the predominant classes in each city, we should find that Edinburgh thoughts and Glasgow thoughts take widely different directions.

Let us compare them in a topographical and picturesque point of view. Nothing can compensate, at Glasgow, for the absence of those hills and valleys which give such a commanding aspect to Edinburgh. The Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, the Castle Hill, the gentle eminences on which the new north and south towns are built—all afford so many standing points, from many of which the busily-thronged valleys appear as if spread out on a map beneath the eye. In Glasgow we have little of this; there is a gradual ascent from the Clyde towards St. Rollox and Port Dundas; but there are few abrupt alternations of hill and valley. Transferring our attention to the houses on these hills and valleys: in Edinburgh we have the picturesque old town—Sir

Walter Scott's Edinburgh, we may almost term it, with its lofty houses, its odd-looking wynds, its Castle, its Holyrood, its Heriot's Hospital, its Parliament House; and in the new town, we have a group of stone buildings of a totally different character and as sumptuous as anything of the kind in England. Then, directing the glance beyond all these houses, we have a fine open agricultural country encircling the city; to the north we have the Firth of Forth, with its steamers and white sails; and backing the whole on nearly all sides are the blue outlines of hills—the Fifeshire hills on one side, the Corstorphine on another, the Braid and Blackford hills on another, the North Berwick Law on another. We miss most of these elements of a landscape at Glasgow. The lower parts of the town are old, it is true; but they want the picturesque antiquity of Edinburgh. The new parts of the town have rows of good stone-built houses; but they cannot be seen from such a glorious point of view as Calton Hill; and the blue hills and the green fields do not catch the eye until we fairly get out of the great city.

But change the phase of inquiry, and look out for the *industrial* rather than the *picturesque*. Here the difference between the two cities is as great as in the former comparison, but the supremacy is reversed. Edinburgh is supported by wealth procured elsewhere: Glasgow supports itself. Edinburgh does not make a

tithe of what it daily requires : Glasgow, besides serving itself, is busily occupied in serving half the known world with many articles of produce. Edinburgh is full of judges, advocates, doctors, professors, artists, authors, schoolmasters, students, printers, booksellers, men whose professional labours are paid for by funds which flow into the city from every corner of Scotland : Glasgow is full of coal-men, iron-men, cotton-men, and ship-men, who give tangible results of their labour, and who keep a sharp look-out for customers in every port and city in the world. In Edinburgh the rivals to the steeples are the hills : in Glasgow the rivals to the steeples are the factory chimneys, which far outnumber them. In Edinburgh almost the only smoke is from the houses (except the gas-works, which stand so provokingly in the centre of the city) : in Glasgow the clouds of smoke are chiefly from the factories. In Edinburgh the shops are mostly for retail traffic : in Glasgow there are some of the largest warehouses and store-houses in the kingdom. At Edinburgh the population, and the buildings, and the revenues increase at a slow pace : at Glasgow the increase of the population has been so vast as to be paralleled only at London and Liverpool : it increased from 14,000 in 1651, to 200,000 in 1831 ; 250,000 in 1841, and upwards of 300,000 at the present time !—In short, we must prepare ourselves, whether on a bodily or a mental ramble to Glasgow, to look out for a state of things very different from that observable at the ancient capital.

THE APPROACHES TO GLASGOW.

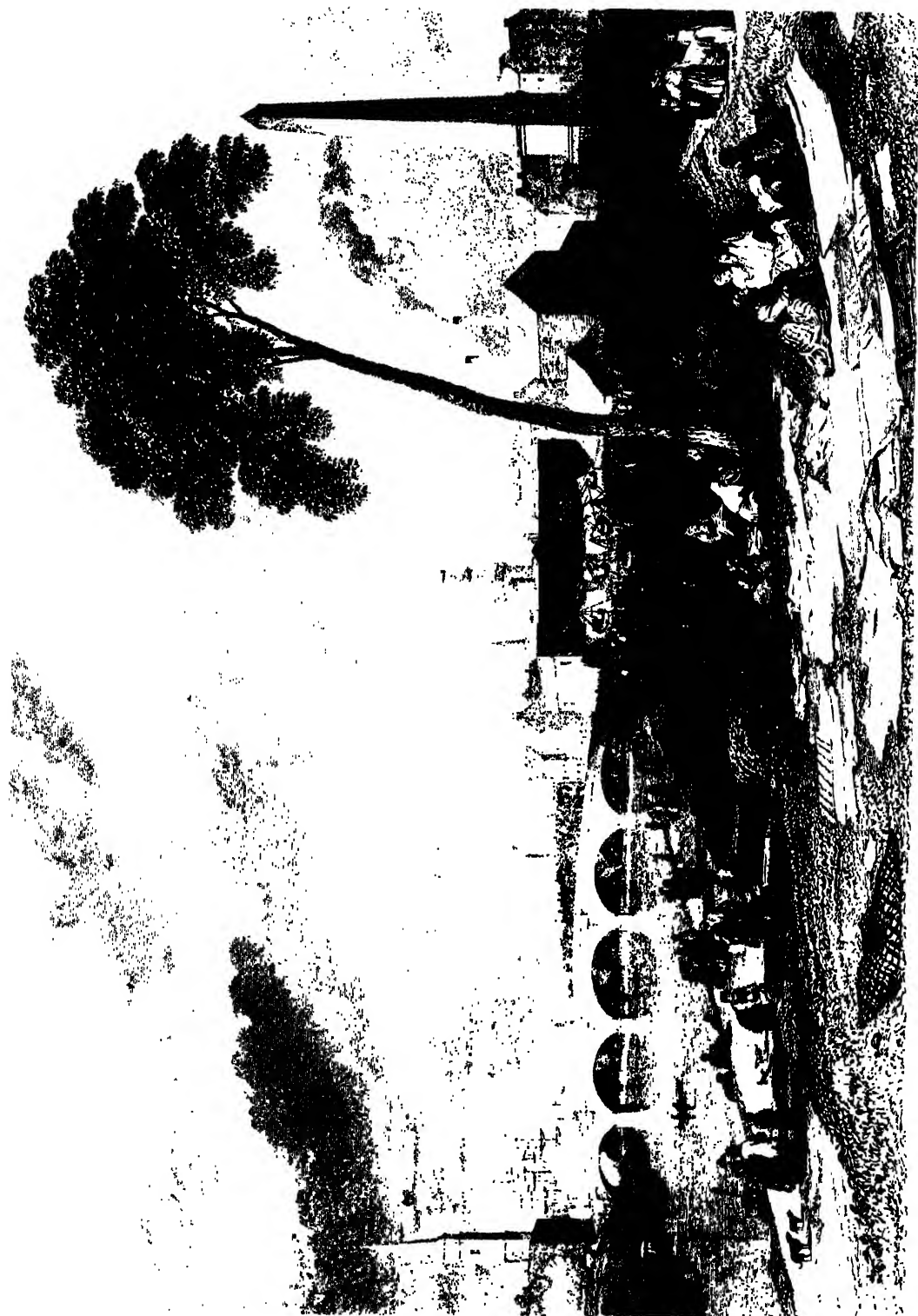
Before we conduct the reader through and around this bustling city, it may be well to glance at the varied modes in which modern improvement has enabled us to reach it from England and from Edinburgh.

Glasgow, in past times, held communication much more frequently with Edinburgh than with any English town. This, indeed, might reasonably have been expected. Edinburgh, as the centre of law, of education, of medical skill, of fashion, for Scotland, necessarily gave a tone to all the other towns, even to the western metropolis (as the Glasgow people not unreasonably designate their city) : consequently the means of communication between those two cities have long been of an excellent kind. No doubt the Glasgow lieges thought they were taking a bold step, when they developed the following arrangement :—"At Glasgow, the saturday day of August, 1678, the foresaid parties finally agreed, that the said William Hume should, with all diligence, have in readiness one sufficient strong coach, to run betwixt Edinburgh and Glasgow, to be drawn by six able horses ; to leave Edinburgh ilk Monday morning, and return again (God willing) ilk Saturday night : the passengers to have the liberty of taking a clock-bag for receiving their clothes, linens, and sicklike : the Burgesses of Glasgow always to have a preference to the coach." By the year 1833 there were twelve coaches per day from Glasgow to Edinburgh.

There are now four post-roads from the one town to the other ; and numerous roads to connect Glasgow with all the other Scottish towns. In 1763, there was one coach per month from Scotland to London, and this took from 12 to 16 days on the road ! A Glasgow mail was afterwards established, and finely-appointed stage-coaches began to run from Glasgow to Carlisle.

But here, as elsewhere, water by degrees began to compete with land—the boat with the coach, the steam-engine with horses. The two estuaries or firths of the Clyde and the Forth ; the one bearing on its banks the city of Glasgow, and the other the city of Edinburgh (or rather its port of Leith) so nearly intersect Scotland, that the project was early formed of making a canal from the one to the other. The Union Canal commences in Edinburgh, and follows a very circuitous route to Falkirk ; near which it joins the Forth and Clyde Canal : this latter, commencing at the Firth of Forth at Grangemouth, extends to the Clyde ten miles west of Glasgow, throwing off a short branch to the latter city. On these canals a system of very cheap passenger transit was commenced many years ago, and has greatly influenced the charges made by all other conveyances. To these canals we owe many improvements and valuable experiments in steam navigation and its relative sciences. In the attempts to determine whether canal-boats could safely attain a speed of eight or ten miles an hour, experiments were made by Sir John Macneil, and afterwards by Mr. Scott Russell, which have led to important results concerning the forms of ships and boats, the forms and movements of waves, and the power of traction along the banks of a canal. These scientific and engineering results we are not to discuss here : suffice it to say that swift packet-boats were established, which conveyed the inhabitants of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Falkirk, and other towns, to Glasgow at very low rates.

Meanwhile the sea-going steamers were not idle. The Leith smacks of former days, the "slow coaches" of the last generation, gave way to the fine steamers which now place Leith (and consequently Edinburgh) in easy connection with London, Hull, Newcastle, Dundee, Aberdeen, and Inverness ; and this in fact has constituted a new route to Glasgow, from places whose inhabitants are glad to avoid the wearisome task of a long inland journey. Then, again, in the west, steam has been doing wonders. Those magnificent floating castles—the Liverpool and Glasgow steamers—opened up an entirely new route. A railway from London to Liverpool paved the way for a line of steamers from Liverpool to Glasgow ; and this line became one of the most popular and best-conducted modes of reaching Scotland. As one project trod on the heels of another—as additional lines of railway became established—so did new routes to Glasgow become developed. The extension of the English railways to Fleetwood, and of the Scottish railways to Ardrossan, led to the establishment of steam-boats between the two last-mentioned towns : and this gave the quickest route obtained up to that time between London and Glasgow. With the



north of Ireland, too, a steady steam-ship traffic became gradually established.

But now a revolution has occurred. The year 1848 will have much to answer for in respect to revolutions generally; and among the rest is a revolution in Anglo-Scottish transit. Long before it was determined to place Glasgow in railway communication with England, many minor railways had been formed in the rich mineral district eastward of Glasgow—about Monkland, Airdrie, Coatbridge, Calder, Gartsherrie, &c.: the object being to open a rapid and easy outlet for that traffic to Glasgow and the Clyde. Passenger railways were, as a next stage in the process, established from Glasgow to Edinburgh in one direction, to Greenock in another, and to Ayr in a third. But it was left for the struggling period of 1844 and 1845 to contest for the Anglo-Scottish traffic. Railway folks went mad in Scotland as well as in England at that time: deserts, bogs, moors, downs, and forests—no matter what: everybody wished to make railways everywhere. The desirability of establishing a railway-route from England to Scotland having once been conceded, then came the battle between contending Companies. Should it be from Newcastle by Berwick to Edinburgh; or from Haltwhistle by Carter Fell to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Hawick to Edinburgh; or from Carlisle by Moffat to Edinburgh and Glasgow; or from Carlisle by Dumfries and Nithsdale to Glasgow? The result of these opposing plans has been fatal to the railway interests of Scotland, but the travelling public have largely benefited thereby. There are now two routes by which Scotland can be reached—viz., the North British, from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and the Caledonian, from Carlisle to Glasgow, with a branch line to Edinburgh.

What do we find at Glasgow, in respect to railways? Spreading along the northern shore of the Clyde, towards Dumbarton and the foot of Loch Lomond, there is now a short line, which will facilitate intercourse with the remarkable lochs and firths in that quarter. Crossing the Clyde to the counties of Renfrew and Ayr, we find a very net-work of railways, belonging principally to the Ayrshire Company, and placing Glasgow in rapid communication with all the south-west of Scotland. Eastward of this is the gigantic Caledonian Railway, by far the largest commercial enterprize ever undertaken in Scotland. Boldly confronting the difficulties of the sterile region about the Beattock summit, Mr. Locke has carried a line right over the hills from Carlisle to Glasgow; surmounting by well-planned gradients and stupendous cuttings an ascent which might well have deterred a less confident engineer. Not only to Glasgow does this railway extend: it sends off a branch near Lanark to Edinburgh; it sends off another branch from near the same point along the southern side of the Clyde to Glasgow; it sends off a third branch (or rather continues its general northern course) from Coatbridge to Castle-Cary, where it joins the Scottish Central line, which goes on to Stirling and

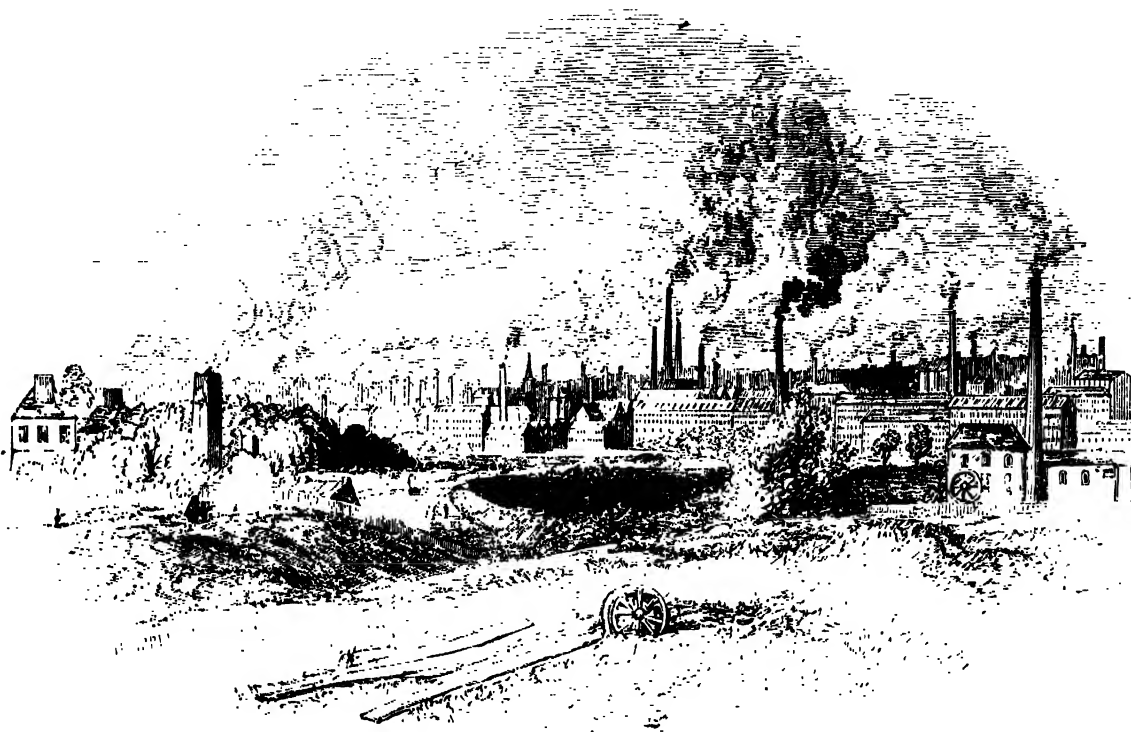
Perth; and it sends off many minor branches to the mineral districts. Spreading out far and wide to the east of this great Caledonian system is what we may term the North British system, with its main line from Edinburgh to Berwick; its central line from Edinburgh to Hawick (destined one day, probably, to be extended to Carlisle); and its numerous minor branches. But as this line is not immediately connected with Glasgow, we pass it without further notice, and name, lastly, the Edinburgh and Glasgow, which, with many branches and connecting links, gives Glasgow an admirable means of access to the eastern parts of Scotland.

In short, to sum up our survey, there are few great towns more completely invested with railways than the city of Glasgow now that the different works are completed. We can breakfast in London, and sup in Glasgow the same night! We can now go from Glasgow to Stirling, Perth, Dundee, and Montrose, in a very few hours; we can reach Newcastle, via Edinburgh and Berwick (170 miles), by a five hours' express. If Glasgow men have a wish to wander from home, they have great temptations now to do so; and if Englishmen desire a ramble, they cannot do better than to run up to the north forthwith: they will get money's worth for their money. In the space of four years (1844 to 1847), there were the enormous number of more than fifty Acts of Parliament passed, relating to the various railways which radiate from Glasgow! The works sanctioned by those Acts will involve an expenditure of *seventeen millions* sterling, at the least; besides the works which were sanctioned before that time; besides those which have been sanctioned in the present session; and besides the works of those Scottish Companies whose lines do not run into Glasgow! The mind becomes almost bewildered at the contemplation of the absorption of so much capital in so limited a portion of country.

The Glasgow stations for these railways are now on a scale of great magnitude. South of the Clyde is the large station of the Glasgow, Ayrshire, and Greenock Companies; and there will also be stations belonging to the Caledonian, the General Harbour, and other Companies. North of the Clyde is the station of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway; east of this is the temporary station of the Caledonian, to be replaced by a magnificent structure at the north-west margin of the city. The Caledonian Company will also cross the Clyde, and have another fine station in the centre of the city; in addition to which the Airdrie Company are planning a station in the eastern part of the town. The only thing which the various Companies have *not* yet brought to bear is a line to intersect the whole city, and connect the various stations: this is left for the future to accomplish.

A GENERAL GLANCE AT THE CITY.

Glasgow lies on both banks of the Clyde, about twenty miles above the junction of this river with its firth, or estuary. The Clyde rises among the Crawford



GLASGOW, FROM RUTHERGLEN.

Hills, near the borders of Dumfriesshire, and flows by Symington, Lanark, Hamilton, and Bothwell, to Glasgow, whence it extends by Dumbarton and Greenock to the Firth of Clyde. That portion of the river which is near Glasgow, does not afford any very elevated banks. On the southern side, which forms the suburbs of Hutchesontown, Gorbals, Tradeston, Kingston, and Govan, the land is almost entirely flat; but on the north it gradually rises to Blythswood and St. Rollox.

Mr. Robert Chambers has recently put forth some interesting conjectures respecting the past geological history of this spot. In a work, entitled 'Ancient Sea Margins,' he adduces evidence to show that the relative levels of land and sea in Scotland have shifted many times; that parts which are now dry land were once covered with water; and that the parts so laid dry exhibit evidence of their former state. He has met with horizontal beaches or terraces, in many parts of Scotland, just of such a kind as we might expect to be formed by the margin of a sea or lake, although they are now many feet above the level of the water. Glasgow is one of the places where these observations have been made. Mr. Chambers thinks that previous to the last or most recent of these changes the water-level at Glasgow was about twenty-five feet higher than it now is; and that a belt of land northward of the river, now busily filled with streets and wynds, was at that time covered with water. This narrow belt or plain is composed mainly of sand, deposited on laminated clays which contain several species of marine shells. The

most curious part of this inquiry is, whether or not evidence is afforded that this last change occurred since the island of Britain became a seat of human population? Mr. Chambers thinks this an extremely probable supposition. In 1780, when workmen were digging a foundation for St. Enoch's Church (a few hundred feet northward of the Clyde), they found an ancient canoe at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface: it lay horizontally, filled with sand and gravel; and within it was found a *cell*, or war-hammer, made of stone. In 1781 a canoe was found, when digging for the foundation of the Tontine Hotel, in the Trongate, about a thousand yards north-east of St. Enoch's Church. In 1825, in digging a sewer at the head of the Saltmarket, a canoe was found, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and twenty feet above high-water mark; the canoe lay in a vertical position, about nine feet below the surface, covered and surrounded by fine sand, presenting traces of lamination, as if laid down in thin layers in a quiet sea. A few months ago the Glasgow newspapers announced the discovery of an ancient canoe deeply imbedded, in the neighbourhood of the Clyde, at Springfield, near Glasgow.

Mr. Chambers, after noticing these remarkable discoveries, asks whether the sandy deposits, in which the canoes were discovered, are such as the river, while pursuing in general its present level, could have laid down? Three of these canoes were found within half a mile of each other, at an average distance of a quarter of a mile from the river, and where the ground is

twenty-one feet above tide-mark. No river flood in the Clyde has ever been known to reach within many feet of such a height; and the laminated sands do not appear to be such a deposit as a river flood could bring to the spot. From all the evidence combined, Mr. Chambers comes to a conclusion that, at one period, the Firth of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the present lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river not lower than Bothwell Bridge; and moreover that the banks were at that time inhabited by men to whom the fashioning of canoes from the trunks of trees was familiar. How many ages may have rolled by since that remote period, we cannot even guess.

Whether or not Mr. Chambers's ingenious speculation may be borne out by future researches, it is certain that this belt of flat ground close to the river has been an important adjunct to Glasgow. The formation of quays, wharfs, and basins; the construction of bridges across the river; the maintenance of easy communication between ships and warehouses,—all are aided by the level character of the ground at this spot.

Taking Glasgow in its extreme limits, it extends about three miles from east to west; while the north and south distance from St. Rollox to Eglinton is about two miles. We can follow both banks of the river almost uninterruptedly, from Rutherglen Bridge to below the harbour, a distance of three or four miles. There is scarcely another instance in the kingdom of such a wide extent of fine river frontage. General views of the town are given from St. Rollox (Cut, p. 187), and from Rutherglen Bridge.

Gentility travels westward. Whether there is some occult charm in the west, we cannot say; but certain it is that the "west-end" of most of our towns is literally the west end. As the merchant and the manufacturer and the shopkeeper get on in life, and have their suburban villas as a reward for their labours, so do we find them, more frequently than otherwise, turning the face westward from their "place of business." It is so in London; it is so at Birmingham; it is so at Newcastle and at Leeds; it is so at Bristol; it is so at Glasgow and at Edinburgh. If we follow the history of past events at Glasgow, we find that the germ of the town was in the line of street leading southward from the Cathedral to the river, by way of the High Street and the Saltmarket. In and contiguous to this line are all the oldest buildings of Glasgow: every year diminishes the number, for "improvements" are sad destructives of the old and time-worn; but still there is enough left to show what was the heart of Glasgow in by-gone times—in the times of the Nicol Jarvies and the Rob Roys. At the point of junction between the Saltmarket and High Street (Engraving), we may place the centre of the town, from whence proceeds eastward the long street of Gallowgate, and westward the Tron-gate, which is continued by the fine long Argyle Street to the western extremity of the city. The further these streets are westward of the Saltmarket, the more recent do we find the period of their erection to have been.



THE CROSS.

When we go northward of the main artery, through Trongate and Argyle Street, we find the same fact still more observable. The streets which originally formed the "west-end" for the old town are now given up to the merchants and bankers and warehousemen; while the old town has become of humbler note, and the private dwellings of the merchants and manufacturers stretch out far westward, over the districts of Blythswood, Woodside, and Garnett Hill, which were thirty years ago entirely market-gardens and corn-fields. Eastward of the original High Street, or old town, the streets are almost invariably of a humble character, whether old or new; so that we find the Glasgow men, like the Americans, "go a-head" by going westward.

South of the river the streets present fewer materials for making such comparisons. The south side is altogether an appendage to the north: it is much smaller, much newer, and for the most part has only of late been brought within municipal connection with Glasgow. It consists of streets, branching out from the south bank of the Clyde, and extending as far into the open country as people can be found to inhabit the houses; and of a few streets crossing these pretty much at right angles. The streets are for the most part devoid of interesting buildings, unassociated with historical events, and (with a few fine exceptions) of a humble character. The greater part of what we shall have to say concerning Glasgow, therefore, will relate to the district northward of the river.

The streets of Glasgow are many enough, and long enough, to make a Londoner wish that omnibuses and such like appliances were more numerous. This is a kind of luxury that Scottish townsfolk do not much indulge in. There are the conveyances which go out of the town at certain hours of the day, to neighbouring villages; and there are railway omnibuses to meet the trains; but the extraordinary amount of accommodation which is afforded in London by the passage of conveyances every minute in the day in so many directions, almost spoils one for the less gigantic arrangements of other towns. In the main arteries of London the omnibuses form a notable proportion of all the vehicles seen; in other towns they form but a small proportion. Omnibuses apart, however, the streets of Glasgow are full of liveliness and activity. An incessant stream is passing through the fine east and west artery formed by the Trongate and Argyle Street; and a stream little less dense, though of a somewhat different grade, flows along the older route of Saltmarket and High Street. Many of the streets which branch out of Argyle Street towards the north are fine and noble avenues, lined with stone buildings of considerable elegance. Queen Street and Buchanan Street are especially notable in this respect. The quadrangle—bounded by George Street and George Square, on the north; Candleriggs Street on the east; Hope Street on the west; and the Trongate and Argyle Street on the south,—contains within it a large proportion of the best buildings and of the most important commercial establishments of

Glasgow. There is one street—Ingram Street—stretching across part of this quadrangle from east to west, with the noble Exchange terminating the vista at its western end, which has but few parallels in the country for the architectural character exhibited by it. George Square—with its lofty Doric column surmounted by a statue of Sir Walter Scott (whose plaid is unfortunately placed on the wrong arm), its bronze statue of Sir John Moore, by Flaxman, and its bronze statue of James Watt, by Chantrey—is a noble quadrangle.

There is one feature that distinguishes the houses of Glasgow, as well as of Edinburgh, from those of most English towns. They are nearly all built of stone. Near Edinburgh are the abundant quarries of Craigleith, from which was procured nearly all the stone for the new town; while in Glasgow there was a quarry still nearer to the centre of the town, and others have recently been opened in its neighbourhood. This material gives a cleaner and more cheerful effect to the fronts of the houses, than can belong to the dusky brown of London bricks; and future centuries may perhaps tell us that it is also more durable.

We do not say much about the lofty chimneys of Glasgow, until the factories come to be noticed; but it is impossible even to think of a bird's-eye view of this emporium, without having the magnificent St. Rollox chimney in our thoughts. It is hard work to be poetical upon such subjects as smoke, and soda, and sulphur, and salt, and soap; yet is the chimney of this vast chemical establishment something beyond the prose of street-walking mortals. It is the land-mark of Glasgow, as St. Paul's is of London; and being placed nearly on the highest point of the city, its altitude is still more enhanced. It is the first thing seen from a distance—(no: the smoke of it and its brother chimneys is the first); and it is from a distance that it is best viewed; for so fine are its proportions, that few spectators can conceive its real height when within a moderate distance from it. What then is this height? If a Londoner could conceive a building as lofty as St. Paneras Church steeple placed upon another building as high as the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, the united height of both would scarcely equal that of this wonderful brick structure! And all for what?—to carry off the smoke and gaseous residue incident to the manufacture of chemical substances, in order that the atmosphere may not be deteriorated by admixture at a lower altitude! Among those classes of society who are not to be deterred by difficulties, certainly our manufacturers are not the least conspicuous.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF GLASGOW.

Let us now, having seen how to get to Glasgow, and having taken a hasty glance at it as a whole, consider what are the steps by which it has risen to its present eminence: we shall thus be better able to understand its notabilities afterwards.

There is very little need to go back beyond the times of St. Mungo, in the records of Glasgow; for

even those times are dim and obscure enough. This St. Mungo, or Kentigern, is said to have been a grandson of Loth, king of the Picts, and to have been born about the year 516. He has the credit of having founded a church and see at Glasgow; but for a period of five hundred years afterwards the history of this see is a perfect blank: it is supposed that the Danes demolished both church and see. Soon after the Norman conquest of England the see was re-founded, and the cathedral or church rebuilt; and we read from time to time, in the succeeding centuries, of the power and influence of the bishops. One of them, a fine old patriot in Edward the First's time, steadily and boldly resisted all the encroachments of that ambitious monarch; for which he was thrown into prison, "where he was allowed only sixpence per day for his own table, threepence for his upper servant, one penny for his boy, and three-halfpence for his chaplain, who celebrated mass for him during his confinement." A battle between Wallace and Percy in the streets of Glasgow, in 1300; the destruction of the spire of the cathedral by lightning in 1387; the rebuilding of the great tower in 1408; and the raising of the see of Glasgow into an archbishopric about the end of the same century,—are among the events chronicled in the history of Glasgow before the time of the Reformation. When the creation of the archbishopric took place, the pope's nuncio examined all the relics and treasures deposited in the cathedral, among which we are told were—"the image of our Saviour in gold; the images of the Twelve Apostles in silver; a silver cross adorned with precious stones, and a small piece of the wood of the cross of our Saviour; a silver casket, containing some of the hairs of the blessed Virgin; in a square silver coffer, part of the scourges of St. Kentigern, our patron; in a crystal case, a bone of some unknown saint, and of St. Magdalene; in a small phial of crystal, part of the milk of the blessed Virgin Mary, and part of the manger of Our Lord!" The see of Glasgow appears to have been in those days one of extraordinary splendour.

At the Reformation the fine old cathedral was saved from destruction; but the temporal power of the prelates gradually diminished. Splendid as had been the see of the bishop, the town itself contained no more than 1,500 inhabitants down to the middle of the fifteenth century; but after the founding of the university, which took place about that period, "the population began to creep slowly down the hill upon which the cathedral stands; and having reached the position of the present cross, it branched slightly east and west, forming portions of the streets now called Gallowgate and Trongate; and as the craft of fishermen had sprung up among the people, Saltmarket-street was laid out for the means of easy access to the river." The townsmen gained municipal power by slow steps. Previous to the reign of James I. of Scotland, the town was a burgh of barony, and governed by bailies nominated by the bishop: in 1450, James II. gave a charter, by which the town and patrimonies of the bishopric were

erected into a regality. When the University was founded, the privileges granted to it greatly curtailed those of the townsmen; but at the Reformation the independent power of the townsmen became much increased.

It was at Glasgow that the great meeting of the ecclesiastical Synod of 1638 was held; at which the Scottish clergy boldly threw off the Episcopal yoke of England, refused to accept the Liturgy sent to them by Archbishop Laud, and commenced that struggle between the Episcopalians and the Covenanters which led to so many stirring events. Very soon after this a fire occurred, which almost consumed the city: but this, after the first pressure of the calamity was past, proved more an advantage than an injury; for the wooden houses and narrow streets were replaced by stone buildings and wide thoroughfares. Towards the close of the same century, in 1693, Slezer spoke thus of Glasgow, in his '*Theatrum Scotiæ*':—"Glasgow is the most famous emporium of all the west of Scotland. Notwithstanding that it is inferior to many in antiquity, yet if we respect the largeness of the city, the number and stateliness of its public and private buildings, its commerce with foreign nations, and the opulency of its inhabitants, it is the chief of all the cities in the kingdom [of Scotland] next to Edinburgh." The period of the Union of the two kingdoms, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, is that to which we must trace the modern history of Glasgow; for it was about that time that the vast commercial enterprizes of its citizens began to assume a national importance. What those enterprizes were, will come under our notice in a later page.

With regard to the state and appearance of Glasgow in the last century, we may content ourselves with an extract from Sir Walter Scott, who, in his tale of '*Rob Roy*,' gives the following as a picture of Glasgow at the time which he has chosen for the period of that story:—"The dusky mountains of the Western Highlands," he says, "often sent forth wilder tribes to frequent the marts of St. Mungo's favourite city. Hoards of wild, shaggy, dwarfish cattle and ponies, conducted by Highlanders, as wild, as shaggy, and sometimes as dwarfish as the animals they had in charge, often traversed the streets of Glasgow. Strangers gazed with surprise on the antique and fantastic dress, and listened to the unknown and dissonant sounds of their language; while the mountaineers, armed, even while engaged in this peaceful occupation, with musket and pistol, sword, dagger, and target, stared with astonishment on the articles of luxury of which they knew not the use, and with an avidity which seemed somewhat alarming on the articles which they knew and valued. It is always with unwillingness that the Highlander quits his deserts; and at this early period it was like tearing a pine from its rock, to plant him elsewhere. Yet even then the mountain-glens were over-peopled, although thinned occasionally by famine or by the sword, and many of their inhabitants strayed down to Glasgow—there formed settlements, there

sought and found employment, although different indeed from that of their native hills. This supply of a hardy and useful population was of consequence to the prosperity of the place, furnished the means of carrying on the few manufactures which the town already boasted, and laid the foundation of its future prosperity. The exterior of the city corresponded with these promising circumstances. The principal street was broad and important, decorated with public buildings, of an architecture rather striking than correct in point of taste, and running between rows of tall houses, built of stone, the fronts of which were occasionally richly ornamented with mason-work—a circumstance which gave the street an imposing air of dignity and grandeur, of which most English towns are in some measure deprived, by the slight, unsubstantial, and perishable quality and appearance of the bricks with which they are constructed."

THE CATHEDRAL, AND OTHER ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS.

The Cathedral is the kernel from whence Glasgow has sprung; and to the cathedral must be given the first share of our attention in describing the Glasgow of present times. Both spiritually and tangibly, the town spread from that hilly spot on which the cathedral stands.

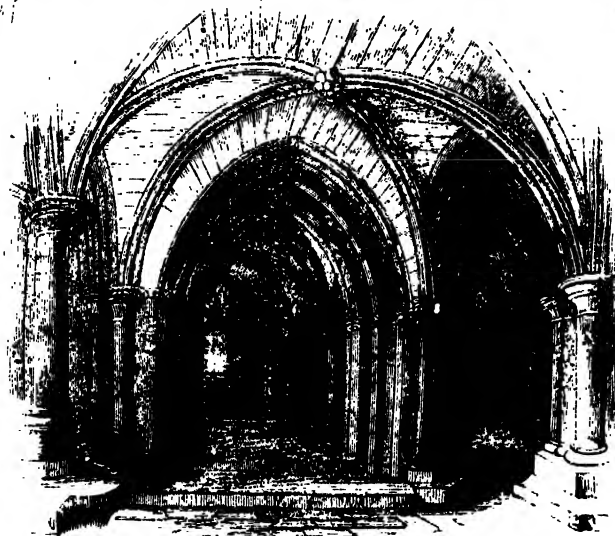
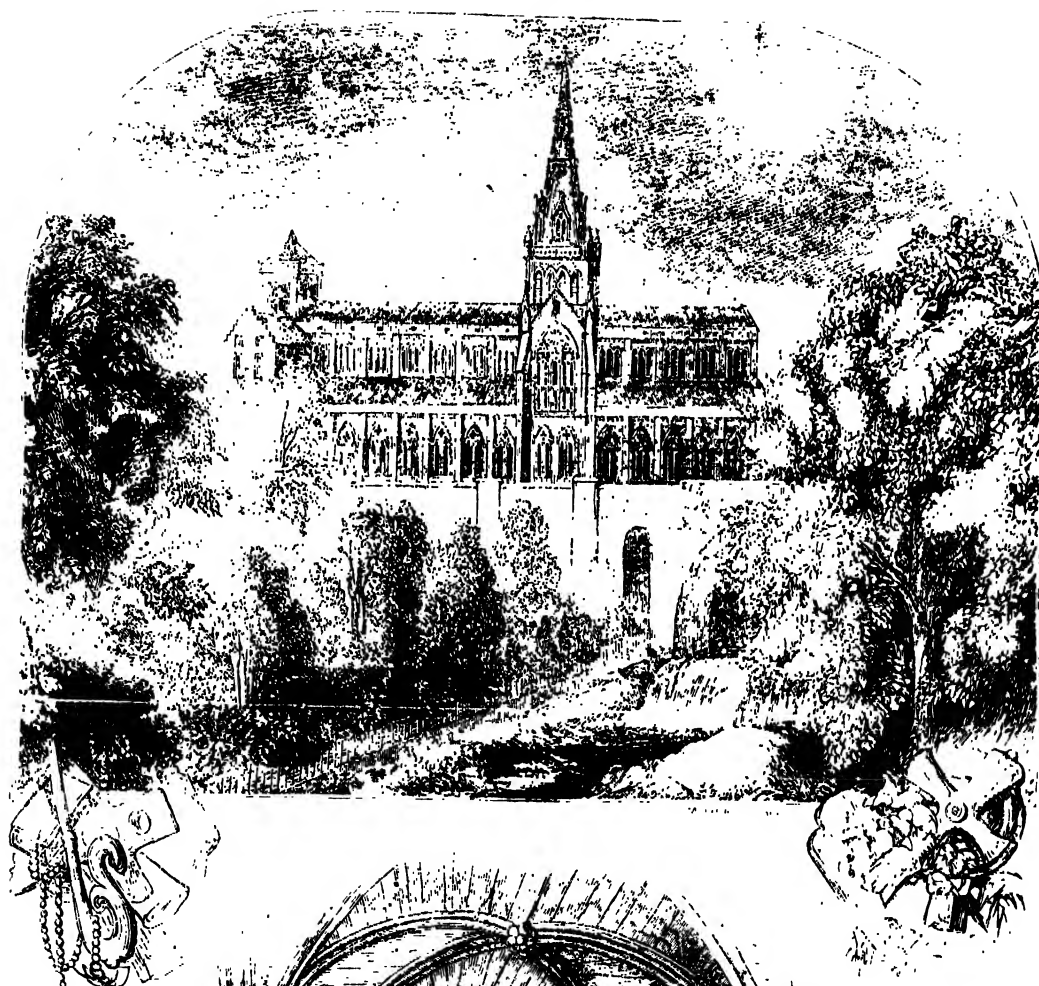
It is in truth a commanding position for a cathedral. The streets leading up to it from Hutcheson Bridge are no longer the most prominent and mercantile in the city; but they furnish a gradual ascent to the spot on which the cathedral is built. All around this venerable structure the appearance of things is such as would make an archæologist very dissatisfied: nearly everything is gone that tells of past ages. We learn that Bishop Cameron built his palace adjacent to the cathedral, and that he caused each of his thirty-two rectors to build a manse near it, in which he was to reside. If we now look for the palace, or for the thirty-two houses, or for the numerous other buildings which must have environed such a spot, we shall have but little return for our search. It is true that there are in Rotten-row, in Drygate, and in two or three other neighbouring streets, a few houses whose history evidently dates back three or four centuries; yet they are too few, and the history of them too uncertain, to tell us much of Glasgow in its archiepiscopal times.

The old cathedral has maintained its integrity wonderfully well, considering the stormy scenes which church matters have witnessed in Scotland. If Mc Ure, the historian of Glasgow, is correct in placing the time of its erection in 1136, it is a monument well worthy of our attention; but it is at the same time evident, from the prevailing character of the architecture, that repeated additions and alterations were made in subsequent centuries. The original plan does not seem to have been fully carried out; for notwithstanding the successive additions made to it, the building still wants some of the elements of a complete cathedral. (Cut, page 195.)

The "High Church" (the Glasgow inhabitants more frequently use this appellation than "Cathedral") is built upon a plot of ground about a hundred feet above the level of the Clyde. The greatest internal length of the building is about 320 feet; the breadth 63; the height of the nave 85 feet, and of the choir 90. It is supported by 147 pillars, and is lighted by 157 windows; many of which, in the decorated style of pointed architecture, are of great beauty. There are indications that the building was intended to have had the form of a cross; but such is not its present form. It has no transepts; or rather, there is on the south side a projection which was long used as a place of sepulture, but which is now conceived to have been intended as a transept: there is no such projection on the north side. From the centre of the roof, where in most cathedrals the "crossing" would be, rises a beautiful tower, the spire of which has an altitude of 225 feet above the floor of the choir. There is another tower rising to a much less height than the central or proper tower. After the Reformation, when the form of Divine service no longer required the magnificent vistas of the old cathedrals, the choir, or eastern division, was alone used as a church; but as the wants of the Protestants increased, the western division, or nave, was also fitted up as a distinct church. The two churches thus formed obtained the names of the Inner and the Outer High Churches. By the erection of a new church in another part of Glasgow, this employment of the nave of the cathedral was afterwards dispensed with; and there seems reason to hope that the venerable nave—arches and groined vaults of the interior will once again present something like their former appearance.

Glasgow Cathedral is the only existing specimen of that kind of sacred structure, still used, and in good condition, in Scotland, excepting that of Kirkwall, in the Orkneys: all the others were more or less mutilated or destroyed at the Reformation. Scott puts into the mouth of the shrewd old Andrew Fairservice, who accompanied Francis Osbaldistone to the cathedral, a speech on this subject, which has as much truth as oddity about it. "Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curliwurlies and open steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amais a douncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the Kirks of St. Andrew's and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Popery, and idolatry, and image worship, and surplices, and sic like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane was na braid enough for her auld hinder end. Sae the Commons o' Rensfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behaved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands, wi' tock o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o'

THE CATHEDRAL.



THE CRYPT.

Guild that year; (and a good mason he was himsell, made him the keener to keep up the auld bigging;) and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the Commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luv o' Paperies—na, na! nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow. Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues o' sants (sorrow be on them) out o' the neuks. And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and slung into the Molindinar burn, and the old kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a' body was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform would just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks." Worthy Andrew then makes a very disrespectful allusion to the churches which existed in Scotland in his day; but if he could see things as they now are, he would find that a surprising number of fine churches have been built within the last few years.

One of the most interesting portions of Glasgow Cathedral is the crypt, which runs in solemn grandeur beneath the choir. As the body of the building itself had been cut up into two churches to meet the wants of the inhabitants, so was this crypt brought into requisition for a similar purpose. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a portion of Glasgow was erected into a separate and distinct parish, to which the name of the Barony was given; and as there was no church belonging to this parish, the crypt of the Cathedral was fitted up as a church, which bore the name of the Barony Church. The readers of 'Rob Roy' will recollect that one of the incidents of that tale was made to occur in this subterranean church, and that Sir Walter Scott describes the place in the following way:—"Conceive an extensive range of low-browed, dark, and twilight vaults, such as are used for sepulchres in other countries, and had long been dedicated to the same purpose in this, a portion of which was seated with pews, and used as a church. The part of the vaults thus occupied, though capable of containing a congregation of many hundreds, bore a small proportion to the darker and more extensive cavern which yawned around what may be termed the inhabited space. In those waste regions of oblivion, dusty banners and tattered escutcheons indicated the graves of those who were once, doubtless, 'Princes in Israel.' Inscriptions which could only be read by the painful antiquary, in language as obsolete as the act of devotional charity which they implored, invited the passengers to pray for the souls of those whose bodies rested beneath." The crypt was thus appropriated down to so late a period as 1801, when a new church was built for the congregation elsewhere. This curious underground place consists of a dense colonnade of short pillars, which support low arches: and is as unthankful a place for a preacher to pour forth his voice in as can well be conceived. The length is 108 feet, the breadth 72 feet; it is supported

by 65 pillars, many of which measure as much in circumference as in height—viz., 18 feet. A dim light enters in from about forty small windows. Mr. Rickman estimates the architectural merits of this crypt very highly: he says that it "is not equalled by any other in the kingdom; the piers and groins are all of the most intricate character, the most beautiful design, and excellent execution."

Though the over-zealous Reformers of the sixteenth century did not seriously despoil the Cathedral, yet the mutations of later taste and the slow but surely-working hand of time, have greatly disfigured it in many parts; and it has been an object of solicitude to restore this fine old building to something like its former appearance. The matter is thus noticed in Black's excellent 'Guide through Glasgow' (1854): "Having fallen of late years much into decay, the government, as custodian of the cathedral, has lately repaired and renewed certain portions of the structure which had fallen into decay. The corporation of Glasgow granted £1000 towards this object; other public bodies also contributed, and a private subscription was made for the same laudable purpose. The repairs and restorations were entrusted to Edward Blore, Esq., an eminent architect and antiquarian; and, from the skill and judgment with which they have been conducted, the whole structure now appears as perfect in all its details as when left by the last of the original workmen. The general character and style of the ornamental work are maintained with the most scrupulous fidelity, no deviation in the most minute particular being allowed." During the progress of the operations several fragments of mouldings were found, which had been used as filling-up in some of the walls, of much older date than any part of the cathedral, thus proving the existence of a previous structure on or near the same site. These mouldings are of beautiful design and workmanship. It is to Archibald Maclellan, Esq., that Glasgow owes the main efforts which led to the restoration of the cathedral.

The Bishop's palace, or castle, which for ages stood near the Cathedral, was pulled down fifty years ago. The other churches of the city, with one exception, are not old enough to be venerable, and too much like other modern churches to claim any particular attention. The Barony Church, situated near the Cathedral, and built to accommodate the congregation which before occupied the crypt, is a very tasteless affair. The larger among the modern churches, such as St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, St. George's, St. John's, St. Enoch's, &c., are for the most part handsome and good-looking structures. The steeple of the Tron Church, or, as it is often called, the "Laigh," or Low Kirk, in contradistinction to the Cathedral, or "High" Kirk, is one of the most conspicuous objects in the Trongate; this was one of those Scottish churches whose altars were pulled down in 1592, in conformity with the council-order to "pure the kirk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye." It was burnt down by accident and immediately rebuilt, about fifty years ago. The Roman Catholic Church,

on the north bank of the Clyde, is one of the largest and finest modern churches in Scotland. Eight years ago, before the "Free Church" agitation commenced, there were no fewer than eighty-six churches and chapels in Glasgow, containing sitting accommodation for nearly a hundred thousand persons. The number must now be greatly increased, as will be evident to any one who is familiar with the recent course of church discussions in Scotland. In 1778 a Gaelic chapel was opened in Glasgow, where the Highlanders might hear service in their own language. There are now three Gaelic chapels.

THE UNIVERSITY, AND OTHER EDUCATIONAL BUILDINGS.

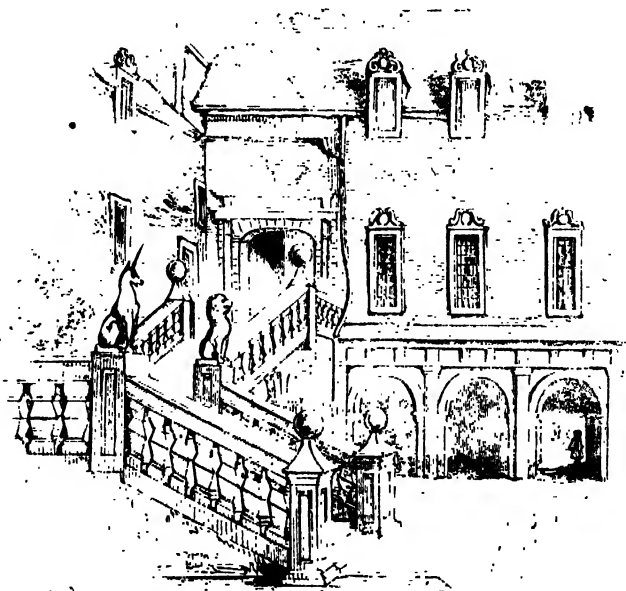
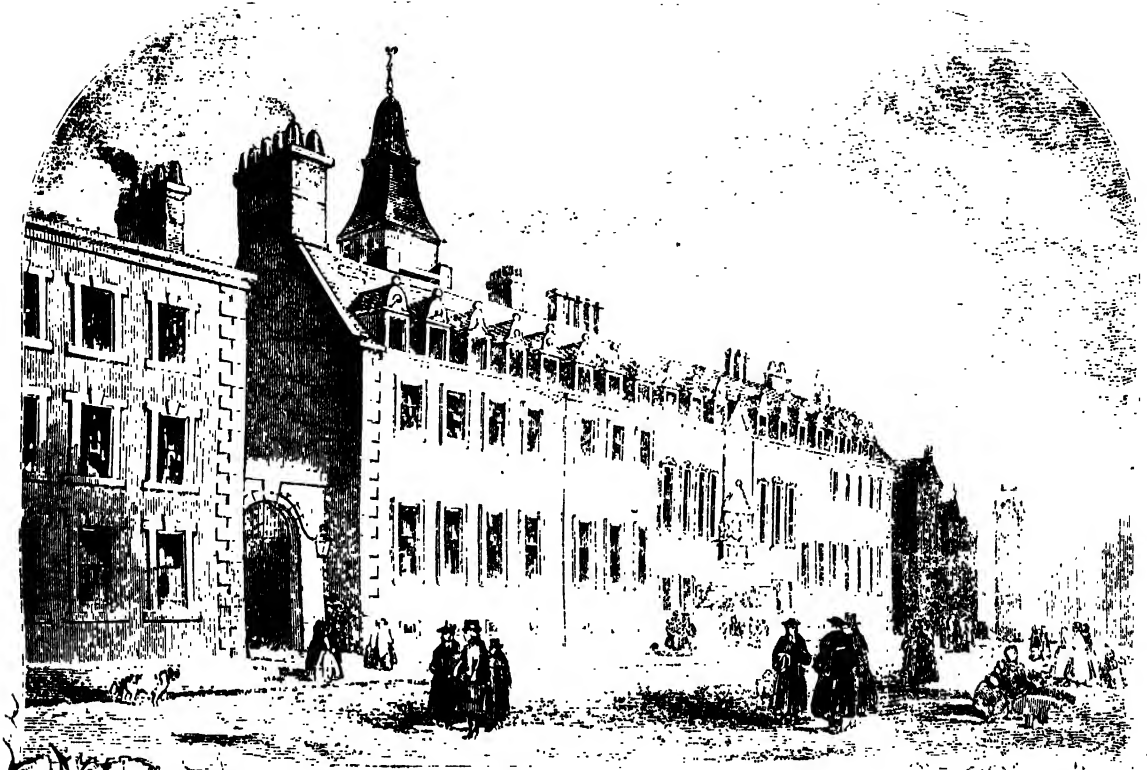
Next to the Cathedral, the University is, on many accounts, the most noteworthy building in the city. It was about the year 1450 that an application was made to the Pope for a bull to establish a University; and eight years afterwards a member of the house of Hamilton bequeathed four acres of ground and some houses, to aid in this object. The establishment was in the first instance possessed of very humble means; the buildings were at first situated on the south side of a still existing street, called Rotten Row; and the 'University purse,' consisted only of some small perquisites payable on conferring degrees, and the patronage of a few chaplaincies. The bequest of Lord Hamilton laid the foundation for a career of much greater prosperity. At the time of the Reformation, however, the University received a shock which almost beggared it; and it was not till 1577 that, under the auspices of King James VI., it regained its former position. A new and valuable charter, new estates granted by the Crown, and repeated bequests from private individuals, gradually made it an establishment of great importance. A temporary depression occurred at the time of the religious disputes in Scotland, soon after the Restoration of Charles II.; but in 1693, a new disposition of its revenues laid the foundation of a career of prosperity which has never since suffered any material reverse. (Cuts, page 198.)

The buildings belonging to the University, like the privileges and emoluments of the establishment, have grown up to their present importance by degrees: they occupy a large area of ground near the upper end of the east side of High Street. Whatever may have been the state of things in past times, the locality seems very little in harmony with such a structure at the present day. Nearly all the better class of inhabitants have left the vicinity for places farther west; and the most striking social feature near the gates of the University is the frightful number of "Whiskey shops" that meet the eye. Without the gates are poverty and drink; within are quiet and learning. The buildings comprise five quadrangles or open courts, bounded by the various rooms and offices belonging to the Institution. The hall, the class-rooms, the library, the museum, and the houses of the professors, occupy a large area of ground.

The library was founded almost as early as the University itself, and now contains a valuable collection of 60,000 or 70,000 volumes. The Hunterian Museum is a highly interesting feature. In the year 1781 Dr. William Hunter, a celebrated Scottish physician, and brother to the still more celebrated John Hunter, bequeathed to the University a collection which had cost him £60,000 to amass, or which at least was valued at that amount. It consisted of books, coins, paintings, and anatomical preparations. He also gave £8000 for the erection of a building to contain the treasures. Many additions have been since made; and the public are admitted on payment of a small fee. The Museum is an isolated building on one side of one of the quadrangles, and is a handsome addition to the rest. On the upper floor is an octagonal saloon with four recesses. This is occupied in a very miscellaneous way, with minerals, books, shells, Hindoo paintings, illuminated breviaries of the eleventh and subsequent centuries, copies of the earliest printed books by Caxton, and other curiosities. It contains statues and busts of Watt, by Chantrey; of Gavin Hamilton, by Hewetson; and of Thomas Campbell, by Baily. The autographs deposited there are curious; one of them is a certificate, signed by Messrs. Constable, Fothergill, and Price, in 1779, whereby they undertake to provide £25 a year for three years to Dr. Priestley, to enable him to conduct his experiments on air. On the ground floor of the Museum is a collection of minerals, fossils, coins, stuffed birds, and animal tusks; a model of the Cathedral, ten feet long; and a few nick-nacks, among which is a shirt woven in one piece by a Paisley weaver, without seam, sewing, or joining of any kind. Beneath is the anatomical museum, the most valuable part of the collection, and the one to which Hunter had directed his chief attention.

The University consists in effect of two corporate bodies, or establishments, one within another—the University and the College. The first is vested with the power of granting degrees; the second is an educational establishment. The University, as a separate body, consists of a lord chancellor, a lord rector, a dean, a principal, the professors, and lecturers. The office of lord-chancellor is almost wholly an honorary one; it is for life, and has been long held by the Dukes of Montrose: almost the only active duty performed by this high official is to confer degrees on persons found qualified by the senate. The lord-rector is an officer of much more active powers; he is the guardian of the statutes, privileges, and discipline of the University: he is elected annually by the dean, principal professors, and matriculated students. These students are classified in a curious way, not observable in any of our other Universities. They are classed into four Nations, called respectively, *Natio Glottiana sive Clydesdalica*, *Natio Albanica*, *Natio Londoniana sive Theridalia*, and *Natio Rothseiana*. Each *Natio* consists of the students who were born in a particular part of the country, strictly defined in the books of the University. In voting for a lord-rector, each Nation first decides

THE COLLEGE.



THE COLLEGE STAIRCASE.

among its own body, and the majority then constitutes one vote in a second election : if in this second election the four votes are equally divided, the former lord-rector has the casting-vote. This office has oddly enough become almost a test of political party in the University ; for the candidates and the election have often borne quite as much relation to Whiggism and Toryism as to literature and science. Since 1820, the lord-rectorship has been filled by Lord Jeffrey, Sir James Macintosh, Lord Brougham, Thomas Campbell, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Cockburn, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, the Marquis of Breadalbane, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. Rutherford, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Mure, who at present holds that office. The Principal superintends in person the whole internal arrangements of the University. The Professors are classed into four Faculties—Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine: they comprise *College Professors*, whose office is of ancient standing, and constitutes them members of the faculty; and *Regius Professors*, whose office has been more recently founded and endowed by the Crown, and constitutes them members of the Senate. The Faculty has the management of the estates and revenues of the University ; the Senate superintends all other matters. There are twenty-two Professors, who are paid partly by salary, and partly by fees from students. The students are divided into *togati* and *non-togati*: the *togati* wear a scarlet gown, and are required to attend the College Chapel on Sundays ; the *non-togati* are restricted neither in their dress nor in their attendance on worship.

At one period there was a botanic garden attached to and situated behind the University ; and there was also an astronomical observatory at the service of the Professor of Natural Philosophy ; but these were affected by the prevailing westward tendency : both are removed, and both are now to be found beyond the westernmost verge of the city. The position of the new observatory is a very fine one, commanding an extensive and uninterrupted view, and undisturbed by the noise of a busy town ; and the new botanic garden is in its immediate vicinity.

In the publications of the Maitland Club there is a curious paper respecting the establishment of a printing-press and bookseller's shop in connexion with the University. It was a proposal, printed in 1713 ; and it gives a curious insight into the literary condition of Glasgow at that time. The writer of the proposal says:—"It is needless to shew how necessary and advantageous a well-furnished shop, with books, paper, pens, ink, &c., or a printing-press within the University, will be, or to observe that no Learned Society has ever flourished to any pitch without those helps. The common practice of all famous Seminaries of Learning makes this matter of fact evident ; and our own experience here sufficiently confirms whatever can be said in its favour : every day teaches us what difficulty there is to get the books that are absolutely necessary for the scholars of all sorts, and how much we are imposed

upon when we gett y^m. And as to a printing-press, the single consideration of our being obliged to go to Ed. [Edinburgh] in order to gett one sheet right printed, makes out the absolute necessity of one. In order to have the University well accommodated with books, and a printing-press, it is proposed that before the next session of the College there shall be a well-furnish'd shop erected, with books of all sorts, paper, paper-books, pens, ink, ink-horns, sealing wax, and all other things sold either in a bookseller's or stationer's shop : as also, that some time within four years after Whitsunday next there shall be a printing-press erected, with necessary founts and other materials for printing Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." Then follows an enumeration of the terms and conditions on which the University should make a bargain with any one who should fill the office of bookseller and printer. The time was not yet come when Robert and Andrew Foulis produced their beautiful and far-famed specimens of typography ; nor was the time arrived when Glasgow could boast its newspaper.

We had occasion in a former page to speak of the bold railway proceedings around Glasgow ; and we have now to speak of railway audacity that rises almost to the sublime. Will the reader believe that a Company proposed to buy up the entire University, to pull every vestige to the ground, to build another and finer structure far out in the west, and to appropriate the present site as a railway-station ? Among the huge number of bills which received Parliamentary sanction in 1846 was one for the 'Glasgow, Airdrie, and Monkland Railway ;' the object of which is to establish several points of connexion between the Caledonian, Clydesdale, and Edinburgh Railways ; to connect Glasgow with the iron and coal district near Airdrie ; and to form a railway-terminus near the High Street of Glasgow. One of the features of the plan was to appropriate the site of the University, as above noticed, and negotiations were entered into with that view ; but the ardour which marked all these matters has considerably cooled : a 'wet blanket' has been thrown over many a project ; and it is not yet certain whether this gigantic plan will be carried out.

Glasgow is not ill-supplied with educational establishments of a high character, besides its venerable University. The High School, or Grammar School owes its origin to a date even more remote than the University. The present building is situated in Montrose Street. The kind of education imparted, the sort of funds by which the school is supported, and the mode of managing those funds, is pretty similar to what is observable in most of the English Grammar Schools.

The Andersonian Institution or University was founded by Mr. John Anderson, who was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow in 1795. The object was chiefly the promotion of physical science ; and the founder so made his arrangements, that the citizens of Glasgow generally have an excellent control over the institution. Class-rooms, a lecture-room, a library, a museum, and a collection

of apparatus, are provided; and the Institution has done much during half a century to spread scientific knowledge at Glasgow. Dr. Garnet, Dr. Birkbeck, and Dr. Ure were in succession the chief teachers or lecturers. The present building, situated in George Street, was formerly the Grammar School; it was purchased for Anderson's University, and considerably enlarged and improved in 1828; within its walls a most extensive routine of scientific and literary tuition is given, which, being available to the citizens at a very low fee, is well attended. The Mechanics' Institution, in Hanover Street, is an establishment of a somewhat similar, but less important kind.

Before the Free Kirk rupture of 1843, there was a Normal School at Glasgow: now there are two. Glasgow had, we believe, the honour of establishing the first Normal seminary in Scotland. It was established in 1837, by the Glasgow Educational Society, for the education of schoolmasters and teachers; and it has always been conducted on a highly liberal and beneficial system. When the Free Kirk became established, a separate Normal School for that section of the Church was determined on; and both Schools now exist within a short distance of each other, at the north-west part of the town.

The Blind Asylum, situated near the Cathedral, is one of the most admirably managed of the benevolent institutions of Glasgow. Due in the first instance to Mr. Leitch, who bequeathed a sum of money necessary for its foundation, it owes nearly all its efficiency to the indefatigable exertions of the late Mr. John Alston, who devoted the almost undivided labours of twenty years to the advancement of the object he had so much at heart. In 1836, he succeeded in producing a specimen of raised printing in Roman characters, for the use of the blind; he next printed the New Testament and several smaller works, in the same manner; and at last, in 1840, he completed his gigantic enterprise of printing an entire Bible in this manner. This remarkable work consists of fifteen large quarto volumes: the letters are about a quarter of an inch high, and are all of them capitals; they are stamped, without ink, on one side of the paper, so as to leave an impression on the other side sufficiently protuberant to be felt by the finger. The Institution printed 200 copies of the Old Testament, and 250 copies of the New: making nearly 3,300 volumes in the whole edition. The Bible contains rather more than 3000 pages, with 37 lines to a page; and nearly 14,000lbs. of paper were used in the edition. The composing, the printing, the correcting—all were done within the Asylum. There is also adopted an excellent system of teaching geography, writing, arithmetic, and music—all by raised characters. The inmates, whose clean and intelligent but sightless countenances, show how actively their thoughts are kept in exercise, are industriously employed on small articles of manufacture, the sale of which assists in providing funds for the institution. Baskets, mats, twine, mattresses, rugs, sacks, netting, knitting, and various other articles, are

made within the Institution. The buildings are plain and unpretending: the revenues admit of no luxuries; and something better than luxury reigns throughout—kindness.

The literary and scientific and educational establishments of Glasgow, besides those we have enumerated, are very numerous: they do not present themselves to the eye with architectural adornment, but they carry their influence down pretty deeply into society,—perhaps more so than in most of our English towns.

THE COURT HOUSE, AND OTHER MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS.

The buildings connected with the municipal and county affairs of Glasgow are such as generally meet the eye in our principal cities. Glasgow has consolidated its powers in these matters by slow steps. It was made what is called a "burgh of barony" so early as 1180. It was made a "royal burgh" in 1611; and in 1691 it was placed on a level with Edinburgh in respect to the privilege of electing its own provost and officers. The executive consisted of the lord provost, three bailties, the dean of guild, the deacon convener, and the treasurer; but in 1801 the number of bailties was increased to five. The council had much of the leaven of a self-elected body till the Municipal Reform arrangements were made; but since then it has been an openly elected assembly. The three suburbs of Gorbals, Calton, and Anderston had, until a few years ago, a kind of semi-municipal existence: they were independent of Glasgow in some matters, and dependent in others. Gorbals, comprising the whole of Glasgow south of the Clyde, was divided for police purposes into the five districts of Gorbals, Hutchesontown, Laurieston, Tradeston, and Kingston. Calton, forming the eastern suburb of Glasgow, was a burgh of barony; but the various names of High Calton, Low Calton, Barrowfield, Bridgeton, and Camlachie, have long been given to the widely scattered districts lying east and south-east of the old city. Anderston lies westward of the city: as a burgh of barony it had defined limits; but the various districts and estates of Anderston, Stobcross, Lancefield, Brownfield, and Finnieston make up the wide and still-extending line of buildings contiguous to the north bank of the Clyde, and advancing farther and farther west. Towards the north and north-west, in like manner, villages and manors are gradually being absorbed into the huge vortex. Blythswood, Woodside, and Port Dundas, all now form contiguous parts of Glasgow. In 1846 a step was made towards consolidating and simplifying these varied burghal privileges. An Act of Parliament was passed, which abrogated most of the separate burghal privileges of the suburbs, and united those suburbs more intimately and advantageously with Glasgow itself.

Most of the official municipal buildings were grouped into one large spot, at the point where the Saltmarket joins East Clyde Street, on the north bank of the river.

They comprised a Council Chamber, the Town Clerks' Offices, the Justiciary Court House, and the Gaol. The ancient gaol of the burgh—that to which we are introduced by Rob Roy and Baillie Nicol Jarvie and the 'Dougal creature,'—was situated at the corner of the Trongate and the High Street; and in front of it criminals used to be executed. Such was the state of things from 1627 to 1814; but in the latter year the old 'Tolbooth,' as it was called, was taken down, and the new buildings erected at the foot of the Saltmarket. There is indeed one relic still left of the Tolbooth, viz., the steeple, or tower, with its oddly-shaped square battlements and pyramidal pinnacles: it is not remarkable for architectural beauty; but it is worth preserving as a curiosity, especially in a city where the old is so rapidly giving way to the new.

The new buildings to which we have alluded have a façade and portico modelled after the Parthenon at Athens; but, as in many other similar cases, the classical correctness of the exterior was not accompanied by an adequate degree of convenience within; for the internal arrangements were found to be small and incommensurate: and the gaol is not in accordance with the improved modern ideas of prison discipline. These circumstances, and the enormous increase of the population, led to the construction of a fine large body of buildings in the heart of the city, in Wilson Street. Here the arrangements are planned for a wide extent both of county and municipal business; and the structure in the Saltmarket is now appropriated as the Supreme Criminal Court, or, as it is called, Justiciary Court, and Local Court House.

The City and County Bridewell is one of the largest if not the most beautiful public building in Glasgow. It is situated between the College and the Cathedral, and consists of a group of buildings in a sort of Norman style, comprising a rotunda and four radiating wings. The plan embraces the modern system of supervision; and the institution is said to be one of the best managed in the kingdom. The prisoners average from 300 to 400 at all times; their education is attended to; and so well are the industrial arrangements managed, that the prisoners pay very nearly for the whole of their maintenance.

Some of the charitable institutions of Glasgow are worthy of especial notice. The Lunatic Asylum is one of these. About the year 1810 the foundation-stone of a fine large building was laid for this purpose, at the northern margin of the city, near the spot where the principal station of the Caledonian Railway will shortly be. The building consists of an octagonal centre, whence spring four wings of three stories each; and over the octagon is a fine dome. The building, taken as a whole, is one of the most imposing and conspicuous in Glasgow; but the streets and factories approached by degrees so close to it, that the "busy hum of men" began to interfere with the quiet necessary for such an institution. Hence arose a new arrangement, whereby the Town's Hospital was to come into possession of this building; and a new Lunatic Asylum was to be built about three miles to the west of Glasgow. This

arrangement has been carried out within the last few years: the former Lunatic Asylum is now the Town's Hospital; and the new Asylum in the west is one of the most splendid public buildings in and around Glasgow: it contains upwards of 500 patients, not one of whom has been for years under any personal restraint. The former Town's Hospital, close to the Clyde, was built rather more than a century ago, under the designation of the Charity Workhouse; and was originally intended as an asylum both for the aged and infirm, and for destitute children. It afterwards ceased to be occupied as an Orphan Asylum; and under the designation of the Town's Hospital, and supported by an assessment on the inhabitants, it became wholly an asylum for the aged and infirm. This building was purchased by the Caledonian Railway Company, and its site will form a portion of their terminus when their line crosses the Clyde, as noticed in a preceding page.

Glasgow is not wanting in those numberless institutions whose object is a kind solicitude for the welfare of the erring, the sick, and the poor. The House of Refuge, situated in the eastern part of the town, is a receptacle for juvenile offenders, who are sent thither to avoid the contamination of a gaol. The Royal Infirmary, occupying part of the site of the old Bishop's Palace, is another fine institution: an ornament to the town in respect to its external architecture, and well-managed in respect to its defined object. Hutcheson's Hospital, (it is a curious coincidence that the finest hospital in Edinburgh—excepting, perhaps, Heriot's—and the finest hospital in Glasgow have the same name; both were founded by the private purse of persons having the name of Hutcheson,) situated in Ingram Street, is a handsome modern building: the original and plainer structure having been superseded as the funds of the charity improved. It was founded by two brothers about a century ago; and having been well managed, the estates have become valuable. The revenues are applied to the support of a number of old men and women, and to the clothing and educating of the sons of decayed citizens.

Many of the other institutions of the city, partly supported by municipal funds, and partly by individual subscriptions, partake of that general character which is observable in most of our large towns: a few are architectural ornaments to the town; while others are noticeable only for the good which passes within. The Sick Hospital, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the Highland Society of Glasgow, and the various minor charities, would all call for a meed of praise if the present object were to give in detail a picture of Glasgow.

THE EXCHANGE, AND OTHER COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS.

The reader may well expect that in such a vast industrial city as Glasgow the buildings connected with commercial matters are not among the least deserving of notice. The rise of colonial trade in the last century, the rise of the cotton manufacture, of the iron manufacture, of ship-building, and engineering—all have

rendered necessary a large and well-conducted system of commercial establishments. It is this feature which mainly distinguishes the present central part of the town. If we take Queen Street as a centre (and it is nearly so both topographically and virtually) we shall find that the principal commercial establishments are grouped around it, and within a short distance from it.

There are but very few British towns that can boast of so sumptuous a Commercial Exchange as Glasgow. The building itself, and the whole of the structures immediately surrounding it, are, both in their external architecture and general arrangement, a most creditable ornament to the city. The Exchange is an isolated building. Its principal front is in Queen Street, opposite the end of Ingram Street; it has a western front visible from Buchanan Street, and its north and south fronts open into paved avenues. There is a fine portico in Queen Street, over which is a beautiful lantern-tower; and in front is a bronze equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington—somewhat misplaced, both architecturally and commercially. The portico gives entrance to the great room of the Exchange, which is 130 feet long, 60 in width, and 30 high. This serves both as an Exchange and a News Room, and is abundantly supplied with newspapers from all parts of the world. The first place of this kind in Glasgow was the Tontine Hotel, which was built in 1781, on the tontine system, in the Trongate: it was intended partly as a hotel, and partly as a news and coffee-room; and it has ever since been occupied as such; but as the wealth of Glasgow increased, the merchants required more ample accommodation; and a sum of no less than £60,000 was subscribed, about twenty years ago, for the erection of the present magnificent Exchange and News Room. The whole structure is in the Corinthian style. The portico at the east front is octostyle, and three columns in depth, giving it a very noble character. Half way along each side of the building the windows are separated by pilasters; but in the remaining half there is a row of Corinthian columns standing out detached from the walls. The whole building is placed in the midst of a splendid open area, lined on the north and south with uniform ranges of stone buildings, occupied as ware-rooms, offices, and shops. Two Doric arches, betwixt which is placed the Royal Bank of Scotland, give access to this open area from Buchanan Street.

There are two clubs in Glasgow, partaking somewhat of the character of the London clubs—the Western Club and the Union Club. Both have handsome stone buildings for their club-houses, and both consist of several hundred members, who pay entrance-fees and annual subscriptions, and both have an internal economy corresponding with the generality of buildings of this description.

Some of the most superb buildings in Glasgow are the Banks. Here, as in Edinburgh, nearly all the banking establishments are joint-stock undertakings; and it has become almost a matter of pride and emulation to have their banking-houses not only commodious

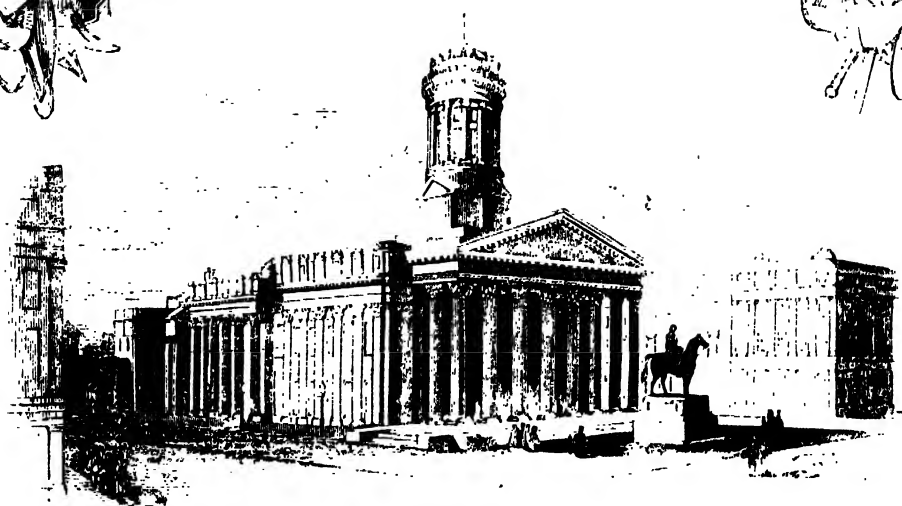
within but architectural without. The Bank of Scotland, the British Linen Company's Bank, the City of Glasgow Bank, the Commercial Bank of Scotland, the Royal Bank, the Clydesdale Banking Company, the Union Bank of Scotland, the Western Bank, the National Bank of Scotland—these, and many others, are mostly fine stone buildings, situated in the principal streets, and aiding to give a sumptuous character to the district which contains them. The Union Bank of Scotland, in Ingram Street, is built after the model of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome. The Royal Bank is the institution in Exchange Square, alluded to above.

The markets of Glasgow, like those of Edinburgh, are below the standard of those now possessed by the chief English towns: whether they are efficient or not, the buyers and sellers must determine; but they are not externally ornamental or architectural. Glasgow possesses two or three good bazaars, in which the usual knick-knacks of such places are kept, and the usual arcade-strollers are met with. As for the shops in the principal streets, they follow the same barometer which indicates wealth in other matters. Where the wealthy purchasers resort, there the shops are elegant and the display attractive; where pence prevail more than pounds, there less show, less costliness, and we may add less cleanliness, are visible. Some of the shops in Trongate, Argyle, Queen, and Buchanan Streets, rival all except the very first class of our London shops. For the character of the houses in Saltmarket, see *Cut*, page 203.

In the north-west part of Glasgow, near the commodious station of the Caledonian Railway, is a group of buildings which it is pleasant to notice, whether we call it commercial, or civic, or honorary. It is the 'Cleland Testimonial.' One of the most active men in Glasgow during the present century, for everything that could contribute to the moral and material welfare of the town, was Dr. Cleland; and the citizens, in 1834, subscribed £5,000, to be expended in the construction of a handsome group of houses, which should descend as an heir-loom to the family of Dr. Cleland. It was an idea at once graceful and generous.

There are one or two points of discomfort that meet us in the poorer streets of Glasgow. We do not mean merely the discomforts that meet the eye (and the nose) in the narrow wynds of the city; but the disheartening thoughts that are likely to be engendered by the state of society. The extent to which spirit-drinking has spread among the working-classes of Glasgow, is beyond all reason and moderation. Leaving tee-totalism and temperance pledges, and so forth, wholly out of the question, the example of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and the other large English towns, is wholly overborne by the state of things at Glasgow. It is impossible to walk up the Saltmarket and the High Street without a feeling of astonishment at the facilities afforded for pouring pennyworths of whiskey down the throats of the densely-packed inhabitants of that neighbourhood. The "stores" and "cellars" are frightfully numerous.

SALTMARKET STREET.



THE EXCHANGE.

They are seldom, it is true, indued with the gin-palace splendour of the London houses; nor is the liquor there sold such a villanous compound of drugs as too often goes by the name of English gin; but it is difficult to conceive that such an immense mass of strong spirit can be taken, without the body, mind, and purse of the drinkers being deteriorated. In the High Street, near the University, there were a few months ago four spirit-houses in a row, without any others intervening; and from thence down to the Clyde they occur much more thickly than in any part of London. In the Saltmarket alone, out of less than two hundred houses, there are no fewer than fifty spirit-dealers and vintners! The consumption of malt liquor is by no means excessive; and a stranger can hardly avoid remarking how few are the butchers' or "fleshers'" shops in the humbler neighbourhoods, and how poor is the quality of the meat there exposed. A little more beef, and a little less whiskey, would not make the Glasgow operatives any the poorer in pocket: would not the change be advantageous in some other respects?

Of course every large commercial and manufacturing town, such as Glasgow, must have extensive wholesale establishments, where either shopkeepers make their purchases, or export orders are provided for. In so far as they involve all the machinery of clerks and porters and shopmen, of offices and ware-rooms and shops, we need not say much about them. But there is one establishment at Glasgow too remarkable and too celebrated to pass without a little notice. We allude to the warehouse of Messrs. Campbell, in Candleriggs Street. In Scotland they have a very significant name—"soft goods"—for all those articles which we in England can designate only by the round-about terms of "linen drapery," "silk mercery," and "haberdashery." Campbell's warehouse, then, is an emporium of "soft goods," in the most complete sense of the term. It was about thirty years ago that the operations of the firm commenced, on a humble scale in Saltmarket; but they have by degrees grown to such a vast extent that the annual business is said to have reached the amount of three quarters of a million sterling! It is the combination of wholesale and retail trade that most strikes one in this place. Externally there is no shop; but a large open doorway leads to a flight of steps, which ascends to what we may perhaps term the retail shop on the first floor. From this successive flights of stairs reach both upwards and downwards to separate "flats," every one of which, from the cellars to the roof, is crammed with goods, leaving only just room enough for those who have to transact business there. The classification is most admirable. Almost every imaginable kind of goods, in silk, woollen, linen, and cotton, is kept; and everything has a department of its own, superintended by a foreman or manager. And it is not simply a wholesale store-room, in which goods are packed away in gloomy-looking bales, but a series of show-rooms, in which the show is often very gorgeous. Everything beautiful and everything cheap is alike to be looked for here, accord-

ing to the wants of the purchaser. In the tartan department we find the tartan plaids of all the Highland clans (each of which has its own) in many kinds of material; the woollen department, the handkerchief and shawl department, the lace department, the linen department, the printed muslin department—indeed all the departments are, each one in itself, complete establishments. It matters little what are the wants or the means of the purchaser. There may be, at the same time, a ragged little urchin buying a penny ball of cotton or a hap'orth of pins on one "flat;" while on another a foreign merchant is buying goods enough almost to freight a ship. It is not merely in buying and selling that this monster establishment is remarkable. Besides the two or three hundred persons who are employed in this daily traffic, there are upwards of two thousand persons, mostly women and children, always in the employ of the firm; in lace-running, embroidery, tambouring, making up caps and collars, and numerous other minor employments of a similar kind. These females live in all the villages many miles around Glasgow; so that the warehouse is the centre of a very extensive series of operations.

THE RISE OF GLASGOW COMMERCE.

In looking at the vast industrial arrangements which now distinguish Glasgow, it is interesting to watch the steps by which they have arisen. Glasgow is not, like some of our large towns, a place which has been distinguished age after age by the same kind of enterprises: its deeds have changed amid other changes. Sheffield has always been the steel metropolis, since it attained anything like importance; Birmingham from its earliest history, has been the head quarters of numerous metal trades; Halifax and Leeds have known no other commercial fame than that which is connected with woollen manufactures. But this is not the case with Glasgow. Before iron, and cotton, and steam had given eminence to this city, the merchants of Glasgow were men whose commercial operations embraced a wide range, and placed them in communication with distant climes.

Scarcely anything is known of the commerce or industry of Glasgow till about the middle of the 16th century, when we learn that small Glasgow vessels were engaged in the transport of cured salmon to England and France. Even a century later than this date, nothing is said about manufactures. In 1651 the government employed a Mr. Tucker, as Commissioner, to report on the revenue and excise of Scotland; and his report concerning Glasgow is remarkable, for the very humble commercial position which it indicates. He says:—"With the exception of the colligitors [college-men?] all the inhabitants are traders; some to Ireland with small smiddy-coals in open boats, from four to ten tons, from whence they bring hoops, rungs, barrel staves, meal, oats, and butter; some to France, with plaiding, coals, and herrings, from which the return is salt, pepper, raisins, and prunes; some to

Norway for timber. There hath likewise been some who ventured as far as Barbadoes; but the loss which they sustained by being obliged to come home late in the year, has made them discontinue going there any more. The mercantile genius of the people is strong, if they were not checked and kept under by the shallowness of their river, every day more and more increasing and filling up, so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unlade and send up their timber on rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats, of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat." The remarkable allusion to the "mercantile genius of the people," and the "shallowness of the river," points to a matter which we shall see became afterwards an important one.

Nothing noticeable occurred to develop the resources of Glasgow until after the Union with England in 1707. This measure was violently opposed at Glasgow as well as at other towns in Scotland; but an advantage followed which the Glasgow people had apparently not anticipated. They became entitled to trade with the British colonies: a privilege which till then had not been permitted to them. In the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland,' the Glasgow portion of which was prepared by Dr. Cleland and Principal Macfarlane, there is given a very interesting extract from the private diary of Mr. Dugald Bannatyne, a gentleman who for more than half a century was closely connected with the mercantile enterprizes of Glasgow. His picture of the commercial system of that city, in the first half of the last century, is as follows:—"Up to the middle of the century, commercial concerns, whether for manufactures or foreign trade, were in general carried on by what might be termed Joint Stock Companies of credit. Six or eight responsible individuals having formed themselves into a company, advanced each into the concern a few hundred pounds, and borrowed on the personal bonds of the company whatever further capital was required for the undertaking. It was not till commercial capital, at a later period, had grown up in the country, that individuals, or even companies trading exclusively on their own capital, were to be found. The first adventure which went from Glasgow to Virginia, after the trade had been opened to the Scotch by the Union, was sent out under the sole charge of the captain of the vessel, acting also as supercargo. This person, although a shrewd man, knew nothing of accounts; and when he was asked by his employers, on his return, for a statement of how the adventure had turned out, told them he could give them none, but there were its proceeds, and threw down upon the table a large 'hoggar,' (stocking) stuffed to the top with coin. The adventure had been a profitable one; and the company conceived that if an uneducated and untrained person had been so successful, their gains would have been still greater had a person versed in accounts been sent out with it. Under this impression they immediately despatched a

second venture, with a supercargo highly recommended for a knowledge of accounts; who produced to them on his return a beautifully made-out statement of his transactions, but no 'hoggar.' The Virginia trade continued for a considerable time to be carried on by companies formed as has been described. One of the partners acted as manager; the others did not interfere. The transactions consisted in purchasing goods for the shipments made twice a year, and making sales of the tobacco which they received in return. The goods were bought upon twelve months' credit; and when a shipment came to be paid off, the manager sent notice to the different furnishers, to meet him on such a day, at such a wine shop, with their accounts discharged [receipted]. They then received the payment of their accounts, and along with it a glass of wine each, for which they paid. This curious mode of paying off their shipments was contrived with a view to furnish aid to some well-born young women, whose parents had fallen into bad circumstances, and whom it was customary to place in one of those shops: in the same way that, at an after period, such a person would have been put into a milliner's shop. These wine shops were opposite the Tontine Exchange."

A Glasgow vessel of 60 tons first crossed the Atlantic in 1718. The trade in tobacco became gradually so large, that the English merchants took the alarm, and they entered into a very wide-spread conspiracy, which had the effect of crippling the exertions of the energetic men of the north; but about 1735 the latter recovered themselves, and extended their operations in a vast degree. A new mode of conducting the commerce was adopted: instead of the *supercargo* system the *factor* system was followed. Factors were employed as residents in the colonies; and they were always at hand to make purchases and sales on account of the Glasgow houses, so as to acquire a much greater command over the market. So vast did the trade become in the course of years, that in the year 1772 it was estimated that "out of 90,000 hogsheads of tobacco imported into Britain, Glasgow alone imported 49,000." And about that time one Glasgow merchant, John Glassford (whose name is perpetuated in one of the streets of the city) owned 25 ships with their cargoes, and traded to the extent of half a million sterling annually.—In short, almost the whole capital of Glasgow was invested in the tobacco-trade.

The state of society took its tone from the state of commerce. The tobacco-merchants were the magnates, the great people of Glasgow, in the last century. Before the Union, the social condition of the city was very low; but increased intercourse with the world rubbed off the rust by degrees. One portion of Mr. Bannatyne's Diary tells us that at the beginning of the century, "the dwelling-houses of the highest class of citizens in general contained only one public room, a dining-room; and even that was used only when they had company—the family at other times usually eating in a bed-room. After dinner the husband went to his

place of business, and in the evening to a club in a public-house, where, with little expense, he enjoyed himself till nine o'clock, at which hour the party uniformly broke up, and the husbands returned to their families. The wife gave tea at home in her own bedroom, receiving there the visits of her 'cummers;' a great deal of intercourse of this kind was kept up—the gentlemen seldom making their appearance at these parties. This meal was termed the 'four hours.' Families occasionally supped with one another." By the middle of the century, matters had become more stylish. "The intercourse of society was by evening parties, never exceeding twelve or fourteen persons, invited to tea and supper. They met at four, and after tea played cards till nine, when they supped. Their games were whist and quadrille. The gentlemen attended these parties, and did not go away with the ladies after supper, but continued to sit with the landlord, drinking punch, to a very late hour. The gentlemen frequently had dinner parties in their own houses; but it was not till a much later period that the great business of visiting was attempted to be carried on by dinner parties."

By about the year 1770, when the tobacco-lords had greatly enriched Glasgow, they had also introduced a more luxurious style of living. The dinner hour became later. The houses, the apparel, the furniture, the style of living—all were improved; wheel carriages were set up; a theatre and an assembly-room were built; the old wooden tenements with thatched roofs were pulled down, to be replaced by stone mansions; and the "gentilities" of life became momentous affairs. "Jamaica" Street, and "Virginia" Street, and other colonial names given to the principal streets, indicated the direction in which the thoughts of the Glasgow men tended; and the colonial merchants seem to have carried matters with a high hand over their less wealthy townsmen. It is said that the tobacco merchants were accustomed to promenade the Tron-gate, in the vicinity of the Cross, in long scarlet cloaks and bushy wigs.

The American Revolution gave a heavy and irreparable blow to the tobacco trade of Glasgow. The tobacco-producing colonies, by gaining their independence, threw the trade in that commodity into new channels: and Glasgow was enabled to retain only a small portion of it. Had no other sources of commercial enterprise sprung into notoriety at that time, Glasgow might have fallen to a third-rate city; but Watt and Arkwright gave an impetus which the capitalists promptly obeyed, and an era of astonishing vigour and progress commenced. New branches of commerce sprang up with foreign countries, and some of these attained a condition of vast magnitude. When Dr. Cleland wrote his 'Annals of Glasgow,' about thirty years ago, there was a commercial firm, Messrs. Pollock and Co., which carried on a timber trade scarcely equalled, perhaps, in Europe. They had eight establishments in America, for felling and shipping timber, which in various ways employed 15,000 men, and 600 horses and oxen; they had 21 large ships of

their own, navigated by 500 seamen, to bring over the timber, which averaged 6,000,000 cubic feet annually!

THE CLYDE; THE BROOMIELAW; THE SHIPPING; AND THE BRIDGES.

So much of the well-being of Glasgow depends on the Clyde, that if the river had not been improved, the city could not have advanced. Never surely was a river more important to a town; and never did townsmen labour more untiringly to make their river a great highway for shipping. The commercial history of the Clyde is more remarkable, for great results from small beginnings, than any other river in Britain.

At a distance of a few miles from the village of Elvanfoot, on the confines of the shires of Lanark and Dumfriesshire, is a small group of hills which give birth to the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan. The triad of streams soon separates into its component parts; and the Clyde, receiving a number of small mountain streams, grows from a rivulet into a river. It passes among the Tinto Hills towards Lanark, near which town it forms the three beautiful and far-famed Falls of Clyde. These falls are termed Bonnington Linn, Corra Linn, and Stonebyres Linn, and are occasioned by the river having to sweep through a narrow rugged channel between rocky hills on its way to the sea; and the descent is 430 feet in about five miles. The river pursues a peaceful course from the falls to Glasgow. Opposite the city the river is about 100 feet in width; at this spot the vast operations of the Clyde trustees have commenced.

It is so very narrow, for a great part of the distance from Glasgow to Greenock, that nothing but the most energetic measures could have fitted it for the reception of large and abundant shipping. Steamers and Clyde improvements have gone on simultaneously; the steps of advance being highly interesting in a commercial point of view. It has been well observed, that the Clyde not only "bears along ships of heavy burden and deep draught of water, and is plentifully dotted with yawls and wherries, but is kept in constant foaming agitation by large steam-ships bearing heavy cargoes from the shores of England and Ireland, by numerous coasting steam-vessels careering over its surface with live freights of human beings, and by steam tug-boats dragging behind them trains of unwieldy sailing craft."

The traffic of Glasgow, near about two centuries ago, was thus described in a letter written by Commissioner Tucket, a government agent, in 1651:—"Nearly all the inhabitants are traders; some to Ireland with small smiddy coals, in open boats, from four to ten tons, from whence they bring hoops, rings, barrel-staves, meal, oats, and butter; some to France, with plaiding, coals, and herrings; from which the return is salt, pepper, raisins, and prunes; some to Norway, for timber. There hath likewise been some that ventured as far as Barbadoes; but the loss which they sustained, by being obliged to come home late

in the year, has made them discontinue going there any more. The mercantile genius of the people is strong, *if they were not checked and kept under by the shallowness of their river*, every day more and more increasing and filling up; so that no vessel of any burden can come up nearer the town than fourteen miles, where they must unlade and send up their timber in rafts, and all other commodities by three or four tons of goods at a time, in small cobbles or boats, of three, four, or five, and none above six tons a boat."—Here we have a key to much of the energy of the "Glasgow folk:" their river was very shallow, and they could not embark in an extensive foreign trade without adopting some remedial measures. As we are not here writing a history or a description of Glasgow, it will suffice to say, that by constructing a harbour at Port Glasgow, lower down the Clyde; by dredging the river from end to end; by straightening the banks, and making quays and jetties; by deepening the bed so considerably as to enable vessels drawing fourteen feet of water to come up to the city itself; and by laying out basins and piers—the Glasgow merchants have wrought a wondrous change: only vessels of thirty or forty tons could approach Glasgow at the beginning of the present century; whereas now the busy Broomielaw exhibits its ships of 700 or 800 tons burden.

Meanwhile the genius of James Watt has been doing its work. In the present century, when steam navigation opened a new era in the modes of travelling, Glasgow and the neighbourhood possess all the elements necessary for the establishment of such a system: she had steam-engines and steam-engine factories—"black band" to yield iron, and iron works to cast or roll it—manufactures to export, and a market for the return cargo—pleasant lochs and isles to visit by steam trips, and a population able and willing to visit them. It was in 1812 that the little 'Comet,' made by Wood and Co., of Port Glasgow, and brought out by Henry Bell, first glided down the Clyde by steam power, after having been tried in the previous year on the Forth. She made five miles an hour against a head wind; and *ought* to have brought her ingenious projector both fortune and fame—fame, to hardly an adequate extent, has come since his death; but fortune never reached him.

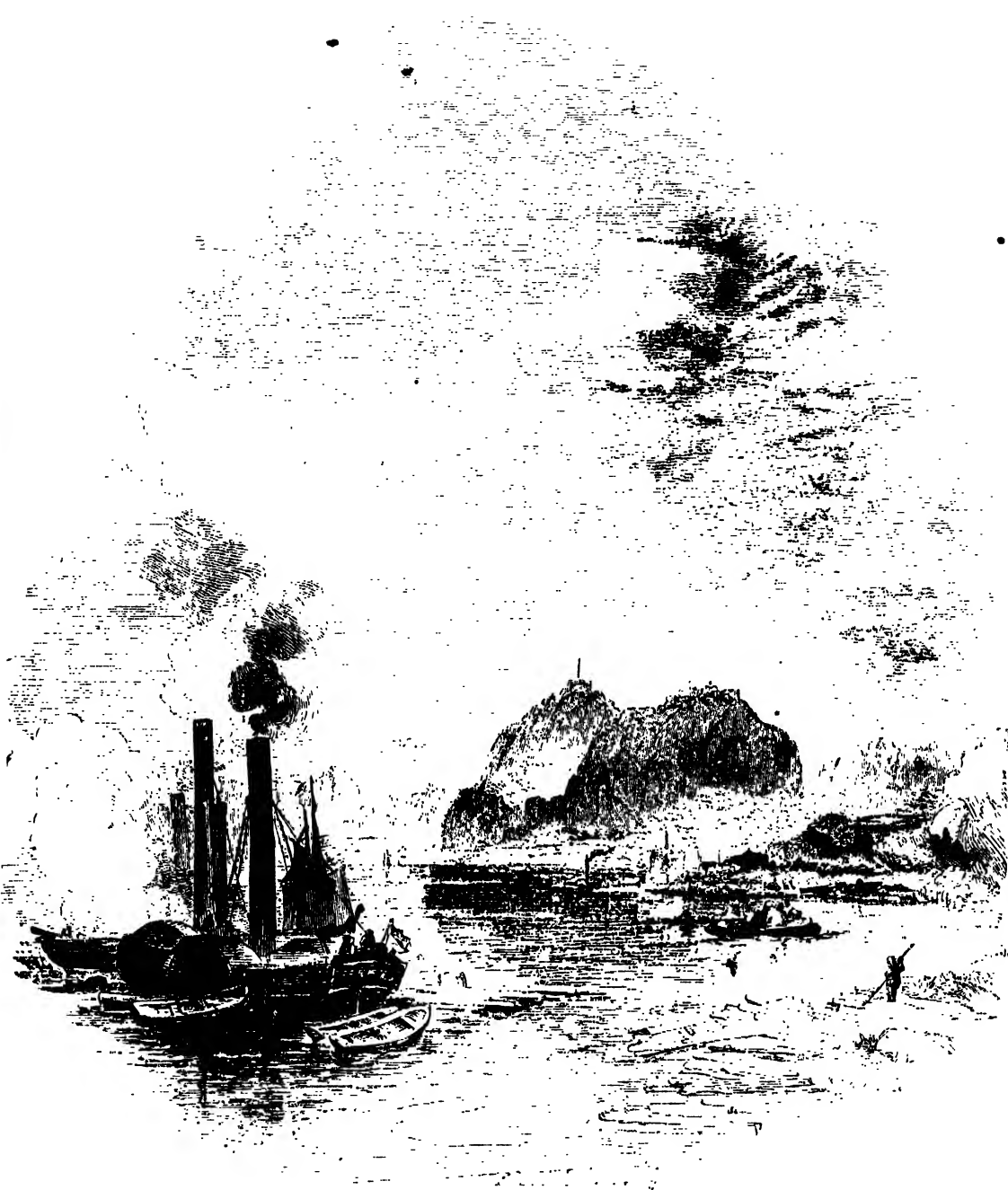
For five or six years the Clyde was the scene of experimental steam-trips, before the Glasgow people would venture out to sea by such guidance; but in 1818 David Napier decided this matter in the most efficient way. "It is to this gentleman," says Mr. Scott Russell, "that Great Britain owes the introduction of deep-sea communication by steam vessels, and the establishment of Post-office steam-packets. In 1818 Mr. Napier established between Greenock and Belfast a regular steam communication by means of the 'Rob Roy,' a vessel built by Mr. William Denny, of Dumbarton, of about 90 tons burden, and 30-horse power." For two winters she plied with perfect regularity and success between these ports, and was afterwards transferred to the English Channel, to serve a

a packet-boat between Dover and Calais. Having thus ventured into the open sea, Mr. Napier was not slow in extending his range. Soon after Messrs. Wood built for him the 'Talbot,' of 120 tons, with two of Mr. Napier's engines, each of 30-horse power. This vessel was in all respects the most perfect of her day, and was formed on a model which was long in being surpassed. She was the first vessel that plied between Holyhead and Dublin. About the same time he established the line of steam-ship between the stations of Liverpool, Greenock, and Glasgow."

How vast has been the progress since then—scarcely thirty years ago! The Clyde, the Mersey, and the Thames, have worthily kept pace with each other. It is a fact always observable, that there are ship-building establishments and engineering works at or near the spots where steam navigation has made the most rapid strides; and it is not difficult to see that such are almost necessary concomitants. The engineering establishments of Glasgow, especially connected with steam-ships, are among the most interesting of its industrial features. Those of the Napiers, especially, are notable for the fine ships for which they have furnished engines. The 'British Queen,' the 'Britannia,' the 'Acadia,' the 'Caledonia,' the 'Columbia,' and others, whose names have become almost household words with those who read about Trans-Atlantic steaming—all had their engines from the celebrated 'Vulcan Foundry' at Glasgow. The making of iron steam-boats, too, has been taken up with great energy; and the same firms now frequently make the boat or ship itself, and the engines which are to be put into it.

It would be no easy matter to name all the steam routes of which Glasgow is the starting-point. A writer in the *Gazetteer of Scotland* truly remarks, that "The steam-boat quay of Glasgow, especially during the summer months, presents one of the most animated scenes which it is possible to conceive. River-boats, of beautiful construction, leave the Broomielaw every hour from morning till night; and some of them possess such power of steam, that they career along the Clyde at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour. The larger boats, especially those plying between Liverpool and Glasgow, are in reality floating palaces, having cabins fitted up at vast expense, and with every regard to grace and architectural beauty."

The pleasure trips on the Clyde—one of the features introduced by steam-boats—are remarkable for their cheapness, and for the varied scenery to which they introduce the tourist. He sooner reaches fine scenery than the Thames tourist to Gravesend or Margate. Six o'clock in the morning is not an uncommon time for Glasgow tourists to start for a day down the Clyde and up to Loch Lomond. A fare of sixpence for a deck passenger (and who cares to be *below* deck in a fine river trip?) will take him down the Clyde. First he passes the busy and smoking engineering works. Next he arrives so far in the suburbs, that the villas of the citizens begin to peep out on either bank—forming



THE CLYDE—DUMBARTON.

a sort of half-way, an amalgamation, a compromise between town and country. Then, after passing the little obelisk erected to the memory of Henry Bell, he comes in sight of the rock of Dumbarton, (Engraving.) where he is taken by a row-boat a little way up the river Leven, if the steamer is bound to any place lower down the Clyde; but some of the steamers go up the Leven to Dumbarton town. Here steaming is at an end for the present; but after an inland ride of four or five miles, the tourist reaches the southern end of Loch Lomond, where another steamer receives him, and takes him to all the 'lions' on both shores of the

lake. This kind of lake-touring has become highly relished in Scotland. Six or seven years ago a small steamer was established on Loch Katrine, near the Trossachs: and many of the lochs, or rather inlets of the sea—such as Loch Goyl, Loch Fyne, Loch Long, Loch Gare, &c., westward of Glasgow, and near the mouth of the Clyde, are visited by pleasure tourists per steam-boat. Many of the Glasgow citizens have country residences at Helensburgh, Rothesay, and other pleasant spots on the islands and shores of the Firth of Clyde; and boat-loads of such travellers are conveyed down the river by steam every afternoon.

The eighteenth century witnessed a sort of contest for superiority between Greenock and Glasgow. The former town was only a mean fishing-village in the beginning of the seventeenth century; but it gradually advanced as a shipping town during that century. In 1707, by the public spirit of some of its inhabitants, a harbour was formed at Greenock, which was larger and more important than any constructed in Scotland up to that time. Greenock is admirably situated with regard to the sea, being close to the mouth of the Clyde; and as soon as the Glasgow merchants had embarked in the Virginia tobacco-trade, the Greenock ship-owners took their full share in the proceedings. Had the Clyde been allowed to remain in its original state, Greenock would have continued in the supremacy as regards foreign trade; but the people of Glasgow naturally wished to make their town not merely commercial but maritime. Having received the advice of Smeaton and other engineers, they constructed, in 1775, upwards of a hundred jetties, at different parts of the river, whereby the effective width was lessened, the rapidity of the stream increased, and the bottom scoured out to a greater depth. The quay which had formed the "Broomielaw" or harbour was lengthened in 1792 by 360 feet, and in 1811 by 900 feet.

Still, notwithstanding these works, Glasgow could only receive small vessels called "gabberts," of 35 to 45 tons, up to the Broomielaw, by the beginning of the present century; and there are still living a few persons who remember seeing the harbour without a single vessel or boat in it of any description. The Clyde Trustees, however, kept steadily in view the progressive improvement of their harbour; and the result has been wonderful. The trustees consist of some of the most influential men in the city, in part *ex officio* and in part elected. By deepening and deepening year after year, the bed of the river had been so far changed that by the year 1821 vessels drawing 13 feet of water could come up to the Broomielaw or quay of Glasgow. Still this did not suffice: it was desirable that vessels of 700 or 800 tons burden should be able to lead and unload at the quay; and to effect this it was necessary to carry the depth still greater. By 1841 the quay space had reached a length of 3,340 feet on the north shore, and 1,200 feet on the south. At the present time the depth of the river close to the bridge has actually reached 18 feet at high-water; the north quay now extends to a length of 4,900 feet, and the south quay to nearly as great a length; while further additions are contemplated to both; and the whole way down the Clyde, from Glasgow to Dumbarton, the bed and banks of the river are as carefully attended to as in a ship-canal. For the first seven miles of this distance the sloping banks are actually formed artificially of blocks or slabs of whinstone, placed almost as regularly as in ashlar-work.

It is impossible to walk along the banks of the Clyde without being struck with the disproportion between its width and the magnitude of the traffic on it. The river is certainly not a broad one, but rarely

has there been seen one more busily occupied. The large vessels anchor at Greenock till a favourable time of the tide arrives, when they ascend the river up to Glasgow bridge. For the first mile or two below the bridge, the shipping is wedged in so closely as to leave room only for a passage up and down; and there are times when the vessels are ranged nine tiers in depth, off both south and north quays. An ever active and exciting scene presents itself in this harbour. Imports and exports, passengers and goods, divide it between them. The eastern part of the north quay, next to Glasgow bridge, is occupied by the small river steamers, which run up and down to Dumbarton, Greenock, Rothesay, &c.; the next, or central part of the same quay, is mainly appropriated to sailing-vessels which arrive with import goods, and which discharge their cargoes at the quay; while the western extremity is left for the large steamers, which ply to Liverpool, Dublin, Belfast, &c. The southern quay is almost wholly occupied by vessels loading with export goods: seven-eighths of the export trade of Glasgow being conducted on this quay.

Each portion of quay has its own series of pictures. The little steamers are swift rattling craft, which run up and down the river at a marvellously cheap rate, and carry their loads of human beings all day long. The import ships, and sheds placed along the quay in front of them, exhibit a countless array of the treasures of foreign climes, brought from every part of the world. Cotton in one ship, tea in another, sugar, indigo, drugs, silk, timber, sulphur, guano,—all are brought up on the open quay; and there is perhaps no place in the kingdom where the modes of packing and unloading and stowage are more easily observable than here. Then, farther down, we come to the large steamers: the extremes of splendour and of wretchedness: the gorgeous floating palaces which go to Liverpool, and the huge black-looking receptacles that bring over the destitute Irish. It is one of the saddest sights in Glasgow to stand on this quay, and witness the disembarkation of a ship-load of miserable homeless beings, who, driven from their own country by want of work or want of food, scrape up two or three shillings a piece for a passage to Glasgow, and there swell the already too numerous population of the wynds and narrow streets. Fathers with hands in their pockets and short pipes in their mouths; mothers with infants at their breasts, and a scanty bundle of ragged clothes at their backs; and troops of dirty, half-naked, and scarcely civilized children—all pour out of the vessel, and all wend their way along the Broomielaw towards that den of filthy buildings which lies within pistol-shot of the flourishing Trongate, and which forms the Ireland of Glasgow; bringing with them disease and poverty. It is indeed a painful spectacle.

The trade of the Clyde has in every point of view increased in a wonderful degree within the last few years. It is calculated that the accommodation for traffic in the river is now seven times as much as it was in 1810; and the traffic has increased still more than



THE BROOMIELAW.

the accommodation. The shippers are always treading on the heels of the quay builders. Even within the last few years the Clyde Trustees have purchased many thousand square yards of ground on the south side of the river, for the formation of basins and docks. When it is stated that 80,000 tons of iron, and 130,000 tons of coal, on an average of the last four or five years, are exported from the Broomielaw annually, it will be obvious that a very busy scene of traffic must be presented by these two commodities alone. The river trustees had spent considerably more than a million sterling in improving the river, down to the year 1846! The revenue derived from the river and harbour, which in 1820 amounted to £6,000, had in 1847 reached more than nine times that sum. The Customs' Duty, which in 1812 was only £3,151, amounted to thirty times that sum in 1833, and to nearly two hundred times that sum in 1845. The ships which were owned by Glasgow houses in 1820 amounted to 77, with a tonnage of 6,000 tons; by the year 1846 they had reached the number of 512, with a tonnage of 135,000 tons. The burden of the vessels which arrived and departed at Glasgow in 1820 was 160,000 tons; in 1846 it was 1,120,000 tons. These comparisons will tell more than can be told by long details, of the commercial advancement of the Clyde.

The bridges which cross this busy river at Glasgow are four in number—Jamaica, Stockwell, Hutcheson, and Rutherglen bridges. The bridge, *par excellence*, is Jamaica or Broomielaw or Glasgow Bridge (for it is known by all these names), on account of its fine proportions and construction, and of its contiguity to the

harbour, it being the lowest bridge on the Clyde. But it is not the most ancient. Stockwell Bridge, or the "old bridge," dates from the fourteenth century; but it was then only twelve feet wide; and it is curious to see the mode in which increased width has been given to it: ten feet of additional width was given to it about seventy years ago; and about thirty years ago Telford suspended two ornamental iron foot-paths at the sides, overhanging the water in a very ingenious manner. This was the only bridge at Glasgow for more than four hundred years. In 1768 the Jamaica Street bridge was built; but in 1833 it was replaced by Telford's fine bridge, which is 60 feet wide, and one of the most beautiful in the kingdom. As the principal part of Glasgow is north of the river, while the export quays are almost wholly on the south, the traffic across this bridge is scarcely equalled by anything in Britain, out of London. Hutcheson Bridge is a plain structure in a line with the High Street and the Saltmarket. The fourth bridge we have named, Rutherglen Bridge, is so far to the east as scarcely to come within the limits of Glasgow.

IRON-SHIPS; STEAM-ENGINES; MACHINE-WORKS; IRON-WORKS.

If we look at the industrial occupations which now give life and wealth to Glasgow, we find that ships and steam-engines, iron and coal, are among the most notable of her elements. For many ages, as we have before said, Glasgow had no ships of her own; she hired vessels belonging to Dumbarton, Greenock, and else-

where. And even when her merchants did purchase vessels for their own use, these vessels were generally built lower down the Clyde, and not at Glasgow. It was not until iron vessels came into use, that any considerable number of ships were built at Glasgow. The name of Napier, which is so closely connected with the engineering celebrity of Glasgow, points out to us the rapid rise of the use of iron in ship-building. At the iron ship-yard of this firm, on the south bank of the river, one of the most interesting of mechanical operations is carried on; we see the keel and the ribs of a ship made of bar iron, and the covering made of sheet iron; and we can hardly fail to be astonished at the slowness of a fabric which is found afterwards to be capable of withstanding the fiercest storms of the ocean.

But the use of iron in ship-building would have been a small affair, were it not for the invention of the steam-engine. This was the great work, and Glasgow has worthily acted her part in it. The historians of the steam-engine tell us that James Watt, while a mathematical-instrument-maker to the University of Glasgow, was required by Professor Anderson to repair a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine; that Watt was dissatisfied with the working of the model, and turned his thoughts to the principles on which all steam-engines must act; that he gradually elaborated the idea of the condenser, the parallel motion, and numerous other important adjuncts to the steam-engine; that his new steam-engines were used first at the Soho works, near Birmingham, and then in the various mining districts; and that finally every purpose to which windmills, and water-wheels could be applied, and almost every purpose for which horse-power is fitted, have been brought within the mighty range of this motive power. Glasgow, both in the manufacture of such engines, and in the use of them when manufactured, occupies a conspicuous place among the busy industrial spots of our kingdom.

Meanwhile the application of steam-power to water transit advanced step by step; and here Glasgow has been even more distinguished than in respect to the steam-engine *per se*. It was in 1787 that Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, in Dumfriesshire, employed Mr. Symington, the Scotch engineer, to try whether the steam-engine might not be applied to the propulsion of a boat; and in the following year he had the pleasure of seeing a tiny steam-boat traverse a lake in his own park at the rate of five miles an hour. He next tried the boats of the Forth and Clyde canal, to which he fitted engines and paddles, and with which he attained a speed of six or seven miles an hour. The subject then slept for a time; until Fulton of America, after making himself acquainted with what Miller and Symington had done, succeeded in establishing a regular passenger steam-boat on the river Hudson, from New York to Albany, in 1806. Meanwhile Mr. Henry Bell was carrying on similar attempts in Scotland. He employed Messrs. Wood, of Port Glasgow, to build a little vessel called the 'Comet,' in

which he put a steam-engine; and with this vessel he made repeated trips along the Firth of Clyde in 1813. The problem was now effectually solved, of the possibility of moving vessels by steam-power along rivers; and the Clyde towns became busy in the matter. But it was not till 1818 that David Napier put in operation the bold principle of tracking the broad sea by steam. He built engines which enabled a steam vessel (the 'Rob Roy') to go from Greenock to Belfast; then another (the 'Talbot') from Holyhead to Dublin; then the 'Robert Bruce,' the 'Superb,' and the 'Eclipse,' from Glasgow to Liverpool. There was one steamer, however, which was navigated from the Clyde to the Thames, in 1815: a most adventurous voyage, of which a capital description is given in Weld's recent 'History of the Royal Society.' The year 1822 witnessed the complete attainment of the object in view by all these means; and from that time a scene of endless bustle and activity has been presented by the steam-vessel arrangements of the Clyde—a river more connected than any other with the history of this important system.

Marine steam-engines are among the most important pieces of mechanism now made at Glasgow. At the celebrated Vulcan and Lancefield Works of Robert Napier, and at the works of other eminent firms, such engines are made on a vast scale. The beams and boilers, the cylinders and pistons, are at once among the most ponderous and the most carefully executed works in metal. Most of the engine-factories are within a few yards distance of the Clyde; so that, in addition to the bustle on the river and its quays, there are always steamers lying at the Broomielaw to receive their engines and boilers. Some of these steamers are truly magnificent: those on the Glasgow and Liverpool route have cost £40,000 each! The 'Arcadia,' the 'Britannia,' the 'Caledonia,' the 'Cambria,' the 'Berenice,' the 'Niagara,' the 'America,' the 'Europa,' the 'Canada,' and a host of other ocean steamers, whose fame is more than European, had their engines from Robert Napier's works.

A worthy compeer of ships and steam-engines is *Iron*, in respect to the prosperity of Glasgow and its vicinity. The district which borders on Glasgow on the east and south-east is wonderfully rich in iron ore; and this ore happens to be so nearly associated with the coal, and lime, and clay, necessary for its smelting, as to be more than usually profitable to its owners. As the discovery and working of this ore have been comparatively recent, Glasgow as an iron metropolis is still more modern than as a steam-engine metropolis. There were only 7,000 tons of iron produced in the whole county of Lanark in 1809; in 1846 the quantity of pig-iron alone sold in Glasgow exceeded 600,000 tons! With the exception of the immense and finely arranged works of Mr. Dixon, in the southern suburbs, nearly all the great iron-works are at some distance from Glasgow; but almost the entire produce of the county is sent to Glasgow for sale or shipment. This is the secret which explains the

otherwise incomprehensible extent to which the railway companies are carrying their works: they are endeavouring to connect every colliery and every iron-work with the great western metropolis. In the year 1846 there were, in the portion of Lanark eastward of Glasgow, 83 smelting-furnaces, and 14 proposed new ones; while in the western part of the county there were 15 furnaces, and 29 proposed new ones; making a total of 141. There were twice as many erected in Lanarkshire as in all other parts of Scotland taken together. The whole number of furnaces was not only six times as large as in 1825, but the produce of each furnace was about three times as great, owing to improved modes of procedure. Mr. Neilson's beautiful adaptation of the hot-blast to the purposes of smelting has undoubtedly been one of the causes of this advancement.

Coal, too, is not less noticeable than iron, as an element in the commercial activity of Glasgow. The same districts which are so rich in iron are for the most part well supplied also with coal. The domestic consumption of Glasgow is supplied at a cheap rate; the whole county for miles round is equally supplied; the steamers receive all that they require; the smelting-furnaces swallow up their vast masses; and yet the coal of the district is plentiful enough to admit of a large exportation. The arrangements respecting the shipment of iron and coal render the southern quay of Glasgow still more busy than it would otherwise be; for nearly all these commodities are sent from thence. Hence the works now in progress to bring the various southern railways close to the southern quay.

COTTON FACTORIES; PRINT WORKS; CHEMICAL WORKS, ETC.

It might appear strange that two such opposite materials as soft delicate cotton and rough hard iron should combine to form the staple of Glasgow industry; but when we consider how closely the steam-engine links them, one with another, we may readily understand the matter. A steam-engine is the child of iron; cotton-spinning is a child of the steam-engine.

Glasgow is now one of the first seats of the cotton-manufacture; not only in respect to the factories therein located, but as a commercial centre for the whole of the cotton manufactures of Scotland. As in all similar cases, the beginnings were humble enough. Down to the time of the Union, the Glasgow folks made lineus and woollens for their own use, by the simple-spinning-wheel or hand-loom; but there is no evidence that they made more than enough for themselves. Very soon after the Union, however, the prospect of trade with America gave rise to hopes that Glasgow might manufacture for foreign markets as well as for home consumption.

When the spinning of cotton became, by the successive inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and others, an important branch of manufacture in England, the capitalists of Glasgow lost no time in embarking in the

enterprise. In the first instance, and before the steam-engine had become uniformly used as a moving power, the spinning factories were built at a distance from Glasgow, in order to obtain the advantage of some running stream as a motive force. Hence were founded the Ballindalloch and Doune Mills in Stirlingshire, the Catrine Mills in Ayrshire, the Lanark Mills in Lanarkshire, and the Rothesay Mills in Buteshire—all in connexion with Glasgow houses. The first steam-engine employed at a Glasgow cotton-work was put up in 1792 by Messrs. Scott and Stevenson, on the south bank of the Broomielaw. It was in 1773 that the first attempt was made at Glasgow to use something different from human power in moving the various parts of a weaving-loom—a *Newfoundland dog*, working in a sort of drum or tread-wheel, was the first power-loom weaver. No sooner, however, did Dr. Cartwright and others bring the steam-loom to perfection, than Glasgow entered with full spirit into this department of the art; and from that moment Glasgow has followed close upon the heels of Manchester in every branch of the cotton-manufacture, though always to a much smaller extent. The-muslin trade early attained a high notoriety, which it has never since lost.

At the present day Glasgow is the centre of considerably more than a hundred cotton factories. It is not that any great number of these factories are situated within Glasgow itself, for ground is much more cheaply obtained for this purpose in country districts; but it is Glasgow capital that has set them to work, and Glasgow enterprise and ingenuity that find a market for the manufactured produce and mechanical appliances for effecting the work to be done. Nearly all the cotton spun and woven in the whole of Scotland is sent to Glasgow to be warehoused and sold and shipped: and it is thus that Glasgow becomes at once the Manchester and the Liverpool of Scotland.

Many of the cotton factories now existing within or immediately contiguous to Glasgow are among the finest specimens of such establishments. Some are spinning factories only; some are weaving factories only; some combine both; while there are a few which carry the operations even still farther, to the imparting of colour and pattern to the woven goods. There is one immense establishment, in the south-east part of Glasgow, which perhaps is not excelled by anything of the kind in the kingdom, in respect to the number and completeness of the operations carried on. The raw cotton is carried in in bags; it is opened and disentangled and carded into a regular state; it is roved into a loose cord and spun to a fine yarn; this yarn is woven into a cotton cloth; the cloth is cleansed and bleached, and it is finally dyed and printed. The organization of such an establishment is complete and instructive: the mental, the mechanical, the chemical, the artistic—all are combined.

Some of the calico-printing establishments in the neighbourhood of Glasgow are of a very high order. Indeed calico-printing received some of its greatest advancements at Glasgow. The Bandana Works at

Barrowfield, in the south-east part of Glasgow, are not only the first in their particular line, but were the first also in point of time, on anything like a considerable scale. Not only the Bandana-handkerchief work, but the bleaching and the printing of muslins and calicoes, have been closely dependent on the progress of chemical discovery. A century ago, months were required to bleach a piece of linen or cotton cloth: the cloth was often sent to Holland, where it was exposed on level grassy plains for several months. The problem then presented itself to chemists—how to effect the bleaching process without such an expenditure of time. Home, Scheele, Berthollet, Henry—all made steps in this direction; but it was Glasgow that put the matter on the high road to success: Mr. Tennant discovered the action of chloride of lime, or “bleaching-powder,” and he also devised the mode of manufacturing this substance on a scale so vast as to meet any possible demand for it. In that peculiar kind of work, intermediate between dyeing and calico-printing, to which the name of bandana-work has been often given, Glasgow equally holds the place of honour; and it was here, also, that the first successful attempts were made in this country to produce the beautiful Turkey-red dye which was so much admired in the last century. It is upwards of sixty years since M. Papillon and Mr. Mackintosh successfully established the Turkey-red dye process in the still existing Barrowfield Works.

These works lie near the eastern verge of the Green: they cover a vast area of ground, and comprise drying-grounds, bleaching-grounds, cloth dye-houses, yarn dye-houses, printing-houses, and the most interesting part of all—the Bandana Gallery, in which the handkerchief work is carried on. If any one would wish to understand what is meant by “Chemistry applied to the Arts,” and if he be fortunate enough to obtain admission into any one of our great Print Works or Bleach Works, either at Glasgow or in Lancashire, he would there meet with one of the best lectures on chemistry he could desire: every vat and every machine is a lecture-table, and every workman is more or less a chemist. The managers of such works are especially proficient in all that relates to the chemistry of colours.

The name of Tennant has been just mentioned: this name is connected with one of the most gigantic establishments—not merely in Glasgow—but in the world. This establishment is the St. Rollox Chemical Works, situated on the high ground in the extreme north of Glasgow, close to the temporary terminus of the Caledonian Railway. From whichever side we approach it, we are forcibly struck with its vastness: area, number, height—all are there: the area of the whole works, the number of chimneys, and the height of the giant ‘stalk,’ as factory people call the great chimney. From salt and sulphur, by the beautiful combinations and re-actions which modern chemistry points out, a whole series of useful substances may be produced; and it is to these substances that the operations of the St. Rollox Works are mainly directed. Common soda, carbonate of soda, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, chlorine, bleaching-pow-

der—all are connected by a chain of affinities with these two plentiful and invaluable substances with which Nature has enriched us. When the costly metal *platina* was first used for crucibles and vessels, in the manufacture of acrid liquids which would destroy most other substances, one single apartment at the St. Rollox Works was fitted up with platina vessels which cost £7000! But it is not these products alone: soap is made on a vast scale at the St. Rollox Works; and other drugs and chemicals are also manufactured. The buildings and furnaces are perfectly bewildering: they cover ten or twelve acres of ground (as much as Barclay and Perkins’s enormous brewery). They are, necessarily, black and dirty; and some of them are as infernal in appearance as we can well imagine any earthly place to be. The heaps of sulphur, lime, coal, and refuse; the intense heat of the scores of furnaces in which the processes are going on; the smoke and thick vapours which dim the air of most of the buildings; the swarthy and heated appearance of the men; the acrid fumes of sulphur, and of various acids which worry the eyes, and tickle the nose, and choke the throat; the danger which every bit of broad-cloth incurs of being bleached by something or burned by something else—all form a series of *notabilia* not soon to be forgotten. The buildings occupy an immense square, from which shoot up numerous chimneys. Many of these chimneys are equal to the largest in other towns; but they are here mere satellites to the monster of the place—the chimney!

There are within a short distance of Glasgow two highly interesting establishments for making alum: these are at Campsie, north of the Clyde, and at Hurlet, south of the Clyde. The alum-shale, or ore, is dug in mines in the same manner as coal and iron, and then goes through some remarkable chemical processes. Numerous other chemical manufactures are conducted in and near Glasgow.

It would be in vain to attempt an enumeration of all the manufactures which are carried on to a vast extent at Glasgow. This city is a world within itself: it can provide us with almost everything—if we have wherewithal to pay for it.

THE PLEASURE SPOTS.

Glasgow is, of course, not without its points of lighter interest; its recreative spots; its places of rendezvous for pleasure-seekers. But it must be confessed that our Scottish brethren are not distinguished in this line. The English occupy a middle position between the Irish and the Scotch in such matters: not so rattling and care-nought as the former; but more so than the latter.

Many of the English towns are trying hard to obtain parks for their people, where the smoke can be blown from their cheeks (and their hearts) by good fresh air, and where green trees and green grass may relieve the eye from brick houses and stone pavements. As long as Glasgow possesses her glorious *Green*, she will want



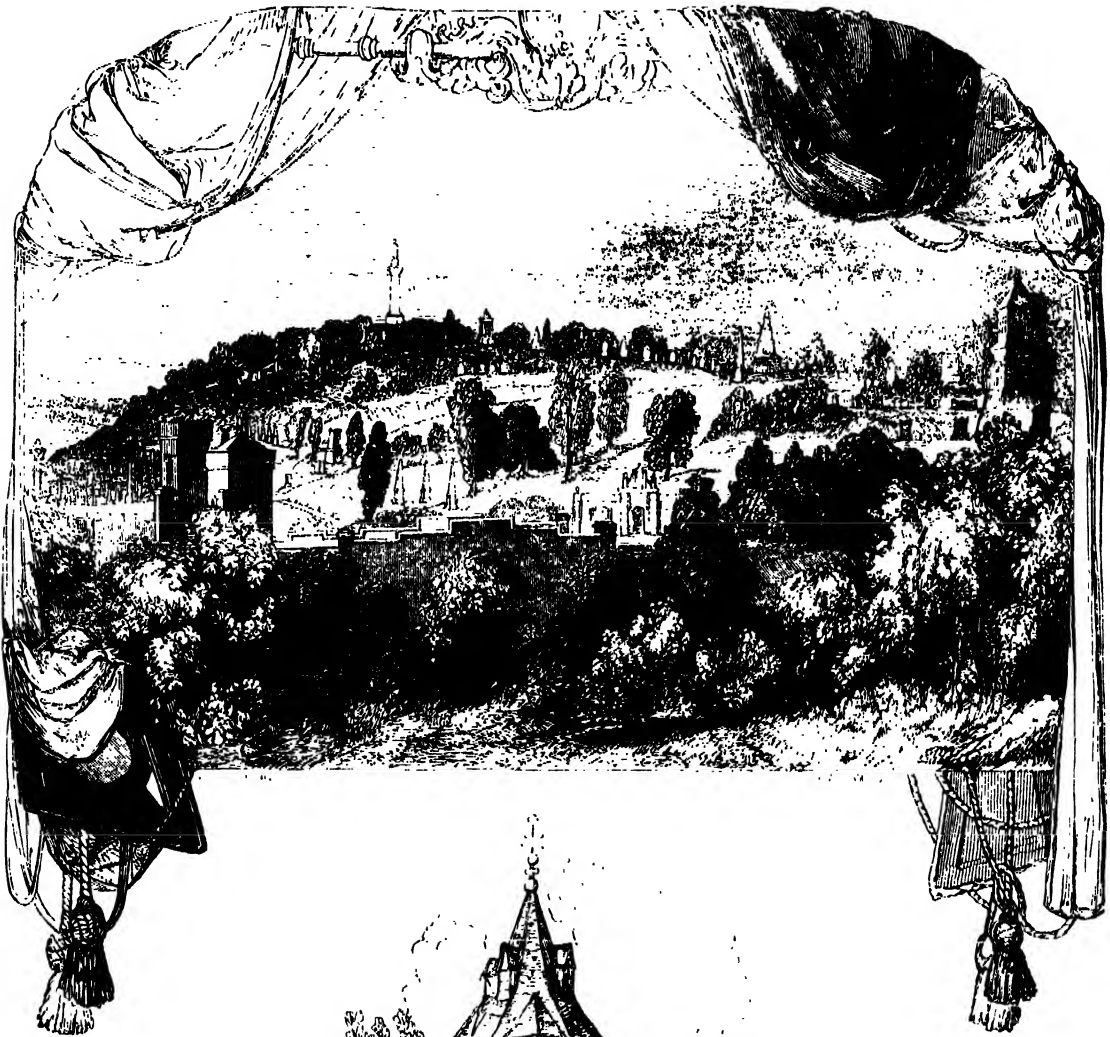
KING'S PARK, FLESHER'S HAUGH, AND RUTHERGLEN BRIDGE.

no other park, unless she outgrows all reasonable limits. This Green covers an area of no less than 140 acres, and borders on the north bank of the Clyde for a distance of considerably more than a mile, without a single building to intervene between them. We can wander along the bank, close to the river, as in any well laid-out park; and can look down to the forest of shipping which speckles the Broomielaw, while we have nothing but the blue and green of Nature around us. It may well be supposed that peculiar circumstances must have conspired to keep this spot free from bricks and mortar, smoke and factories, ships and steam-engines, railways and canals—in the midst of such a busy city.

It appears that, about the year 1450, Bishop Turnbull, who then filled the see of Glasgow, asked and obtained from King James IV. the grant of a piece of land called the Laigh or Low Green, just at the foot of the Saltmarket, and bordering on the river: it was to be for the use and recreation of the citizens in general. From time to time after this grant, the Corporation purchased more property further and further east, until the whole comprised a strip of land all along the north bank of the Clyde, from Hutcheson Bridge nearly to Rutherglen Bridge. All these portions collectively form the Green, which obtains in different parts the names of the Low Green, the High Green, the King's

Park, and the Flesher's Haugh. Corporations are not always equally patriotic, nor equally rich. Once now and then the city has received tempting offers of purchase, for the sake of building houses or factories on the Green; and once now and then the municipal body has felt disposed to yield to the temptation; but the burghers, much to their credit, have always steadily and resolutely refused to part with their Green; and we have yet to learn that they have suffered any commercial loss through their firmness. Within the last three years the temptations have been very tantalizing: two or three different railway companies have wished to cross the Clyde; and the Green has been looked at with longing eyes, as being just the place which an engineer loves to get hold of—its gradients being *nil*, and its buildings *nil* also. But the iron-man has been repulsed, and the Green has successfully battled against the railway mania. What may be more feared, we think, is the temptation as to coal. Dr. Cleland, in 1822, with the sanction of the authorities, bored to a depth of 366 feet in the Green, and passed through seven seams of fine coal, which contain an aggregate quantity of no less than 1,500,000 tons under the Green itself. If ever the Corporation should yield to the inducement of bringing this coal to market, adieu to the fine Green.

NECROPOLIS.



RUTHERGLEN OLD CHURCH.

The Green was laid out and greatly improved about thirty years ago, and two miles and a half of good carriage-road were formed around it. Time has been when the Green was the resort of the wealthy and fashionable; but the westward march of the city has produced a change in this respect, and the Green is left much more to the humbler classes of society. But the important matter is that *all* may go thither when they will: it has been paid for by all for the good of all. It is a place for rambles and gambols and reviews; and the bare-legged priestesses of the washing-tub claim a portion of it, as their drying-ground. (See the Steel Plate, and also Cut, p. 214.)

A cemetery can hardly be called a pleasure-spot; and yet such places are so prettily laid out at the present day, that they form an acceptable addition to the scanty plantations with which busy cities are provided. Glasgow, among its many cemeteries and burying-grounds, has one, to which the high-sounding and Greek-like name of 'The Necropolis,' or City of the Dead, has been given. A very happy selection has been made for a site for this Necropolis. Immediately behind the east end of the cathedral is a narrow but rapid rivulet called the Molendinar Burn, running along the bottom of a tolerably deep ravine. On the other side of this ravine rises a wooded height, far too steep for any of the ordinary purposes of building. On this wooded height the Necropolis is formed: the spot was formerly called the Fir Park: it was a thick plantation belonging to a corporate body called the Merchants' House, at Glasgow. The ground rises to a height of no less than 300 feet above the burn, and is planted and planned up to the summit. A bridge with the name of 'The Bridge of Sighs,' crosses the burn, and gives approach to a regular and elegant gateway, within which are the numerous winding walks that gradually ascend to the summit. These paths wind round very tortuously, in order to render easy the ascent of the hill; and the sepulchral monuments are placed between and among the paths, so as to be visible from below, as if they were on the slope of a hill. From above, the view of the city is very commanding. The entire east, north, and south fronts of the Cathedral are brought completely within the scope of the eye—and we may even say, beneath the level of the eye. The monuments exhibit the same mixture of good and bad taste which marks most other cemeteries. There is one to the memory of the stern reformer, John Knox; a very ambitious mausoleum for Major Monteith, more noticeable for size than for taste; and smaller productions out of number, put up by the Glasgow citizens over the graves of their relatives. There are not many instances where a cemetery

commands a view into four counties. such is the case from the summit of the Glasgow Necropolis (Cut, p. 215.)

If once we begin to speak of the pleasure-spots in the environs of Glasgow, where shall we stop? The antiquated Rutherglen and its church (Cut, p. 215); the beautiful Clyde and its Dale, and its Falls; the islands and water-side towns near the Firth of the same river, where the Glasgow citizens ruralize during the summer and autumn months; the little river Leven which leads so invitingly from Dumbarton to the foot of Loch Lomond; and the magnificent Loch itself with its "Rob Roy's country," and its Ben Lomond; the beautiful Loch Katrine, and the route through the Trosachs, and past Lochs Vennachar and Achray towards Stirling—all these form a belt of attractions, which steam has placed within easy distance of Glasgow.

Besides the small steamers which run up and down the Clyde all day long, at marvellously low fares, between Glasgow and the various river-side towns, there are often summer excursions made to the deeply indented bays near the mouth of the Clyde, such as Loch Long, and Loch Fyne, on the shores of which the tourists are left; and by a bold pedestrian course across a hilly country they reach the upper end of Loch Lomond, where another steamer, at an appointed time, takes them up, and conveys them entirely through that Loch to its southern termination, whence there are easy modes of reaching Glasgow. Provided we make no prophecies about rain, and do not mind it when it comes, these are right pleasant little tours. And so likewise is that in which a circuit is taken by way of Castle-Cary, Stirling, Calendar, the Trosachs, Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine, the "overland" crossing from the latter to Loch Lomond, and so by way of Dumbarton and the Clyde back to Glasgow. Ayrshire and Renfrewshire, too, have their pleasant spots, which modern locomotion have brought virtually into the vicinity of Glasgow; while Lanark, with its neighbouring "Falls," and the lovely Clyde scenery between it and Hamilton, warn us not to attack so large a subject at the end of our limited space.

In giving a farewell greeting to Glasgow, we will venture to suggest that, if her citizens should ever wish to change the civic arms, (which now comprise a fish, a bird, a tree, a ring, and a bell, and concerning the meaning of which the antiquaries have puzzled their brains for many a generation), they could not do better than to select a lump of coal, a bar of iron, a steam-engine, a spinning-machine, and a ship. These have made GLASGOW what she is.

AYRSHIRE, AND THE LAND OF BURNS.

GENERAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTY, AND A GLANCE AT ITS HISTORY.

Patriotism and Poetry—all that is chivalrous and elevated in war—all that is melodious and immortal in song; man in his most manly condition; woman in her most lovely aspect;* animal life of any kind in its most hardy and vigorous shape—these are the associations experienced by every true Scot in his contemplation of this county, in comparison with the remainder of Scotland. And while his enthusiasm is fed by the memory of Burns and the achievements of Bruce and Wallace, his utilitarian partialities are equally gratified in remembering the mineral resources and agricultural importance of many of its districts. Indeed Nature has been more bounteous in this respect than in the adornment of the surface of the county; although, taken as a whole, it cannot be said to be wanting in scenes of picturesque and romantic beauty.

To those who can descend from lofty associations to the contemplation of mere facts, it may be interesting to know that Ayrshire is one of the largest counties of Scotland south of the Forth; that it extends upwards of sixty miles in a crescent shape along the coast of the western sea; that it in some parts exceeds thirty miles in breadth; and that it was formerly divided by the rivers Doon and Irvine into three districts—Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame,—of which the respective characteristics are immortalized in the following antiquated couplet.

“ Kyle for a man, Carrick for a cow,
Cunninghame for butter and cheese, and Galloway† for
wool.”

Carrick is the southern division of the county. It is chiefly remarkable for its bleak and barren hills. But on the other side of the Ayr—which divides it from Kyle—the soil is mostly very productive; while Cunninghame—separated from Kyle by the Irvine—is a fair and fertile plain.

There seems to be no doubt, as far as the contentions of antiquarians will allow any certainty to the subject—that the original inhabitants of Ayrshire were of the pure Celtic race. Presumptive evidence of this exists in Druidical and other remains; in the features of the inhabitants themselves in the present day; and in the fact, as stated by Buchanan, that the Gaelic tongue was spoken in the county so late as the sixteenth century.

At the time of the Roman invasion, under Agricola, the great tribe of the Damnii occupied the county. It seems to have been well established that the invasion

* *Vide* Robert Chambers's 'Picture of Scotland.'

† Until the twelfth century, Galloway was considered a part of Ayrshire.

in question extended into Ayrshire, a Roman road having been distinctly traced from the Doon of Tynron in Dumfriesshire to the town of Ayr, in addition to various Roman remains in other districts. Towards the end of the fourth century, the Scots are said to have lost their king, Eugenius, in a battle fought at Kyle against fifty thousand men, under the Roman general Maximus. In the eighth century, Kyle and Cunninghame fell into the hands of the Saxon king of Northumberland. In the ninth century, one of those common casualties in the early history of most nations—an invasion—took place under Alpin, king of the Scots-Irish. The extent of this chieftain's ambition, however, was only equalled by the completeness of his defeat, which took place at Dalmellington, about sixteen miles from the coast near Ayr, where he had landed. He was killed in the battle; and his resting-place is still known under the Gaelic designation of *Laicht Alpin*,—‘the Grave of Alpin.’ Haco, or Acho, King of Norway, also met with an equally warm reception when, some three hundred years afterwards, he landed with similar objects, and twenty thousand men, upon the Ayrshire coast. The battle of Largs is well remembered as completing his defeat and discomfiture. But it was the fortunate fate of the Scots to gain higher honours as their enemies became more formidable. The invasions of Alpin and Haco were the harbingers of temporary triumphs, but that of Edward won for them immortal fame.

Sir William Wallace, the liberator of his country, and the favourite hero of his countrymen, was born, probably, about the year 1276. He was the second son of Malcolm Waleys, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, whose wife was the daughter of the hereditary Sheriff of Ayr, Sir Reginald Crawford, and who was otherwise connected with several Ayrshire families. It was in this county that Wallace and his little band of patriots were frequently to be found; and it was there that they grew into that importance and power which ultimately, under the vigorous influence of their chieftain, led to so successful a result. The spot where the compromise was effected between Wallace and Henry de Percy, is described by the Scottish historians to have been on the margin of a lake at or near Irvine; but it is supposed by Paterson to have been in a field situated on a farm named Warrix,—at that period a peninsula formed by the rivers Irvine and Garnock, but which was destroyed about a century since by the Irvine breaking through its course. It was the annoyance of the Earl of Pembroke, Guardian of Scotland, at the manner in which Bruce had wrested Ayrshire from the English, that caused the celebrated battle of Loudoun Hill, when the Scottish army, numbering not more than six hundred, inflicted a signal defeat

upon three thousand of the enemy—a battle thus described by Hugh Brown :

"The Bruce's sword, the soldier's trusty spear,
Fell like the lightning in its full career :
The patriot-king, with rapture-kindled eye,
Triumphant saw the reeling phalanx fly ;
And Victory's beacon-light begin to burn,
The glorious prelude to his Bannock-burn !"

The first Scottish Parliament which assembled after the latter decisive battle, was held at Ayr. During the whole struggle the county had played a conspicuous and honourable part.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Ayrshire experienced a full proportion of the disorder and anarchy so prevalent throughout the land. In the early days of the Reformation both Wishart and Knox pursued their labours frequently in the town of Ayr. In the reigns of Charles II. and James II., Ayrshire was prominent in the religious struggles which occupied the country. The inhabitants suffered much persecution from their zeal in the cause of the Covenant. They were strong supporters of the Revolution, and, subsequently, of the House of Hanover.

But the religious zeal of the people of Ayrshire led to their temporal depression. Towards the close of the last century, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture had alike fallen into decay. The establishment, however, about 1770, of Messrs. Douglas, Heron and Company's Bank at Ayr, and the exertions of various influential gentlemen in the promotion of agriculture and a spirit of enterprise, have resulted in a degree of prosperity which promises to be permanent and increasing.

Indeed, there is every probability that the lapse of a few years will find the condition of the county materially improved. In nearly every direction we find marks of progress : railways and steam-boats, docks, harbours, and manufactories, are all increasing, and lending additional and more effective assistance to commercial enterprise ; while libraries, scientific institutions, and the spread of cheap literature, combine to enhance the social welfare of the population, by the elevation and refinement of their intellectual and moral characters.

Regarding the capabilities of the town, a writer in the 'New Statistical Account of Scotland' says :— "It has often been a matter of surprise that Ayr has not been more benefited by manufactories and public works,—possessing as it does so many advantages for this purpose, and such facilities of communication with other places both by sea and land. With such an extensive grain country surrounding it, distilleries could not fail to thrive ; the price of labour is low-rated, and all the other requisites are easily procurable. Cotton-works might prosper as well here as at Catrine, the town being as favourably situated in regard to all the materials necessary,—coal, water, and labourers in abundance ; while it has greatly the advantage, by enjoying the means of sea as well as of land-carriage. And we can see nothing to hinder the manufacture of wool in its various branches, particularly in the weaving

of carpets, from succeeding as well in this place as in Kilmarnock, which owes to this cause so much of its wealth and prosperity."

Since the above was written the carpet manufacture has been commenced in Ayr, and with every prospect of extensive and increased comfort to the neighbourhood.

The other manufactures of the county consist principally of cotton and woollen articles,—shawls, calicoes, muslins, serges, &c. And in addition to the extensive factories for carrying on these branches of trade—which are conducted principally by means of machinery—print and bleach works have arisen on all sides. Tanning is carried on to some extent. Neither the linen nor the silk manufacture have been prosecuted with much success. Kilmarnock is the great seat of the woollen manufacture in this county. Its shawls are celebrated, and are produced in large numbers ; and its carpets are also a very valuable branch of trade. Tanning, and the manufacture of shoes, bonnets and hats, machinery, and miscellaneous articles, are carried on with great success.

The geological character of the county varies in different districts. The parish of Ayr may be described as presenting a superficial district of no definite geological character, the external surface being covered with a diluvium, or broken mass of sand, gravel, or clay, intermixed with water-worn detached whinstones. Taken as a whole, its uppermost character belongs to the coal formation, which useful mineral, it is to be regretted, has not conferred so much benefit on the neighbourhood as might have been the case. In Ardrossan parish there is also a considerable amount of coal to be met with. There are three limestone quarries within its boundaries, which are worked more or less. The lime is of good quality. Freestone, both red and white, is very abundant. In the town of Ardrossan there is a large quarry of the former kind. But since the formation of the railway, the demand for it has not been so great, owing to the facility with which stone of a superior quality can be procured from the Stevenston quarry. Kilmarnock is an important mineral district. Besides coal—to which system the district is principally confined—greenstone, ironstone, freestone, and sandstone, of very good quality, are to be met with. Taken as a whole, the county has undoubtedly advantages in this respect, which need only fair development to render it as prosperous as could be desired.

In agriculture, a very great improvement has taken place of late years. And when we consider the wretched condition of the county at no very remote date,—when animal food was only an occasional luxury of the middle class of inhabitants, and a thing almost unattainable by the peasantry ;—and when the landlords themselves often found their estates insufficient for their maintenance,—the highest credit must reflect upon the inhabitants, whose industry and perseverance contributed to rescue them from the state of degradation to which bad seasons, ignorance, and prejudice had reduced them.

At the present time, if art has been less busy, and nature less bountiful than could be desired, in conducting towards agricultural improvement,—there are yet sufficient indications of an onward tendency to give encouragement to the highest hopes. In several parts of the county new systems are being introduced, and old errors eradicated. Draining and planting are proceeding very satisfactorily; and in most districts active efforts are being made, both to develop the resources of nature, and to provide for her deficiencies.

Oats is the grain most cultivated; and in this respect the county is pre-eminent. Wheat is but little grown; but its quality is excellent. Turnips and potatoes are in very general cultivation, the latter in particular; and there is a very fair proportion of vegetables of other kinds. Flax is raised. The best rotation of crops was considered, some years ago, to be oats or beans raised after ploughing up a grass-field; after these, in dry soils, turnips, or other green crops, such as kale, vetches, tares, or potatoes. In very strong soils, drilled beans, cabbages, and carrots, in the place of turnips, followed by a crop of barley, sown with artificial grass-seeds. After the clover, wheat or oats, or, in very light lands, rye. This system has, in some districts, been changed, but prevails more or less in others.

The system of furrow-draining has been very generally adopted in many districts, and has given a great impulse to agriculture by the increase of produce. When this mode of draining was first introduced into Ayrshire, we are told that it was done by means of small stones. But of late tiles have been substituted, and with increased advantage. Fields which, under the old system, yielded only from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 bolls of oats per acre, have, by means of furrow-draining, yielded about double the quantity. It is an opinion very generally entertained, that should the system be carried to its greatest possible extent, the county will not only be in general independent of supplies of foreign grain, but become an exporting one.

The cultivation of trees, in many parts of the county, is not so well understood or practised as could be desired: at any rate, this is the case with many of the smaller plantations. These are generally narrow belts immediately around the farm-houses. From a wish to get as much shelter as possible, with a small sacrifice of ground, the trees are often allowed to grow up in so crowded a state, that they soon choke each other.

Besides the native breed of cattle, which is celebrated for its excellence, Highland, Alderney, and Irish cattle are sometimes seen in the county. In the southern part they are mostly of the Galloway breed, and in the northern part of the Dunlop. The richness and excellent quality of milk produced by the latter has given to Dunlop that great reputation for cheese which it has long maintained. Indeed, in that part of the county more attention is paid to the manufacture of dairy-produce than to any other pursuit. Several attempts have been made to introduce cattle of various descriptions,—Dutch or Holderness, the wide-horned,

Craven, Lancashire, and Leicester; but they do not appear to have succeeded.

Thus much for generalities. Let us now take a leisurely survey of the scenery and outward characteristics of the county—noting, not only its 'lions,' but also its smaller points of attraction.

LOITERINGS BY THE WAY.

We shall commence at the southern extremity of the shire, where we enter the Vale of Glenapp—a spot not without its attractions in the way of scenery and associations. The little fishing village of

Ballantrae occupies a favourable position on a level portion of the coast, at the mouth of the Stinchar Water, and in the parish of the same name. The inhabitants of this district did not enjoy the best reputation either for character or conduct. Their mode of life was—cannibalism and tattooing apart—as savage as might well be. But if their virtues were primitive, their vices were those of civilization; and the smuggling propensities of the population tended not a little towards their demoralization. But a change has come over the place of late years: the revenue is no longer defrauded, and the village is sombre and civilized enough to satisfy a moralist, or disgust the author of 'Rothen.'

From Ballantrae to Girvan we have a walk of about a dozen miles—rendered interesting by bold and picturesque scenery. The range of precipices called Gamesloup, with the tall gaunt ruins of Carleton Castle in their immediate neighbourhood, form the scene of one of the wildest legends of this wild coast—we allude to that contained in the ballad of 'May Cullean'—so popular in Carrick. The story goes that the castle was once occupied by a terrible baron, who was a 'lady killer,' in more senses than one: for he had not only contrived to marry seven wives, but had released himself from them successively and successfully by precipitating them from a mighty crag, overhanging the sea. This economical method of saving the expenses of the Ecclesiastical Court, had, besides, gained for him a vast amount of wealth—the accumulated fortunes of the ladies. For the eighth time he tied the matrimonial knot; but in this case it formed a noose which proved fatal to him. On leading May Cullean to the crag where he was wont to settle his domestic disputes, the lady pretended to agree to his proposals for a separate maintenance, and to prepare to take the fatal step—that is to say, plunge.

"Her gentle limbs did she undress,"

for the purpose; but not being inclined, like 'Christabel,' to

"Lay down in her loveliness,"

she paused in her task, and as her beauty became every instant more unadorned, requested her companion to turn away his head for the sake of propriety. The 'fause baron' complied, and the lady, seizing at once the opportunity and his portly person, precipitated him from the fatal cliff!

GIRVAN AND TURNBERRY CASTLE.

Girvan is situated on a fine bay at the mouth of the water of the same name. It consists principally of one-story cottages, containing respectively two rooms: one devoted to domestic uses, the other to the purposes of a workshop. The parish of Girvan is divided near its centre by a range of high hills, and through it meanders "Girvan's fairy-haunted stream"—the banks of which present scenes well worthy of Burns's eulogium.

Taking the coast road northward from Girvan, we traverse a sandy beach several miles in extent, and arrive at the ruins of Turnberry Castle, situated on the summit of a rocky eminence washed by the waves. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Turnberry, or as it was then called 'the Palace of Carrick,' was the seat of that powerful family of which Robert Bruce was so all-powerful a member. Constant exposure to sea and storm has reduced it to a ruinous and dilapidated condition; but there still remain the vestiges of a drawbridge, several vaults, and other testimonies of its former importance.

This portion of Ayrshire—the wild coast of Carrick—is replete with associations, not only historical, but supernatural. Burns describes it as the place

"Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,
And shook the Carrick spear."

It was in the neighbourhood of Turnberry Castle that Bruce, in the spring of 1308, arrived with a party of followers from the Isle of Arran, for the purpose of subjugating Carrick. It had previously been arranged that on a certain day—if all circumstances proved favourable—a fire would be lighted on the Carrick coast, by his friends there, as a signal for him to embark from Arran. Towards nightfall of the appointed day, the signal was seen. Bruce, immediately setting sail, arrived that evening at Carrick. But he arrived only in time to find the Castle of Turnberry occupied by Percy and a strong party; and himself utterly powerless. The most startling fact, however, that he had to learn, was that no signal had been lighted by his friends; and that the origin of the fire which he had seen was unknown. But Bruce's decision and determination overcame even his supernatural opponents—for such they were considered to be. He immediately rallied his friends, attacked and shortly afterwards took Turnberry, and succeeded in reducing the entire district.

Scott, in his 'Lord of the Isles,' makes an allusion to the mysterious appearance of the fire:

"Now ask you whence that wondrous light
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?
It ne'er was known—yet gray-haired old
A superstitious credence held,
That never did a mortal hand
Wake its broad glare on Carrick's strand;
Nay, and that on the self-same night
When Bruce crossed o'er, still gleams the light.
Yearly it gleams: 'er mount and moor,
And glittering wave, and crimson'd shore—
But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven, to aid the king's descent;

Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death;
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range,
Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known."

The Farm of Shanter is situated about a mile from Turnberry Castle, on a slope gradually ascending from the seaside to the village of Kirkoswald. This farm was the residence of Douglas Graham, the hero of 'Tam O'Shanter,' the poem which Burns considered the most perfect production of his pen. The gifted ploughman, in his nineteenth year, resided at Kirkoswald; and his sketch of the amusing character in question was drawn from personal experience. Nor is the picture exaggerated. Smuggling was at that period practised to such an extent in the neighbourhood, that it was no uncommon occurrence for the inhabitants of a farm-house, from the 'auld guidman' down to the herd-boy, to remain in a state of intoxication for several days; indeed, it was said to be customary to manufacture the habitual porridge of these simple people by mixing the meal with brandy instead of water!

The village of Kirkoswald occupies the highest point of the slope above mentioned. The situation is commanding and picturesque. On the west, are the ruins of an ancient church said to occupy the site of one built there by Oswald, a Northumbrian king of the Heptarchy, in commemoration of a victory achieved near the spot. From this 'Kirk of Oswald' the village doubtless derives its name. The school-room where Burns studied geometry and land-surveying, under the far-famed Rodger, is still to be seen. It stands in the main street of the village, and is, or was, inhabited by a son of St. Crispin. Douglas Graham, *alias Tam O'Shanter*, lies along with his 'ain wife Kate,' in the churchyard of the village. Their resting-place is marked by a humble monument, on which, besides other inscriptions, are the lines commencing,

"She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,
A blethrin, blusterin, drunken blellum."

The Abbey of Crossraguel arrests our attention about two miles north of Kirkoswald. It is considered the most perfect edifice of the kind in the west of Scotland. It was founded in the year 1266 by Duncan, King of Scotland. The walls of the church and choir still remain, to the height of fourteen feet; and the niche where the principal altar stood is yet entire. The vestry and the Abbot's Ecclesiastical Court, to the right of the building, are also in a very complete state—as well as two towers or castles, formerly the residences of the abbots. The celebrated George Buchanan was formerly commendator of the abbey, and received a yearly pension from its revenues.

CULZEAN AND THE KENNEDYS.

A short distance past Crossraguel stands Culzean Castle: a modern building, the seat of the Marquis of

Ailsa. It is finely situated on the verge of a huge rock overhanging the sea, at about a hundred feet above its surface; and consists of a range of lofty castellated masses, covering about four acres. It has a fine approach-bridge, and a terrace-garden, decked with rare and beautiful flowers in the front.

The several branches of the Cassilis family appear to have held the lands of Culzean during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A short account of this remarkable family may possibly prove interesting.

The Kennedys seem to have held an ascendancy in feudal times over a very large district, from Wigton to the town of Ayr, and the title of Cassilis is a conspicuous one in Scottish history. In 1220, we find this illustrious house first mentioned. In that year Nicol de Carrick granted the church of St. Cuthbert at Maybole, to the nuns of North Berwick. His son Rowland, several years after, obtained a charter from Neil, Earl of Carrick, which, in A.D. 1276 and 1372, was confirmed by Alexander III. and Robert II. This deed is entitled 'Confirmatio Johannis Kennedy,' which marks a change of name from Carrick to Kennedy—a Gaelic compound, signifying the head of the house or family.

The earliest mention of the lands of Cassilis is contained in a writ given by king David II. to Sir John Kennedy, about the year 1360, in which that monarch confirms to the knight the donations, grants, and venditions made to him by Marjory Montgomery and her daughter, of the lands of *Castlys*, in the county of Ayr. Soon after, the wealth and influence of the family were greatly advanced by the marriage of Sir James Kennedy to the daughter of King Robert III. Gilbert, the second earl of Cassilis, was a man of splendid talents, and was employed in several offices of high trust. He was assassinated at Prestwick by Hugh Campbell, sheriff of the county. His son Quintin, abbot of Crossraguel, was a stout defender of the Romish religion; and at his death was publicly canonized.

Gilbert, the third earl, was the pupil and intimate friend of the celebrated George Buchanan. The bitter satire that Buchanan wrote against the Franciscan Friars was composed during his residence at Cassilis.

John, the sixth earl, was an ardent friend of the Protestant cause in general, and of the Church of Scotland in particular. He was one of the three ruling elders sent to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, in 1643, to ratify the solemn League and Covenant. His wife is the heroine of a ballad-story, of which we shall speak presently: his daughter—a lady of distinguished piety and excellence—was married to Bishop Burnet.

His son, the seventh earl, was the single person who lifted up his voice against the Act for punishing conventicles. This independent line of conduct was so offensive to the ministry, that he was denounced an outlaw, and forced to flee from the country.*

Sir Thomas Kennedy, who succeeded to the estate

* 'New Statistical Account of Scotland.'

in 1569, was engaged in a feud with the Laird of Bargany, which resulted in the assassination of the former, near the town of Ayr, on the 12th of May, 1622. The Mures of Auchendrayne—father and son—by whom the act was committed, play a conspicuous part in a drama which Sir W. Scott has written upon the subject.

The feuds, we are told, between the Earls of Cassilis and the Lairds of Bargany had been of long continuance; and after being partially healed, had, for some reason or other, broken out afresh. On the 11th of December, 1601, while the Laird of Bargany was riding from the town of Ayr to his own mansion on the banks of the Girvan, attended only by a few followers, he encountered the Earl of Cassilis, with two hundred men, who were lying in wait for him, at the Lady Carse, about half a mile north of the town. The laird, who was on the other side of the valley, endeavoured to avoid a collision; but not so the earl, who followed down the south side, and coming to some "feal dykes," which offered a good support to the firearms of his followers, they immediately began to discharge them at Bargany and his men. Bargany, finding that they could not avoid the rencontre, crossed the burn; but on reaching the south side of it, he perceived that none had ventured to follow him but Mure of Auchendrayne, the laird of Cloncaird, James Bannatyne, and Edward Irving. On observing this, he turned round and said, "Gude sirs, we are ower few?" They nevertheless defended themselves with great bravery, and wounded or slew the first of their assailants; but, overpowered by superior numbers, Irving was soon slain, and the others disabled. The laird himself performed prodigies of valour, and succeeded, for some time, in maintaining his ground, seeking out the earl in the midst of his own followers. But at length, pressed on all sides, he was basely struck from behind, and fell, mortally wounded. He was carried to Ayr, and died in twenty-three hours. Thus fell, at the age of twenty-five, one of the bravest and most popular men of his time. Through the influence of Lady Cassilis the earl obtained pardon from the king for this murderous deed; but his family did not entirely escape its consequences. Auchendrayne, who had married the sister of the young laird, determined to revenge his death. Being apprised by Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Culzean, of his intention to visit Edinburgh, he instigated a party of his followers to waylay him at a place he had appointed for a friendly meeting, where they accordingly found and murdered him. Auchendrayne then resolved upon destroying all proof of his participation in the crime, which could be best done by putting out of the way the messenger who had given him notice of the place of meeting. The person who brought the message of Culzean to Maybole, transmitted it from thence to Mure, by the hands of a poor student named Dalrymple. After various attempts to keep this person in confinement, or out of the country, Mure resolved upon his death. He was accordingly enticed by a vassal of Mure's, James Bannatyne, to his house at

Chapeldonan,—a solitary spot on the sea-shore,—and there at midnight, by the elder and younger Mures, was murdered, and buried in the sand. But the advancing tide destroyed this hasty and imperfect sepulchre; and notwithstanding that they carried the body out to sea, in order that all evidence might be lost, Providence so directed that it was again cast on shore on the very spot of the murder. Public indignation was now directed against the Mures, and Bannatyne in his turn became the object of their fears. After an unsuccessful attempt to destroy this new evidence of their crime, they were eventually convicted by Bannatyne's confession of the whole affair, and executed amidst general execration.*

Sir Archibald, grandson of Sir Thomas Kennedy, was a vigorous persecutor of the Presbyterians during the reigns of the last two of the Stuarts; but he fell into discredit after the Revolution; and was more than once, it is said, driven to seek shelter in the *coves* under his own castle. The Countess of Eglintoun, to whom Allan Ramsay dedicated his 'Gentle Shepherd,' was a daughter of this nobleman. She was equally distinguished for her loveliness, taste and refinement. The Coves of Culzean are mentioned by Burns in his 'Halloween,' as being "famed in country story as a favourite haunt of fairies." They are situated in the rock underneath the castle, and are six in number, some of them communicating with each other.

MAYBOLE—THE LEGEND OF JOHNNIE FAA.

Maybole occupies a favourable position on the south side of a gently ascending hill, about four miles north-east of Kirkswald. Its present characteristics are directly opposed to every idea of either comfort, cleanliness, elegance, and taste; its only redeeming qualities are contained in association and reminiscence; for it was once not only the winter residence of many of the noble families of Carrick, but it enjoyed high legal importance from the establishment in the town of the Court of Bailliery for the district.† Its prosperity, however, like all its principal buildings, has fallen into decay.

The tall stiff building, which may be seen at the east end of the town, was once the seat of the Cassilis family. It is perhaps the most interesting as it is the most perfect of the winter residences still in existence. The building—which is still known in the neighbourhood as 'the Castle'—derives some little interest from being connected with the story contained in the popular ballad of 'Johnnie Faa.' According to this veritable authority (it is however just possible that the author may have taken out too extensive a poetic licence) it appears that John the sixth earl of Cassilis—of whom we have before spoken—had married Lady Jane Hamilton, a daughter of the first earl of Haddington. The marriage seems to have been one of interest and

opposed to the lady's wishes. The usual consequences followed: a lover was necessary as a relief to matrimonial monotony. Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, a former suitor, was found to supply every quality that least resembled those of the husband, and which, as a natural consequence, was most calculated to secure the affection of the wife. Then comes the crisis of the drama. The knight takes advantage of the absence of the old earl to seek the presence of the young countess. He arrives at Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, and appears before the gates, surrounded by a faithful band of supporters—of the troubadour school, combining all that is gentlemanlike, courteous, and unprincipled—the manners of Chesterfield with the morals of Jack Sheppard. Whether

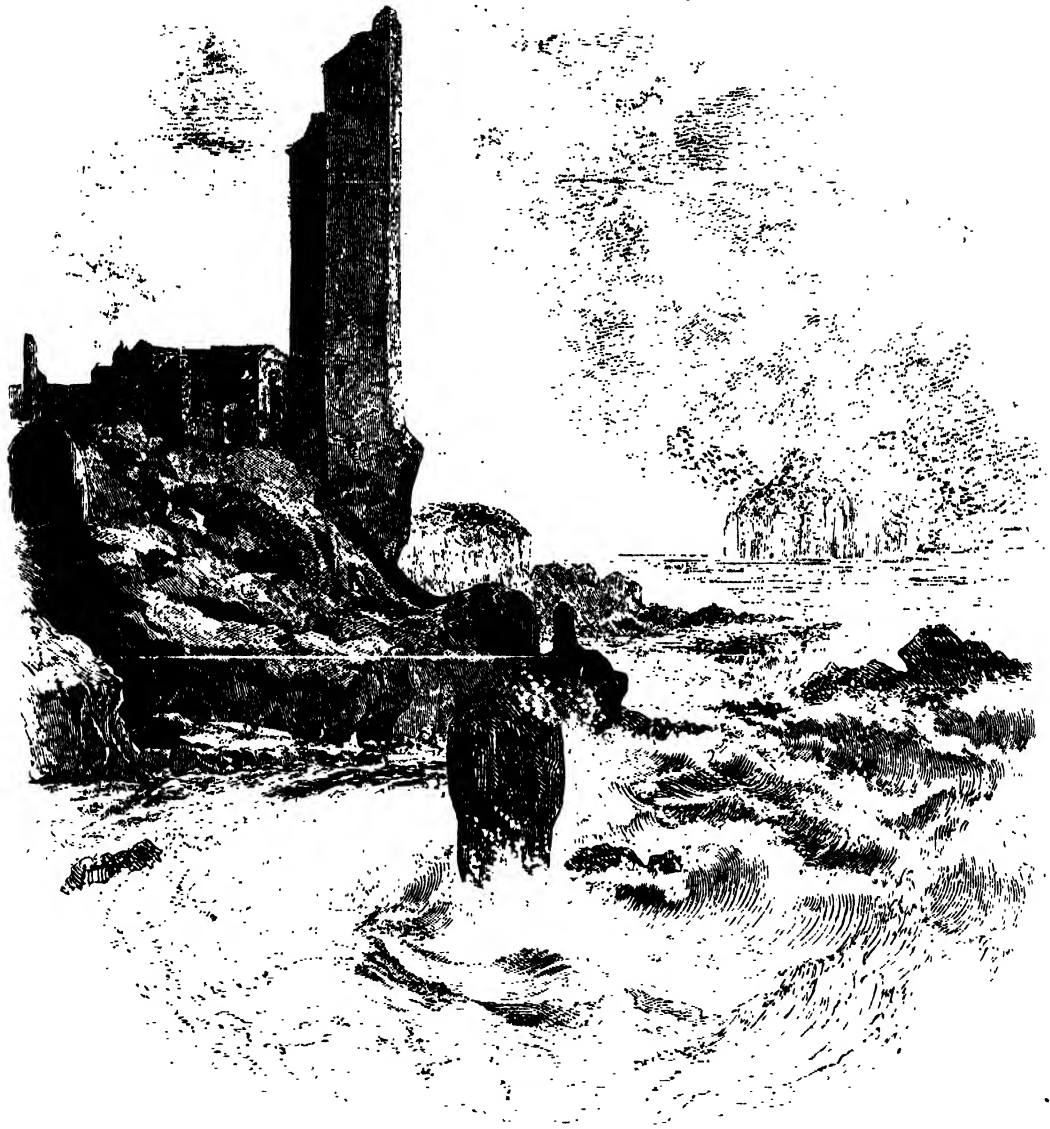
"They cuist the glamourye ower her,"

as stated in the ballad, or whether love supplied a stronger spell which enabled her to recognize them through the sylvan disguise which they had adopted is uncertain; but there is no doubt that the lady consented to elope. Their horses, however, appear to have had a difficult journey—probably owing to "the course of true love" being in its proverbial condition; and the consequence was the swift pursuit and ignominious capture of the whole party by the earl and his infuriated followers. The scene of this catastrophe was a ford over the Doon, not far from the castle, still called the 'Gipsies' Steps.' The delinquents were immediately brought back to the castle; and Sir John and his adherents were at once hanged on the 'Dule Tree,'—a splendid plane, which yet flourishes on a mound in front of the gate; and which was the earl's gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. The unfortunate countess was compelled by her husband to behold this specimen of the "wild justice of revenge" from an adjacent window. The room in question is still called 'the Countess's Room.' After a short confinement there, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a projecting staircase, upon which were carved the effigies of her lover and his band. She was there confined for the rest of her life: the earl, in the mean time, evincing his courage by contracting a second marriage. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute; the head of Sir John being distinct from the rest by being larger, and more lachrymose in expression.

A portion of the collegiate church, founded by Gilbert Kennedy of Dunure, in the fifteenth century, still remains in the centre of the town. And in another part is still to be seen the place where John Knox and Quintin Kennedy, abbot of Crossraguel, held their celebrated disputation. At that time it was the abode of the provost of the town: it has since subsided into an inn, which any may discover by asking, as we did, for the 'Red Lion.' In honour of this event—not the establishment of the inn, but the holding of the disputation—a 'Knox Club' has been formed in Maybole, and at its triennial festival are

* The old place of execution may still be seen at Maybole: it bears the appropriate designation of Gallow Hill.

† 'New Statistical Account of Scotland.'



DUNURE CASTLE.

mustered men of all callings and denominations, united in the general cause of Protestantism. It is said that to assist him in the discussion, Kennedy had brought with him from the abbey some cartloads of books and manuscripts; all of which were afterwards taken to the green by the populace, and burnt in one vast heap—forming a gigantic funeral pyre, upon which Kennedy might have secured an effective climax to the story and effectual martyrdom for himself by the simple act of voluntary immolation. Indeed it is to be regretted that he has deprived our historical novelists of a first-rate subject by omitting to make such a sacrifice.

The inhabitants of Maybole are principally engaged in light weaving—the work being obtained from Glasgow and Paisley. They are described in the 'New Statistical Account,' drawn up by the parish ministers of Scotland, as being, a great proportion of them, 'dissolute and neglectful of their religious duties.'

DUNURE AND ITS CASTLE.

Some few miles on our route, a little to the west, we arrive at what is perhaps the most interesting locality on the coast of Carrick. We refer to the little fishing village of Dunure; picturesquely situated, and finely protected by hills on all sides—save where the ocean supplies its broad blue boundary. Standing upon the eminence which reaches the village from the south, the scene around us is one of various and blended beauty. The Firth of Clyde, with the mouth of the river, "Ailsa's blue crag," the shores of Arran, and in the rear those of Cantyre, at once meet the view; while far out on the river stalk stately vessels of various descriptions; coasting and pleasure steamers, from which music may be heard; and further out a whole fleet of fishing boats, dancing over the water, their white sails resembling a flock of sea birds.

Descending the hill we approach the village, with its little harbour and neat houses scattered gracefully along the shore; each dwelling surrounded by a small garden, well cultivated, and fragrant with flowers. The nets spread out in the sun to dry, and the boats lying upon the shore, proclaim at once the occupation of the happy-looking villagers. The harbour is efficiently protected, but so small as scarcely to afford accommodation to a vessel much larger than a herring smack. It was constructed by Mr. Abercrombie, engineer, at a cost of £50,000. It is entirely cut out of the solid rock. The object was to make it a port fitted for shipping the agricultural produce of the county; but this scheme proved an entire failure. Dunure is much frequented by strangers during the summer months: it being scarcely equalled as a marine residence by any town in Ayrshire.

That venerable pile, standing on a rocky eminence, washed by the sea, and forming so prominent and interesting a part of the scene, is Dunure Castle. It was formerly the seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, and its origin is attributed by the author of the 'Historie of

the Kennedys,' to the famous battle of Largs. After that contest Haco was pursued by McKinnon of the Isles; and his sons, ascertaining that he had taken shelter at Ayr, pressed forward in pursuit of one of his "great captains," whom they captured at Dunure. For this act, Alexander III. conferred the castle and surrounding lands on McKinnon.

Dalrymple is a little village a few miles to the east of Dunure. It is situated on a bend of the river Doon, which thereabouts follows a rather eccentric course. Part of the village is of ancient origin: the remainder of more modern date. The characteristics of the place, most apparent to the eye, are rose-wreathed cottages, with pure white walls; cleanliness, comfort, and industry; and a thriving and happy population.

There are several heights in the neighbourhood, commanding views of the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag, and even of the northern coast of Ireland. Burns opens his 'Halloween' by an allusion to one of these eminences—that of Downans:

"Upon that nicht when fairies light
On Cassilis Downans dance," &c.

THE LAND OF BURNS.

We have now traversed the entire coast of Carrick; and standing upon the last of its numerous hills, we are aroused into a new order of associations and ideas by the landscape at our feet. The "auld town o' Ayr," and "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and the Monument—

"And all the scene—in short, earth, sky, and sea"—

is lighted up in the imagination with the genius of the Poet, even more vividly than by the sun itself, as it sweeps in its mellow magnificence towards the west.

But we are impatient of delay, and anxious for closer communion with the objects that most interest us; so leaving behind us the brown hills of Carrick, with glowing heart we plunge into the 'Land of Burns!'

Reverence for their favourite poet has become one of the most prominent features of Scottish nationality: nay, in some cases it amounts almost to a religion. As Mohammedanism has its Mecca, and Christianity its Jerusalem, so *Burns-ism* may be said to have its Ayr.

It has been regretted that the Poet of Scotland should have been born and brought up in a part of the country so little calculated, it is said, to nourish poetic tendencies as Ayrshire, on account of the absence of "scenery of a poetic cast."* But we believe there is little reason for these regrets. If such be the general character of the scenery, the rule is not without frequent exceptions. The coast of Carrick was for a time the abiding-place of the poet; and at Moss-giel, surrounded by the classic woods environing Ballochmyle and Catrine, and containing scenes of such poetic beauty as are to be found on "the banks and braes

* Mr. Robert Chambers.

and streams around the Castle of Montgomery," the poet spent a few of his few, few years. Besides these favourable circumstances, no portion of his native land was so well calculated, from the character of its inhabitants, to imbue him with that essential element in the poetic mind,—a deep and fervid love of country.

THE TOWN OF AYR AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

But it is again necessary to subside into mere facts, in introducing the reader to the "Royal burgh and county-town of Ayr."

It is situated on the south bank, and at the mouth of the river Ayr. Its general appearance is shown in the engraving. Its name must have been derived from that circumstance: but its origin is lost in obscurity. Notwithstanding this fact, however, we have not heard its foundation ascribed either to Charlemagne, or the devil—the two common recipients of such unclaimed honours. Attended with various and unequal fortunes, it seems to have existed for several centuries prior to 1202, when William the Lion created it a Royal burgh. At that period, and for several succeeding centuries, it appears to have been a place of importance and considerable trade; and although Daniel Defoe, in his 'Tour through Great Britain,' represented it as in a declining condition, it afterwards re-attained its importance. Its merchants imported wines from France extensively; and exported corn, salmon, and other native productions. The rising importance of Glasgow was no little drawback to the advance of Ayr; but in more recent times the affairs of the latter place have become more animated by the establishment of a railway to Glasgow, and the opening of various parts of the county by means of branch lines. The shipping of Ayr is very inconsiderable. The little business done consists chiefly in the importation of agricultural produce, linen, and slates, from Ireland, and the exportation of coal, pig-iron, &c. But though the seat of considerable carpet, leather, and shoe-manufactures, Ayr, unlike its neighbour, Kilmarnock, is decidedly not a place of trade. It stands, indeed, in the same relation to Kilmarnock as Edinburgh to Glasgow; and its inhabitants are wealthy and refined, many of them being attached to the profession of the law.

On the opposite bank of the river Ayr is situated Newton-upon-Ayr, a burgh of barony, under a totally distinct municipal government. It is of comparatively recent origin, and contains scarcely a feature of any interest. It is connected with the parent town by the 'auld' and the 'new' Brigs o' Ayr.

During the last quarter of a century, the appearance of the town of Ayr—which had previously been far from prepossessing—has been materially improved. The High Street, which passes nearly through the centre of the town, is adorned by Wallace's Tower; and many of the chief places of business are situated there. The antiquarian will find considerable food for speculation in many of the old and grotesque tenements which may be met with, interspersed with more modern buildings.

At the latter end of the twelfth century, William the Lion founded the Castle of Ayr, on an eminence near to the Church of St. John the Baptist, which stood close upon the seashore, a little northward of the site now occupied by the county buildings. Here stood one of the four forts which Cromwell erected in Scotland. He changed the church into an armoury, and enclosed it within the ramparts; making, however, a grant to the town sufficient to enable them to erect another building. A tall, gaunt, and exceedingly plain tower, is the only vestige of St. John's Church now remaining. A short distance from this, the foundations of the Castle of Ayr may be traced.

Many of the scenes and buildings in the town are associated with the name and the fame of Wallace. Wallace's Tower, which we have already mentioned, is a handsome Gothic structure, 113 feet in height; and is outwardly ornamented by a statue of the Patriot, executed by Mr. James Thom, a self-taught Ayrshire sculptor. Previous to the year 1830, there stood on the site of this building a tower of great antiquity, of which nothing positive was known. It has been supposed by some to have been the town-residence of Wallace of Craigie; by others, to have been the prison of Ayr—over the walls of which Wallace was thrown by his friends, to save him from the grasp of the Southrons; when, as related by Harry the Minstrel, he was rescued by his old nurse, who conveyed him to her home.

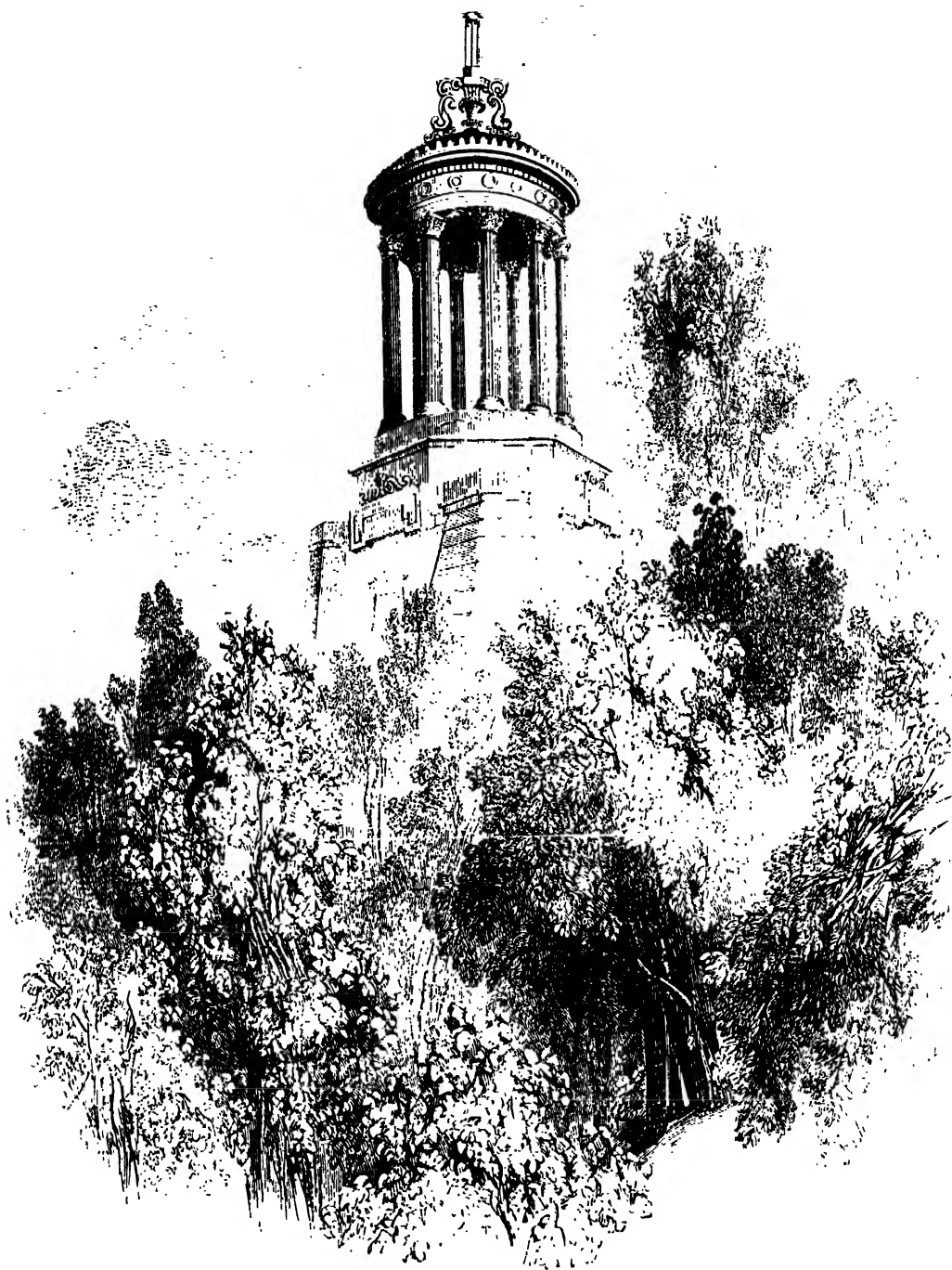
At the corner of a thoroughfare diverging southward from the High Street, there stood, in former times, the Court-House of Ayr, supposed to be the building in which the noblemen and gentlemen of the west—including Wallace's uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford—were treacherously murdered by the English governor. A dwelling-house occupies the site of the building: it is adorned with a statue of Wallace, who, in revenge for the act of treachery referred to, immediately fired the military encampment of the English, reducing it and its occupants to ashes.

It is, by the way, to be regretted, that neither of the two statues of Wallace in the town have any claims to admiration. The first conveys only half an idea of the Patriot, and the other none at all.

The old parish Church,—built in the time of the Protector, in lieu of that appropriated by him, as already stated,—stands on the site of a Dominican monastery; remarkable as the place where Robert Bruce held the Parliament which settled the succession of his brother Edward on the throne. It is a remarkably plain building: it partakes of the unadorned character of the time. A small fountain, running through the churchyard into the river, is yet popularly known as the 'Friar's Well.'

In a by lane, behind the Fish Cross, there is a tenement, said to have been the birthplace of the brilliant and accomplished Anthony Hamilton, author of the 'Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont;' and in the main street, opposite the Fish Cross, there is a huge and ancient house, once the town residence of the Chalmers' of Cadgirth. It has in front a





BURNS'S MONUMENT.

turret, containing a small apartment, in which Mair, the celebrated arithmetician, who was for some time a teacher in the Academy of Ayr, executed his 'System of Book-keeping.'

Near the remaining portion of St. John's Church there stood, not many years ago, a small plain stone, marking the spot where lay the remains of Maggie Osborne, the last victim in Scotland who suffered death for the imputed crime of witchcraft.

At the foot of the High Street, the 'auld brig' crosses the Ayr. It consists of four lofty and substantial arches; and is said to have been constructed by two maiden sisters, in the reign of Alexander III. It is extremely narrow, like most old bridges; and now serves only as a footpath. The 'new brig' is an exceedingly graceful structure, lying between one and two hundred yards nearer the harbour. It consists of five arches, the abutments of which are adorned with finely-executed allegorical figures, and was constructed in 1788, from a design by Robert Adam—chiefly through the exertions of James Ballantyne, then provost of the burgh.

The imposing structure situated at the junction of the High Street and Sandgate Street, composed of an union of the Grecian and Tuscan orders of architecture, and surmounted by a tall and beautiful spire, is the Towns Buildings. Besides affording to the industrious officials ample accommodation for the *enjoyment* of their business (to adopt the foreigners' sarcasm upon our national habits), the building also contains an assembly-room, devoted to the *transaction* of pleasure.

Passing along Wellington Square—itself a very fine object—the visitor is attracted by a large building at the western angle. It is built in imitation of an ancient Temple of Isis, at Rome. The front entrance is supported by massive pillars; and the building is surmounted by a very beautiful dome. The effect of the whole is extremely grand; and the County Buildings are very justly considered to be the most magnificent in the locality.

Some creditable churches, both of the establishment and for dissenters; several public institutions, of which the principal is a Mechanics' Institution, with a museum attached to it; and a Railway-station, in the Elizabethan style, are among the other notabilities of the place. Any of these will repay a visit, and should not be passed over by the intelligent tourist. A Sheriffs' Court and a Small Debts' Court are held in the town; also a Commissary Court, a Burgh Criminal Court, and a Justice of the Peace Court. There are several banks; and among the institutions we may notice a Mechanics' Institution, the 'Sailors' Society,' instituted in 1581, for the benefit of decayed mariners, their widows and children; the 'Merchants' company,' and 'Writers' Society,'—both benefit societies; a Horticultural and Agricultural Society, a Medical Association, and Dispensary.

Ayr is peculiarly well provided with the means of education. The parochial schools of the burgh were formed into an academy in 1798, and a charter of incor-

poration obtained. A bequest of £1,000 to the public teachers of Ayr, left by Mr. Ferguson of Dunholm, laid the foundation of the necessary funds. A considerable sum in addition was raised by subscription, and the present handsome building and successful system of management is the result. The Academy has proved of great benefit to the town, and maintains a high reputation. The other schools in the neighbourhood are numerous.

There is an extensive town library and also circulating libraries in Ayr. There are two weekly newspapers published.

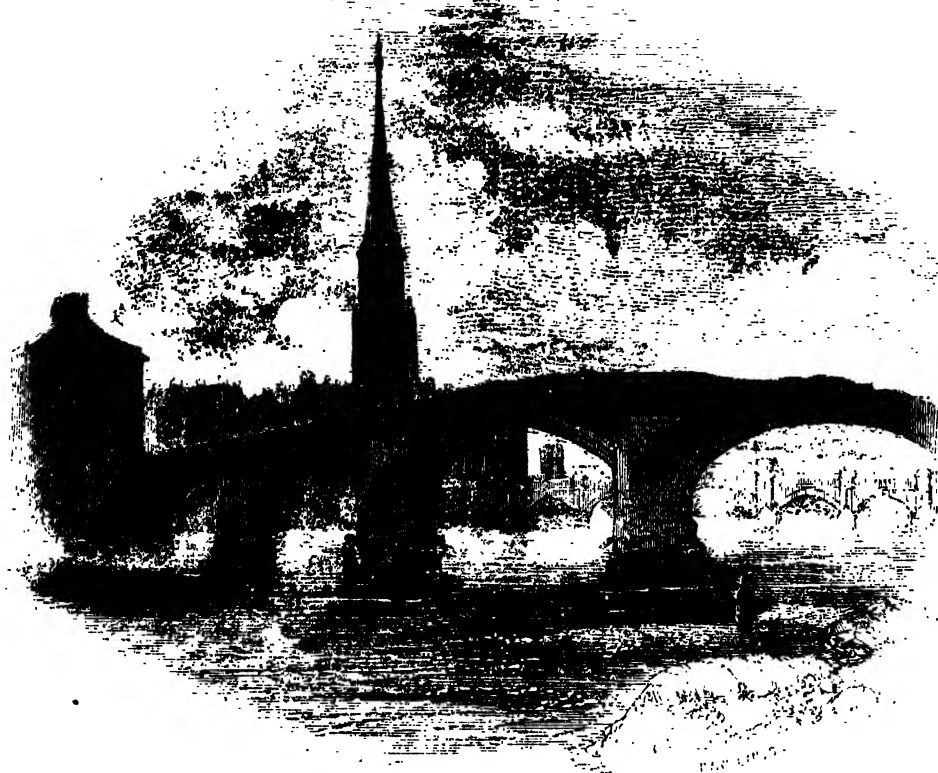
The gaol of Ayr was built at the same time as the County Buildings. It stands on an open space by the sea beach. It is well conducted, upon the separate system.

Almost every Scotsman who visits the town will view it in one aspect—as the birthplace, and for many years the residence, of Burns. But this interest is not confined to the spot itself: it extends to the surrounding scenes—so alive with associations, and so eloquent in the memories they arouse. In this spirit, then, having briefly glanced through the town, we will take a stroll in the neighbourhood.

BURNS; HIS BIRTHPLACE, AND FAVOURITE HAUNTS.

Leaving the town by the Maybole toll-gate, a view of the Clyde, stretching away to the right, and the gently-receding hills of Carrick, are the only objects that arrest the attention. If the traveller is in a good-humour, and disposed to gossip and receive information, he will do well to fraternise, as the phrase goes, with one of 'the natives,' who will talk to him with a fifty 'Murray's Handbook' power of the wonders of the place; which he believes in his heart to be the most important on the face of the earth. Of course, the most minute object connected in any way with the Poet or his compositions, will form a prominent feature of the 'gude man's' discourse. More especially will he descant on the adventures of the hero of the neighbourhood, Tam o' Shanter, "as he frae Ayr, ae nicht did canter." The traveller will probably be favoured, too, with a glance at a modest little cottage by the wayside, inhabited by Mrs. Begg, a sister of the Poet's. A gentle turn in the road here introduces us to finer scenes than we have hitherto passed through. A fertile and undulating country, dotted with white villas and wooded knolls; the pathway shaded by tall trees, and the fields glowing with rich grain,—these are among the attractions of the scene, which, on a Sunday or holiday, are further enhanced by a merry assemblage of the peasantry.

About two miles, or rather more, from Ayr, a little cottage by the roadside arrests the attention—that is to say, the attention of those who know its history. It consists only of two rooms,—one of which is a kitchen; roofed with wooden rafters, thatched with straw,—and in all respects an humble, if not entirely comfortless dwelling. What is the interest attached



BRIDGE OF AYR.

to it? and why stands the traveller watching with so much reverence so very ordinary and prosaic a structure? He enters the doorway, and passes to the humble apartment used as a kitchen. A small recess in the wall attracts his attention; it was in that recess that Robert Burns was first introduced to the world.

The cottage is at present used as a place of refreshment, and is visited continually by a large number of persons. A large hall has recently been built in the rear, for convivial meetings. The landlord takes great pains to show the travellers every object of interest in the place.

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk" stands on the same side of the road, a short distance farther on; and the Monument is near the same spot. The former is a mere ruin, consisting of the bare walls alone. The rafters are scattered far and wide over the three kingdoms, and may be in every part of the world, for aught we know to the contrary, in the shape of fancy articles, cigar-cases, boxes, &c., from which scores of Scots may at the present moment be puffing or snuffing inspiration as the case may be. It is said, that in Catholic countries there are exhibited as many fragments of the 'original' Cross, as would build a seventy-four line of battle ship. The case of the 'Alloway' relics is not very different.

The place of burial attached is crowded with monu-

mental stones; many of them marking the resting-places of those of the better class. The father of the Poet lies here, the epitaph upon whose tomb is perhaps the most affectionate tribute ever offered by son to father.

THE MONUMENT.

Nearly opposite Alloway Kirk, on the summit of a slight but abrupt eminence, overlooking the river Doon, stands Burns's Monument. We are indebted principally to Mr. John Douglas, of Barloch, and Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, for this appropriate testimonial. It was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh. It consists of an imposing rustic base, supporting nine Corinthian pillars, which are surmounted by a gilt tripod, indicative of the three districts into which Ayrshire is divided. Notwithstanding its somewhat ornate style, the effect is simple and elegant. The Monument is surrounded by a garden tastefully laid out with flowers and shrubs. In a corner of the garden, in a little stone structure, the stranger is shown two highly expressive statues of the 'bosom cronies,' Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny—the production of a self-taught sculptor, named Thom, whom we have mentioned elsewhere. The interior of the monument contains a spirited marble bust of the Poet, by Patrick Park; a copy of Nasmyth's portrait.

the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary; and a lock of Mary's hair; besides several other relics associated with the Poet. From the top of the staircase excellent views of the surrounding country are obtained. (Engraving.)

At the Monument gate is the inn, which well merits a visit.

Along the banks of the Doon—as well as between the town of Ayr and the Monument—there are numerous villas, inhabited principally by the wealthy. They are rapidly increasing in number; so that every year is adding to the attractions of a district which has already so many charms, both of scenery and association, to recommend it. To “win the key-stane o’ the brig” of Doon, was the successful effort of Tam o’ Shanter on his homeward ride.

THE BANKS OF AYR.

Proceeding on our pilgrimage we follow the course of the Ayr, and rather to the north of that river arrive at the town of Tarbolton. In the immediate neighbourhood, we encounter—amidst scenery of a very beautiful description—the fine seat of Sir William Miller, Barskimming, to the northward of which lie Mauchline, and the humble farm-steading of Mossgriel. Still pursuing our way, we view with delight the enchanting ‘Braes of Ballochmyle.’ Here ‘auld Hermit Ayr’ bends eastward; and a walk of a mile or two leads us to the Vale of Catrine, with its pretty little village,—its woods, of which Burns has sung so pensively; and a mansion, consecrated by having been the residence of no less a man than Dugald Stewart. Tarbolton itself is a small town, remarkable for—exactly nothing; unless a very miserable-looking remnant of Faile Abbey, about a mile off, has claim to any consideration. By the way, the habits of the former occupants of the Abbey in question gave rise to the assertion that

“The Friars of Faile ne’er wanted ale,
As lang as their neebors’ lasted.”

The Farm of Lochlea, which was occupied by the father of Robert Burns, from 1774 to 1784, is in this neighbourhood. Here the young poet spent from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year, working vigorously on the farm with his aged father, who was rapidly sinking under his prolonged misfortunes. Burns produced many of his poems while remaining here; and, consequently, became a famous character in the neighbouring clachan of Tarbolton, where, after the labours of the day, he was accustomed to resort for intellectual or convivial relaxation—or the two united.

The Farm of Spittleside—the birthplace of David Sillar—is about one mile from Tarbolton. Sillar, notwithstanding the tincture of poetry which he possessed, is best known in connection with Burns; first as his ‘bosom crony,’ and afterwards as his poetical correspondent. It was in these scenes that the pair were accustomed to wander, discussing perhaps poetry, perhaps intrigue: indeed, the last was a frequent occu-

pation; for to Burns and his friend were committed the management of nearly all the love affairs of the neighbourhood.

‘HIGHLAND MARY’ AND THE POET.

That substantial and elegant structure situated in a secluded valley, about a mile to the south-west of Tarbolton, is Coilsfield House. It was formerly the seat of the Montgomeries. It has been renewed since the time of Burns; who, in several of his poems, has borne testimony to the bravery of the then representatives of the family.

The mystic Faile here winds its way towards the Ayr, surrounded on all sides by splendid woodlands. But it is not its scenery, beautiful as it is—nor its history, interesting though it be—that lends to the locality so magical a charm, and an attraction so irresistible. As the meeting-place of a pair of rustic lovers, some sixty years ago, the place has gained more renown than the boldest scenery and the most martial deeds could have attached to it:

“How sweetly bloom’d the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn’s blossom,
As, underneath the fragrant shade,
I elap’d her to my bosom!
The angel-hours, on golden wings,
Flew o’er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.”

So sang Burns of the woman for whom, of all others, he seems to have formed the most enduring attachment. Mary Campbell—better known by her poetic name of Highland Mary—was in no elevated sphere of life. In fact, it must be owned—it is of no use to disguise matters—that she followed the occupation of a dairy-maid at Coilsfield. Originally she had come from Campbelltown, in Argyleshire. She appears to have been a person of considerable, though not extraordinary, beauty. Her mental powers were great; and to her pre-eminently amiable disposition, and the natural accomplishments of her mind, may be attributed, to a great extent, the impression which she made on the mind of the young poet. According to the statement of the poet himself, the two lovers met on the lovely banks of the Ayr, on the second Sabbath of May, to take a mutual farewell; for Mary was about to make a journey into Argyleshire, to make some arrangements for her marriage with Burns. But this meeting was destined to be their last on earth. The impression—lasting as it was—which her death made on the poet, is yet more lastingly recorded in the lyrics in which he refers to the occasion.

It seems probable that the wanderings of these lovers were not confined to the immediate banks of the Ayr; but they extended to the picturesque park of Coilsfield, (Cut, p. 229,) as we find in the poetical description of the famous day in question that the poet opens with the following apostrophe:



AULD BRIG O' DOON.

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie;
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfault her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took my last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

At their parting, the lovers stood on the separate sides of a little streamlet, and holding a Bible between them, while they laved their hands in the purling brook, fondly vowed to be faithful to each other:

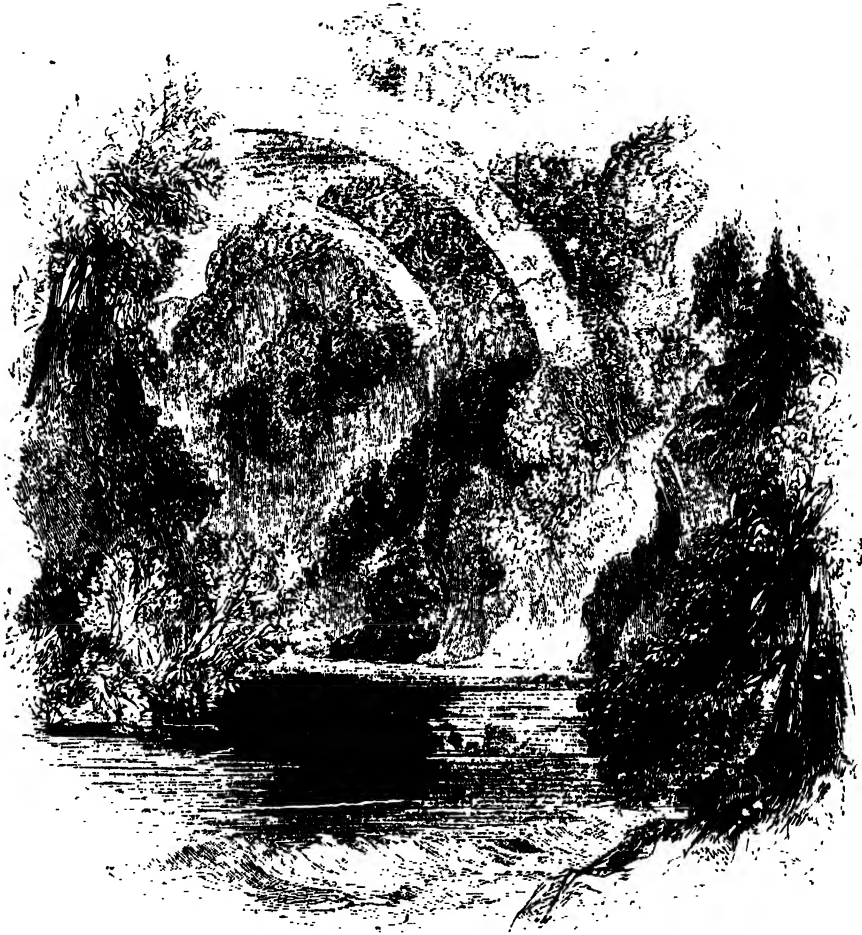
"Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sue early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.
Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sue fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lov'd me dearly
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary."

Her mission to Ayrshire had been satisfactorily

fulfilled, and she had reached Greenock on her way back to Ayrshire, where her betrothed awaited her; when poor Mary was attacked by a disease, to which she speedily fell a victim. Over her remains, in the churchyard of Greenock, a handsome monument has been erected.

The depth of Burns's sorrow is nowhere better shown than in his noble poem, 'To Mary in Heaven,'—written at Ellisland, in 1789, on the anniversary of the September day on which he had heard of her death. With this ballad we may appropriately conclude this brief sketch of these melancholy and romantic loves:

"Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?
That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
When by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!



THE Ayr AT COILSFIELD.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

KYLE, AND ITS NOTABILITIFS.

The name of *Kyle* is supposed to have been derived from Coyle, King of the Britons, who is said to have been killed in a battle with the Picts and Scots, about three hundred years before Christ. The name of the district of Ayrshire in which the battle took place has evidently been altered to suit the vulgar pronunciation of the word 'Coil.' The truth of the tradition seems to be attested by several facts: that a small brook

which empties itself into the Faile, is known as 'The Bloody Burn'—that a flat alluvial space of ground on the opposite side of the same stream receives the appellation of the 'Dead Men's Holm'—that the locality is called Coilsfield, *i.e.*, the field of Coil—and that the dust of King Coyll, or Coilus, was supposed to have been deposited beneath two large masses of basalt, situated on a circular mound enclosed by a tall hedge, in the immediate vicinity of the farm-offices of Coilsfield.

This tomb was opened on the 29th of May, 1837, in the presence of several gentlemen; when an urn was discovered, covered over at the mouth with a horizontal flag stone. This urn was filled with white coloured burnt bones. On further search two or three other urns were brought to light, some of which crumbled to dust immediately on the air being admitted. They all contained bones.

These facts combine to attach a very high degree of probability to the traditions regarding King Coil.

After visiting the grave of Coil, we now proceed along the road leading to Mauchline. A gentleman's seat of great beauty attracts our attention: it is Barskimming, in Burns's time the residence of Lord Justice Clerk Miller, who is thus alluded to by the poet in his 'Vision':

“Through many a wild romantic grove,
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)
In musing mood,
An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Dispensing good.”

In passing through the romantic park of Barskimming, the appearance of the Ayr is strikingly beautiful. Pursuing its devious course at the foot of large chasms formed in the solid rock, the name of the ‘Auld Hermit Ayr’ is here especially deserved.

MAUCHLINE AND ITS CASTLE.

Leaving the river, to pursue ourselves a more northerly course, we soon arrive at Mauchline; a neat and cleanly little town, situated on a level plain. The capital, so to speak, of a considerable agricultural section of the county, it is the seat of considerable business. It is a station on the Glasgow, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and Muirkirk railway. The church was opened for public worship in 1829,—the old church, which was proved to be inconvenient, and suspected of being unsafe, having been taken down two years before. It is built of the red freestone which abounds in the neighbourhood, chiefly in the Gothic style. It stands in the centre of the town, surrounded by a churchyard. It has a tower on its east end, ninety feet in height, and crowned with small turrets. The interior is plain enough. It is fitted up in the usual manner, with enclosed pews. The pulpit is effectively ornamented. This church has a considerable reputation for elegance, to which it is not without some claim. The name of the town was formerly spelt Macklin—*Mugh* signifying a field, or meadow, and *Lin*, or Linne, a pool or lake. The local character of the place corresponds with this description. The fields around the town abound in springs, and must have been anciently a marsh or meadow. The principal object of antiquity in the place is an ancient tower, of no very large dimensions, formerly known as Mauchline Castle. It is said to have been in the possession of the Londoun family, to whom it gave a second title. In 1789, when Grose, who noticed the tower in his ‘Antiquities,’ made his drawing of it, it was possessed by Gavin Hamilton, whose name is so widely known in connection with Burns; and it continued for a time to be the residence of one of Mr. Hamilton’s sons.

Not far from the Castle stands the new Educational Institute,—a neat new building, where fifty poor children are educated free of charge. The school is conducted on the normal system; and the course of instruction includes many advanced branches of knowledge.

In a little narrow street at the back of the burial-place adjoining the Church, stands a two-storied house, bearing date 1744, formerly possessed by the alewife, Nanse Tarnock. The dame in question—long since passed away—has found no successor in that calling of which she was such an ornament. An old industrious spoon-maker now shows the scene of his labours

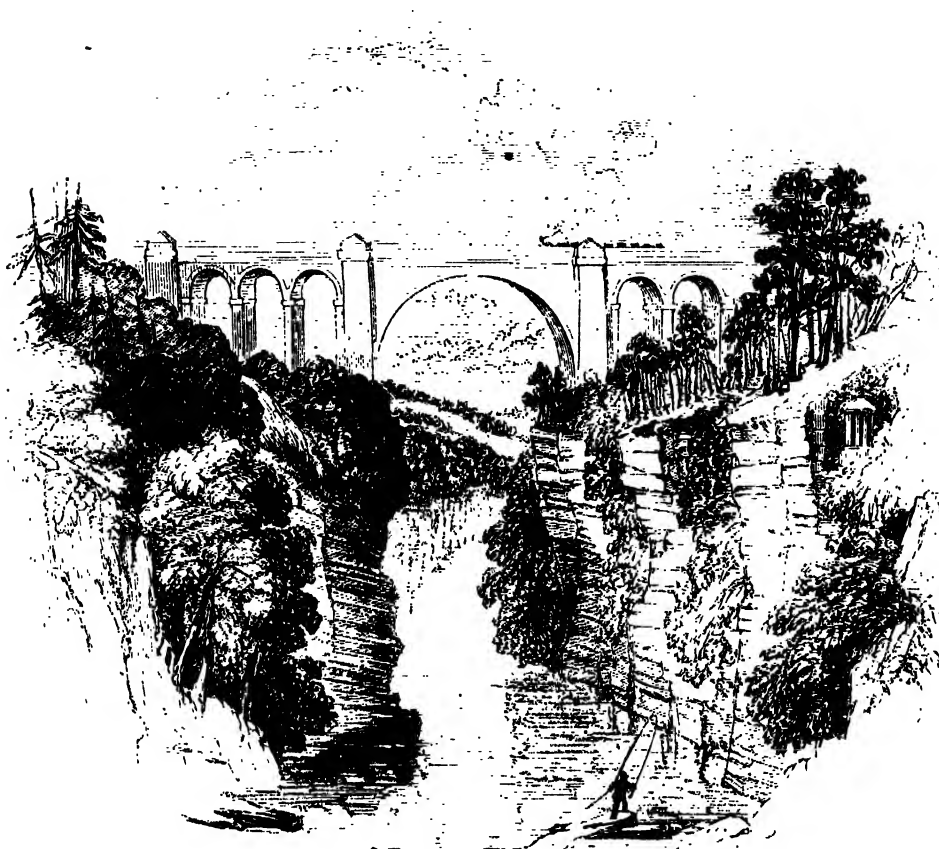
to visitors as the veritable alehouse, the witness of so many bacchanalian festivals in the days when those absurd attributes of the Scottish Church—the ‘Holy Fairs’—had not passed away. The merit belongs to Burns of having made one of the first attempts (and it was a successful one) to found a Book Society in this town. At the latter end of 1780, while residing in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, Burns, in conjunction with his brother, and five peasants of about the same age, founded a Mutual Instruction Society, called the ‘Bachelors’ Club.’ This association, the members of which met monthly in one of the village alehouses for the purpose of conversation and debate, existed for several years, having materially increased in numbers. By one of its regulations, all fines were expended in liquor. When Burns removed to Mossgiel, a club of a similar nature was established in Mauchline, but with one material difference—the fines, instead of being dispensed in the shape of scanty potations of small beer, were appropriated to the purchase of books; so that many valuable and important works were placed within the reach of the humble members of the society, works which were to them otherwise unattainable. The name of the society will be found in the list of subscribers to the Kilmarnock edition of his poems. Burns, it will be remembered, afterwards established a club of the same kind at Monkland.

BURNS’S FARM AT MOSSGIEL.

Proceeding a mile on the Kilmarnock road, and turning up a by-lane to the right, we reach the farmstead of Mossgiel, where Burns dwelt from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-eighth year of his age. The stead in appearance is not distinguished from any other farm-house in the county; consisting of three detached one-storied buildings, roofed with straw, and surrounded with trees. But how interesting does the spot become when the traveller remembers that it was in one of the adjacent fields that the poet turned up the mountain daisy, which, embalmed in the poet’s verse, bids fair to bloom for ever; and that in one of those humble attics, at an hour when churchyards are said to yawn, and all respectable persons are in bed, sitting by a small deal table, would he commit to paper those lyrics which he had composed during the manual labours of the day!

It was at Mossgiel, during a Sabbath evening’s walk, that Burns first read the ‘Cotter’s Saturday Night’ to his brother,—the good gentle-hearted Gilbert, whom mingled surprise and admiration caused to weep. And it was to Mossgiel that he returned after his triumphant reception in Edinburgh, when his mother, overpowered by her feelings, could only welcome him by exclaiming “O Robert, Robert!”

The farm was far from prosperous; the end of the fourth year found the Burns’ family poorer than when they first entered upon it; and to crown the misfortunes of our poet he had then formed his luckless *liaison* with Jean Armour; and denied by a harsh father the



VIADUCT AT BALLOCHMYLE.

privilege of doing justice to her whom he loved as deeply as he had wronged, with nothing but ruin before him, he resolved to quit the country. To obtain the means he endeavoured to find a publisher for his poems, but for some time without success. He eventually accomplished this object with the aid of an acquaintance—John Goudie, a worthy citizen of Kilmarnock—who introduced him to some valuable connections. By the sale of his book he realized sufficient for his purpose—a passage to Jamaica; and his chest was on the road to Greenock, when he went to take a last farewell of some of the scenes which had so frequently inspired him. The result was the following beautiful lines, the last he said that he should ever measure in Caledonia:

“The gloomy night is gath’ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
You murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o’er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
And scatter’d coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip’ning corn.
By early Winter’s ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky.
She sees the scowling tempest fly

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—
I think upon the stormy wave.
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.
’Tis not the surging billow’s roar,
’Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho’ death in ev’ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpire’d with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.
Farewell, old Coila’s hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends! Farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

Fortunately for himself—for his friends—for his country—the poet was spared the pain of his self-imposed exile. The well-known letter from the amiable Dr. Blacklock infused a new spirit into his mind, and without introduction of any sort he at once departed for Edinburgh.

BALLOCHMYLE AND BURNS.

Further up the river we arrive at the railway-bridge

of Ballochmyle,—a very beautiful structure, nearly 700 feet in length, with embankments at each end a mile in length, and ninety feet high at their junction with the viaduct. There are three arches of fifty feet span on each side of the great central one, which has a span of one hundred and eighty-four feet, and is also one hundred and eighty-four feet above the ordinary level of the river. This spot is peculiar for the curious junction which it presents of Nature and Art: indeed, it is seldom that so great a triumph of engineering is to be found in the midst of so much natural beauty; such rude picturesque rocks, and such sylvan and romantic scenery

Passing over to the Cumnock turnpike, to the left of the viaduct, another bridge, spanning the Ayr at one of her most romantic windings, meets the view. This is Howford Bridge. To its left a huge rock leans forward over a dark deep pool of water, in whose bosom is dimly reflected those noble trees overhanging the precipice which fringes the classic woods environing the mansion-house of Ballochmyle,—the seat of Mr. W. M. Alexander.

The identical crag is here pointed out, on which Burns is said to have stood while he composed that sublime dirge, 'Man was made to Mourn;' and the spot where he beheld the 'Lass o' Ballochmyle' is well known. The lady in question was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of the present proprietor of Ballochmyle; of whom it has been said, with more truth than originality, that "the charms of her person corresponded with the character of her mind." Burns enclosed the poem with an appropriate letter to this lady; but the customs of society did not permit her to take any notice of the communication. The occasion which gave rise to the poem is commemorated by an ornamental moss-house, the ingenious twig-work of which is adorned by suitable devices; and on a tablet on the back is inscribed a facsimile of two of the verses of the poem, as they appear in the holograph of the author.

CATRINE—ITS VALLEY AND VILLAGE.

Southward of Howford Bridge, a road skirting the woodlands of Ballochmyle diverges to the left. Pursuing the course of this road we arrive in Catrine Valley, through which the Ayr meanders pleasantly. The village of Catrine is one of the most flourishing villages in the county; its population is supported almost entirely by the large cotton-manufactory established in 1787. Catrine House, within a short distance of the village, was once the residence of Dugald Stuart; and it was here that Burns, as he tells us, first "dinner'd wi' a lord"—on an occasion when the youthful Lord Daer was the philosopher's guest. The bard has recorded this important event in some characteristic verses.

Leaving that interesting portion of Ayrshire, known as 'the Land of Burns,' we will pursue a new west-

ward course through an entirely different character of country.

LOCH DOON AND DALMELLINGTON.

Situated on the confines of the shire, the large sheet of water known as Loch Doon is the first object to arrest the attention. It derives its waters from the neighbouring hills in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright; subsequently transmitting them to form that classic stream on whose "banks and braes" we have so lately rambled. Upwards of six miles in length, and little more than half a mile broad, the loch is enclosed by considerable and even lofty hills; totally destitute of trees, and affording pasturage only to sheep. On a small island near its head stands an old time-worn castle, regarding which little is known for certain; but it is said to have been a residence of Edward, brother of Robert Bruce. The loch is popular with anglers, on account of its abundant supply of trout. The discharge of the water from the loch is regulated by sluices. For upwards of a mile, after leaving the loch, the river Doon pursues its way through a huge gully or ravine in the rocks, which have, it would almost appear, split asunder in order to make way for it. The sides of the steep and rugged precipices are clothed with trees; and by a narrow footpath along its course the visitor may witness the many fantastic windings of the river.

In a snug corner, on the highway leading to Dumfries, and at but a short distance north of Loch Doon, is situated the thriving village of Dalmellington, near which the river Doon changes its aspect, presenting along its banks for many miles a fine succession of verdant meadow lands. In the neighbouring hills, minerals—principally coal—abound to a great extent; and through the activity of some English Companies they are becoming more extensively worked than formerly.

CUMNOCK AND THE COVENANTERS.

Pursuing our route, inclining rather to the eastward, we shortly arrive at the village of New Cumnock. Situated in the midst of a rich mineral district, it contains nothing in itself to attract the attention of the visitor. Among the hills—for which the neighbourhood is remarkable—the Nith takes its rise; and, shallow and sluggish, winds its melancholy course through bleak moorlands for many miles; when, entering the county of Dumfries, it there forms the delightful Nith, on whose winding banks, during a few of the later years of his life, dwelt the bard of Coila, who, in some of his most fanciful compositions, has immortalized the scenes. The Afton,—which has its origin also at New Cumnock, and joins the Nith a little more northward—has also formed a subject for Burns, in the song commencing

"Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes."

The little town of Cumnock is situated at the bottom



BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.

of a small and fertile valley, at the confluence of the Lugar and the Glasnock streams. Its appearance is picturesque. It formerly enjoyed great celebrity for the manufacture of snuff-boxes; its staple manufacture at present, consists of light weaving. The burial-place, on the summit of a precipitous eminence to the north of the town, contains some objects worthy of note. At its southern angle lie, side by side, the bodies of Thomas Richard and Alexander Peden—the one a martyr and the other a sufferer in the cause of the covenant. Over their remains two plain stones are erected, shaded by two large thorns. The epitaph over Richard, is worthy of the poet of Moses—we mean of course the modern Moses, of Sartorial celebrity :

“Here lies the corpse of THOMAS RICHARD, who was shot by Colonel James Douglas, for his adherence to the covenanted work of Reformation, on the 5th day of April, anno 1685.

“Halt passenger! this stone doth show to thee
For what, by whom, and how, I here did die,
Because I always, in my station,
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation,
And to one sacred covenant and laws;
Establishing the same, which was the cause
In time of prayer, I was by Douglas shot,—
Ah! cruelty never to be forgot!”

Alexander Peden is supposed to have been born at the farm of Auchencloigh, or else in a small cottage not far from Sorn Castle. Having received a suitable education at the university, he was for some time parish-schoolmaster, precentor, and session-clerk at Tarbolton, and, according to Wodrow, precentor also at Fenwick. In 1663 he was settled minister of New Luce, in Galloway; but three years afterwards was forced to abandon a flock most ardently and devotedly attached to him. From that time he wandered from place to place, sometimes in Scotland, and sometimes in Ireland, till June, 1673, when he was seized in Carrick and conveyed to Edinburgh. After enduring hardships and cruelty of various kinds, he returned to Scotland in 1685, the year when the persecution raged the hottest in this and other districts of the country. At the imminent risk of his life he visited various districts in Ayrshire and Galloway, preaching and warning the inhabitants of the judgment which awaited upon their impenitence and apostasy. At length, worn out and exhausted, and apprehensive that his end was drawing near, he returned to his brother's house, in the immediate neighbourhood of Sorn Castle, where a garrison of soldiers was quartered, for the purpose of overawing the people. This rendered it necessary that he should conceal himself, which he did by means of a cave which he caused to be dug. After having very narrowly escaped detection from his persecutors, who had searched every part of the premises for him, he died there in 1686, in the sixtieth year of his age.*

Among the mansions in the neighbourhood we may mention Dumfries House, the seat of the late Marquis of Bute, as a rich specimen of modern magnificence;

* ‘Statistical Account of Scotland.’

and Logan House, the residence of the Logan family,—one of whom, the redoubtable humorist Hugh Logan, has the honour of supplying Scotland with her ‘Joe Miller,’ under the title of ‘The Laird of Logan, or the Wit of the West.’

AUCHINLECK—JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.

A little more than a mile to the north of Cumnock we come upon a dreary street by the road side, composing the village of Auchinleck. It is a weaving village, containing no object of interest or ornament except a church of considerable elegance. The principal proprietor in this district is Sir James Boswell, Bart., to whose family the biographer of Johnson belonged. While in Scotland “rough old Samuel—the last of all the Romans”—(as Carlyle calls him) was introduced by Boswell to his father, Lord Auchinleck, at the family mansion. But although gratified with his reception, and with his lordship, we do not find that Johnson was induced to compromise to any extent his sturdy dislike of the nation.

AIRD'S MOSS—THE CAMERONS.

Extending for several miles between Cumnock, Catrine, and Muirkirk, is a large tract of barren land, known as Aird's Moss, and celebrated as having been the scene of a sanguinary skirmish between a small party of Covenanters and a vastly superior force of the king's troops. No miracle having been brought into the field, the Covenanters, as may be supposed, were driven out of it—except, of course, the killed. Among this number was Richard Cameron, whose head and hands were severed from his body and attached to long poles. In this manner they were taken to Edinburgh, and paraded through the streets of the town—the soldier who bore the hands diverting himself by making them clap together as if in the attitude of prayer.

The large flat monument, erected fifty years afterwards to the memory of Cameron and his companions who perished with him, has been superseded by a more tasteful erection, situated near the western extremity of the morass.

MUIRKIRK AND LOUDOUN HILL.

Interesting from its very bleakness and barrenness, the country round the village of Muirkirk has its utilities. The neighbourhood is rich in mines and iron-works, in which the bulk of the population are employed. The farmhouse of Priesthill, once the residence of John Brown, the ‘Christian Courier,’ is in the village. An inscription on his grave-stone, which is erected on the spot, states that he was shot by a party commanded by Grahame of Claverhouse, while on his knees in the act of prayer. It is said that Claverhouse, or one of his party, lifted up his dead body, and carried it to his wife, asking her “What she



LOUDOUN HILL.

thought of her husband?"—"Mair," said she, "than ever I did; but the Lord will avenge this another day." A new monument has been erected in place of the old one. A visit to it, we are told, is considered a sort of pilgrimage by the pious of all persuasions.

This district, formerly almost impenetrable by the tourist, has been opened by the establishment of a branch line of the Ayrshire Railway Company's Cumnock Extension. The ready communication now existing with the town of Kilmarnock, has also advanced the interests of the place—which is continually increasing in population and importance. The river Ayr here takes its rise at Glenbuck, the site of extensive iron-works.

At the easternmost nook of the district of Cunningham we arrive at the spot

"Where Loudoun Hill rears high its conic form,
And bares its rocky bosom to the storm;"

—a spot interesting historically as well as in itself. Here the Romans had an encampment; here Wallace defeated the English; here Robert Bruce also defeated a force vastly superior to his own; here in later times the supporters of the Covenanters defeated Claverhouse on the field of Drumclog.

The road leading from Kilmarnock to Edinburgh pursues its course at the base of Loudoun Hill. By

taking to a by-road, nearly opposite the homely hostelry which forms the only accommodation for the stranger, we speedily arrive at the foot of the hill; thence by a pathway, among a thick forest of trees, we attain its summit, and the view of a magnificent prospect. The day is clear and brilliant—one of the fairest in May, the fairest month. To the westward, the eye traverses the fertile valley of the Irvine—a vista little short of twenty miles in length—with its numerous towns and villages; its dense woodlands, towering above which may be perceived the stern battlements of some baronial tower; its fertile fields, and luxuriant holms; and the happy-looking domiciles of a contented peasantry: the view is continued by the noble Frith of Clyde, and finally terminates in the distant yet distinct peak of that gem set in the Clyde waters—the Isle of Arran. In all other directions the eye rests on a widely different country,—on one vast expanse of "dreary, dreary moorland," presenting to the southward several high hills, behind which are the murky atmosphere and murkier eminences of Muirkirk. To the eastward, we survey an extensive level plain; on which, at the distance of about two miles, stands a monument, commemorative of the battle of Drumclog. But a stone on the turnpike, which intervenes, and which has engraved (though from this distance we cannot see the inscription) on the eastern side, the

word 'Lanarkshire,' and on the other, 'Ayrshire,' warns us not to go beyond the legitimate bounds of our subject.

THE VALE OF THE IRVINE—DARVEL.

In the vale of the Irvine the ground on both sides rises in a graceful manner; to the southward it attains a considerable height, extending for several miles in this direction over Galston moors, which now present a very different aspect to that of forty years ago. Indeed the whole county has, since the Union, made a very rapid advance in agriculture; and, from being in the lowest depths of ignorance and misery, the inhabitants have become prosperous and contented.

Walking westward, on the road to Kilmarnock, we shortly enter the village of Darvel, consisting of one street, about a mile long; and about two miles onward, we gain the little town of Newmilns. Westward of this town or village stands 'Patie's Mill,' the scene of one of Allan Ramsay's songs.

LOUDOUN CASTLE—GALSTON.

Descending the valley of the Irvine, from the source of that river near Loudoun Hill, we perceive a gradual change taking place in the face of the country: at first, displaying all the bleakness of a morass, it passes into the newly-enclosed, and as yet not over-productive moorland; finally changing into a highly-cultivated, rich, and pre-eminently beautiful district. The last change takes place as we approach Newmilns,—the road between which and Galston, distant about two miles, affords a most pleasant walk. From this road we obtain a fine view of the princely mansion of the Hastings' family, Loudoun Castle. Standing prominently forward on the summit of a slight rising ground the beautiful proportions of its massive castellated towers surrounded by noble trees, have a most impressive effect. There is a tradition, that under the shading boughs of a tree in the vicinity of this castle, the articles of the Union between England and Scotland were signed.

Situated on the south bank of the Irvine, in a hollow finely sheltered by woodlands, the little town of Galston has a pleasant appearance. At an adjacent spot, called Beg, a sanguinary conflict took place between Sir William Wallace and a vastly superior force of English, under Fenwick; which proved favourable to the former. In the town itself is the ancient Castle of Bar, from which John Knox on one occasion preached to the people of Kyle; and near to this castle, on the banks of a little stream called the Burnawn, is a large and ancient elm-tree—the largest, it is said, in the county—among whose branches Wallace occasionally found "how hard it was to climb," when his enemies were at hand.

A branch of the Cumnock Extension of the Ayrshire Railway has recently been established to Galston; and it is to be further extended to Newmilns. This cannot

fail to effect a considerable amount of good both to the agriculture and the manufactures of the district.

The houses constituting the 'Colliers' Raws,' as the little communities of miners are technically rather than elegantly termed, were, up to a very recent period, of a very unfavourable character; but desire, happily increasing among masters, for the comfort and welfare of the employed, has been productive of considerable change in this respect; and both in the mental, as well as the physical condition of the miners, a rapid reformation is being effected.

KILMARNOCK.

Unequalled in beauty and importance by any town in Ayrshire,—finely situated at the bottom of a fertile basin, and sheltered by gentle and picturesque uplands,—Kilmarnock enjoys advantages which are sufficiently manifested in the magnitude of her manufactures, and the industry of her inhabitants.

First, with regard to its name: it is supposed, on veritable authority, to signify the *Kil*, or *Cell*, of Mar-nock—the name of a saint who lived at the beginning of the fourth century, and who founded a church at this place. At the beginning of the sixteenth century Kilmarnock was a mere hamlet; but, mainly from its agricultural and mineral wealth, it grew in prosperity and importance; and in 1591, was constituted a burgh of barony by James VI. From time immemorial the inhabitants were engaged in the manufacture of the peculiar 'braid-bonnets,' generally worn by the Lowlanders, until the introduction of the present hat.

Formerly the most irregularly-constructed town in the west of Scotland, Kilmarnock, towards the commencement of the present century, underwent a considerable change. Its streets were lengthened, and improved in various respects; and in the present day the majority of them are wide, airy, and creditable in appearance; although Kilmarnock, like most large towns, has its neighbourhoods of misery and destitution.

The stranger who wishes to see everything worth seeing in the shortest space of time, would do well to commence his ramble at the Cross,—situated in the centre of the town, and forming a point into which the chief thoroughfares converge. This Cross—a very handsome square—is adorned by a marble statue of Sir James Shaw, Bart., alderman and member of Parliament for London, who was born in this neighbourhood, executed by Mr. James Fillans.

Near the Cross is the Laigh Parish Kirk, a modern building without any attempt at architectural adornment. In the place of burial adjoining the church are deposited the remains of 'Tam Samson,' the hero of one of Burns's principal poems. On the stone over the grave the poet has inscribed the following tribute to his friend and benefactor:

"Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,—
Ye canting zealots, spare him!
If honest worth in heaven rise,
Ye'll mend, or ye win near him."

Giving a glance at the Towns' House,—which will scarcely repay greater attention—we proceed down King Street, at the lower extremity of which stands one of the United Presbyterian churches; a building in which the Corinthian, Tuscan, and Ionic styles of architecture are finely blended. This was the first Dissenting place of worship in Scotland which was allowed to be decorated with such an enormity as a spire; and here did Puritan prejudice for the first time tolerate Sabbath bells! A finely-ornamented structure of recent erection is St. Margaret's Church, to the left of the above: it is surmounted by a splendid tower. Nearly opposite is Kilmarnock House, formerly the town residence of the proud and powerful Boyds, of Kilmarnock. Twenty years ago, according to Chambers, this mansion was "a boarding-school for the young cotton-lords of the west." At the present time it is occupied partly as a dwelling-house, and partly as a seed-store, by a merchant of the town.

The only object in the town which is not offensively modern to an antiquarian, is a small monument at the eastern entrance to the High Parish Church, marking the spot where a Lord Soulis was killed by one of the Boyds, in 1444.

There are various other buildings in the town, of more or less interest. Besides a number of other schools, Kilmarnock has a very flourishing Academy, conducted upon a very good system. It was built in 1807. The town library is very valuable, and is particularly rich in the various branches of history. There is a newspaper published in the town. In addition to what are here enumerated, a Mechanics' Institute, Philosophical Institution, Reading-room, and Libraries, supply the inhabitants with a fair opportunity for mental cultivation. The public, too, have access to the observatory of Mr. T. Morton, and the private gallery of paintings of the celebrated native artists, John and William Tannock, which contains many fine works of the old and modern masters.

Kilmarnock will ever enjoy inseparable association with the name of Burns. From the press of that town his immortal poems were first issued; and among its inhabitants were included many of his most generous friends. It is generally supposed that the printing-office (Wilson's) was situated in a tenement at the eastern angle of the Cross, now an ironmongery warehouse.

The prosperity of Kilmarnock is steadily increasing, and will doubtless be materially assisted by the proposed Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Ardrossan Direct Railway, and the connections of the Ayrshire line with the Glasgow, Dumfries, and Carlisle, by which Kilmarnock will be placed within a few hours' journey of England. The railway accommodation already afforded to the town has had a marked and material effect upon its progress.

THE CASTLES OF DEAN AND CRAUFURDLAND— FENWICK.

Leaving Kilmarnock, we proceed for about half a

mile towards the north-east, when we arrive at the ruins of the ancient Dean Castle, standing on the western bank of the Kilmarnock water, which is here formed by the junction of two little mossy streams. This building, formerly the residence of the Boyds, is evidently of great antiquity; and notwithstanding its dilapidated condition—it having been accidentally burnt to the ground in the year 1735—gives ample evidence of former greatness.

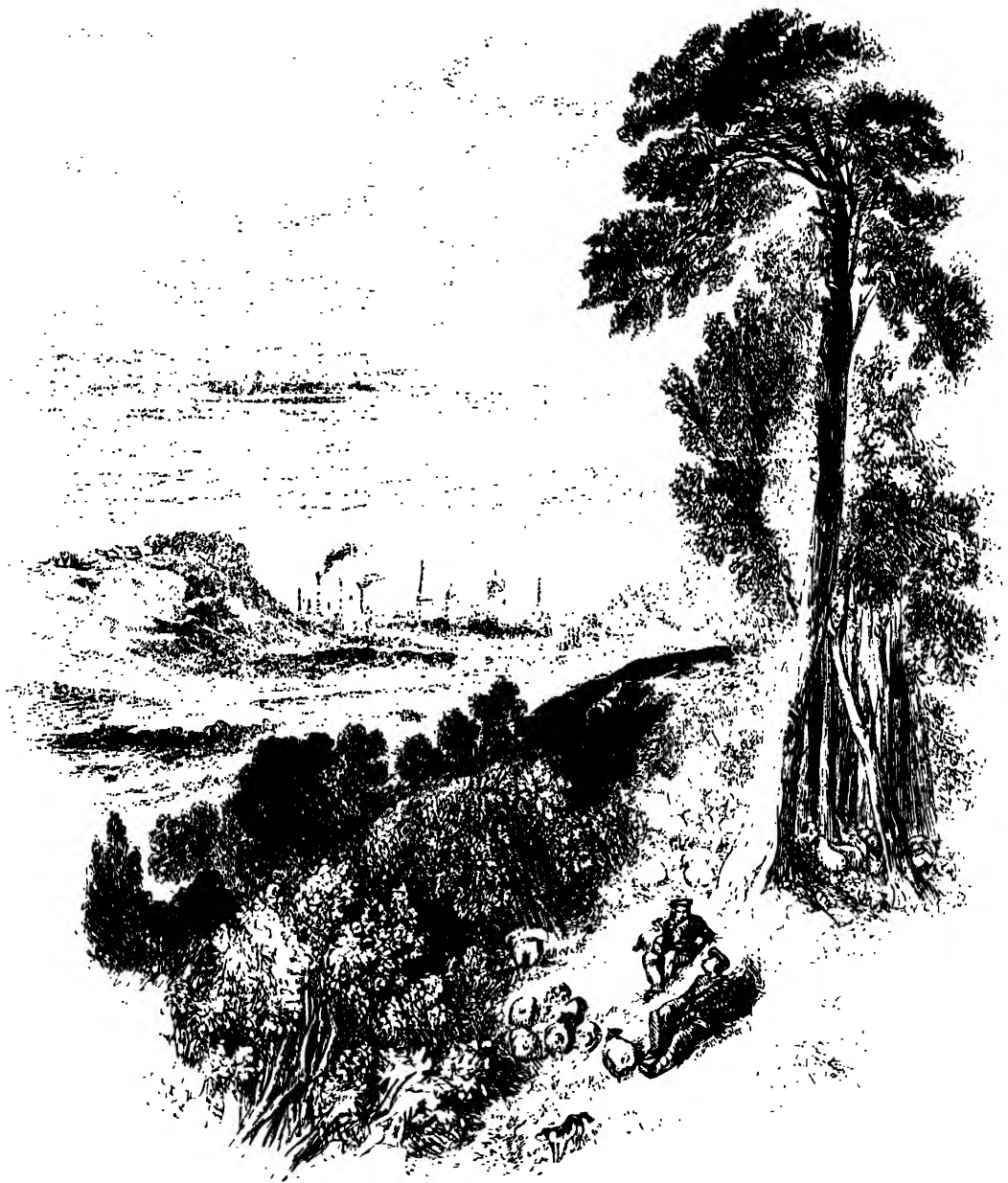
With a sigh of sympathy for this distinguished and fallen family, we pass on; and after a walk of a mile arrive at the Castle of Craufurdland,—a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, situated on a wooded knoll on the banks of the Kilmarnock, or rather Fenwick, Water. Another mile brings us to the village of Fenwick, which, in appearance, is but little inviting. But the religious zeal for which the inhabitants were, and are, famous, invests the place with some interest. The celebrated and eccentric preacher, Guthrie, generally known as the 'Fool of Fenwick,' was minister of the parish. The tombs of a large number of Covenanters may be seen in the churchyard.

KILMAURS—ROWALLAN CASTLE.

A short stroll up the moors of Fenwick brings us to the boundary of the county of Renfrew. Retracing our steps, and inclining to the northward, we enter the ancient burgh of Kilmaurs, situated on the right bank of the Carmel water. The village consists only of one long street of thatched houses; and a small court-house, surmounted by a spire, adds not a little to the melancholy and miserable aspect of the place. The only reputation enjoyed by the place was on account of its cutlery; but even that small celebrity has long since vanished. A ruined castle stands on the left bank of the Carmel. Originally it was the seat of the Lords Kilmaurs, and subsequently of the Earls of Glencairn.

Three-quarters of a mile northward of Kilmaurs stands Rowallan Castle, situated upon a little insulated crag, the appearance of this mouldering and decaying monument of past times is picturesque and imposing. Standing in the midst of old trees, it is no less surrounded by old associations. Some portion of the pile, however, is of comparatively modern origin.

Proudly prominent among the old families of Scotland were the Mures of Rowallan, the possessors of this old castle. The beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Mure was the first wife of Robert, High Steward, and afterwards King Robert II. of Scotland; and the descendants of this marriage filled the Scottish throne, and eventually that of Great Britain. 'The Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallene,' was written by Sir William Mure, who lived in the seventeenth century. The MS. from which it was published was found in the castle in the course of the present century. The volume is curious and valuable,—as illustrative of the ancient manners, history, and literature of the county. Sir William had received a superior education, and was the author of many poems, in Latin and



KILMARNOCK.



SEA-COAST NEAR TROON.

English. He is known as the translator of several books of Virgil, and of a poetical translation of 'Hecatombe Christiana,' by Boyd of Trochrig. He was the author of a work, entitled 'The True Crucifixe for True Catholikes;' and he also executed a version of the Psalms. Any reflective person—be he painter, or poet, or antiquarian—may pass an hour or two of very pleasant indolence in this neighbourhood.

STEWARTON—DUNLOP—DALRY.

A walk northward, through a rather uninteresting country, brings us to Stewarton, on the banks of the Annack water. The manufacture of Kilmarnock bonnets and cowls is here carried on to a considerable extent. But beyond its mere usefulness the town has little enough to recommend it: so sparing our eyesight any further infliction of its miserable streets and unsightly tenements, we beat a precipitate retreat, and ourselves and the town become 'better strangers,' without perhaps a regret on either side.

We next pause at Dunlop—so celebrated for its dairy produce. In the parish churchyard may be seen the tomb of Barbara Gilmour, who lived during the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II., and to whom fame attributes the honour of having discovered the mode of manufacturing the peculiar cheese for which the locality is still duly honoured.

Dalry, to the north-west of Dunlop, may be said to have arisen out of a mine—since it is to the mineral resources of the locality that it owes its importance.

The majority of its population find employment at the Ayrshire Iron-works, adjacent.

But, in pursuance of our design, it is here necessary that we should retrace our steps back to Kilmarnock: the reader will therefore be good enough to imagine us back again, sallying forth from that ancient town

RICCARTON—YARDSIDE.

On the south bank of the Irvine, and connected with Kilmarnock by two bridges, stands—and it stood there ages ago—the village of Riccarton, famed for its connection with Sir William Wallace. The parish church has some points of attraction, and occupies a conspicuous position in the landscape.

A few hundred yards to the west of the village is the farm-stead of Yardside—a one-story thatched cottage, occupying the site of the residence of Wallace's maternal uncle, with whom the hero seems to have spent his youthful days. It was here that he performed the feat which first marked him out for distinction—the discomfiture of the English soldiers, who demanded of him his fish, the fruit of his day's sport. The anecdote is preserved by tradition and Blind Harry. The metrical version of the Minstrel is very graphically given. The 'Bickering Bush,' so long sacred in the eyes of patriotic Scotland, as marking the place of battle, existed until the year 1825, when some ruthless woodman did not "spare that tree"—which, either through ignorance or irreverence, was

ruthlessly destroyed. The place which was the scene of one brilliant exploit not unfrequently protected the hero from the consequences of others. It was to Yardside that Wallace was wont to fly whenever his prowess made the surrounding country too hot to hold him. In a neighbouring garden is a venerable pear-tree, said to be planted by his hand—but Scotland has been a free country ever since Wallace made it so, and the pilgrim is not obliged to believe all he hears.

DUNDONALD AND ITS CASTLE—THE WONDROUS VASE.

Pursuing for a few miles a westward course we arrive at the village of Dundonald, situated at the foot of the range of high hills which intervene between it and the Clyde. The most interesting object in the neighbourhood is Dundonald Castle—a ruin dilapidated enough to enrapture an antiquary or drive an utilitarian into a lunatic asylum. It is celebrated for the long residence of King Robert II., and the short visit of Dr. Johnson. The latter, we are told, was both amazed and amused at the fact of a King having inhabited so dismal a place.

We are inclined to believe that tradition, generally speaking, is only entitled to that species of credence which would be accorded to Sheridan's friend who was said to draw upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his wit—but, nevertheless, let it speak for itself, and take its chance. A story connected with this place is derived from the source in question. We are told that Dundonald Castle owes its existence to an humble individual named Donald Din; that this individual, obeying the mandates of a dream, made a journey to London Bridge, where he was assured he would by some means come across a large fortune; that on arriving at the bridge he met a stranger, to whom he communicated his mission; that the stranger threw doubts on his chances of success, observing that he, the stranger, had been assured in a dream that he would find a treasure somewhere in the county of Ayr, but that he treated the vision with contempt. The Scot, however, equally *cannic* and credulous, presently perceived, from his description of the place, that the treasure, if it existed, was deposited in his own garden. He accordingly retraced his steps: and after incurring much labour, and more ridicule, he had the pleasure of disinterring a vast vase, full of gold. With the proceeds of this treasure he built a castle and founded a family. Hogg, in his 'Winter Evening Tales,' gives a similar story to this of the wondrous vase.

In the immediate vicinity of Dundonald Castle there may be traced the foundations of an ancient church, which was dedicated, 'Our Lady's Kirk of Kyle.' The Stuarts—the hereditary lords of the bailliewick—particularly favoured this church. James IV., we are told, never passed through that part of the country without making an offering.

TROON—IRVINE.

Traversing the rugged and bramble-clothed hills of Dundonald, we descend to the little seaport town of Troon. Formerly of little importance, it has now become the first port in Ayrshire. Spacious basins, dry and wet docks, and extensive storehouses, comprise the principal utilities, if not elegances, of the place. The railway between Kilmarnock and Troon was the first established in Scotland. This communication, and the facilities of steam transit between Troon and Fleetwood, have materially benefited the trade of the town, which is still rapidly increasing. The place is also popular as a holiday resort for the Kilmarnock people.

Two miles north of Troon, at the distance of about a mile from the Frith of Clyde, stands the ancient royal burgh of Irvine. This place has been considered—almost from that uncertain period known as 'time immemorial'—as the capital of Cunninghame, over which, by a charter granted by Robert II., it exercised complete jurisdiction. In common, however, with Rome and Athens, Irvine has fallen from its former greatness; and has found even worse enemies than Goths and Vandals in the rising importance of adjacent towns. Its present trade consists, principally, of coal; an omen, let us hope, that the former fire of its prosperity may yet be enkindled; and in the event of its expiring, that some phoenix of industry and enterprise may be found to rise out of the ashes. In appearance the town seems flourishing enough. The main street is wide and handsome, the shops plentiful, and the public buildings—of which the principal are a parish church and a town-house—sufficiently handsome.

In a neat two-story house in the main street, Galt, the celebrated novelist, was first introduced to the world. His 'Annals of the Parish' refer, we believe, to his native town. In a more humble and obscure tenement, now occupied as a weaver's shop, situated at the entrance of an alley called 'Braid's Close,' James Montgomery was born. His father officiated as preacher in the 'Moravian Kirk' close by. It was in this town that Robert Burns began to learn the business of a flax-dresser; when the shop in which he was engaged was burnt down, and he was left, as he says, "like a true poet, without a sixpence." The site of the shop is supposed—by Robert Chambers—to be now occupied by a new house, marked '4,' in a narrow street, called the Glasgow Vennel.

KILWINNING—ITS ABBEY, AND ITS SAINT.

The wanderer in Ayrshire would do well to walk from Irvine to the next town, Kilwinning, which is situated about three miles to the northward. Eglintoun Castle, the sumptuous seat of the representative of the Montgomery family, intervenes. It is surrounded to the extent of several miles, by plantations, which, extending to the high road, communicate to it an agreeable and retired aspect. The neatly-trimmed hedges, and fine trees overhanging them; the pretty

lodges in the midst of shrubs and flowers; the frequent glimpses to the left of the Clyde, and to the right of the splendid palace of Eglintoun—all contribute to the beauty and interest of the walk. It was there that, in 1838, the celebrated Tournament attracted all the chivalry of the nineteenth century, and imparted to the languid dandyism of Young England something very much akin to a 'sensation.'

The village of Kilwinning stands on the right bank of the river Garnock, which joins the Irvine and empties itself into the Clyde. In associations the place is rich; in every other respect it is poor and comfortless enough. Now, notwithstanding that we have sufficient reverence for the past and anticipations of the future, we confess to a certain prejudice in favour of the present, when our personal comforts and tastes are concerned; and unless we adopt that profitless, and perhaps scarcely respectable, style of existence, known among poets as living "in the Ideal"—but classed by mediocrity and mere honesty as something worse than an actual garret—it is difficult, with any satisfaction, to exchange the one for the other. We cannot, therefore, recommend Kilwinning as an eligible residence.

The locality derives its name from St. Winning, a Scottish saint of the eighth century. The abbey was founded in the twelfth century, by Hugh de Morville, for a colony of Tyronensian monks, from Kelso; and was dedicated, like the church which preceded it, to St. Winning. The monks of Kilwinning were celebrated even above all their contemporaries for their craftiness and chicanery, and for the power which they exercised over the duped and deluded community.

To the west of the Abbey there is a fountain, known as 'St. Winning's Well;' which, in the year 1184, according to Hoveden, ran blood for eight days and nights. A tradition current in the neighbourhood asserts that this fountain, on the anniversary of the death of the saint from whom it derives its name, ran blood for a stated period, during which it was visited by large numbers of people from the surrounding country, in the belief that the crimson stream was a certain cure for all diseases. Not more than a dozen years ago, a curious light was thrown upon this subject. An underground communication of leaden pipes, was discovered between the well and the ruins of the abbey; and it would appear that the monks made use of this medium for the conveyance of their patron's blood!

The abbey was almost totally annihilated in 1560, by Alexander, "the good Earl of Glencairn," by order of the States-General of Scotland. The ruins remaining are in a course of rapid decay.

Like the city of York in England, the town of Kilwinning in Scotland is known as being the first place where freemasonry was established in that country. It is said to have been introduced by a community of the order from the continent. James I. patronized and became Grand Master of the mother-lodge, which had for a long time slumbered in obscurity.

In the immediate neighbourhood are the Eglintoun Iron-works, and numerous coal-pits, which afford employment to a large number of persons—who, however, are chiefly Irish. The tourist should not forget that the parish churchyard contains some interesting monuments; and that from the tower, a view, unequalled hereabouts, of the surrounding country, of the hills of Carrick, of the proud peaks of Arran, and of several smaller islands to the northward, is obtainable.

SALTCOATS AND ARDROSSAN.

A few miles of well-cultivated country, to the south-west of Kilwinning, lies between that place and Saltcoats—a small town, situated on a sandy level. The place possesses a small harbour, the boats belonging to which are engaged chiefly in the herring trade. Our old friend, Tradition, asserts that the manufacture of salt was anciently carried on here by a small community of individuals, who used coal for the purpose of fuel, which they found near the surface in their neighbourhood. Saltcoats was also the first place in Scotland where magnesia was manufactured in connection with salt. The male portion of the population are now principally engaged in light weaving.

Saltcoats is very intimately connected with the flourishing town of Ardrossan, which, situated at the northern extremity of the Bay of Ayr—of recent construction, and composed mostly of houses belonging to a more wealthy class of people—Ardrossan presents a powerful contrast to its tile-roofed, smoke-begrimed neighbour, Saltcoats. During the last few years, considerable improvements have been made in the town, and various elegant villas built in its neighbourhood, for the accommodation of summer visitors. The seaport of Ardrossan was founded by the late Earl of Eglintoun, and is finely sheltered from all but south-westerly gales, by the Horse Island, and other outlying rocks. The harbour will come into the possession of the Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Ardrossan Railway Company, in 1850; when that undertaking—from which it is expected the town will derive so much benefit—will be completed. The distance between Ardrossan and Belfast is accomplished in eight hours, by means of the handsome and commodious steamers, constantly running, in connection with the Ayrshire railway. The harbour revenue, from this and other sources, amounts to a considerable sum.

LARGS—ITS HARBOUR AND HILLS.

Still traversing the coast, to the northward, we pass through Kilbride, and are at length "out of the world and into the Largs." This health-inspiring district was the scene of the conflict between Alexander III. and his army, and the Norwegian invaders, under Haaco. The place seems literally "out of the world," and cut off from all earthly connections. Enclosed on all sides but one by vast hills, it is open only to the Frith of Clyde—here so busy and so beautiful. A

little to the southward, the larger Cumbray lies out in the water; Fairlie Roads intervening. The hills, covered with fine pasturage, gradually lower as they approach the shore; but in some cases stopping with remarkable abruptness, leaving almost perpendicular declivities, of considerable height. "For a mile from the northern boundary, the uplands form at their base what seems an impregnable bulwark, or perpendicular marine breastwork of rock, rising in some places fifty or sixty feet above the road, and seeming to overhang it. When covered with icicles, and lit up by sunshine, in winter, this huge natural wall is a glorious object—a stupendous cabinet of the richest gems." So says Fullarton, in his 'Gazetteer of Scotland;' and we can well imagine such an effect under such circumstances.

The remains of old castles abound in the neighbourhood, all of which are worthy of a visit. Between one and three miles of the village stands Kelburn House, a seat of the Earl of Glasgow; behind it is a romantic glen, of great beauty; at the head of which, over a wild and lofty precipice, a stream descends. Winding down a narrow path, it again, at but a short distance from Kelburn House, falls over a precipice fifty feet high.

Brisbane House, a residence of the family of that name, stands to the north of Largs, surrounded by tasteful pleasure-grounds and picturesque scenery.

Southward of Largs there is a large plain, said to have been the scene of the contest of the Scots with the Norwegian invaders. Hereabouts there are numerous vestiges of cairns and tumuli; below which, in all probability, lie the dust of many a

"Norwegian warrior grim,
Savage of heart, and large of limb."

A large quantity of human bones which have been found buried under a large mound overlooking the town seem to justify this conclusion: and there are various other memorials of the battle of Largs.

The battle between the Norwegians and the Scots is the great event recorded in the history of Largs. It is seldom that a story loses anything by repetition; but such has been the case with regard to the conflict in question. Tradition represents the force of the former to have been nearly overwhelming, and their defeat well nigh miraculous. The old writers, too, have recorded the event as sufficiently marvellous; and it was not until the sober pen of the modern historian toned down these patriotic imaginings into something quite common-place and practical, that there existed any doubt of 5,000 Scots having defeated 24,000

Norwegians, and driven them ignominiously from the field. The fact, as stated by Mr. Tytler, is that the force of the Danes did not amount to more than 900 men, while that of the Scots was 1,500; and that the discomfiture of the Danes was increased by the inclemency of the weather, which king Haco attributed to witchcraft. It is as well that such points as these should be put in their true light. The fact is sufficiently honourable to our own countrymen as it stands; and even if it were not so, the character of the country could well sustain the loss; for it would require a tolerable amount of even defeat and discomfiture to deprive Scotland of her reputation as a brave and martial nation.

The appearance of the village is very beautiful. Most of the houses are of a superior order, for the accommodation of visitors—from whom the chief support of the place is derived. Villas are scattered here and there at each end of the village, and also on the neighbouring eminences. The scene at the small quay, overlooked by a fine terrace, is, during the summer months, extremely animated. Nor are baths, and a library, and the usual concomitants of a watering-place, found wanting.

The June Fair on St. Columbus day, vulgarly called 'Colms-day Fair,' has fallen off from its former importance, and is now but a miserable remnant of what it was.

The parish church is a neat building, situated at the northern extremity of the terrace facing the sea. At its northern end there is an aisle, constructed in 1636, by Sir Robert Montgomery of Skelmorlie. Its interior is lofty and imposing. "The roof is embowered or vaulted semicircularly with boarding. It is thrown, by pointed Gothic arches, mouldings, and panels, into forty-one compartments of various forms and dimensions—each of which is adorned, with the pencil, with a religious, moral, emblematical, fanciful, or heraldic subject." The family vault of the Montgomeries is under the aisle. It is covered by a fine old monument.

Past Skelmorlie Castle there is a stream, designated Kelly Burn; which forms the northern extremity both of the parish of Largs and the county of Ayr.

Here, then, we bring our wanderings to a conclusion—contented and in good-humour with our resting-place;—and, indeed, it would be difficult to find one less exceptionable than the village and neighbourhood of Largs.



IRELAND AND ITS SCENERY.



BANK AND TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

LEAVING the "Land of Burns" behind us, we now purpose indulging our readers with a brief glance at the sister island—IRELAND. From the earliest ages a very intimate connection has existed between western Scotland and the north of Ireland, and the application

of steam to navigation has tended largely to increase the communication between the two countries. Early in the history of steam navigation a company was formed in the Clyde for the Irish trade with Londonderry, Belfast, and even Dublin; and during the last

thirty years powerful vessels have performed the voyage between Glasgow and Belfast, and Glasgow and Londonderry, three times a-week, with unerring regularity. Latterly the intervention of railways has shortened the voyage, and it is now usual for passengers by the Irish steamers to go on board at Greenock, by which four hours are saved in the voyage.

Placed on the extreme west of Europe, Ireland stands sentinel, as it were, to the Americas,—washed on three sides by the great Atlantic Ocean, and on the fourth by St. George's Channel; the coast, indented with numerous bays and natural harbours, offers numberless advantages for the American voyage.

Ireland is divided into four provinces,—Ulster, on the north; Leinster, on the east; Connaught, on the west; and Munster, on the south. The general surface of the country in the interior is a plain, interspersed with low hills. The coast-line is bold and precipitous; the Antrim coast, on the north, rises to the height of 1800 feet, and in Donegal, on the north-east, Mount Errigal attains the height of 2160 feet above the level of the sea. On the west a long chain stretches through the counties of Sligo, Mayo, and Galway, whose culminating point, Mulrea, attains an elevation of 2000 feet. On the south, the Lugnaquilla, in county Wicklow, attains a height of 3000 feet. On the Waterford coast the Camaraghs are about 2600 feet; while the far-famed Killarney mountain, Carrantuil, rises to the height of 3414 feet, the highest summit in Ireland. On the east, Slieve Donnell, in county Down, rises 2796 feet above the level of the sea.

Besides these mountains on the coast, numerous ranges of mountains intersect the interior of the country, imparting to it some very remarkable characteristics. Among these may be named the Fother Hills, Slieve Margy, and Slieve Ardagh, in Leinster; the Nagles, Kilworth, and Devil's-bit Hills, in Munster; Slieve Aughty, Slieve Anciran, the Curlew, and the Ox Hills, in Connaught; and Slieve Glah, the Newry, Divis, and Carntogher Hills, in Ulster.

There are just now many circumstances which should direct the English tourist to Ireland rather than to those localities whither he has formerly turned. The continent is no longer the pleasant land it lately was. The tourists who are lovers of natural scenery will probably be tempted by the splendid mountains and lakes of Wicklow and Killarney, by Glengariff and the Giants' Causeway; but duty should direct the steps of many thitherward likewise. The hopeful calm which has succeeded the long dreary tempestuous season there, should induce not a few to acquaint themselves, by personal observation, with the scenes and circumstances which have engaged so long and so anxiously the public attention. Well will it be if it happen so. Assuredly the most serviceable and instructive, if not altogether the most pleasant, tour that English men and women can make just now, is the tour of Ireland. It is, indeed, something more than a duty, for those who have any weight or influence in the country, to go there: but it is most desirable that every one who

can go should do so. Notwithstanding all that he may have read and heard about Ireland, it is only when he has seen it for himself that an Englishman comes to comprehend distinctly its condition and its character. A short tour may not teach him much, but it will teach him something—and something of value, too, if he guard against hasty impressions and mere impulses. Ireland offers to one who visits it for the first time a field of observation as new and curious as almost any European country, and infinitely more interesting and suggestive. He must indeed travel to small purpose who gains nought by a journey there.

And there are now no lions in the path. We have often heard a journey in Ireland spoken of as a very hazardous thing: it is certainly otherwise. Travelling, there, is as easy and safe, and almost as pleasant, as in England or Scotland—while it is very much cheaper. We say almost as pleasant, because there is still the drawback of beholding the poverty, the wretchedness, and the mendicancy of the peasantry—which, we believe to be now rapidly passing away: but the very visiting may do something, and ought to do much, towards alleviating this state of things. Kindlier feelings must grow with increasing intercourse; and with mutual knowledge something will be done towards removing or softening the suspicion and distrust with which the inhabitants of the two countries unhappily regard each other. Only good can arise from more familiar acquaintance. Happy shall we be if we are able in some measure to promote so desirable an end—if we can induce more of our summer and autumn rambles to visit the sister island, or, still better, if we can lead some thither who travel with other and nobler purposes than the mere gratification of curiosity, or the search after change of scene and personal enjoyment.

Our intention at present is to notice briefly the scenery of the north and the Irish metropolis, and then to guide the reader to the more picturesque and celebrated parts of Wicklow; we shall afterwards continue the tour to Killarney and the south. We shall, of course—as we have always done—carefully abstain from political and religious, or, at least, from party and sectarian, allusions; but before concluding we shall glance freely at the condition of the people and of the country; a sketch made at the present moment of any part of Ireland would be imperfect indeed in which that were omitted. The reader must not expect from us specimens of Irish wit or Irish brogue. Of the wit, we met with but very little: it seems, in truth, if a stranger may venture to say so, pretty well exhausted—starved out, it may be, as some native apologists affirm; or smothered by political passions, as others suggest; or, as some may add, by the prosaical influences of high wages, and consequent luxury. As for the brogue, that, though well enough to listen to from Patrick himself—especially when expressing some of those quaintnesses which only Patrick can utter—is hard to endure in print even from an Irish writer, and is utterly unbearable from an English or Scotch one. We therefore shall not make any assaults in this way on the

reader's patience, and we shall leave Irish legends to Irish pens. In a word, not to bestow too much of our tediousness at the outset, all we propose is, to endeavour, in a few rough sketches, to convey the general impression derived from visits, unhappily far too hurried, to the spots we are to illustrate.

Entering Ireland from the north, and by the sea, we may do so by way of Belfast or Londonderry. Belfast is decidedly the second city of Ireland, and we give it the preference. Situated at the head of Belfast Loch, one of the finest sea bays in the world, Belfast occupies a position which marks it out for manufacture, trade, and commerce. The bay penetrates inland fourteen miles, where the waters of the Lagan enter it, just under the walls of the city. By means of a new canal, opened in 1849, a great sea avenue is formed with the harbour, docks, and quays of Belfast, and the port now presents a continued scene of bustle and activity. In 1850 the imports were estimated at £7,000,000, and the exports at £4,600,000.

Besides its import and export trade, Belfast is the centre and chief seat of linen manufacture in this island, as well as many other less important manufactures. It is celebrated for its buildings, its educational institutions, its general advance in civilization, and its patronage of art. Above all, the neighbourhood of Belfast has distinguished itself by solving a problem which has given much anxiety elsewhere,—namely, that of finding employment of a suitable kind for young females. The ornamental needle-work of Ireland—which means of Belfast and its neighbourhood—has become celebrated, and affords home-employment to thousands of the gentler sex.

But we have chiefly to do with the scenery of the country. Let us see how the tourist fares in Ulster; and no abler guide can we have over the Donegal hills and through the valleys of the Province of Ulster, than one of Ireland's most gifted sons, the late *Cæsar Otway* :—

"The moment you enter the province of Ulster you perceive its peculiar features, its formation quite distinct from every other portion of Ireland. There are hills, swells, plains, and flat table-lands in the other portions of the kingdom; but here it is all hill and valley, all acclivity and declivity. Driving along the line of road that winds around these never-ending hills, you seldom see for a quarter of a mile before you. At first you are struck with the beauty of these eminences, so minutely sub-divided, so diversified with patches of grass, oats, flax, and potatoes—the intervening valley, either a lake, bog, or meadow. But soon you get tired; your eye becomes tantalized with having a constant barrier presented to its forward prospect; you are displeased that you cannot obtain a more extended view of the country you are going through; you are in an eternal defile. As I am no courier bearing despatches, as I leave home to exercise my eye and my mind, I like the old straightforward road over the hills; I can then see and breathe more freely. These natural features, however, explain why the English found this

portion of the island so difficult to conquer. It was easy for O'Neil, amidst the interminable fortresses of his hills, woods, bogs, and defiles, often to defy, and always to elude his invaders."

"My friend's glebe-house," continues the same author, "lies in a fine valley in the north-western district of Donegal, called the Barony of Kilmaconnan, and the whole district is the estate of Trinity College. This valley is watered by two rapid rivers, which having worked their way and escaped from the mountains, here join and expand into a broad lake, interspersed with islands, and surrounded by hills of the most abrupt and varied forms. Directly behind my friend's house rose a mountain, the loftiest of the chain—bare, rugged, its sharp white silicious peaks glittering in the sunshine. 'What is this mountain called, it is the monarch of these hills?' 'It is called Lough Salt,' 'Why Lough? that is the Irish for a lake, not of a mountain; I suppose you mean Knocksalt.'—'Instead of disputing about its name, let us get better acquainted with it and suppose we go after breakfast to its top.' The day invited, so we set out on quiet, sure-footed ponies. A broad road led up the hill, which my friend informed me was until lately the only pass that led from Dublin, or from Derry to Ards, Dunfanaghy, and the whole north-western coast of Donegal. The mountain rose like a wall before us, yet up that wall the road valiantly climbed; the ponies toiled up it panting and perspiring; it must be a pretty experiment for a carriage to venture on; and to mend the matter, the road is constructed as a hard causeway, every stone composing it as large as a quartern loaf. But we took our time, the ponies were nothing loath to stop as well as ourselves, and as we looked back on the country beneath us, the whole valley lay smiling under our feet, with its lake, and rivers, and tillage, and meadows, and corn-fields, and my friend's comfortable glebe-house, surrounded by his cherished and thriving plantations. Further still in the circle extended a panorama of encircling hills, and further still in the blue distance of the extreme horizon lay mingling with the clouds, the mountains of Innishowen, and Derry, and Tyrone; all forming a picture fit for a painter to sketch and for me to remember.

"We at length reached the top of the mountain-ridge, and suddenly turning the point of a cliff that jutted out and checked the road, we came abruptly into a hollow something like the crater of an extinct volcano, filled up by a lovely lake, on the right hand side of which rose the highest peak of the mountain, composed of compact quartz rock, bare, white, serrated, and tempest-worn, as if vexed with all the storms of the Atlantic, yet though white was the prevailing colour, not one tint or shadowing that decks and paints a mountain's brow was wanting. Here the brown heath, the gray lichen, the green fern, the red crane's bill; and straight down the cliff, from its topmost peak to the water's edge, was branded in a dark and blasted line, the downward track of a meteoric stone that had fallen from the atmosphere, and shattering itself against the

mountain's crest, rolled down in fiery and smoking fragments into the adjacent lake. This phenomenon had occurred amidst the crash of a thunder-storm, and the well-defined line of its burning progress will probably be for years apparent. On the other side of the lake a fair verdant bank presented itself, courting the traveller to sit down and take his rest; other gentle and grassy knolls were here and there interspersed, on which sheep of most picturesque cleanness, some black and some white, with primitive crumpled horns, were grazing. But the lake—not a breath was abroad on its expanse; it smiled as it reflected the gray mountain and the azure face of heaven: it seemed as if on this day the Spirit of the Atlantic had fallen asleep, and air, earth, and ocean were celebrating the festival of repose: the waters of the lake, of the colour and clearness of the sky, were

“Blue—darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.”

You could look down a hundred fathoms deep, and still no bottom: speckled trouts floating at great depths, seemed as if they soared in ether. You might have supposed that sound had no existence here, were it not that now and then a hawk shrieked while cowering over the mountain top, or a lamb bleated beneath as it ran to its mother.

“But the day was advancing, we had farther to go and much to do, and my friend drew me away from my abstraction and repose that had settled and softened into prayer. So we mounted our ponies and rode about a quarter of a mile along a level road, as smooth as a gravel-walk, that coasted the lake until we came to a steep bank, where we let our horses graze along the water's edge, and ascending a ridge or rim, as I may call it, of the cup or crater in which we were embosomed, all of a sudden a magnificent prospect presented itself—the whole range of the northern coast of Donegal. Seemingly beneath your feet, but really some miles off, lay the expanse of the Atlantic Ocean, over which fancy flew, and almost impelled you to strain your eyes to catch a glimpse of America. Some leagues out at sea, but owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere and our great elevation, apparently very near, lay Torry Island, rising out of the deep like a castellated and fortified city; lofty towers, church spires, battlements, bastions, batteries, presented themselves, so strangely varied and so fantastically deceptive were its cliffs. Jutting out far into the ocean, lay the promontory of Hornhead, so called from a cliff at its extreme point, where it fronts the Atlantic, having the form of a horn. Nearer, but still along the coast, lay the extensive demesne of Mr. Stewart, uncle to Lord Londonderry, a place, perhaps unique in its kind, of considerable extent, the house and offices forming almost a town in themselves. Nearer yet, as from our magnificent standing we seemed like visitors from another world looking down on the incumbent coast, stood Dow Castle, apparently an ancient fortress. Northward of Dow Castle lay the sands of Rosapenna, a scene that almost realized in Ireland the sandy desert of Arabia; a line of coast

and country extending from the sea, deep into the land, until it almost meets the mountain on which we now stand, and exhibiting one wide waste of red sand; for miles not a blade of grass, not a particle of verdure, hills and dales and undulating swells, smooth, solitary, desolate, reflecting the sun from their polished surface of one uniform and flesh-like hue. Many efforts have been made to rescue this coast; Lord Boyne had an old-fashioned manorial house and gardens, planted and laid out in the taste of that time, with avenues, terraces, hedges, and statues, and surrounded with walled parks. Now not a vestige of all this is to be seen; one common waste of sand, one undistinguished ruin covers all. Where is the house? under the sand;—where the trees, the walks, the terraces? all under the sand!

“Nothing indeed can exceed the wintry horrors of the north-westerly storm, when it sets in on this coast, and its force has been for the last half century increasing. The Atlantic bursting in, mountain-high, along the cliffs—the spray flying over the barrier mountain we were standing on, and falling miles inland, the sand sleeted thicker and more intolerable than any hail-storm, filling the eyes, mouth, and ears of the inhabitants—levelling ditches, overtopping walls, and threatening to lay not only Rosapenna, but the whole line of coast at some not very distant period, in one common waste and ruin.

“But to return to Lough Salt. After looking along the coast, and satisfying your eye with its varied outlines, you have time to take a view in another direction; to the south-west, towards the immense precipitous mountain called Muckish, so named from its resemblance to a pig's back. To the south lay an immense mass of mountains, stretching towards Donegal bay, over which, rising above the rest in conical elevation, stood Arrigal, and still more distant, to the south-east lay the mountains of Barnesmore.

“But directly under us a most curious picture was to be seen; the mountain on which we stood, as it descended to the west, presented sundry shelves or valleys, in each of which lay a round and sparkling lake. These Tarns looked like mirrors set in the mountain's side to reflect the upright sun; and five or six of such sheets of silver presented themselves, until at the very root of the mountain, a large expanse of water, a mile or two over, studded with islands, sufficiently wooded to be ornamental, finished the whole picture, and formed the last beauty and curiosity I shall record of this surpassingly interesting hill.

“The Lake of Garton is one of the finest of those numerous sheets of water which are interspersed through the valleys and mountains of this highland district; either in the midst of the mountains, forming the sources of rivers, or in the lowland valleys, expanding as their receptacles or reservoirs. High or low, small or large, they form interesting objects for the tourist; and I am not sure whether in this way our Irish lake may not be found as worthy of a visit as one in Cumberland, or Scotland, or even Switzerland.

"The lake is of considerable extent, its shores are ornamented with some timber, and a few gentlemen's seats; a very pretty parsonage reposes in a peninsula, and to the west and south the mountains extend in elevated ranges. Beyond the lake I was shown an ancient ruin, said to be a church of St. Columbkille; and a stone was described to me as a spot of peculiar sanctity, and a place of ancient veneration and worship, to which, in old times, thousands of pilgrims used to flock.

"After leaving the valley in which Garton Lake is embosomed, we rose into a wide and wild moorland district, covered with immense blocks of red granite; this district, composed of this granite formation, extends to the foot of Lough Salt, and blocks of any size, and pillars of any length, could be procured of granite, as compact in texture, as fine in colour, and capable of as perfect a polish as Pompey's pillar, and the sea at hand to carry away this beautiful material for ornamental architecture, to the Liffey or Thames. On the road to Lough Salt, some days after, as we passed an immense block of this red granite, my friend alighted, and putting his shoulder to the rock, it moved slowly to and fro. I was surprised, and alighting from my horse, moved it also with perfect ease,—a child might have done the same; but one hundred men could not have moved it out of its place. It was what is called a rocking-stone; whether it was consecrated to the rites of Druidical worship, or whether it was ever admitted into the superstitious observances of the people, I could not ascertain.

"We proceeded to Glen Veagh, and at length reached it after a very deep decent. We were delighted with the beautiful water, winding far between immense mountains, and apparently without end, losing itself in gloom and solitariness amidst the distant gorges and defiles of the hills. On the right hand side of the lake the mountain rises like a steep wall out of the water, lofty and precipitous, for a thousand feet; and this cliff is the secure eyrie of the eagle and jer-falcon. On the other side the shore was lofty also, and mountainous; but still there was room for the oak and the birch, the rowan and alder, to strike their roots amidst the rocks, and clothe the ravines and hollows with ornamental copse-wood.

"As we were rambling along its rocky strand, admiring the stillness of its waters, the sublime solitariness of its mountain shore; here a ravine, climbing up amongst the hills, its chasms and its dancing waterfalls, fringed with birch and stunted oak; there a white silicious peak, protruding itself on high, over which the rock cowered, as if priding itself on its inaccessible nest; before us the sleeping lake, extending itself—

"Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,"

and these isles set like precious gems, with just enough of trees for ornament,—the birch, the rowan ash, the service, and the holly-tree.

"On the following day my friend and I set out to retrace our steps homeward, and, to vary our route, we

returned along the shores of the deep land-locked arm of the sea called Mulroy Bay. Nothing can equal the variety that this water presents—here, like a beautiful and placid lake winding through mountains, and without any apparent outlet—there, like a broad and magnificent river, and again opening into a fine harbour in which navies might ride in safety. Formerly the hills and shores of the bay were covered with timber. The oak, ash, hazel, in stunted copsewood, still cover the declivities. If these beautiful shores were in any other country, they would be improved, cherished, and resorted to; but here no one comes. The cormorants, the curlews, and the sandpipers stood on the rocks over these solitary waters, and seemed to wonder what brought two beings in the garb of gentlemen to molest their loneliness.

"On the other side of the waters of Mulroy is the peninsula of Fannat, which is bounded on the east by Lough Swilly, and on the west by Mulroy Lough; it is a wild mountain district, subject in many places to the blowing of the sand; but containing a great and increasing population."

The country thus eloquently described gradually extends towards the south and west, increasing in the magnitude of its rivers and its bays, and the height of its mountains, until the latter reach their culminating point in the Carrantuil; and the former presents in Cork harbour an anchorage for all the navies of the world, and in Galway Bay the true point of departure for the western world.

Railways have done their part towards humanizing Ireland, and, unlike the other parts of these Islands, they have been formed on rational plans; great trunk lines have been formed—truly national undertakings—connecting Dublin with Belfast on the North, with Galway on the west, and with Cork on the south. What has been done auxiliary to these matters little; these are the great arteries, and as smaller lines are required to develop the industry of the country they will be supplied. By means of these lines of railway, and the short passage of fifty-six miles, the coast line of Galway is now within five hours of Dublin.

Ireland is rich in minerals: coal, copper, and lead are found in great abundance. Of copper, six mines are at work in Waterford, Wicklow, and Cork; of lead, there are six mines worked in Wicklow, county Cork, county Down, and Tipperary.

DUBLIN.

The first glimpse of the Green Island is well calculated to put the visitor into good humour with it. He will sail from the fine harbour of Holyhead in one of the admirable packet steamers. At first, the rugged South Stack rock and lighthouse, with the amazing flocks of gulls and divers that are in constant motion about them, engage his attention. Then the noble range of the Snowdon mountains comes into view. These presently disappear; but long before the eye becomes tired of the unbroken expanse of ocean, the mountains of Wicklow rise on the westward horizon.

More and more grandly they continue to rise as the steamer cleaves its swift way through the waters, until the heights of Howth and Killiney, which form the opposite boundaries of Dublin Bay, are plainly distinguished: when the distant mountain summits are hardly noticed, even as a part of the general view. Dublin Bay never fails to impress the stranger with unexpected delight. It is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, bay in the kingdom. The points of the semicircle, nearly seven miles apart, form bold headlands, enclosing a splendid bay, six or seven miles deep, which is pretty thickly besprinkled with ships of various sizes, with yachts, and steamers, and fishing-boats; the fine sweep of coast being bordered with neat villages, terraces of handsome houses, and scattered villas; in the centre the estuary of the Liffey guides the eye towards the city; while beyond are the pointed summits of graceful mountains. It is a scene which every Irishman is, as he well may be, heartily proud of, and of which every one who has beheld it cherishes the memory.

Kingstown, where the steamer disembarks its passengers, is nearly seven miles from Dublin. Here the stranger, as he makes his way to the railway-station, catches his earliest bit of Irish experience from the clamorous crowd which beset him, all proffering service, or exposing their wants, abusing each other and bothering him, in a quite new dialect. By the help of a few stray coppers (and of the policemen, who seem in a perfect fever of anxiety to keep a clear road,) he soon gains the railway that as quickly forwards him to the city, and an outside-car speedily deposits him at his hotel.

These outside-cars, by the way, are excellent things; and we must give them a passing word of commendation. A stranger cannot desire a better means of making a rapid general survey of the city before he proceeds to examine it in detail, than that of driving on one of these conveyances through the principal streets. Some travellers recommend ascending to an elevated spot which commands a good view of a town, as the best means of getting the *coup-d'œil*; and, doubtless, it is a plan which has its advantages. You come to understand readily the topography of a place which is thus spread, as it were, in ground-plan, at your feet: but you get an unfair and unfavourable notion of it: the buildings appear distorted, the nearer parts assume an undue prominence. In driving at a moderate pace through the main streets of a city, the relative importance of its parts is tolerably well understood, and the chief objects are fixed in the memory as landmarks which effectually direct you in future explorations. For such a ride a solitary stranger will find the Irish car a capital contrivance, and the carman, who sits with him so comfortably *dos-à-dos*, a very useful and amusing commentator and guide, if he only be treated with a little sociality. Of course some care must be exercised in crediting what he says. Carmen and guides all over Ireland are, as they say of each other, "rare boys for romancing;" and the Dublin

boys beat all the rest. The traveller does not need to be reminded that he must exercise, too, some discretion about admitting the fares which carmen charge: he has, no doubt, had sufficient experience already on that subject. London cabmen contrive now and then to make mistakes about distance: Liverpool cabmen have the reputation of being (as they doubtless are) the greatest cheats of the fraternity in England: but both these are mere novices and bunglers compared with their Dublin brethren. Pat does it with such a grace—so coolly and civilly, as well as broadly! It is hard if he does not, either by barefaced assertion or blarney, get something more than his due. One we hired the other day from one of the railway-stations, may serve as an example. After our ride, we put into his hand the exact fare. "Sure now," said he, looking from the coin to the giver with a comic stare, as if unable to contain his astonishment, "sure now, your honour'd never be fo offering *this* to a poor man?—look at the long ride yez been having now: by dad! it's above four hours and a half you have been driving about!" Thinking we had him tight enough for once, we said, with all the mildness we could muster, "Haven't you made some mistake in reckoning the time?—the train came in at eleven, and see, it is not quite twelve yet!" But Mike, without the least discomposure, answered, "Why then, it's some sort of mistake I must be making; but this is a rare nate horse for going,—and, anyhow, it's a mighty long way yez have bin:" and then he proceeded to enumerate the distances, which, according to his reckoning, came to almost his four hours' work; winding up, as he put on his most persuasive face, with—"Yer honour's a better scholar than I am: just put them together, and—give me whatever you plaze; for bad luck to me for ever if it shall be said Mike Casey took a dirty advantage of sich a free-spoken honourable gentleman, anyhow—poor as he is!"

The result of an Englishman's rapid examination of Dublin will probably be that it is larger, grander, more modern, and less English in appearance, than he anticipated. At least, that was our impression of it. Dublin has, in form, a decided "tendency to circularity." The diameter is about three miles; the 'Circular Road' by which it is nearly surrounded is somewhat under eight miles in extent. The population of the city is above a quarter of a million. The river Liffey runs due east and west through the city, dividing it into two nearly equal portions. Old Dublin, which contains the castle and the two cathedrals (and which Mitchell described as the stronghold of Young Ireland), occupies the western portion of the southern half: the remainder of the city is comparatively modern. In the old part the streets are narrow, the houses mean; but in the modern part—that is, in the chief part—the streets are broad and straight, the houses of fair size and well built, and the public buildings, which are numerous, generally of commanding appearance, both from their extent and architectural character. All the streets are thronged with passengers; and if there is

a smaller number of coaches and of carts than in London, there appears to be a much larger proportion of cars; which are indeed so numerous, and in such general request among all classes, that one is led to believe that in Dublin everybody makes a point of riding who has sixpence in his pocket to pay for a 'set-down.'*

Besides the broad, well-built, and thronged streets, there are several very large squares, surrounded by handsome mansions. The river, in its passage through the city, is confined within thick granite walls, and is crossed by nine bridges, below the first of which it is crowded with ships and steamers, moored along the quays. The whole conveys the impression of a noble, a wealthy, and a busy city. So long as he keeps to the main thoroughfares, the visitor is full of admiration of Dublin; but as he extends his peregrinations, he soon becomes aware that it is encircled with an undue proportion of wretched, poverty-stricken, and unwholesome streets and alleys, which do, indeed, not merely surround the city, but, at every turn, force their way up into the very heart of it.

We cannot give even a cursory view of the history of Dublin, as we have done in noticing other cities and towns. The history of Dublin is too intimately blended with the history of Ireland to allow of its being told without running to greater length than our space permits, and trenching on matters we wish to avoid. Its epochs, its changes, and its fortunes, are involved with all the great and small events of the national story. Yet the history of Dublin would be an interesting theme in the hands of one who, while master of his subject and able to treat it without party spirit, could also reanimate the past, and restore to present times the Dublin of old. Strange have been its changes, and curious would be its domestic history. The Town of the Ford of Hurdles (for so native historians translate its Celtic name of Bally-ath-cliaith); the Eblana of Ptolemy; the Dubh-lynn, or Black-pool of somewhat later times, must remain hidden in the dim mist that envelopes all the early history of the land of Erin; and even the Four Masters, were they to return to earth, would hardly be able to dissipate the obscurity. What was its condition in the glorious days of Brian Boroinhe, or of Malachi of the Collar of Gold; or in the gloomier days of Strongbow, and later Saxon conquerors, we can scarcely expect or desire to learn; but as we descend the stream of time clearer pictures become visible. Till recently, the very houses spoke of the influence of the English spirit which prevailed in the reign of queen Elizabeth.† Hints as to its state in the succeeding century are not wanting. Then come abundant notices of the Dublin in which Swift lived and ruled. How remarkable was the state of society

there half a century later, may be seen in the 'Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years ago:' and what it was before and after the Union is told in many a grave volume and scattered memoir. That well-abused event unquestionably wrought a vast alteration in the Irish metropolis. When Parliament no longer assembled there, the 'notables' ceased to make it their residence; and the tone of manners gradually changed: yet the city itself suffered no decay, but has rather gone on steadily increasing in size and population, and improving in appearance: may it continue to increase also in prosperity.

We will now undertake to look a little more closely at the city. The main streets, we have said, are of striking appearance. The two grand thoroughfares are the Quays, as the roadway by the Liffey is called, which, as was mentioned, runs east and west, through the centre of the city; and Sackville and Grafton Streets, which run at right angles to the quays, or north and south. There are several other streets hardly inferior in importance to these, and many more that are in nowise remarkable: altogether the city is said to contain 800 streets,—but we should think the number overrated.

Sackville Street deserves all the admiration which the citizens bestow upon it. It is one of the noblest streets in the kingdom. Its unusual width—120 feet throughout—imparts to it an air of majesty which the style and arrangement of the houses, and also of the buildings which terminate the vista in each direction, are, on the whole, well calculated to sustain. But it is not so rich in public edifices as some other streets, and perhaps its great width is an inconvenience to foot-passengers, while it certainly makes the houses, though really lofty, appear to want elevation. Near the centre of Sackville Street stands the Nelson Column,—one of those erections which the perversity of architects and committees have so superabundantly inflicted on the memory of our great naval hero. On the top of this, as on all these pillars, the unlucky admiral is perched, like another St. Simon, for the edification and contemplation of rooks and skylarks; he is beyond the ken of human eyes, unless assisted by a good telescope. The column is Doric; the shaft, which is fluted, is, with the capital, about eighty feet high; it stands on a pedestal about thirty feet high; the podium on which the statue is placed is twelve feet and a half high. Nelson himself is thirteen feet high, and his height from the ground is about 125 feet. We can say nothing as to the sculpture, for we were unable to make it out, but certainly the column (though in itself as little to be commended as that in Trafalgar Square) assists in giving an appearance of dignity to the street. It presents an imposing central object for the eye to rest upon, and prevents the sort of straggling unconnected look which the two sides of an extremely broad street have a tendency to exhibit. Standing, too, as it does, at the junction of the long line of Henry and Earl Streets with Sackville Street, it is seen conspicuously from many points. Close by the Nelson Pillar is the Post Office, a very handsome

* A drive direct from any part of the city to any other part, without alighting on the way, is called a 'set-down'; and the legal fare for it is only sixpence—which, as the car carries four passengers, is enough to tempt those who do not like walking.

† See Whitelaw's 'History of Dublin.'

building, which was erected, in the year 1817, from the designs of Francis Johnston. It has a frontage of about 220 feet, is 150 feet in depth, and fifty feet high. The chief feature is a fine hexastyle portico, of the Ionic order, which is eighty feet wide, and projects over the footpath. The pediment is surmounted by a statue of Hibernia in the centre, with others at the extremities of Mercury and Fidelity. The building itself is constructed of mountain granite, the portico of Portland stone. Architectural critics may doubtless find some imperfections in the style, but to an ordinary observer its appearance is at once simple, dignified, and substantial.

One of the most favourite points of view, to which the citizens lead a stranger in order to show the interior of the city to advantage, is Carlisle Bridge. From it you look along the Liffey on one hand, full of ships, the quays alive with a busy and noisy multitude, the road bordered by goodly buildings, the chief of which, the Custom House, serves as a crowning grace to the picture. On the other hand, the Liffey, as it winds gently between its broad, granite embankments, is seen crossed by several bridges: the quays, though little used for commerce, present abundant signs of activity; numerous public buildings and churches are visible wholly or in part; the classic dome of the Four Courts rises high above the meaner structures; and in the extreme distance are the wooded heights of Phoenix Park, crowned by the Wellington Testimonial. Northward is Sackville Street, with its column and stately buildings, the distance being terminated by the Rotundo. Southward, D'Olier Street and Westmoreland Street diverge, each affording more than commonly pleasing effects of street architecture. But perhaps Grafton Street, or College Green, the very centre of the busiest part of the city, where the magnificent fronts of Trinity College and the Bank are seen in combination, presents the most striking appearance to the stranger. We have selected College Green for an engraving, (Cut p. 241), because, though perhaps less striking than Grafton Street, it is more adapted for a wood-cut. The equestrian statue in the front is the celebrated statue of William III., which was the object of so many party contests, both with pen and shillelagh, in the more pugnacious days of "ould Ireland."

The Bank is the building which Swift has celebrated in his terrible verses, entitled 'The Legion Club.'

"As I stroll the city oft, I
See a building large and lofty;
Not a bow-shot from the college—
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Placed against the church direct,—
Making good my grandam's jest,
'Near the church'—you know the rest."

In other words, it is the old Irish Parliament House, where, before the Union, the Irish representatives

"...in grand committee

How to plague and starve the city."

The original House of Parliament was erected early

in the eighteenth century; but being found too small, was subsequently greatly enlarged; it was completed in the form in which it now appears in 1794, at a cost of £95,000. After the Union, being no longer required for legislative purposes, it was sold to the Governor and Company of the Bank of Ireland for the sum of £40,000, and an annual rent of £240:—and by them it will doubtless be held till that fine morning when O'Connell's oft-repeated prediction shall be fulfilled, and Erin see her chosen sons once more assembled in College Green. On the whole this is the finest building in Dublin, and one of the very finest in the kingdom. It is far grander than the Bank of England—forming, instead of a number of 'pretty bits' like that much-praised pile, a consistent and magnificent whole. In form it is nearly a semicircle. The grand front looking on College Green consists of "a noble colonnade of Ionic pillars raised on a flight of steps, and ranged round three sides of a spacious quadrangular recess in which is the court-yard. The colonnade supports an entablature and cornice of the same order, surmounted by an attic. In the centre of the recess projects a fine portico of four Ionic columns, sustaining a tympanum, in which appear, in bas-relief, the royal arms; while the apex is ornamented with a colossal statue of Hibernia, supported by Fidelity on the western, and Commerce on the eastern points. Circular screen walls behind columns, surmounted with an entablature and cornice, run from each extremity of the central pile, and connect it with the eastern and western fronts. The former of these, facing College Street, is a beautiful Corinthian portico of six pillars, the tympanum of which is surmounted by a figure of Fortitude, with Justice on the one side and Liberty on the other. The western portico is Ionic." (*M'Glashan's 'Dublin.'*) The architect employed in the enlargement and completion of the building was Gandon, to whose genius Dublin owes so much of its splendour. Since its conversion into a bank the interior has of course undergone an entire change—except the House of Lords, which yet retains very much of its original appearance. In the recess which was occupied by the throne, now stands a statue of George the Third.

Trinity College is also a noble pile; worthy of the metropolitan university. To Cantabs and Oxonians, who are so accustomed to associate Gothic architecture with collegiate edifices, it is perhaps at first sight a little disappointing; while in the eyes of pragmatic mediæval ecclesiologists it is an abomination. We confess if it were to do again we should prefer Gothic to Grecian for such a building, but we are well content to take it as it is—and rejoice that a classic style being chosen, so fine a building is the result.

Trinity College was founded in the 34th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1592), under the title of the 'College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin.' This title it still retains, though it is to all purposes a university—and more correctly styled, as it often is, Dublin University. The original found-

ation consisted of a provost, three fellows, and three scholars. As increased by various augmentations and benefactions, it now consists of the provost, seven senior fellows, twenty-three junior fellows, with ten fellowships recently founded by the college, the various professors and teachers, seventy-five scholars, and thirty sizars. The number of students generally averages about 1,400. If it cannot exhibit a roll of scholars rivalling those of Oxford or Cambridge, it has a list of which it may well be proud.

The grand front of Trinity College is turned towards College Green. It is about 300 feet long, and three stories in height; the order is Corinthian. The centre consists of a pediment supported by four columns; the wings are terminated by pavilions, which are ornamented with coupled pilasters, and raised a story higher than the rest of the front. Altogether the effect is rich and stately. The large quadrangle, in which are the chapel, the library, the refectory, the theatre, and lodgings for the fellows, is of noble proportions, being 570 feet long by 270 feet broad. It is consequently much larger than the quadrangles of any of the English Colleges; Trinity College, Cambridge, being 334 feet long, by 325 feet where widest; and Christ Church, Oxford, 264 feet by 261 feet. But though the several buildings are sufficiently imposing, it, to our thinking, has by no means the same venerable collegiate air as either of those we have mentioned. The next quadrangle, Park Square, which is 280 feet by 191 feet, is recent and common-place. The third quadrangle is commonly known by a name of unpleasant sound and associations—Botany Bay: both these are chiefly appropriated to apartments for the students. Beyond these quadrangles there is the College Park, a pleasant piece of ground of about twenty acres, planted with trees, and containing the magnetic observatory and school of anatomy building; it is open to the public. There are also gardens for the fellows. Several of the buildings deserve inspection. The chapel, which is on the north side of the great quadrangle, is a neat edifice, Corinthian in style, the architect of which was Sir William Chambers. The interior is handsomely fitted up: the choir is celebrated: the choral service is open to the public. The library is a very handsome building, three stories high. The façade, which is 270 feet in length, is built of mountain granite, and has a very fine effect. The principal room, a magnificent apartment, extends nearly the whole length of the building, being 210 feet long, forty-one feet broad, and forty feet high. In front of the presses which contain the books, is a series of busts of eminent men both ancient and modern. The books in this room are above 110,000. In a room beyond is another very valuable collection called the Fagel Library, from having been purchased of a Dutch family of that name: it consists of about 18,000 volumes. The library contains a celebrated collection of manuscripts, some of which are of great value; admission to it is only granted for a special purpose. Corresponding in size and style with the chapel is the theatre, which is worth visiting for the portraits it contains of several

of the more eminent scholars of Trinity College; and also for a very elaborate monumental group, in memory of Provost Baldwin. It consists of several figures, and is much admired: the sculptor was a native artist, Mr. Hewetson.

On the south-side of the great quadrangle is the refectory; a building which every one familiar with the English colleges will be likely to turn to with some interest. But it is disappointing. In collegiate edifices, classic dining-rooms seem but poor substitutes for the noble old Gothic halls. This, for example, (not to speak irreverently,) reminds one but too forcibly of an English provincial assembly-room. However, it is a fine room, and of ample proportions, being some seventy-five feet long, by thirty-five wide, and as many high. The portraits form its chief attraction; among them the most noteworthy are those of the Fox and Pitt of the Irish House of Commons,—Grattan and Flood.

Perhaps, however, the room which will most interest the ordinary visitor is the Museum. The collection is a very general one; there are minerals, fossils, antiquarian relics, South Sea and Indian idols, weapons, and garments, and so forth. But the portion which will chiefly attract the stranger is the collection of early Irish antiquities, which is varied and tolerably extensive,—too much so for us to touch upon here.

Supposing the visitor to be interested in these remains, we strongly advise him not to neglect, while in Dublin, to visit the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which is just by the College, *i. e.*, in Dawson Street, opposite the Provost's House. The Irish Academy was founded towards the close of the last century, "for the study of polite literature, science, and antiquities," to quote the terms of the Act of Incorporation. The study of Irish archæology, and the collecting of Irish antiquities, have been from the first the most prominent features of the Institution. The results are shown in the publication of many elaborate memoirs, and in the contents of the Museum. This is by far the largest and finest collection of Celtic remains in the world. Many of the specimens in gold, silver, and the less precious metals are both "rich and rare." They consist of torques, and other personal ornaments; reliquaries, crosiers, pateras, and other articles connected with religious purposes. There is also a goodly store of weapons in bronze and iron, and stone, some curious bronze horse-bits, trumpets, and other matters, that speak of warlike service. In the library is a choice collection of ancient Irish manuscripts.

From the Academy the visitor should, in order to complete his examination of Irish antiquities, proceed to the house of the Royal Dublin Society in Kildare Street. The building itself will repay the visit. It is a very handsome one; originally it was the residence of the Duke of Leinster, from whom it was purchased by the Society in 1815, for the sum of £20,000. The objects of the Dublin Society, as stated in its Act of Incorporation, are much more various than those of the Irish Academy. It was founded in 1731 "for the

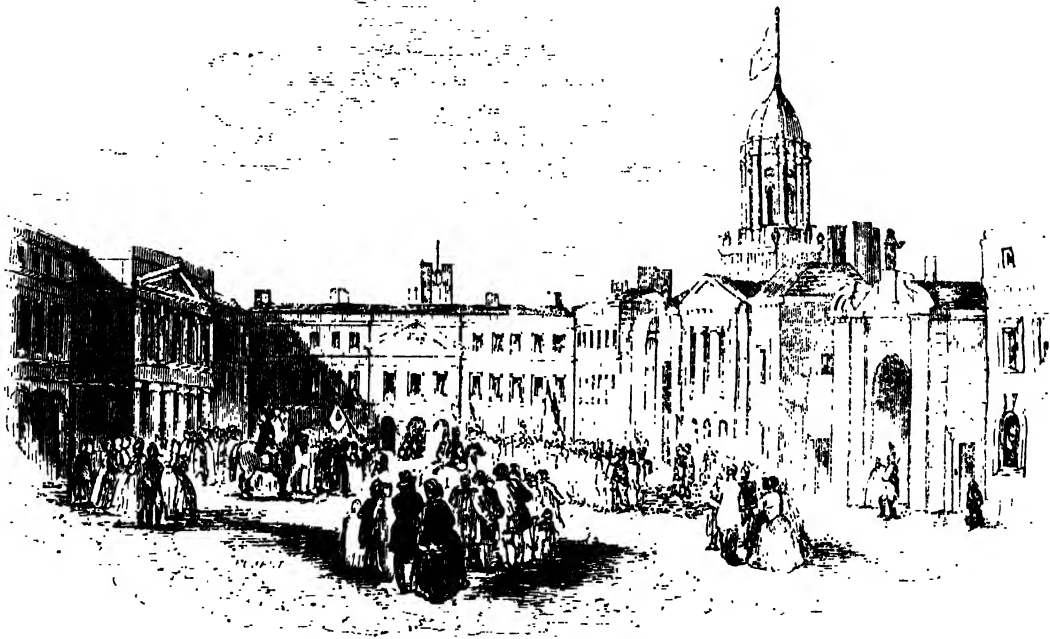
Improvement of Husbandry, Manufactures, and other useful Arts and Sciences." From the Irish Parliament the Society received an annual grant of £10,000; from the Imperial Parliament it only receives half that sum. From the variety of subjects to which the Society directs its attention, there is a considerable diversity of objects to be seen within its walls. The Museum occupies several rooms. In natural history it is especially rich; but a mere mention of it will suffice here: the enormous Irish elk, which is the chief feature of this part of the collection, is a remarkably fine specimen; but specimens of it are now to be met with in England: that at the British Museum, or at Cambridge, will perhaps be familiar to the reader. The Irish antiquities, which chiefly led us here at this time, deserve careful inspection. An examination of these collections of remains, found so abundantly in Ireland, will not fail to give rise to much curious speculation, and perhaps lead to further inquiry into a subject full of interest, though comparatively little known to Englishmen. But we must hasten on. One object of the Dublin Society was the promotion of the Arts, and here may be seen some of the productions in painting and sculpture of the pupils who have attained eminence. Of living artists, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Behnes, the celebrated sculptor, may be mentioned as old pupils of the Society. A room is set apart for a collection of casts from the Elgin Marbles, &c. There is also an Agricultural Museum, containing models of farmhouses, cottages, and other objects connected with the science. Besides these, there is a good library. Altogether, an hour or two will be well employed in examining the rooms. Certain days are set apart for the admission of the public to the different departments; but any part, or the whole, may at any time be seen by strangers visiting Dublin upon presenting their cards. This very considerate and handsome arrangement, we ought to mention, is also adopted at Trinity College, the Irish Academy, and other institutions in Dublin. But it is only just to add, that everywhere in Dublin the stranger meets with the greatest courtesy and readiness to afford him all proper facility.

But it is time to visit the vice-regal abode, and the older part of the city—which, indeed, ought to have been done before, as they seem to be fairly entitled to precedence in any account of Dublin. The Castle is situated at the end of Dame Street,—the prolongation westward of College Green. In passing towards it, the famous equestrian statue of William the Third, the object of so many a battle, will of course be noticed. It is of bronze; but when the Corporation of Dublin was thoroughly 'Orange,' they used to have it always newly painted against the 1st of July; and on that morning it was sure to be adorned with orange ribbons. The opposite party, of course, also daubed it,—but not with orange paint; and then there was a fight. The unlucky ~~king~~ has had, in the course of the century and a half that he has stood there, to endure an abundance of maltreatment, from both friends and foes; but as the

feeling on both sides appears to be losing its intensity, it is to be hoped that the hero may be permitted to anticipate future Julys, without dread of losing sword, or nose, or obtaining a new coat of paint. The position of the statue is shown in the woodcut. Dame Street has one or two good buildings, and some large and handsome shops.

Cork Hill, on which the Castle stands, is the highest ground in the city; but it is so built upon that the exterior of the Castle cannot be seen as a whole, which, however, need excite no regret. The site was, no doubt, chosen with a view at once to defend and command the old city, which extends westward from it. The erection of the original castle commenced early in the thirteenth century; it was completed in 1220. The present castle is almost wholly modern; and, as an architectural object, as poor and unsatisfactory as can well be conceived. A large gateway, on which is a statue of Justice, leads to the Upper Castle Yard—a quadrangle, 280 feet long by 180 feet broad, in which are the state-apartments and official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, which occupy the whole of the south side and part of the east; while the apartments of the Chief Secretary, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, and other officers of the household occupy the rest of the Court. The state-apartments, as will be supposed, are not wanting in splendour. The Presence Chamber, which contains the throne, is a handsome room, and fitted up in a costly manner: the throne is extremely rich. The Council Chamber contains portraits of all the Lord Lieutenants since the Union. Other public rooms are also more or less noticeable: but the finest of the state-apartments—and, in truth, the only one that is particularly worth going to see—is St. Patrick's Hall, a noble room, eighty-two feet long, forty-one feet broad, and thirty-eight feet high, with galleries at each end. The ceiling is divided into compartments, which are painted with subjects connected with Irish history.

In the Lower Castle Yard (Cut, p. 251,) are the Bermingham or Record Tower, and the Chapel Royal. The Bermingham Tower is the only part of the Castle which is at all ancient; alone, it is not very picturesque, or of much interest; but, from its height, it serves to indicate the site of the Castle from the suburbs. As its name intimates, it is now used as a depository for the state records. The Chapel Royal is a very elaborate, but not particularly successful, example of modern Gothic. It consists merely of a choir: its dimensions are seventy-three feet long by thirty-five feet broad. At the eastern end there is a large perpendicular window; on each side are seven buttresses with crocketed pinnacles. Around the exterior is a good deal of carving: among others are the heads of the entire series of English kings. The sculpture over the northern entrance is a curious fancy: the head of St. Peter is placed above the door, and over it the head of Dean Swift! The interior is extremely elaborate, and rather striking in effect; but it hardly sustains a close examination. Every part is highly ornamented; but like the groined roof, all appears imitative plaster-



LOWER CASTLE YARD.

work, instead of the good old free hand-carving of real Gothic churches. All the windows are filled with stained glass. The galleries are distinguished by having crimson-curtained thrones in the midst: that on the south side is for the Lord Lieutenant,—the opposite one is for the Archbishop of Dublin. The viceroy generally attends the service on Sunday mornings, and the chapel is usually crowded.

The Lower Court is a large quadrangle, 280 feet by 220 feet; but there is little to be noticed in it. In it are the ordnance-office, the arsenal, and the armoury, in which, among its other contents, are 60,000 muskets. In the Castle, too, are the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police. A guard of both horse and foot soldiers remains constantly on duty at the Castle, which, from the number of soldiers and policemen about it, contrasts rather curiously with our London palaces.

On Cork Hill, near the entrance to the Castle, is a building called the City Hall, formerly the Royal Exchange. It was erected in 1769, from a design by Thomas Cooley, the celebrated native architect; and it is universally admitted to be one of the most graceful buildings of the kind in existence. It is a square of about 100 feet, surmounted with a dome, and has three fronts. The principal front consists of a noble portico of six Corinthian columns, which stand on a high basement and support an enriched entablature and pediment. The interior is even more elegant than the outside, and should be seen. In the area are several statues.

There is little in the old city besides the cathedrals

to attract the visitor. Though older than in the other parts, the houses are not ancient; and the oldest of them have suffered too much from decay and reparation to be in any way noteworthy. And as there is no antiquity to attract, neither is there any picturesqueness: but there is squalid misery almost past conception. A few of the streets are tolerably wide; but by far the greater number are narrow, and many are without thoroughfares: all seem given up to the very poor, and those who supply them with provisions and other necessities. That the dirt and odour of these streets are endured in these days of sanitary reformation is quite surprising. The household dirt is perhaps too sacred to be interfered with; but the streets, one would think, might be kept clean, and the refuse, if permitted to be thrown in them, at least occasionally be cleared away. Yet, dirty as the streets are, the stranger must be of resolute nerves who does not speedily take to the middle of them, in order to escape from the vicinity of the houses. If the visitor should attend the cathedral service on Sunday morning, it would (if he can put up with some few "sights and sounds and scents vexatious") be worth while to come half an hour before the time for a stroll through this locality. There is, of course, no Sabbath quiet here: the shops are open, and more than commonly busy,—especially the spirit stores and old clothes shops. The

"Jolly lads of St. Patrick's, St. Kevin's, Donore,"

have done with early mass, and are now beginning to grow a little lively, if not uproarious. Beggars abound

(for beggars appear, on Sundays, always to seek alms in the poorer localities), and are trying every means to obtain a trifle. We, a few Sundays back, heard three or four families of them singing emigrant and other begging songs along these streets and the wretched streets on the north and west sides of the city. Altogether, there is something as striking in the noise and activity of the streets of Dublin as in the quiet and comparative desertion of those of Edinburgh.

If the dwelling-houses of the old city are not very old-looking, it is otherwise with the churches. St. Patrick's Cathedral is very old, and looks older. The style is early English, and it is nearly uniform. But it is far inferior in beauty of detail, as well as in general character and size, to many English cathedrals in which the same style prevails. It is cruciform, with a lofty but not very elegant tower, and a plain spire. The dimensions are: length, 300 feet; breadth, eighty feet. On the whole, the exterior is chiefly remarkable for a certain rude massiveness of appearance. The interior is much finer, and has recently undergone very extensive repairs. The nave was formerly in a dilapidated state, and the stone roof entirely gone; but a thorough restoration having been effected, it now forms an object of antiquarian interest, and possesses much grandeur of effect. The floor is raised above the bases of the columns. The choir is lofty, and of fine proportions; and though not to be compared with the choirs of most English cathedrals, has much to interest the admirers of ecclesiastical architecture. The arches of the triforium, some of the windows, and the capitals of the columns, are very beautiful. In the choir are the archbishop's throne, the stalls of the chapter, and those of the knights of St. Patrick, over each of which are suspended the helmet, sword, and banner of the knight who occupies it.

In the nave and choir are several monuments that command attention. The largest and showiest is that to the Earl of Cork,—one of those strange, huge, sculptural combinations of several stories, which were fashionable in the 17th century; it is a rather remarkable and striking specimen of the class. There are also monuments of several archbishops, and some of other distinguished persons. The monuments which are the chief attraction, however, are three mere mural tablets,—but they bear the name of Swift, and suggest many recollections connected with his history. One, a plain slab of black marble, affixed to a pillar on the southern side of the nave, marks the spot where the remains of Jonathan Swift were deposited, and contains the terrible inscription, of his own writing,—“*Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit!*” On the adjoining pillar is another tablet, to the memory of “Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of this cathedral.” The other monument to which we referred is in the choir, and is to the memory of the celebrated Duke Schomberg. It was erected by Swift, who wrote the bitter epitaph. George I. was so much displeased with the reflections

cast by it on the descendants of Schomberg, that he took public notice of it, declaring that “the Dean of St. Patrick's had put up that monument out of malice, in order to stir up a quarrel between himself and the King of Prussia,” who had married Schomberg's granddaughter. “It caused,” say the biographers of Swift, “an irreconcilable breach with the court.”

Christ Church Cathedral is situated some little distance north of St. Patrick's and nearer the Castle. It is the older building of the two, but it has been so often altered and repaired as to retain little of its original character. Nor is it in its present state either grand or picturesque, externally; while the interior has little of the venerable solemnity we are accustomed to expect in a Gothic cathedral. Some time back it was thoroughly ‘repaired and beautified;’ it is therefore in nearly as good a state as that of St. Patrick's, but it will not afford the same kind of gratification to the general visitor, or the student of Gothic architecture. It is commonly visited by strangers who admire the cathedral service, on account of its fine organ and the choir, which is sometimes said to be the best in Ireland. But we were very unlucky in the two services we attended, for the singing was more slovenly and the conduct of the boy-choristers far more irreverent than it was ever our mishap to witness in any other cathedral or chapel choir,—and that is saying a good deal. There are some ancient monuments of considerable interest in Christ Church, and numerous modern ones. But we need not make a longer tarryance.

It will be as well, perhaps, to notice the other ecclesiastical edifices before turning to another subject. Dublin is divided into twenty parishes, and in addition to the churches which belong to them, there are also several chapels-of-ease. Very few of the churches are ancient, and none of those are very remarkable. St. Audoen's, near the Corn-market, though only a fragment of the original church, is one of the most beautiful examples of Gothic architecture in Dublin,—and it contains some curious old monuments. St. Michan's, on the opposite side of the Liffey, is noteworthy as the burial-place of many who have gained a name in the recent history of Ireland. But several of the churches, which are quite uninteresting in themselves, have memorials that will be looked upon with more or less respect. One of the poorest, for instance, St. Anne's, in Dawson-street, contains monuments in memory of that sweet singer, Mrs. Hemans, and of Cæsar Otway, whose descriptions of Irish scenery have done so much to attract attention to the beauties of the country and the condition of the peasantry. Most of the modern churches are of the Greek or Roman orders of architecture. Some of them are admirable specimens of the adaptation of the classic forms to Christian churches. The finest is St. George's Church; it is situated in Hardwick Place, at the northern extremity of the city,—a rather out-of-the-way locality, but it will repay the journey. It has in the principal front a very fine tetrastyle Ionic portico. The steeple, which is about 200 feet high, displays much originality as well as good

taste, and combines with the Grecian temple-architecture very much better than is usual with such incongruous objects as steeples. The architect was Francis Johnston, and it is one of his best works.

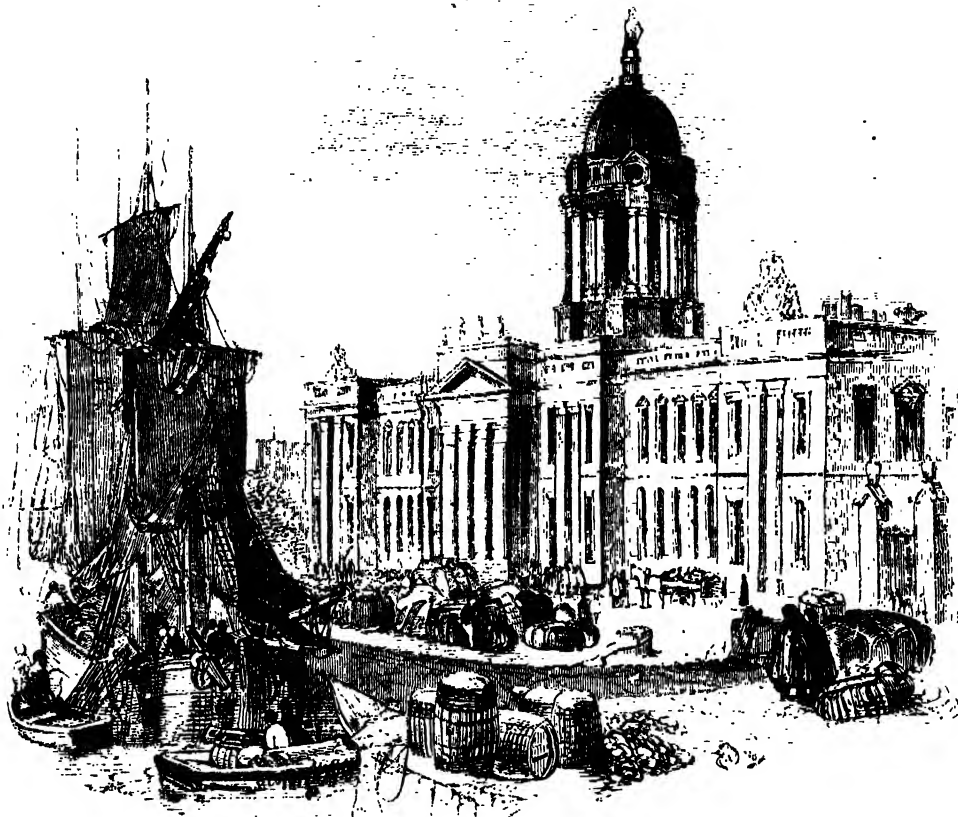
The Roman Catholic churches and chapels are very numerous; they are, of course, all modern, and, like the churches of the Established Church, they are commonly 'classic' in style. The prevalent Gothic feeling is only now finding vent in the new churches of both communions which are rising in the suburbs. One Gothic Catholic Chapel, however, may be pointed to, St. Michan's, in Anne-street, as, though far from perfect, a very pleasing and ornamental structure: it is built entirely of mountain granite. The most important of the Roman Catholic places of worship are the Church of the Conception and St. Andrew's Chapel. The former, often called the Metropolitan Chapel, is a magnificent structure; the style is Grecian Doric; the principal front has a massive hexastyle portico raised on a platform; the apex and extremities of the pediment are surmounted with colossal figures of the Virgin, St. Patrick, and St. Lawrence O'Toole. The south side also presents an elaborate frontage to the street. The interior is divided into a nave and aisles by a series of columns, which support an arched roof. The eastern end terminates in an apsis, from which the altar, a costly structure of white marble, stands detached. Altogether the appearance of the interior is very imposing, especially if seen during the performance of high mass. This chapel is said to have cost £40,000. St. Andrew's Chapel is situated in Westland Row, close by the terminus of the Kingstown Railway. This, like the Metropolitan Chapel, is a Grecian Doric structure. It is cruciform, and of spacious dimensions, the nave and choir being 160 feet long, the transepts 150 feet; the breadth and height are twenty feet. But the front of the chapel is prolonged at each end by the priests' houses, and thus forms a Doric façade, 160 feet long. On the pediment is a colossal statue of St. Andrew. The effect of the exterior is by no means good. The interior is less heavy. "The walls are divided into compartments with Grecian Doric pilasters. The grand altar consists of four massive pillars of Giallo Antico, which support a pediment similar to the Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. The tabernacle and sarcophagus are of Italian marble; over the former is a fine group of figures, representing the Transfiguration; they are the work of our celebrated Irish artist, Hogan."—(*M'Glashan*.) St. Paul's Chapel, Arran Quay, and that of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner Street, are both very elegant structures.

If the stranger spends a Sunday afternoon in Dublin, he might visit one of the Catholic cemeteries, in order to see an Irish funeral—or, at least, saunter along the road to witness the funeral procession. Here are two of them. The first is evidently a 'grand' one. A hearse with six horses (not black ones) and white feathers leads the way. Next come three or four mourning coaches, each drawn by two horses. Then follow some fifteen or twenty hackney-coaches, all

filled with 'mourners:' after which succeeds an almost interminable train of outside-cars (we count above fifty), each having its full complement of six passengers—men, women, and children—not a bit of black to be seen on the back of any one of them: the men, and some of the women, smoking their short pipes,—the 'boys' making fun with the girls, and all talking and laughing in full concert. The next procession is a shade less grand, but still a 'dacent' one. First comes the coffin, carried by men in their ordinary clothes; next the chief mourners on foot, but without cloaks or bands, and in many-coloured garments; and then come all the 'friends' of the deceased, a ragged band, mounted on some thirty or forty cars, every kind of finery and rags mingled together, and, if possible, more jovial than those in the other procession. Alongside of each, and bringing up the rear, is a motley assemblage on foot. To these funerals every one who in any way knew the deceased is invited, and all go, in order, as they phrase it, "to show respect." The custom seems ingrain; but recent misfortunes show how urgent distress will break through every custom. We were struck by the contrast presented by a funeral which we met, a few days later, in one of the poorer districts of the interior of Ireland. A plain deal coffin lay, without any covering, on a little donkey-cart, and one old woman walked beside it. We fancied that it was merely a coffin being conveyed to the house of the deceased person; but, on inquiring, found that it was, in truth, a poor fellow being carried thus unhonoured to his last earthly home.

We will now take a stroll along the Quays, which, as yet, we have only seen from Carlisle Bridge. The Liffey, as has been said, flows in easy windings quite through the centre of the city. The stream is confined within granite walls, which form a series of excellent quays, along which there is on each side of the river a clear footway, from Carlisle Bridge to King's Bridge. Indeed, the Liffey has rather the appearance of a grand artificial canal than a river. Between the quays and the houses is, on each side of the river, a wide roadway. Thus, there is here a feature which no other city in the kingdom possesses—a broad open thoroughfare, three miles long, with a fine river flowing through the midst, spanned by 7 bridges, and some noble structures along the sides. Not only should it be an ornament to the city, but, as it is a tidal stream, it ought also to contribute to its salubrity. Very far otherwise must it be,—as every one knows who has spent a summer's day in Dublin. Into the Liffey the sewerage of the city is turned; and as when the tide ebbs the bed of the river is left exposed, the most unwholesome vapours ascend and impregnate the entire vicinity. How the citizens can endure so pestiferous a stench is inconceivable. Every one admits and laments the evil; but you are told that no system of flushing the river has yet been suggested which promises to be successful, and therefore,—patience.

The lower part of the river is devoted to commerce. Along the quays ships of large size are moored, chiefly



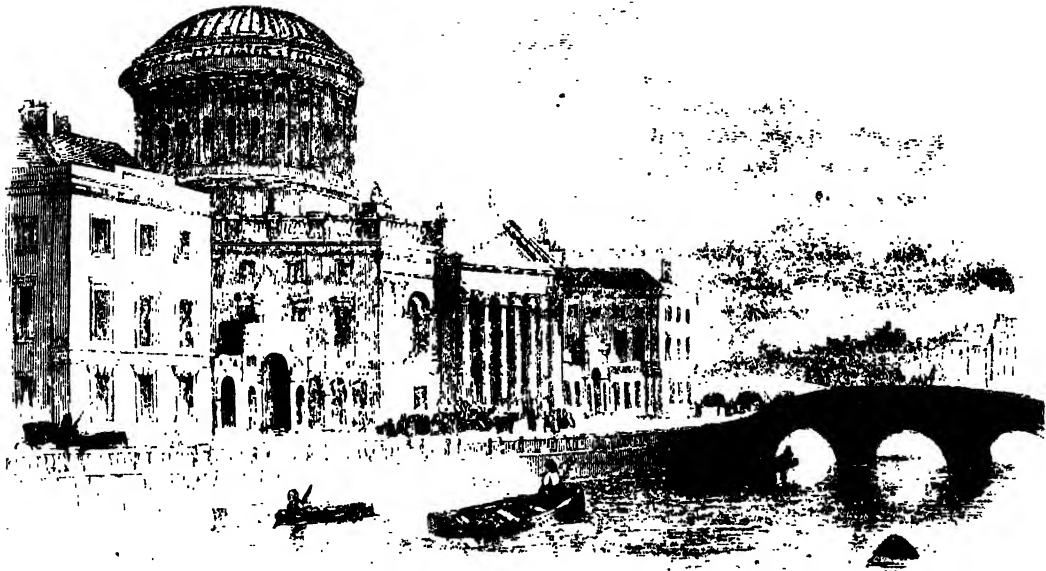
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, DUBLIN.

emigrant and other vessels which trade to America and the colonies; colliers and coasting craft. But there is also a sprinkling of foreign ships. On both sides of the river there are docks; those by the Custom-house and those of the Grand Canal, are extensive, but there are very few vessels in them. From nearly all the ships lying out, and loading and discharging their cargoes in the not very wide river, the quays are very crowded, and there appears to be much more commerce than there probably is: but the shipping trade has the appearance of activity. It is, by the way, a curious sight just now to see the eager swarms that surround the emigrant offices on Eden Quay.

On the north bank, a short distance below Carlisle Bridge, is the Custom-House,—an isolated building, of far higher architectural rank than its London namesake, and probably than any other of the kind in the world. It was commenced in 1781, and completed in 1791, at a cost of above half a million sterling. The architect was James Gandon. It is 375 feet in length, and 209 feet in depth. All the four fronts are highly enriched; but the chief front is, of course, that which faces the river. (Engraving.) The river front consists of a centre and wings, with an advanced tetrastyle portico of the Doric order. The tympanum contains a bas-relief, representing the Union of England and Ireland. On the attic are statues of Neptune, Plenty, Industry,

and Mercury. A noble cupola rises to the height of 125 feet, and is surmounted by a colossal figure of Hope. The north front is scarcely inferior to the southern, though less ornamented: on the attic above the portico are statues of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The interior is also admirable: the great room, especially, is a very handsome apartment. But this magnificent building is on far too colossal a scale for the Customs of Dublin; indeed, of late, it has been found to afford ample room for the offices of the Commissioners of Excise, of Stamps, and of Records; of the Board of Works, the Poor-Law Commissioners, Army-Pay, and several other Government Boards; and then verge enough for Geological and, we believe, other museums—in short, it is now something like what Somerset House would be, if one could fancy that edifice removed to Thames Street and incorporated with the Custom-House.

Towards the other end of the quays, just above Richmond Bridge, is another of the buildings which add so much to the grandeur of the city—the Four Courts. Our engraving (Cut, p. 255,) will serve to show its general appearance and save the necessity of description, for which we are becoming, somewhat straitened in space. The Four Courts were commenced in 1786, from a design by Cooley, the architect of the Royal Exchange; but he dying while the works were



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

in progress, the completion was entrusted to Gandon, who made some alterations in the design. Within these few years there have been considerable additions made to the original pile. The entire structure is very large, having to afford accommodation for the courts of law, and offices connected with them. The grand front extends along King's Inns Quay for nearly 500 feet. The central building, which contains the four courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, has a very beautiful portico of six Corinthian columns, with statues of Moses on the apex, and Justice and Mercy on the extremities of the pediment; and above ascends the large and graceful dome. Altogether this is generally considered to be one of the very finest as well as most important buildings in Dublin.

The great hall of the Four Courts is a very beautiful circular apartment, sixty-four feet in diameter, with a Mosaic flooring of concentric circles. In the centre is a statue of Truth on a pedestal, of which nothing better can be said than that it serves for a gaslight. Round the hall are eight entrances, leading to the courts and passages; between them are coupled Corinthian columns. An entablature surmounts these, running all round the hall, above which is an Attic pedestal. In panels over the entrances are bas-reliefs, representing William the Conqueror establishing courts of justice; the signing of Magna Charta; Henry the Second granting the first

charter to Dublin; and James the First abolishing the Brehon law.

The interior of it must not be overlooked, if the stranger be so fortunate as to spend a morning in Dublin in term time. As you enter the circular hall (a singularly beautiful one), instead of hearing the sort of quiet hum that greets you on entering Westminster or Guildhall, you are half-stunned by a confusion of voices worthy of Babel, and jostled to and fro in a crowd rivalling that of the Stock Exchange. In the passages men and women and boys are hawking tapes, and knives, and all kinds of small wares that lawyers need; and cakes, and pies, and fruit, and almost every variety of refreshment that lawyers or suitors could manage to swallow amid such a tumult. Within there is a perfect army of barristers, whether briefless or briefed, all as merry as grigs, cracking jokes on the right and left with learned brothers or unlearned clients, or assembled around some famous wag who is keeping them in a constant roar of laughter. The attorneys, and witnesses, and lookers-on, all appear bent on mirth, and laugh and talk with heart and voice heartily. Gravity seems by common consent banished from the outer court of Themis. In the inner temple, and in the presence of 'my lord,' there is of course something more of quiet and seriousness. If 'Counsellor Butt,' or some other favourite be addressing the bench and jury, there

is silence deep enough; but if an unlucky witness is 'tabled,' you are almost sure of some amusement. An Irish barrister seems to adopt a much more 'free and easy'-style in examining a witness than an English one, and poor Pat, falling into the same familiar vein, is certain to be led into some ludicrous mistake, or contradiction, or strange absurdity.

There is another building connected with law, the King's Inns, which is worth visiting, though it is some distance off, and rather out of the way. We may conveniently reach it by Capel Street, taking, *en route*, the City Sessions House in Green Street, and the adjoining Prison of Newgate, both solemn and sombre edifices, and passing on till we come to the Linen Hall, a building which deserves a moment's attention. It is an immense pile of six large courts, and contains 575 apartments. It was erected at a period when Dublin was the emporium of the Irish linen trade: now that trade is almost wholly transferred to Belfast, and the hall is comparatively deserted. Though the only inns of law in Dublin, they occupy a situation almost 'out of town,' and wear a very secluded air. The building is a large and very pleasing one, and if not so striking as some others in the city, it exhibits much richness of effect, especially in the chief front, which consists of a fine central archway of granite, surmounted by a handsome Doric portico, above which, and somewhat retired, rises an octangular cupola. The wings are two stories in height, and surmounted by pediments. In each wing is a handsome doorway. The office for registering deeds and the Prerogative and Consistorial Courts are within the building. The hall is a very handsome room. Close by the Inns is the station of the Mullingar Railway; and not far distant is St. Mary's Church; both interesting buildings, and, with those we have just described, amply sufficient to repay a walk to this end of the city. From this locality we pass into Rutland Square, in which are several fine mansions. The most distinguished is Charlemont House, on the northern side, called Palace Row. It is a princely mansion, retired from the square, and detached from the other mansions. The interior is highly worth visiting, having a fine library, a statue gallery, and some remarkably fine pictures, including a Rembrandt and a Titian. On the southern side of the square we see the Rotondo, with its fine colonnade and cupola. From hence it is but a short distance eastward to Montjoy Square, which is handsome and regularly built. Next we pass down Gardiner Street, one of the finest in the city, terminated strikingly by the northern front of the Custom House. But we must stop midway, and pass in, on the left hand, to the central establishment of the Board of National Education. The front consists of two massive granite buildings with Grecian façades, and contains board-room, library, and other apartments. The model schools, male and female, are in the rear, behind which are fine exercise ground and gardens. A visit to the schools will well repay the expenditure of half an hour.

The most striking recent additions to the architecture

of Dublin are the railway stations; and they are quite worthy of the high character of the civic buildings. This Mullingar, or Midland Great Western Railway Station, is a very striking structure. The long Ionic arcade, which has just been completed, is an exceedingly chaste design; it is constructed of a choice kind of mountain granite, which adds much to the effect. From this station there is a good view of the city. The terminus of the Drogheda Railway, close by the Custom House, is in the Italian Palazzo style, with a lofty central tower. It is a graceful building, but hardly so appropriate or characteristic as the others. The principal front is of Wicklow granite. The terminus of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway has no architectural pretensions. But the handsomest railway terminus that we have seen in any part of the kingdom is that of the Great Southern and Western Railway, near King's Bridge. This is the railway that we hope to conduct our readers along, on the way to Killarney, in our journey. The station is a very large building, of the Italo-Corinthian order; the façade is highly enriched, and the style is carried out in the *tout-ensemble* and in the details with excellent taste. It is constructed entirely of the beautiful Wicklow mountain granite, exquisitely wrought and dressed; a material which, now it is quite fresh and clean, has quite a brilliant effect when seen under a bright sun.

Not far from this station is one of those excellent institutions which are so numerous in Dublin. This one is the Royal Hospital, which stands on the site of an ancient priory of the Knights Templars. The hospital is a noble building, erected from a design by Sir Christopher Wren. Near the terminus is Steevens's Hospital,—a noble institution, founded by Miss Steevens in 1720, and augmented by Dr. Steevens with a legacy of £60 a-year. Another edifice in this neighbourhood, though of no great elegance, will be regarded with interest when its name is mentioned—it is St. Patrick's, or, as it is more commonly called, Swift's Hospital, the institution which Swift, apparently with a painful foreboding of his own fearful malady, founded and endowed for the reception of lunatics and idiots:—he gave, as he said, with a levity that appears to have been put on, to conceal the keenness of his feelings on the subject:

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools or mad,
And showed, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much."

If we had space, we might mention other charitable institutions; as it is, we can only say that they are very numerous, and of almost every kind, in Dublin; and many of them are on a large and liberal scale. The charity of the inhabitants of Dublin has always been munificent; and it is exercised as well privately as through public institutions.

It would be a great oversight to omit noticing the squares of Dublin; but we can only mention them. The chief is St. Stephen's Green—the largest square in Europe. It is an English mile in circuit. The

central area is laid out and planted, and contains an equestrian statue of George II. The houses around are large and lofty—many of them are noble mansions. Among the most noteworthy are the residences of the Archbishop of Dublin and of the Lord Chancellor; the Dublin University, Stephen's Green, and United Service Clubs; the College of Surgeons and Museum of National Industry are also here. Next in size to St. Stephen's is Merriem Square; which is, however, only about half as large. The houses here are uniform in appearance, spacious, and lofty.

Indeed, we have no time now to notice anything else in the city. The bridges, the barracks, and other necessary as well as ornamental structures, must all pass undescribed; so must the Theatres, the Music Halls, the Rotunda, the Gardens, and other places devoted to pleasure. It will be enough to remark, in concluding this hasty glance over Dublin, that we have merely mentioned a few of the objects to be seen in it, and indicated a few of its peculiarities. Hardly another city could be found where three or four days might be more profitably or pleasantly employed. There is, as even our rough notice will have shown, sufficient to repay the researches of any one, whatever may be his particular tastes, at least for a day or two; and he will be hard to please if he does not find sufficient amusement or occupation for his evenings. We have supposed the visitor to be a stranger, and his abode an hotel: it cannot be necessary to add, that if he have friends there, or any introductions, any time he can spend in the city will pass right cheerfully;—for Dublin hospitality is proverbial.*

THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN.

The environs of Dublin are, in parts, very beautiful: by means of the different railways the more celebrated spots within a few miles of the city may be easily reached. Our first stroll shall be westward—we can return by the train. Phoenix Park adjoins the city; and is at once an ornament to it and a most important benefit to the inhabitants. It occupies an area of some eighteen hundred acres, and is nearly seven miles in circumference,—being one of the largest and finest public parks in the Empire. The surface is in places undulated; but there are no hills. It is pretty well planted: though an open space is left sufficiently extensive for review: on the grandest scale. In this park is the Lord Lieutenant's Lodge—a large and handsome mansion, with a considerable domain attached. Opposite to it is the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The Wellington Testimonial, which is so noticeable an object from the city and suburbs, stands in this park, at no great distance from the entrance. It is a plain

but massive granite obelisk, mounted on a pedestal which is raised on an elevated platform: the height of the obelisk is 205 feet. On the sides of the obelisk, from base to summit, are inscribed the victories of the duke: the sides of the pedestal are intended to have bassi-relievi of the chief battles. A lofty insulated pedestal in front is intended to bear an equestrian statue. The Duke of Wellington, it will be remembered, was born in Dublin; and the citizens, proud of their fellow-townsmen, erected this testimonial, in honour of him, at a cost of £20,000, which sum was raised by a public subscription. From the mound on which the Testimonial stands a remarkably good view of the city is obtained. Nearly all the principal buildings are visible, and the open country is seen beyond. A similar, but rather more extensive, view is that from the eminence just beyond, on which stands the military Magazine known as Wharton's Folly, and which Swift made the subject of one of his latest epigrams:

"Behold a proof of Irish sense!

Here Irish wit is seen:

When nothing's left that's worth defence,

We build a magazine."

It is the kind of wit of which there has been too much in Ireland. While speaking of the general view of Ireland we may mention that the most extensive prospect (though more distant than this) is to be seen from Dunsink Hill, about three miles north-west of Dublin: it embraces not merely the city, but the noble bay of Dublin and the heights of Killiney. There is a road across the park, which leads by Observatory Gate to Dunsink Hill: the Observatory is on the hill. We must just mention, before leaving, that the gardens and menagerie of the Zoological Society are in Phoenix Park.

Quitting the Park by Knockmaroon Gate you come upon the Liffey, where flowing along a narrow but rich valley it is quite a picturesque stream. On either hand the banks form lofty uplands; those on the south are clothed with luxuriant foliage. Forwards are seen the heights of Woodland, the beautiful demesne of Colonel White. The northern slopes are for above a couple of miles entirely covered with plantations of strawberries; from them the city is supplied, but all the fruit is not sent into the city. The Strawberry Beds, as the whole tract is called, are one of the notable places of the vicinity of Dublin. During the season this is a favourite resort of holiday-makers, for whose accommodation there is a number of permanent spirit and refreshment huts built along the road-side. But Sunday is the day on which the Strawberry Beds are chiefly visited; and in fact there is a 'strawberry fair' held here every Sunday afternoon during the whole of the strawberry season, and for some time after the fruit has disappeared—indeed it is continued till Donnybrook fair, (August 26), which famous festival terminates the summer holidays in Dublin county. It is worth while for one observant of popular habits to come here for once, in order to obtain a notion of Pat's style of enjoyment. Besides the permanent houses, there are erected for the

* The stranger in Dublin will find the hand-book published by M^r Glashan, entitled 'Dublin and its Environs,' a convenient and sufficient guide. We compared many of its notices on the spot, and found them to be very faithful: and we have been a good deal indebted to it in drawing up this sketch.

occasion numerous booths, with painted signs, such as 'the King of the Brook,' 'the Old Harp,' &c.; flags are suspended from some, and the entrances are decorated with evergreens. From three in the afternoon—when the business of the day, confession, and perhaps 'a burying' or two, have been duly attended to—the 'boys' begin to flock hither, and continue to do so more and more till the close of day. The *fun* does not fairly commence till about six or seven o'clock. Then every booth is crowded; and the road is thronged with a noisy multitude. The day's supply of strawberries is by this time exhausted, but whiskey and porter make amends, and are in sufficient demand. At the further end of each booth boards are laid down for dancing on, and fiddlers or pipers are provided. Dancing begins early, and is prosecuted vigorously. On the boards Pat is in all his glory—especially if he have a pretty partner; and it is quite surprising to see what neat-looking lasses attend these places: many of them are pretty, quiet, modest girls, and neat and trim in their dresses, yet they will be dancing along with sottish dirty fellows, who have not a sound garment upon them;—but generally the Irish girls are much superior to the men of the same rank. The Irish dance is something national. An Irishman seems by dancing to work himself into a state of excitement much as an Indian does. As he warms the dance quickens, till Pat grows half delirious—of course, that is, if he has had a due allowance of whiskey. 'The fiddlers ply their elbows as quick as grasshoppers, but are quite unable to keep time with the wishes of the dancers, who seek to quicken them by some sufficiently odd expressions. "Arrah then move faster wid you, darling,"—"Go it, my boy, go it, more power to you: Oeh then get along if you love me: Oeh now go it, Dan—go it like blazes, and may the Almighty favour you!"—were some of the exclamations we noted.

Outside the booths there is a noisy crowd, composed of every variety of 'the finest pisantry.' Irish joking abounds, and the visitor must put up with his share of it. At every turn in the road may be seen an eager group clustered round a keen-looking rascal, who is sitting on the ground with a board on his knees, upon which a leather thong is coiled, while he is challenging one and another to try his luck. It is the old English game of 'pricking the birds,' but it holds the place at Irish fairs and races of the English pea-and-thimble game: it is just as deceptive and as fraudulent, but the stakes are commonly pence instead of half-crowns. The game seems always to find plenty of players. But not the least curious part of the spectacle is the vast number of beggars who are assembled. As very few 'respectable' people go to these strawberry fairs, it is evident that the ordinary frolicers must give alms plentifully to attract so many mendicants: and a close look at the peasantry in any part of Ireland will evince that this is one of the causes of the overwhelming amount of mendicancy. The poorest will give if he have anything to give—and receive if he have not. Mendicancy is not looked on as degrading: even those

who would themselves rather suffer than beg, are quite ready to bestow on the beggar while they possibly can.

Of course Pat cannot jig and tiddle whiskey without exhibiting as the result a little superfluous liveliness; but on the whole there does not seem to be very much quarrelling at these strawberry fairs, though there is a good deal of noise. Of shillelagh-work we saw little, and were told that there is seldom much now. Once these fairs were somewhat 'riotous assemblages;' but that section of Young Ireland which attends them has grown pacific—is tired, it may be, of physical-force doctrines—or overawed perchance by the number of policemen about. Be the cause what it may, the strawberry fairs are now pretty orderly; the police, too, clear out all the booths at half-past nine. But they cannot be visited without it being seen that they are a great evil: and it is impossible to loiter about at one for a few hours, without the feeling being deeply impressed on the mind that the reckless improvident habits of the lower classes of Irishmen are in truth almost more than a 'second nature,' and that the task of elevating their moral as well as physical condition is a most difficult one—a feeling, by the way, which everything that is seen of them in country as well as in town, at home or abroad, only serves to intensify. Yet this is the task that every Irishman seems emphatically called on now to address himself to with heart and soul. An entire social regeneration is the thing needed;—a mighty labour, and not to be accomplished by talking or fighting!

Continuing along the river-side by Woodlands, Lucan is soon reached. The whole of this part is extremely pleasant, and will afford much to interest those who have time sufficient to wander awhile about. The beautiful grounds of Woodlands, and those of Lucan House, in which are some ruins of a castle, are open to the stranger. Leixlip, a couple of miles further, is a decayed town, slovenly-looking, but picturesque: around it there is much fine scenery, and in the neighbourhood are many objects of interest. The chief attraction is the waterfall, or rather rapid, known as the Salmon Leap. In a fine ravine, the Liffey rushes over a ledge of bold black rocks, and then forces its way among massive detached fragments, that lie scattered along its bed. Leixlip Castle, which stands on the southern bank of the Liffey, is an ancient edifice, and forms with the foaming river a fine picture. About four miles from Leixlip is a place familiar by name to every one—Maynooth College. The buildings form three sides of a quadrangle, the principal front of which is 400 feet in length. In the neighbourhood there is some very fine scenery: Carton, the extensive demesne of the Duke of Leinster, is especially celebrated. If the stranger visit Maynooth, he can return to Dublin by the Mullingar Railway: if he direct his steps southwards, he can return by the Great Southern and Western line. The nearest station from Leixlip on this line is at Celbridge, not far from which is Marley Abbey—or, as it is now called, Celbridge Abbey—where resided the unhappy Miss Vanhomrigh, Swift's Vanessa. In the grounds are still pointed out some of the laurels which

she used to plant against the visits of the Dean. The first station from Dublin on this Great South Western Railway is at Clondalkin, a place that certainly should be visited; it is about five miles from the city. The name of the town is derived from that of a church, Cluain Dolcain, which is said to have been founded here by St. Mochua early in the seventh century. Clondalkin was once a bishop's see. Of its monastery only a few traces of the walls are discernible. But there is here a very perfect specimen of that curious Irish edifice the Round Tower. This one has a rather peculiar basement, and it is crowned with a conical roof. It is about ninety feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter; the entrance is about ten feet from the ground. The interior may be ascended by means of steps, which have been fixed for the purpose. We need not stay to puzzle over the purposes of these buildings, as we shall have another opportunity of speaking of them. The village of Clondalkin is a decent Irish village: with a parish church, Catholic chapel, monastery, and national school. In the neighbourhood are extensive limestone quarries.

On the northern side of the city, and only about two miles from it, is the secluded, half-decayed village of Glasnevin—interesting from its associations, and worth visiting on its own account. The village lies partly in the valley of the Tolka, whence it climbs up Glasnevin Hill. In the valley on the south side of the river is the Botanic Garden of the Dublin Royal Society, some thirty acres in extent, varied in surface, and admirably arranged and stocked. The conservatory and hot-houses have a fine display of exotics; and on the lake there is a good collection of aquatic plants. In this garden is the house in which Tickell the poet dwelt during his abode in Ireland. Addison was a frequent visitor; and here, as at Oxford and Eton and some other places, his favourite walk in the grounds is pointed out, and is still called 'Addison's Walk.' Tickell's house is now the residence of the Professor of Botany. A house on the higher ground of Glasnevin is that in which Dr. Delany, Swift's friend, dwelt. Swift spent a good deal of his time at Delville House; and Addison, Sheridan, and Parnell, are among the other celebrated persons who were in the number of Dr. Delany's guests. Glasnevin House is the residence of the Bishop of Kildare. Clermont, the National Deaf and Dumb Institution, near this, is well worth visiting.

Along the line of the Drogheda Railway, or north-east of Dublin, are some noticeable localities. On the left is Marino, the handsome mansion of the Earl of Charlemont. In the grounds is the Casino, a miniature Doric temple, designed by Sir Robert Chambers, and constructed in a very costly style. In it the Earl used to unbend, in company with Grattan, Flood, Curran, and other eminent Irishmen of his day. Clontarf (where is the first station) is a spot famous in Irish history: here it was that Brian Boromhe, the Alfred of Ireland—"You remember the glories of Brian the Brave?"—fought, on Good Friday, 1014, his last and greatest battle with the Danes under Sitric Maelmora, the subordinate king of Leinster, had

joined with the enemy; but Brian gained a glorious victory over their combined forces. Brian and his son Murogh both fell in the battle, and a great number of their nobles with them, but the victory was perfect. Clontarf is a modern Gothic castle of mingled styles: it stands on the site of an ancient one, and is believed to indicate the battle-field. The castle is, from its position, a striking object in the landscape, and commands a wide and beautiful prospect. There is fine scenery here, along the shore, looking over the bay; but we must proceed to another famous place—"the big Hill of Howth." "The peninsula of Howth, or, as it is generally termed, the Hill of Howth, is one of the most remarkable features in the vicinity of Dublin. It forms the northern entrance to Dublin Bay, is about three miles in length by two in breadth, and lifts its rocky summit 563 feet above the level of the ocean."—(*Fraser*.) The surface is greatly diversified; and from various parts of it are many most picturesque prospects of the coast and country beyond. Especially fine is the view of Dublin, with the splendid Bay and the estuary of the Liffey in front, and the Dublin Hills in the distance. From the northern slopes the little island called Ireland's Eye is seen to great advantage, as well as the coast towards Malahide; while from the tongue of land on which the Baily Lighthouse stands are obtained some most striking views of the wild and precipitous rocks in which the promontory terminates seaward. In the little village of Howth there are some vestiges of an old abbey. Howth Castle, close by, is the seat of the Earls of Howth: only a tower remains of the original castle. Howth Harbour was constructed from the designs of Rennie: it was commenced in 1807, and completed in 1832, at a cost of above £120,000. It was intended for a harbour of refuge, and for the mail-packet station; but in consequence of its silting-up, and the accumulation of sand at its mouth, it is not available for either purpose, and is, in fact, nearly useless. As may be supposed, from its peculiar and characteristic beauty, the Hill of Howth is a favourite resort of the citizens. Holiday parties are constantly made to it, and there are good hotels, and ordinary tea-gardens, where all may disport themselves according as their tastes or pockets prompt them. In the summer, a steamer makes daily excursions from Dublin; and this is a very pleasant way of reaching Howth. The sail down the Liffey and along the Bay is a delightful one.

If the visitor have time, he might continue along the coast by the Strand and Portmarnock to Malahide. Or Malahide may be reached at once by the railway: Malahide station is nine miles from Dublin. The chief attraction is the Castle, a large and magnificent though somewhat incongruous pile, the seat of the Talbots, to whom the demesne was granted by Edward IV. Some portions of the building are ancient; but the greater part is modern. The interior is both splendid and interesting, and it contains some good pictures: it is permitted to be seen on any day but Sunday. Close by it is a ruined church; the grounds are very

picturesque. Malahide is a straggling fishing village; and an Irish fishing village is always "a thing to admire at." A very fine hotel and two handsome terraces have been recently erected. About two or three miles distant is the old town of Swords, famous in Irish chronicles, and worth visiting for its antiquities. These are: first, extensive remains of the archiepiscopal palace; next, the vestiges of the chapel of a monastery founded here in 512 by that famous saint, holy St. Columb, and of which the scarce less famous St. Finian was the first abbot; and, finally, there is a round tower—one of the rudest of those strange structures: it is seventy-two feet high, and fourteen feet in diameter. The old town of Swords is a very poor place—to Saxon eyes it seems a wret hed one; but then it is none the less picturesque. About three miles north of Swords, at the village of Lusk, is another round tower.

The Dublin and Kingstown Railway will enable visitors to see the south-eastern suburbs of Dublin with great facility. This line skirts the southern coast of Dublin Bay, and as it affords a series of beautiful sea-views, it is in much favour for short pleasure runs. It is only fair to say that the Company do their best to make these excursions agreeable. The second-class carriages are comfortably cushioned; and a commodious kind of open carriage is provided for those who wish to view the scenery; the seats in these are cushioned, and there is a covering overhead. It is so seldom that Railway Companies do anything to render travelling agreeable to any other than first-class passengers, that it ought to be noticed when it does happen. There is another excellent thing on this line: the Company have constructed near several of the stations very convenient bathing-places; and second-class tickets are granted every morning throughout the summer, which entitle the holders to ride from Dublin to any station they please, have a sea-bath, and return for eight-pence. Bathing places are also provided at some distance from the others, for the use of ladies, at the same charges. The bathing-tickets later in the day are charged a somewhat higher price.

On the way to Kingstown there are several stations, but we cannot stay at either; Kingstown will occupy as much time as we have to spare. The town itself is nought: it is a new town, a good deal frequented as a watering-place by the Dublin citizens; and the houses are what might, in such a place, be expected. Kingstown is not the original name of the place. It was formerly called Dunleary, from there having been here, say the topographers, a *dun*, or fort, in which dwelt Leary, king of Ireland, about the middle of the fifth century. Be that as it may, here was a little dirty village called Dunleary, with a small harbour, at which George IV. landed on his visit to Ireland in 1821. The visit half-crazed the good people of Ireland; and another of the methods of eternizing their gratitude which they adopted, was that of erecting an obelisk on the spot where he stepped ashore, and changing the name of the place, which, on account of the con-

struction of the new harbour, was promising to become a town of some importance, into Kingstown. The new town has left old Dunleary, however, rather on one side. Kingstown Harbour is the chief feature here: it was commenced in 1817, when the failure of that at Howth became palpable. Rennie was employed to make the designs and superintend the construction. It is formed by two immense piers, which incline towards each other so as to leave an opening seaward of 850 feet. The western pier is 4950 feet long,—the eastern, 3500; they enclose an area of 251 acres, being one of the largest artificial harbours in the kingdom. Frigates and Indiamen of 800 tons burden can ride in the harbour; at the wharfs vessels of heavy tonnage can discharge their cargoes at any state of the tide: but the harbour is not found to be as useful as was anticipated. The entrance is so wide and so ill-placed, that during easterly gales vessels within the harbour are unable to keep their anchorage: it should be observed, however, that it was part of the original plan to have the entrance protected by a breakwater. Some £700,000 are said to have been expended in the construction of the harbour; but the expenditure has extended over thirty years. The eastern pier forms an admirable parade, and affords the residents and visitors abundant amusement: the seaward prospect is a noble one; the view of the bay is very fine; the harbour has generally a goodly number of vessels of all sizes, including a great many yachts, whose evolutions are always attractive; and it is the place where the packets embark and disembark their passengers. At the end of the east pier is a lighthouse, which, at night, displays a revolving light. The railway-station, a rather stately building, is close against the harbour.

On summer evenings the band of one of the regiments, stationed at Dublin generally adds to the liveliness of the scene by performing popular airs on the jetté. Of the numerous villas and terraces seen bordering the strand, or scattered over the heights inland, it is needless to speak. The whole distance from Dublin is thickly sprinkled with them, and some are of considerable pretensions. A ride of a mile and three quarters on the Atmospheric Railway will bring the tourist to Dalkey. There is not much to be seen in the village itself; but it has some historic celebrity, and the vicinity is attractive. In early times this was an important neighbourhood; and in order to defend it, and afford protection to the shipping, there were seven castles built along the coast. Three of these castles (or rather forts) are yet in part remaining at Dalkey, one at Bullock, and another at Monkstown. There are also at Dalkey some remains of an old church. Just off Dalkey Point is a little island, of about twenty-five acres area, which is separated from the mainland by a sound about 300 yards wide. Dalkey Island was formerly the scene of an annual assemblage of Dublin citizens,—sometimes to the number of 20,000,—whose proceedings were recorded in a 'Dalkey Gazette,' issued on the occasion, and are still referred to at due length in the local histories and guide-books. The object of the

meeting was to elect and crown a sovereign of the island. The King of Dalkey and Emperor of the Muglins was assisted in the government of his island by a prime minister, an archbishop of Dalkey, an admiral, a general, and other ministers and officers ecclesiastical, civil, and military. The election was conducted with due solemnity, and after the coronation a sermon was preached by the archbishop; the whole affair was carried through with much relish. It appears to have been some such an annual revel of the cockneys of Dublin as was indulged in by the cockneys of London in the election of their 'Mayor of Garratt;' the chief difference being that while the Londoners were content with a magistrate, the Dalkeians, loftier in their notions, would have a monarch. But their ambition was their ruin. The government of the King of the other island became alarmed at the increase of their number, and suppressed the meeting. The King of Dalkey was compelled to abdicate, and the King of England reigned alone. Dalkey Island was taken possession of by the British sovereign, and is still occupied by a British garrison,—two or three of the coast-guard,—who are its only inhabitants.

Now let us climb this hill: it gave us a pleasant greeting as we came over the sea, and it seems as though it would afford us a cheerful welcome on the summit. We will not linger by the way. From the new brick-and-mortar work about the lower slopes we gladly escape. The name of yonder village has so Italian a sound, raises such visions of soft blue skies, and Arcadian scenes, recalls such poetic fancies, that we must not let the reality be too discordant. Let Sorrento be unseen. Nor will we now go to look after the quarries which supplied the granite for the construction of yon harbour. Killiney Hill is worth ascending. We are not five hundred feet above the sea, but we have a prospect that might lead us to fancy we were a thousand. How beautiful from this height is that glorious Dublin Bay! How it stands out majestically in the serene ocean, and from it the varying coast sweeps round in a splendid curve to the base of the hill on which we are standing. Streams of silver dash across the dark blue water as the light breeze plays gently over it. White sails glitter in the sunshine; one and another dark hull moves steadily along, leaving behind it a stream of yellow smoke. And there a tall-masted emigrant ship is working slowly out of the Bay, bearing with it how many hopes and fears—blighted prospects, young imaginations! Let us look another way. Here is a view of soft smiling valleys, and wooded slopes, of rich demesnes, handsome villas, cultivated fields, enough to charm away gloomy fancies. And here again, if we turn northwards, is another beautiful scene over this fine Killiney Bay away to Bray Point; inland across a country bounded by the Mountains of Wicklow—a tract we ought long ere this to have been rambling over. Let us away.

WICKLOW.

There are many other spots in the immediate vicinity

of Dublin whither we might conduct the reader, but we leave them unvisited, for we have stayed already so long as to leave but too little time for a sufficient examination of the beauties of Wicklow. We shall pass through the more celebrated parts of this beautiful county without much regard to the order of the route, taking the several spots as we can most readily reach them in a careless ramble at a little distance from the coast to Arklow, and thence back by the mountains which occupy the middle of the county. As there is no railway in Wicklow, it may not be amiss to say a few words as to the means of conveyance. Of course the best way to see a district such as this is to walk over it: much of it cannot be well seen in any other way. Along the main lines of road there are a good many coaches and vans, which run at very low fares, and are serviceable even to the pedestrian, in enabling him to get over some of those uninteresting or dreary spaces which intervene between the more important points. All, or nearly all, the Wicklow and Wexford conveyances go from one office in Dublin, and it will be well to call at this office, which is situated in Harry Street, to learn the lines of route, and the times, which are frequently being altered. By a little contrivance, and without much expense, these vehicles will enable any one whose time is limited to two or three days, to pass through much of the most beautiful scenery, and to visit the most famous spots. It will only be necessary to fix on two or three stations where the coaches pass, and from them there will be little difficulty in reaching the places which are out of the coach-road, either by walking or hiring a car. Cars are kept at almost every inn of any size (and there is sufficient traffic to support an inn in almost all the larger roadside villages); they are let at sixpence or eightpence a mile, and there are few or no turnpikes. Indeed the usual way of seeing Wicklow is by hiring cars from place to place; and there is only the objection to it, that a great deal is of necessity overlooked which is most characteristic of the country and the inhabitants.

BRAY AND THE DARGLE.

Bray must be our starting-point. It is situated on the Bray river, which here divides the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, and, as it stands on both sides of the river, it belongs in part to each county; but Bray proper belongs to Wicklow. It is about thirteen miles from Dublin. Bray, as the centre of a beautiful district, is a place of great resort; and being but a short distance from the sea, it is also much frequented as a watering-place. The town itself is a long straggling one, consisting of a principal street, and several lesser streets and fragments of streets diverging from it or connected with it—for it is not very easy to explain the arrangement of an Irish country-town, even when like this it belongs to the more respectable class. The town is built on very irregular ground, the houses are anything but uniform, the church stands on a lofty bank, lifting its tower high above the rest of the build-

ings, hence its general appearance from a little distance is picturesque: as you ascend the river towards it, and it is seen backed by the Sugar-loaf Mountains, it is eminently so. Bray has little trade, less manufacture, and just the shadow of a fishery: but one way and another it is tolerably prosperous. It has a population of 3000 souls. In order to keep the visitors in good temper, the natives curb their own inclinations and keep it comparatively clean; and that there may be no cause of complaint left, it possesses one of the best hotels in all Ireland.

Bray is the centre of one of the richest and loveliest districts on this side of the island. The natural features of the county too are not, as in too many other parts, disfigured by the frequent signs of the deep misery of those who dwell among them. It is as fair, and in appearance nearly as flourishing, as many of the happiest spots in England. All around are the mansions and demesnes of the nobility and gentry of the county, and the villas of the wealthier merchants and professional men of the metropolis. Many of these are celebrated on account of their owners, and many on their own account. Nothing can well be more delightful than some of them, and it is a very pleasant way of spending a day to ride or stroll from one to another under good guidance. Among the more famous of them is Kilruddery—a noble mansion, belonging to the Earl of Meath, standing within a demesne of surpassing beauty. Kilruddery is a modern mansion of the Elizabethan style: not far off is Hollybrook, a mansion of the Elizabethan age. Adjoining Kilruddery is the demesne of Bray Head, which is also worth visiting. The fine promontory of Bray Head, being some 800 feet above the sea, affords a splendid sea view, as well as one of much richness inland. On the other side are St. Valerie, the seat of the Hon. P. Crampton, one of the most charming places in Great Britain; Old Connaught, where the wisest and wittiest of the present generation have delighted to assemble around the hospitable board of Lord Plunkett; and very many others which—are they not written in the Guide-books of the county? If the stranger have time and inclination, he may visit some one or other of them, and he will generally find that the more beautiful grounds are freely opened to him.

The lion of all this district is the Dargle, a spot to which almost every one who visits Dublin is carried, whatever other spot be left unvisited. The Dargle is only an abbreviation of its proper name, which is the Glen of the Dargle,—it being really a glen of somewhat over a mile in length, through which the river Dargle flows. Nature has indeed been lavish of her favours here. For the whole way the streamlet winds between lofty and precipitous rocks, whose sides are clad with the most luxuriant foliage. In places, the banks ascend to an altitude of above three hundred feet, and with the trees that bend forward from them towards the opposite side, steep the deep abyss in an intensity of gloom that might well have suggested its native name of the Dark Glen. But then there are broad open dells, where the bright sun sends down its rays through the

leafy screen and lights up the depths of the hollow, glancing hither and thither from rock to rock, just by a touch gilding one mossy fragment and casting its neighbour into a deeper shadow, making the water-breaks to glitter as with countless gems,—and in a word producing in that sunny spot a picture such as a fairy might have wrought, who, having been looking at one of Creswick's paintings, was tempted to try how such another would appear if executed with Nature's own materials. A good footway is carried through the glen along the summit of the north bank, which enables you to see it very conveniently; and at all the places where there are scenes of superior beauty or grandeur a seat is placed, an opening is cut, or some other such silent intimation given. From some of these stations the appearance of the glen is of exceeding beauty; from some, too, there is much of a gloomy grandeur,—but the general character of the glen is that of surpassing loveliness. One of these resting-places, where the bank is of the greatest height and steepness, is known as Lover's Leap; a name it is said to have received from —: but we made a sort of promise not to be repeating these legends, and our fair readers will readily imagine for themselves the remainder of this one; in which there are, of course, a gentle lady and a tender youth, love that does not run smooth, and a good deal more that we have forgotten, but which they will easily recall or invent. We make no doubt that their versions will be quite as veritable as those written in the books, or told by the guides,—no, not by the guides, for there is no guide attached to the place, and stranger guides are not permitted to enter the Dargle; a very excellent arrangement, by the way, for you are thus not merely left to wander about at will, but saved from the intrusion of some nonsensical piece of information, or silly story, when you would be hearkening only to the voice of the woods and the waters, and the song of the birds;—but we are running off from the subject with which we commenced, and so we return to the Lover's Leap. And now we are there again, just let us beg you to notice what a rich and charming view there is along the glen. The other principal station is known as Rock View, and it has the advantage of not only yielding a beautiful prospect of the Dargle, but also of the country above and beyond it (Cut, p. 263.)

The mansion of Powerscourt, with the beautiful demesne of which it is the centre, forms a conspicuous object in the mid-distance, while the lofty ridge of Kippure closes the prospect. But the Dargle is equally fine if viewed from below. There the stream, foaming along its stony channel, forms the central feature, and with the rocks and trees, with all their sombre shadows and rich colouring for their accompaniments, makes pictures such as poet or painter would in vain attempt to embody.

The Dargle, as has been hinted, is private property and enclosed. The west bank belongs to Lord Powerscourt, the opposite to Mr. Grattan. Admission is always granted upon application at the lodges, at either



THE DARGLE.

end. It is best seen by entering at the southern end,—the upward course of the stream presents bolder and more varied features, and the distant prospects are finer. In any case it is better to go quite through the Dargle, than, as is often done, to go part of the way and return: some choice views are sure to be lost if either end be left unseen.

Powerscourt is the most important seat in this part of the county: it can only be seen upon procuring an order from the agent of Viscount Powerscourt. It is a large but rather plain building; the interior has some very splendid apartments. The demesne is of great extent, of most varied character and extreme beauty. The territory of Powerscourt extends over 26,000 acres. That part of it called the Deer Park, lying some miles south of the mansion, contains some very grand scenery, and is much visited. In it is a very celebrated waterfall, formed by the Dargle (or, as it is called by the natives in its upper course, the Glenisloreane), which,

after a course of some two or three miles from its source in Crocken Pond, here throws itself over a rocky steep some three hundred feet high. After storms, or when there is much water in the river, it must form a noble cataract; but when we saw it there was very little water, and its grandeur was much diminished. The Douce Mountain, which is the highest of the mountains in this neighbourhood, being 2384 feet above the sea, and which forms so conspicuous and imposing an object in the surrounding scenery, is often ascended from this waterfall.

Tinnahinch, Mr. Grattan's seat, is the mansion which was purchased for £50,000 by the Irish Parliament, and presented to the celebrated statesman Henry Grattan, (the father of the present proprietor), "as a testimony," to borrow the words of the vote, "of the national gratitude for great national services." It is a plain substantial mansion, but delightfully situated, and the estate is a very fine one. There are a couple of other

demesnes situated on the Dargle that are permitted to be seen, and are a good deal visited—Charville, the seat of the Earl of Rathdown, and Bushy Park.

GLEN OF THE DOWNS; DEVIL'S GLEN.

Again renewing our journey southwards from the Dargle, we soon reach the village of Kilmacanoge—a collection of poor and slovenly cabins, with a very large and showy new Union-house. Thence we pass the base of the isolated conical mountain called the Sugar Loaf. This mountain, which is 1651 feet above the sea, has received the epithet of Great, to distinguish it from the Little Sugar Loaf, 1120 feet high, which rises on the borders of Kilruddery, some miles to the north of its greater namesake. Though neither of the mountains is much like a sugar-loaf (as sugar-loaves are made now-a-days), they are, as seen from some points, singularly like each other. The Great Sugar Loaf is a conspicuous object over a wide range of country, from standing, as we said, quite isolated; and hence, also, it commands a wide and splendid prospect from the summit.

A little further and we enter another of the more famous of the many beautiful glens which distinguish this county. The Glen of the Downs is an opening between two mountains of a very grand and romantic character. The ravine is a mile and a half long,—a little streamlet brawls along the midst; the mountain sides rise abruptly, sometimes to a height of five or six hundred feet, the space between them varying from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. The long mountain ridge on the right is called the Down Mountain, whence the glen has received the name. Beautiful as this glen is, it must once have been very much finer. A very good but formal coach-road has been carried along the bottom; and the hill-sides have been in parts disfigured by stiff regular plantations. In places, however, the natural woods, or some that have assumed the character of natural woods, prevail, and, climbing about the rugged crags and slopes, produce a rich effect. The finest views of the Glen of the Downs from the road are in a northward direction, when the opening is filled by the peak of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

But the glen should also be seen from above. At the southern end of the left bank is Belle Vue, the seat of P. Latouche, Esq., of whose demesne that side of the glen and the heights above form a part. Admission is readily granted to the grounds. From them there is a splendid view along the glen and over the country beyond. When the sun is sinking below the hills, and all the lower parts of the ravine are in the deepest shade, while the slanting rays are gilding the summits, and over a rich expanse, broken and bounded by the peaks of numerous mountains, the lengthening shadows are slowly stretching, and a thin hazy vapour is creeping up the hollows, the whole scene puts on an air of grandeur and of beauty whose charm is irresistible.

The village that is seen a little way out of the road on the left after quitting the glen, is Delgany. It is

worth stepping aside to see. The situation is very beautiful, and the views of the village are very picturesque and pleasing, as well as those from it. Moreover, it wears an aspect of comfort that is quite refreshing, after becoming inured to the almost total want of it that is so frequently in these Wicklow villages. Delgany is, we believe, a good deal resorted to as a summer abode—which of course to some extent explains its neatness of appearance; but it is more satisfactorily explained when you are told that there have been some generations of good and considerate resident landlords.

The next village on the road, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, is the centre of some much-admired scenery. The places which are usually visited, are the demesnes of Altadore and Glendaragh on the west, and Mount Kennedy and Woodstock on the east. There is no doubt much that will amply repay the leisurely visitor; but we must not linger among them. Newtown village is a long and populous, but by no means attractive place, and there is a sad array of mendicants waiting about ready to fasten on the stranger, or to surround the doors of the coaches which stop there.

Ashford Inn, or the Inn at Newrath Bridge, might very well be taken as the centre from which to make two or three excursions, and also to enjoy a little fishing. The chief attraction here is the Devil's Glen,—the great rival of the Dargle and the Glen of the Downs. Like the former, it is a long narrow pass, or rather a deep cleft, formed, as it would seem, by the parting asunder of the living rock. But the Devil's Glen is larger than the Dargle, and more stern and sombre in character. This, indeed, is what characterizes it, and the preference will be given either to it or to the Dargle according as the more strictly beautiful or the sterner aspects of Nature are most in unison with the taste and the feelings. The Glen of the Downs is of quite another character, and cannot be properly compared with either. Along the narrow bottom of the glen the river Vartry forces its way around and over the massy fragments of rock that fill the channel, and rushes sparkling and foaming along as if impatient of the hindrances to its progress. The sides of the glen rise up rugged and precipitous. On the one hand is a luxuriant hanging wood; the other is bare, but the more pleasing from the contrast of its gray crags to the verdure opposite. At the end of the glen is a noble waterfall—the Vartry pouring over the black rock in one sheet, and falling at once a hundred feet into the dark pool below. The Vartry has at all times a much larger volume of water than the Dargle, and the fall is always a very striking one—none the less so from the absence of foliage; when the river is in flood it is said to be exceedingly grand. The glen of the Dargle is wanting in this feature: and Powerscourt Waterfall, though so much loftier, is certainly not comparable with this grandeur. The views from the banks above the Devil's Glen are very fine,—but the Dargle is finer.

There is another very pleasing glen in this neigh-



GLENDALOUGH.

bourhood, a few miles north of Ashford—Glen Dunran. It is two miles long, narrow, and finely wooded. It must not be compared with the more famous one we have been visiting, but it is a lovely spot.

Close by Ashford is the classic demesne of Rosanna, the property of D. Tighe, Esq. Here it was that the charming Irish poetess, Mrs. Tighe, wrote the beautiful poem of 'Psyche.' The grounds are especially famous for their magnificent trees. These impart to it a stateliness such as few of the Irish parks possess, and not many English ones surpass. It is said in Curry's 'Handbook for Ireland,' that "this well-wooded demesne contains among its venerable trees some of the finest old oaks and Spanish chestnuts in the country." Many of them would dignify one of the finest parks in Kent. Along the road which passes the demesne they form an almost matchless avenue. One noble patriarch stands out quite apart in the road,—to the no small danger, as it would appear, of coaches travelling that way, but certainly adding much to the picturesque beauty of this bit of road.

Before quitting this locality, let us add that the river Vartry, after it leaves the Devil's Glen, and being joined by two or three small affluents, expands into a good-sized stream, passes by Ashford and Newrath, and soon approaches the sea. But here a sandbank has formed and prevented its egress: the river, in consequence, has expanded to the right and left, making a narrow lagoon, two miles in length, which is known as Broad Lough, at the southern end of which, by the town of Wicklow, a mile and a half below its original outlet, it flows into the sea. The sandbank is called the Morrogh.

WICKLOW: ARKLOW.

Wicklow, though the county and assize-town, is a miserable-looking place. It has a rather considerable corn-trade, and a few small trading vessels; but else it appears to have little commerce of any kind, and to be altogether a neglected locality. The town and the people seem alike disheartened: even the fishery is not looked after. There is not much to be seen in the town. Of the old castle there are a few unimportant vestiges remaining on a steep rock, which projects into the sea by the entrance of Broad Lough. It bears the name of the Black Castle. There are also some remains of the Abbey which was founded here in the reign of Henry III. These, with a doorway of the old church, are all that remain to attest the former consequence of the town, or to recall the recollections of its history.

Nor is there much of beauty in the town, or its immediate vicinity, to attract the stranger; and it is, therefore, seldom visited. It is, indeed, almost only noteworthy as an example—unhappily not a rare thing to meet with,—of an old decayed Irish town. But so looked at, it may be regarded with some interest; and there is something in the appearance of the people and their houses, and cabins also, noteworthy. The

heights about Wicklow afford some fine sea views; and the bold bluff promontory of Wicklow Head, with the lighthouses, is a feature that a painter of coast scenery would stay to sketch. All along here, and round to Wicklow, the coast is a drifting sandbank; as dreary and unhappy-looking as a coast-line well can be. And the country inland between these towns is hardly better.

Wicklow is much resorted to in the bathing season.

From Wicklow to Arklow, the tourist has the choice of several roads—that most usually selected is by Gencaly, Rathdrum, Avondale, thence to Castle Howard and "the Meeting of the Waters," by Avoca and Shelton Abbey. The coast road is, however, the shorter, and is not without its attractions, presenting at intervals some fine views of the shore, and bold sea scenery. There is an intermediate line, which, however, we would not counsel the tourist to attempt, as it is very precipitous, though passing through some fine scenery.

Arklow is now a much more important town than Wicklow. It is the most populous town in the county. At the census of 1841 there were 6,237 inhabitants in the parish of Arklow, of whom 3,254 resided in the town. It is situated on the estuary of the Avoca, at the southern extremity of the county. Between the town and the sea there is a wide strip of coast, a drifting sandy waste, only relieved by the "dunes," or hillocks of loose shifting sand. The haven is in good part filled with sand, and of little use except for boats and very light vessels. Along the creek is a gathering of poor clay cabins, called the Fishery. The town itself, or at least the business part of it, stretches up a slight ascent nearly parallel to the river, but not close to it. The river is crossed by a long rude bridge of eighteen arches, and on the Wicklow side of it there are a few poor-houses.

Arklow has at different times been the scene of some stout contests. The castle, the chief object of the assailants, was built in the reign of John, and was dismantled by Oliver Cromwell. The last time Arklow was made a battle-field was as late as 1795. The "rebel army," under the guidance and command of Father Murphy, had surprised and taken Wexford, and now, above 20,000 strong, determined to march upon Dublin. Flushed with success, they summoned Arklow to surrender; but there was in it a stout-hearted garrison of 1,600 men, commanded by General Needham, who had no thoughts of yielding. The rebels succeeded in forcing their way into the lower part of the town, which they set fire to and destroyed. In the upper town the fight was protracted till nightfall, when the insurgents were repulsed with fearful loss. Father Murphy was among the slain. Had they not been checked at Arklow, it is believed the misguided men might have reached the capital.

There is not much that is characteristic or interesting in Arklow. Of the castle there is a mere fragment left: it stands at the end of the town, against the barracks. The church is a large and substantial modern pile. There are no other public buildings that call for remark. The houses generally, in the principal street,

are respectable; there is a good inn; and there must be some amount of business. But there is an unhappy listlessness hanging about the place, which is very uncomfortable. Once, Arklow had an important and prosperous fishing-trade; and there is still a large number of fishing-boats belonging to the town. But the fishing has greatly fallen off. The nerrings—the fish chiefly taken—are said to have left the coast. The night we stayed there, however, there was a very large take of them; and that there is a ready market for them was proved by the fact that the whole quantity was purchased at once by a person from Liverpool, who was here with a small vessel, on 'the look out.' Indeed, we strongly suspect that if some English spirit could be infused into the Arklowites—Liverpool or North Country energy, and South Coast skill—the fishing would be again as of yore, or better. Improvement is sadly wanting here. The Arklow boats are clumsy half-decked things; and the nets are hardly half the size of those used by the Brighton or Hastings crews. The boatmen, too, would cut an odd figure beside the bluff many-jacketed Deal or Hastings fishermen. It would do an Arklow man some good to go to one of these places, or to Brighton, for a month or two.

The houses in the principal street, we said, are generally respectable; but then the rest are mostly very poor. The Fishery is the worst part. There all the houses are mere clay cabins—many of them with one window, and not a bit of garden, or even yard, and all that were looked into were dark, miserable, almost without furniture, and very filthy: yet we were assured at Arklow that the poor there are "comparatively well off."

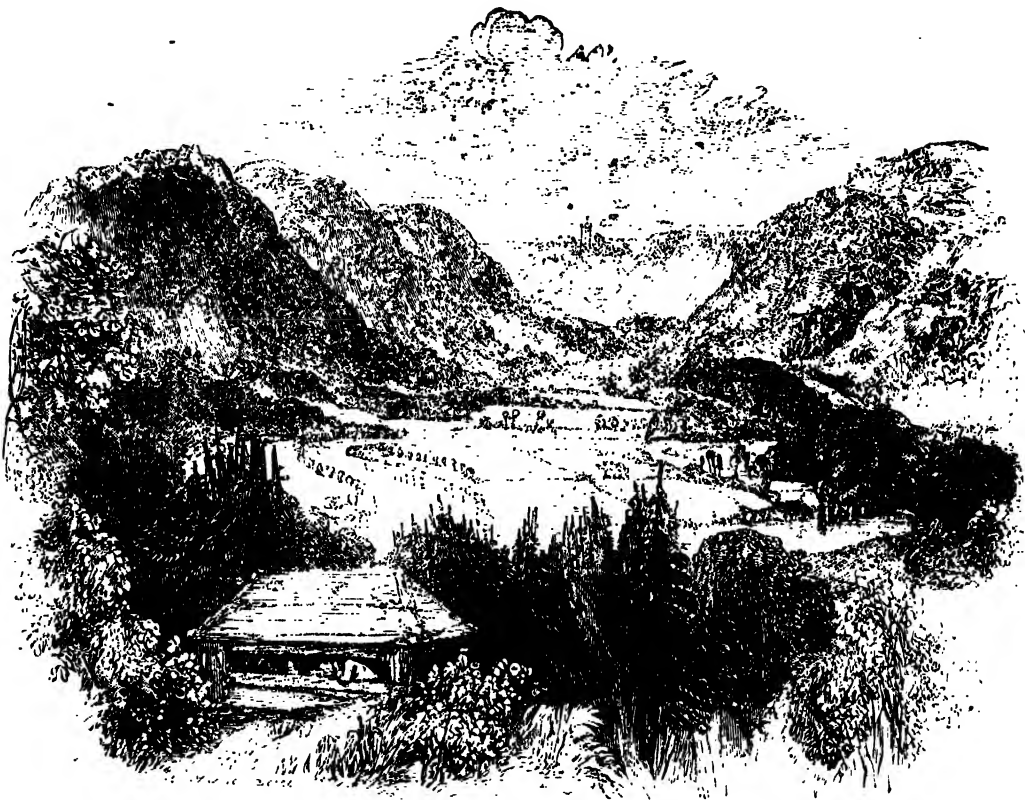
The country west of Arklow is not often visited by the tourist; nor is there very much to reward him. Yet perhaps a journey by Croaghan Kinsella to Aughrim, and thence up the glen toward Lugnaquilla, would repay the pedestrian; the roads would hardly do for cars. On the slopes of Croaghan Kinsella is passed the celebrated Wicklow Gold Mine: "our Lagenian Mine," as Moore has it—

"Where sparkles of golden splendour
All over the surface shine;
But if in pursuit we go deeper,
Allured by the gleam that shone,
Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,
Like Love, the bright ore is gone."

This is nearly true now, but there was a time when it was regarded in a very different light. There had for some years been a vague report current that gold had been found in this neighbourhood; when, "in the year, 1796, a piece of gold, in weight about half an ounce, was found by a man crossing the Ballinvalley stream, the report of which discovery operated so powerfully upon the minds of the peasantry, that every employment was forsaken, the benefits of agriculture abandoned, and the fortunes of Aladdin, or Ali Baba, were the great originals they hoped to imitate. Such infatuation," continues our author, "called for the interference of

Government; and accordingly a party of the Kildare militia were stationed on the banks of the rivulet, to intercept the works and break the illusion:"—which, by the way, seems rather an Irish method of employing soldiers. They might occupy the "diggings" and intercept the works, but think of a regiment being ordered to "break the illusion!" However, the illusion was broken somehow. The same writer says, that "during the short space of two months spent by these inexperienced miners in examining and washing the sands of the Ballinvalley stream, it is supposed that 2,666 [which is a mighty nice calculation] ounces of pure gold were found, which sold for about £10,000." Having driven off the gold-finders, the Government undertook to open mines; and the works were carried on till 1798, when all the machinery was destroyed by the insurgents. The works were renewed in 1801; but being found not sufficiently productive to repay the expenses, were eventually discontinued. "The quantity of gold found while the stream-works were under the management of Government, appears to have been inferior to that collected by the peasantry, amounting to the value of £3,675 7s. 11½d." (*Wright: 'Scenes in Ireland.'*) Evidently the Government workers, with all their machinery, were very unlucky, or Croaghan's stock of gold was soon exhausted; or perhaps there was some mistake in counting up the 2,666 ounces. It is mentioned in Curry's 'Hand-Book of Ireland,' that "a London Company had been engaged in streaming for gold, as it is termed, for these two years past . . . but the results were not such as to induce them to proceed." A few labourers, it is added, continued to be employed by them without any regular superintendence; "a fixed sum being paid for whatever gold they may find." Even this casual searching is now discontinued; but there yet prevails a lingering belief among the peasantry, that there is still gold in Kinsella, and only the 'lucky man' is wanting. Many an anxious look, we doubt not, is turned on the brook when it has been 'roarin' in spite;' but we fear, as one of the peasantry of whom we had been asking some questions oddly said, "it will never touch California."

Croaghan Kinsella is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, lifting his head high above his neighbours for miles around. The summit commands a prospect both wide and magnificent. The little town of Tinahealy has nothing to lead the wayfarer aside. It was destroyed by the rebels in 1798, and has been rebuilt in a neater style than usually prevails in such sequestered places; there is an inn which will afford accommodation, if that route be taken. Aughrim, which lies in the route we pointed out, is quite a mountain village, rude and poor, but very picturesque:—a collection of stone and clay cabins by the river's side, and backed by bare mountains. Glen Aughrim, which commences here, is in its way very fine. There are no soft cultivated slopes, but, instead, a genuine wild mountain glen, a swift stream running along the bottom, the vast mass of Croaghan Moira rising full in front. The road con-



VALE OF AVOCA SECOND MEETING OF THE WATERS.

tinues beside the Aughrim river to Aughavanagh Barrack. For some time the giant of the Wicklow mountains, the lofty Lugnaquilla, has been directly before us, and here its huge form blocks further progress forward. The road on the right will lead to Drumgoff Bridge, where there is another barrack—another of the many erected after the insurrection; the road is a portion of what is called the ‘great military road,’ it having been constructed on the same occasion, in order to open a way into this wild mountain district. At Drumgoff Bridge the rambler will find something more pleasant than a barrack—a very comfortable hotel. The ascent of Lugnaquilla (not very often made) is best made from the road between Aughavanagh Barracks and Drumgoff. The ascent is by no means difficult, except at one precipitous point. A guide can be had, if desired, at Drumgoff inn. Lugnaquilla is 3,039 feet above the sea; and 2,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. On the summit is a sort of cromlech, known as Pierce’s Table. The prospect is said to be unmatched from the mountains of Wicklow—but the visitor will be fortunate who meets with a suitable day for it. Even when all is clear on the summit, it is very seldom that the plains and the extreme distance are free from mist.

Drumgoff Bridge crosses the river Avonbeg, which rises among the mountains some miles higher, and after flowing through Glenmalure, unites with the Avonmore at the celebrated Meeting of the Waters. That part of the glen which is above Drumgoff is inconceivably

grand. But then the grandeur is that arising from the savage majesty of Nature. There is nothing of the placid or beautiful here. All is sterile, desolate; forbidding, as it would seem, the presence of man. But man has been here piercing into the very heart of the mountains. The lead-mines are extensive and productive. Indeed the glen itself is said to owe its name to its mineral treasures: Glenmalure signifying the ‘glen of much ore.’ High up the Avonbeg precipitates itself over a long rocky shelf, and forms the Ess Waterfall. Immediately below Drumgoff the glen is hardly less grand, and it assumes gradually, as it descends, a gentler character. But the proper way to see it through its whole extent is upwards, and it can be conveniently so visited from Wooden Bridge in the Vale of Avoca. From Drumgoff the road to Laragh and Glendalough exhibits to great advantage this portion of the Wicklow Mountain range.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

The route we have just indicated has its attractions for the lover of the wilder and grander scenery; but that we are now to speak of delights every one. It is the Llangollen of Ireland.

On leaving Arklow, the proper course for tourists lies through the demesne of Shelton Abbey. There is a high road, but the Earl of Wicklow very liberally permits the stranger either to walk or drive through his grounds, and accordingly he will do well to avail him-

self of the privilege, and save seven miles of dull road. Shelton Abbey is the most celebrated mansion at this end of Wicklow. It is a modern gothic structure of very ornate character. The situation is low, but as much has been made of its capabilities as possible. The grounds are of great extent and of great beauty, though not kept in as good condition as in English parks where the owner is resident. Some of the roads too, on the out-kirts of the demesne, are bordered by lines of beeches, which form rich umbrageous avenues, with pleasant peeps between. From the grounds of Shelton, you may pass into those of Ballyarthur, the seat of E. S. Bayly, Esq. These are especially worth visiting. The house is not large, but plain and substantial, like a moderate-sized old English manor-house. The grounds afford shady walks, with delicious prospects: one immediately behind the house is especially worthy of note. Ballyarthur seems, in short, one of the most enjoyable residences in all Wicklow: just the house and grounds one might wish for—if one had Fortunatus' Cap—as a resting-place in these our later days.

From Ballyarthur we pass into the famous Vale. Wherever the English language is read, the beauties of the Vale of Avoca are known; and so long as music married to sweet verse finds admirers, its loveliness will be verdant:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The Vale of Avoca is indeed extremely beautiful. It is a cheerful open valley, several miles long, nowhere closing into a glen, nor expanding so as to leave the opposite sides unconnected, but gently widening as it descends; it is everywhere a delightful companionable dale. The Avoca flows along the midst with a still quick current, but never disturbing the placid character of the scenery. The hills on either hand are lofty, varied in surface and in outline, and presenting new and always pleasing combinations at every turn. The valley is now thickly covered with rich dark masses of foliage, and presently sprinkled over with single trees, or detached groups, of light feathery form. Sometimes the trees climb the mountain sides; at others the slopes are only covered with bright verdure, and again they are bare, rugged, and precipitous. And yet with all this beauty the stranger is apt at first to question whether it be equal to its fame. The bard of Erin has stamped on it the title to such superlative loveliness, that the vision which has been formed of it can hardly be realized. It is forgotten that he has associated with its natural charms a moral claim on his admiration:

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her love to make of 'treaclet or hill,—
'Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear;
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

With such associations and feelings to heighten her beauties, we too might admit the pre-eminence of Avoca.

The spot we have now arrived at is the 'Second Meeting of the Waters,'—sometimes said to be that Moore has celebrated; but this is evidently an error, as the poet has himself in a note to the passage explained his allusion to be to the confluence of "the rivers Avon and Avoca;" whereas this is the meeting of the Aughrim and the Avoca. This is a charming scene. Not alone have we here the meeting of the rivers, but of the glens also, many and lovely. And then the views both up and down the vale are full of beauty. While here, too, the visitor should, if possible, ascend the heights of Knocknamokill, for the sake of the wider prospect not only down the vale but over Arklow to the sea.

This Second Meeting of the Waters is otherwise called Wooden Bridge; close to the bridge is the chief resting-place of tourists. Wooden Bridge Hotel is said to be, "with the exception of Quin's, at Bray, the most generally frequented by tourists of all the Wicklow houses of entertainment." (*Curry's Hand-Book of Ireland*.) Higher up there is another tourist's house, the Avoca Inn.

Ascending the vale some way, and having passed Newbridge—a very pretty spot—quite a new feature opens in the landscape. The mountain sides are for some distance literally riddled with the works of the copper mines. These are the Ballycuntagh and Cronbane mines, the most extensive and valuable copper-mines in Wicklow: the Cronbane mine has yielded nearly 2600 tons of copper ore in one year. The quantity raised is not now so great, but there are yet about a thousand men employed in the two mines. It cannot of course be said that the works add to the beauty or even picturesqueness of the scenery, but the strange scarification of the mountain sides, the apparently almost inaccessible spots in which some of the working gear is placed, and the enormous slow-moving water-wheels, certainly give a very peculiar and striking character to it. An iron tramroad is carried from these mines to Arklow haven.

The First Meeting of the Waters, (Cut p. 270,) that which Moore has sung of, is even more beautiful than the other, and the general prospect of the vale more impressive. The Avonbeg has rolled down from Glenmalur a rapid mountain stream; the Avonmore* is gentle and placid as a lowland river. All around—along the valley, in the water, and on the heights—is luxuriant foliage. The hills are bold and lofty, their

* We asked a countryman the meaning of these names: "Sure, then," said he, "Avon is a river, and beg (which he pronounced big) is little: and more"—is more little? "Ah! no—more is great; and so it is just the great river and the little river." Moore was mistaken in speaking of the meeting of "the rivers Avon and Avoca." On the maps they are written as we have said, and we were assured they are so called there: they take the name of Avoca after their confluence, and retain it, as we have seen, to the estuary at Arklow.

sides well covered with trees; gray crags protruding from leafy canopies, or soft sunny slopes of brightest verdure. On either side other valleys open and exhibit fresh beauties. In the distance are mountain summits clad in aerial hues, and the higher grounds are equally delightful. It is as *sweet a spot* wherein to spend a summer with good company as even a poet could desire.

The castellated mansion seen on the hill is Castle-Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard—a modern structure, more eminent for its noble site than for its beauty. The views from it and from the grounds are, as will be readily imagined, of surpassing beauty. Our way onward lies along the Vale of Avon; the tourist may pass through the demesne of Avondale, which is three miles long, and very charming, with the Avonmore winding through the midst the whole distance. Thence he passes by Rathdrum, and along the road which keeps above the Avonmore to Laragh. There is another road from the Meetings Bridge to Rathdrum along the higher grounds by Castle-Howard, which, though perhaps not so beautiful as that through Avondale, is shorter, and affords wider and very fine prospects.

GLENDALOUGH.

Very striking is the first glimpse of Glendalough. You proceed from Laragh up a mountain road, which appears to have an outlet only by a narrow pass at the further end; but a slight turn brings before you first a few rude cottages, then a round tower, which rears its tall head beyond, with apparently several ruined buildings spread around it; and as a back-ground is a dark hollowed coomb, formed by perpendicular rocks of great altitude, which then fall back into mountain slopes. It is not till you are nearer that the lakes become visible:—unless, indeed, you ascend the hill-side somewhat—a point from which as good a general conception of the whole glen, and lakes, and antiquities, can be obtained as anywhere.

Long before you get near the ruins a crowd of beggars has beset you, intreating alms by the recital of every kind of distress; others beg you to purchase fragments of rock or crystal. Next come some two or three wild-looking fellows, who each assures you that he is the best possible guide, and no other knows anything in comparison with him, and, moreover, he won't deceive your honour with any false lies at all. You will do well to escape from the annoyance by selecting one; let him lead you round to all the sights, tell you all the legends, induct you into St. Kevin's Bed, and persuade you, if he can, that you are one of the knowingest gentlemen and best walkers he has been along with in all the years he has been there: submit to it all patiently, and you will then be left to stroll about in quiet and at leisure afterwards and see things for yourself. Some of the books have recommended particular guides; and the men themselves boast of the great folks and fine writers they have conducted. "And it's myself that was Mrs.

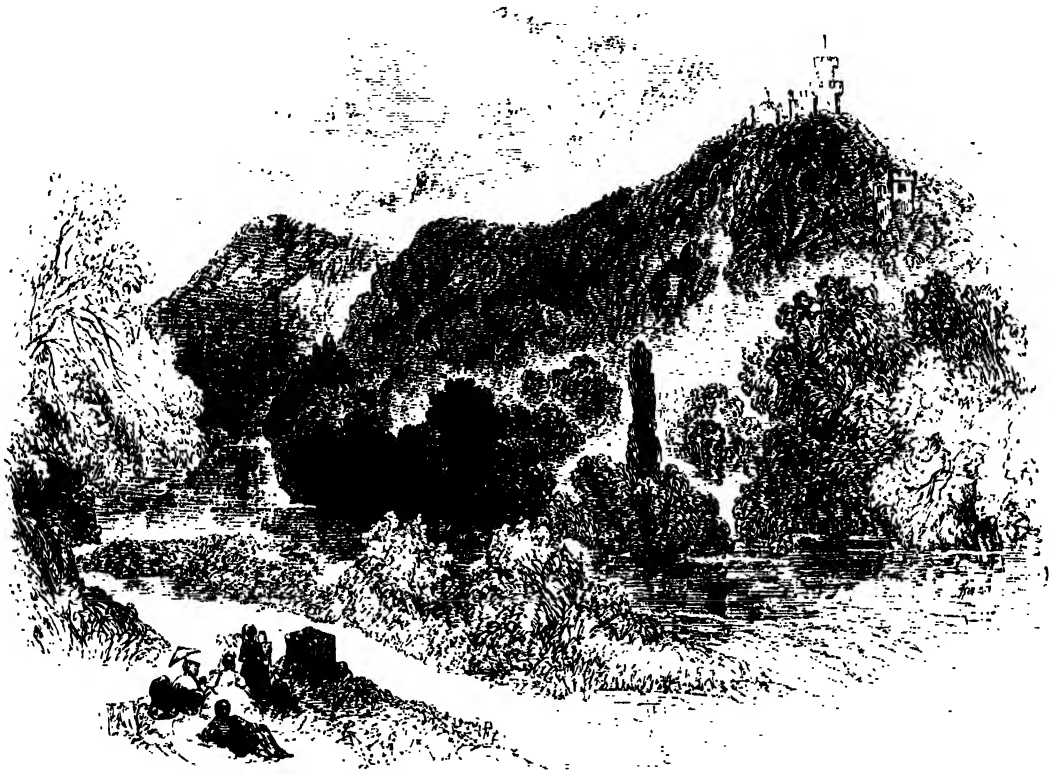
Hall's guide, God bless her! and more power to her; and many a good word she has bestowed upon me therefore," says one; while another claims Sir Walter Scott, and a third is content with Mr. Fraser. On the whole, there is not much choice between the three, for just so many there are. We tried two, and gossiped with the third, and moreover climbed into St. Kevin's Bed, and therefore are privileged to speak authoritatively. We would just as soon credit one as the other; their power in fabling appearing, as far as we could judge, nearly balanced—the older one had the larger store and more experience, but the younger was the more vivacious.

The name is suggestive of the character of the place; Glen-da-lough, is the glen of the two lakes. The lakes lie in a deep hollow between immense mountains, whose sides rise bare and precipitous from the valley to the height of some three or four hundred feet. The further end seems entirely closed in, but there is a narrow and almost impassable ravine, down whose rugged bed the Glencalo, the chief feeder of the lakes, forces its way. The other stream which supplies the lakes has to leap over a lofty wall of rock, forming a waterfall, called from it the Poolanass. The glen is about three miles long; the upper lough is a mile long, and nearly a quarter of a mile wide. It is around this lough that the wilder features of the glen are combined; and nothing hardly can be finer or more sublime than the scene from its bosom as night is setting in, and heavy storm-clouds are gathering over the mountain summits, and thin gray mists are creeping along the sides of the cliffs which rise in frowning blackness at once from the water, and the deep purple waves are curling up and lashing menacingly against the boat, as the wind sweeps along in a hollow prolonged sigh.

It is here that some little height up the rock is the famous Bed of St. Kevin. It is a hole piercing into the rock far enough and large enough to admit two or three persons at a time. Here it was that the famous St. Kevin retreated, in order to escape from the persecutions of love and the allurements of the world. The reader of course knows the legend—*all the world knows it*—as told by Moore, how

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Sky-lark never warbles o'er;
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin tol' to sleep;
'Here, at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
Ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do!"

The rest it is needless to repeat. Since St. Kevin so ungallantly hurled the fair Kathleen from his chamber into the deep waters below—and it is fourteen hundred years ago—every lady who has ventured there has borne a charmed life, for so the good saint in his remorse prayed it might be. More than a few fair ladies have tested the charm in our day by scrambling into the Bed, and all have returned in safety. But besides



VALE OF AVOCA—FIRST MEETING OF THE WATERS.

the immunity purchased at so costly a price by that Kathleen, there is a living Kathleen here, as guardian angel of the rock, whose whole care is to avert all chances of a mishap in the adventure. This Kathleen is unhappily not so lovely as her namesake, but she has (what is of more importance here) a strong hand and a steady foot. She lives in a dog-hole of a cabin up among the rocks, and gets a living by helping all hardy adventurers into St. Kevin's bed. She has been here, she says, for above thirty years. The scramble into the Bed is certainly rather a rough one, and it looks dangerous, as you have to crawl along a narrow ledge of rocks which overhangs the water: but the danger is merely in appearance; by the assistance of the guide, and the help of Kathleen's hand at the critical point, the least skilful climber might get up without difficulty. Inside the cave are numerous names and initials of those who have accomplished the feat: among others, Kate will point out that of Sir Walter Scott, though it is not easy to decipher it. Scott's ascent into the Bed is told by Lockhart, in a letter printed in the 'Life.' The danger, he says, has been exaggerated; "Yet I never was more pained than when, in spite of all remonstrances, he would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded, and got in; the first lame man that ever tried it. After he was gone, Mr Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Kathleen treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr. Attorney's. 'Poet!' said she: 'the devil a bit of him; but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown.'"

There is a marvellously fine echo in this glen. One of the guides, a man of Stentorian voice and leathern lungs, chaunts, in a delectable sort of slow sing-song, that might be heard a mile almost, Moore's legend of St. Kevin, and the echo rings it out again to the last syllable clear as a bell. Pat then shouts a heap of nonsense, adds some Irish, and winds up with an Hibernian 'Och, arrah!' All this is duly returned, and the Irish is done as sharply, and the brogue hit off as nicely as though native to it.

The Seven Churches, as the ruins are called (and oftentimes the whole place is so named from them), are at the lower end of the glen. They consist chiefly of what is called the cathedral; of the chapel of the Virgin; a church, with a turret at the end, which is commonly called St. Kevin's Kitchen: these, with some other remains of buildings, and the vestiges of several stone crosses, are, with a round tower, contained within an enclosure which is still used as a grave-yard. Other ruins of churches are to be seen within a short distance. Why such buildings, and so many of them, should be placed in a spot like this, seems quite unaccountable; but there is evidence that there was an ecclesiastical establishment here in the fifth or sixth century, and that it was several times plundered and devastated in succeeding years. Glendalough was early constituted a bishopric, and it so continued till it was united with the see of Dublin: even now the full title of the Metropolitan is Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough.

The ruins are remarkable, and have been the subject of much inquiry. We cannot afford space to enter

into an examination of them,—and indeed to attempt to do so would involve an amount of antiquarian detail that would be quite out of place here. We may just notice in a few words the Round Tower, as that is a kind of structure always regarded with curiosity. This tower is fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and tapers very gradually to the summit; it is 110 feet high. Originally it was crowned by a conical roof, but that is gone. The entrance is by a narrow arched doorway, the bottom of which is eleven feet from the ground. The upper windows are very narrow. It is constructed of rubble stones of different sizes, but arranged in regular courses. The question, What could these towers have been intended for? has always been a hard problem for antiquaries. Many solutions have been proposed, but none is yet admitted as demonstrable. It has been suggested that they were beacons, dwelling-places for anchorites, sepulchres, and many other things even stranger than these, till some were ready to believe, as an Irishman hinted, that they were just built “to puzzle posterity.” The opinion that seemed most to prevail among the learned was, that they were ‘Fire-towers,’ where the sacred fire was kept alive: and it has been said that this opinion is countenanced by vague traditions still existing among the peasantry. But since the publication of Mr. Petrie’s Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland, that hypothesis is less stoutly maintained, and there is a growing belief that they were erected by the Christian ecclesiastics who were settled in Ireland at a very early period. Mr. Petrie thinks they were intended to serve at once for keeps, or places of security from marauders, and for belfries. That they were meant to serve as strongholds we have very little doubt. Their position, too, always in connection with an ecclesiastical establishment, would seem to indicate that they were used as places of refuge by the ecclesiastics. The character and style of construction of the buildings prove, as we think, that they are of a later date than the worship of Baal. In a word, we believe that they were certainly the keeps of religious establishments; but of their other use or uses we are not so well satisfied. Mr. Petrie has laboriously and with great acumen investigated the matter, and he is convinced that they are belfries; and his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect.

If the visitor is disposed to stay here a day or two to examine these various objects at leisure, and to explore the neighbourhood (which is very grand), he will find decent accommodation at the little inn just by the church. It is well to spend a night here. The gloomy lake, grand as it appears in the day, becomes infinitely more so as the sun is sinking behind the hills, just glancing upon their summits, and leaving in deepest gloom the glen and the lakes. Having stayed at night in the glen as long as we could discern an object, we resolved to see it by the earliest dawn in the morning. Long before the sun we were there, and truly the spectacle that greeted us was a glorious one. The atmosphere was charged with a heavy mist, which settled low and thick in the glen; but by-and-by the

sun began to touch with a straggling ray upon the loftiest points, and then as the effect of his beams became felt, the mists seemed to sink into the gloomy hollow, a darker and heavier shadow settled on the valley, the mists steamed upwards, just catching as they ascended a momentary glance of the sun, and then vanishing; the tops of the precipices became tenderly illuminated—and suddenly the glen was spanned by a rainbow that seemed melting into the tinted haze that clung about it. All the forms of the hills and cliffs and lakes were there, but all evanescent. It was one of the marvellous pictures of Turner changed into reality. The visitor may not see it thus, but he may see it under some equally grand effect of sun and shadow.

Lough Dan and Lough Tay, two of the largest of the Wicklow lakes, are usually visited from the Roundwood Inn at Togher,—a house much frequented by tourists, on account of its serving as a convenient centre from which to visit, besides Luggala and the Loughs, the Devil’s Glen and the Seven Churches. But we may proceed to the Loughs direct from Glendalough. The way thither is by the rough mountain road which at Laragh turns northward behind the barracks. As there is a meeting of roads at Laragh, the pedestrian must be careful not to take the wrong, which it is very easy to do, as the right one hardly looks like a road, and one or two of the others seem to lie nearly in the required direction. Laragh, we may remark in passing, is a rude, poor village, but not unpicturesque; and its cabins and their inhabitants would supply some good studies to a sketcher.

At Oldbridge, just at the foot of Lough Dan, will be seen a small farm-house with an uncommon cheerful English ‘well-to-do’ aspect; here a boat may be hired to carry you over the Lough: it is only by means of a boat that Lough Dan can be properly seen. Lough Dan is not very large, being only a mile and three quarters long, and nowhere half-a-mile across; but it is set within a frame of rugged mountains, which impart to it a sufficiently wild character. Slieve Bukh is its boundary on the eastern side, the Sear Mountain on the west, while directly in front rises the broken peak of the lofty Knoeknacloughole. From the comparative narrowness of the Lough and its winding course, it has somewhat the character of a broad, still river. The sides of the mountains, except at the Oldbridge end, are bare, rugged, and steep. Masses of blue crag project boldly from among the furze-clad wastes and the broken and scattered grassy slopes, where a few sheep find scanty pasturage. As you sail in the morning over the black water, while the mists are slowly breaking away from the mountain sides, all seems to wear an air of desolate majesty.

In order to visit Luggala you land where the Avonmore enters the Lough; but you should not land without first rowing to the head of the lake, as that is perhaps, the very finest part of it. Let us add, for the sake of Waltonian tourists, that although the trout are not large, there are plenty of them in Lough Dan, and some good fishing may be had there. A narrow wind-

ing valley, about two miles long, with the Avonmore flowing through it, lies between Lough Dan and Lough Tay. We will not stay to describe this pleasant vale, but we must, in passing, call attention to the spirited improvements that are being effected by the owner of this tract of country. The whole valley is being drained, the river turned into a more direct course, and an excellent road has been formed along the pass. We rejoice to say that improvements of this nature are now very generally carried on in Ireland.

Lough Tay (*Engraving*) is much smaller than Lough Dan, being less than a mile long, and nowhere half a mile across, but it is more compact and lake-like, and it is generally regarded as the more beautiful. We confess to not sharing in this opinion. But Lough Tay is certainly very beautiful. It is encircled by lofty mountains, which in places rise almost precipitously from the water. The extensive plantations however take off much of the natural grandeur it would otherwise possess; and the prevalence of spiry firs not only destroys the beauty which foliage might impart, but very materially injures the picturesqueness of the scene. Lough Tay lies wholly within the extensive and beautiful demesne of Luggala, of which it is of course the chief feature.

From Luggala, the Military Road will lead, by way of Sally Gap, to a couple more of the Loughs that are among the notabilities of Wicklow: they are well worth visiting. The road will afford some noble mountain views. From some of the heights on either hand, which may easily be ascended, will be seen a long range of

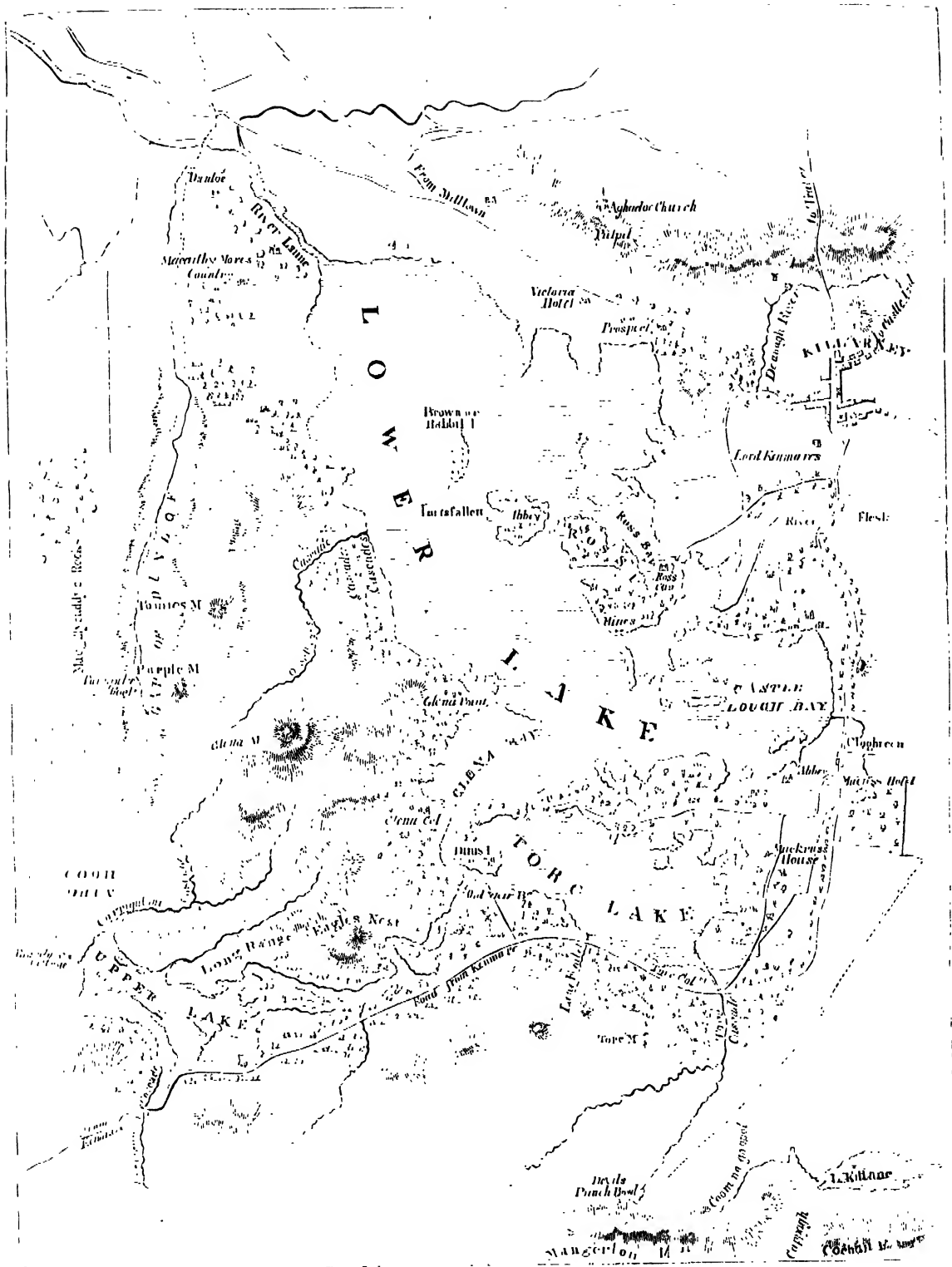
mountain summits, their peaks rising in grand perspective behind each other, and displaying as they recede the richest aerial effects. These mountains are entirely desolate. In the maps they are marked as the "uninhabited mountains." So wild, desolate, and little known were they, that after the rebellion in 1798 a number of the rebels were able to maintain themselves among them for some years, under the leadership of one Dwyer. It was not till the Military Road was constructed through the district, after the outbreak in 1803, that there could be said to be any road over these mountains. This wild pass of Sally Gap, where we now are, Wicklow Gap, and Glenmalur, were the only practicable entrances.

The Lough Brays (or Breagh) lie both of them high up among the mountains, the one being 1,423 and the other 1,225 feet above the sea. Both lie in deep glens, and both are very fine. Upper Lough Bray is the lonelier, and perhaps the grander; the Lower Lough is the more cheerful. The scenery around both is exceedingly beautiful. After visiting the Loughs, the pretty village of Enniskerry will be the object to be attained; and Glencree might be seen on the way. Then from Enniskerry, by the Scalp, to Dublin.

There is another route through which we intended to lead the tourist. That, namely, from Laragh or Glendalough up Glendassan, by Wicklow Gap, and along the desolate mountain roads to Polaphuca Waterfall, and thence to Blessington, returning in another direction. But we do not recommend it unless our wayfarer have a superabundance of time on hand.



LOUGH TAY.



MAP OF KILLARNEY.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

SOME time has past since we saw Killarney; but every succeeding day and night brings it more distinctly to our vision. We looked upon those lakes and mountains with slight book-knowledge of them; we lost no enjoyment in the dreary labour of note-taking; we made no passing thoughts (sweet or bitter) prosaic, by attempting their registry. But Killarney, in its graceful and solemn aspects, in sunshine or in mist, will be to us "a joy for ever."

"Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be pourtray'd
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love."

We have not alluded to "bitter" thoughts unadvisedly. An eloquent and philosophic French writer has described the *physical* contrasts which the neighbourhood of Killarney presents:—"On approaching the Lakes of Killarney, and halting near the Abbey of Mucruss, we look upon two scenes essentially different. On one side, uncultivated fields, sterile bogs, monotonous plains, where feeble rushes and consumptive pines gloomily vegetate, wide stretches of heath, intersected here and there by low rocks,—this unvarying aspect, destitute of all beauty in its wildness, proclaims only the poverty of Nature. It is impossible to imagine a more barren and desolate tract. But on the other side, a totally different prospect bursts on the view. At the foot of a chain of mountains, of gracefully varied outline, separated from each other by a succession of charming lakes, are spread rich and fertile plains, green and smiling meadows, forests, gay with ferns and verdant undergrowth; here, cool shades, secret grottos, mysterious caverns,—there, wide vistas, bold summits, an unbounded horizon;—the margin of the silver streams covered with luxuriant shrubs,—everywhere, abundance, richness, grace,—everywhere the extraordinary accident of Nature at once most beautiful and most fruitful. Thus, at one and the same time, two aspects present themselves to the eye which are absolutely opposed—here the perfection of abundance, there the extremity of barrenness."

But the "bitter" thoughts have their source in feelings kindred to the analogy which M. Gustave de Beaumont sees in this his picture of Killarney. He says, "It is THE IMAGE OF IRELAND." The physical contrasts are here somewhat overcharged; but the contrast that forces itself upon our mind, between the exquisite loveliness of the inanimate creation and the debased condition of a portion of the noblest of God's works that we trace here and all around, mixes up the people mournfully in all remembrances of the scenery. The great question of the condition of Ireland is not to be under-

stood in a rapid transit through a small portion of the country; but he that has looked upon any of the more afflicted districts of that land with his own eyes, however imperfectly, is in a better position than before to weigh the mass of evidence, embarrassing and contradictory as it is, as to the extent, and causes, and possible remedies, of Ireland's great social disease. Happily for Ireland, something has been done, since the period to which we allude, for her amelioration. From the misery in which the visitation of Heaven had prostrated her she is at length arising. The chastisement, if severe, has been wholesome. A new spirit of energy and of industry has been infused into her, and already this beautiful region, as well as many another locality, is giving evidence of regeneration that fills us with hope for the future.

The journey from Dublin to Killarney is accomplished now in less than nine hours. The Great Southern and Western Railway carries you a hundred and forty-five miles, from Dublin to Mallow, in six hours and a half, and thence by the new railway to Killarney in about two hours more. There are many objects of interest to be seen along the line; yet what can we see worth recording in the rapid and monotonous transit by the iron road? We first roll on through a tolerably fertile country, not badly cultivated, but presenting few remarkable objects. The Wicklow mountains linger in our view, with no rivals to break the monotony of the level. We pass through the Curragh of Kildare, and then gaze upon the ruined Cathedral and the mysterious Round Tower by its side. Now and then we descry a mansion on a hill slope, with fair plantations and smiling meadows, and a hamlet at its feet that we might fancy the abode of peace, did we not know what Irish hamlets for the most part are. In the distance is the famous Rock of Dunamase, crowned with the ruins of the castle of Strongbow, the great English earl, who won the fortress, not by the strength of his arm, but by marriage with the daughter of Mac Murrough, king of Leinster. It is strange that, with these marriages and intermarriages, in the early times of the conquest, there should have been six centuries of hatred between the Celt and the Saxon. Saxons and Normans became one race in a century or two. But the Rock of Dunamase may solve the mystery. The wars of conquest were succeeded by the wars of religion; the castle of Strongbow was battered into ruin by the cannon of Cromwell. We ride on, through large tracts of peat moss; but the distance is varied by the bold outlines of the Slievebloom and the Devil's-Bit mountains. It is a bleak country, with occasional patches of fertility. There are towns about the line,—most with small trade, some dilapidated, all somnolent. They have to be awakened by the inevitable course of agricultural improvement,



AGHADOE.



INNISFALLEN.

which, we rejoice to say, is already everywhere apparent through the country. At a hundred and seven miles from Dublin we reach the Limerick junction. Some twenty miles beyond is Kilmallock, the stronghold of the great Desmonds. Thirteen miles further, and we are near Buttevant, the land in which dwelt Edmund Spenser,—where

“Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep,”

still flows,—where the Castle of Kilcoleman still exhibits a blackened ruin, ‘elling of fire and slaughter rather than of the immortal ‘Faery Queen.’ From this we pass through very picturesque scenery, becoming more beautiful till we enter the valley of the Blackwater, and the train rests at Mallow.

If one had an hour or two to spare, it could not be better employed than in a stroll, not through the town of Mallow, but in its beautiful vicinity. The grounds of the Castle (the seat of Sir C. D. Norreys, Bart.) are open to the stranger, and a charming walk leads along the Blackwater. Ballyelles is also a fine demesne, and lies at the opposite side of the river. From Mallow we proceed by train to Millstreet, a distance of about twenty miles. On either side adjacent to the town are pretty villas and fine mansions, and the country

wears the aspect of civilization and culture. Midway in the journey, upon the southern side, runs the range of hills known as Mount Hillary; and just before we reach the Millstreet station we get a charming glimpse of the demesne and Castle of Dreshune (the seat of Henry Wallis, Esq.), close to the line. From this point the beauty of the scenery increases; in front are seen the Clara and Cahirbarnagh Mountains, beyond which rise the conical summits of ‘the Paps,’ and in the far distance at length emerge from the clouds the lofty serrated ridges of the Reeks. And now we reach the picturesque scenery around the Flesk river. Mangerton shows his head on the left, then the Torc Mountain, wooded to its base, and Flesk Castle; and so we reach the terminus at Killarney. There are now several excellent hotels here, and one can scarcely go astray in the selection. The Victoria is exquisitely situated on the northern side of the Lower Lake, where we can testify to the most attentive of hostesses. Nor will the Torc View, or the Castle Lough, we believe, be found inferior to the Victoria. Then there is the Muckross, and others; so let us haste to some one of them, where we shall be sure of a welcome that makes us at home in a moment. And then for dinner in right earnest.

A gray evening. In the constant twilight of June



WATER-CARRIERS.

we can dimly trace the outline of the mountains long after sunset. Thin clouds float slowly beneath their heads, and seem almost to kiss the Lake. The moon is climbing the sky, "with how sad steps." Ever and anon the quiet water is bright with one long silver streak. But how small the lake looks; how close seem the mountains. Islands! they appear no bigger than buoys! Will the morning light give breadth and grandeur to the scene?

He who would see the beauties of this lovely region thoroughly to advantage should make up his mind to early rising. Of this we felt convinced the first moment our eyes fell on the vales and mountains that environed the lake. We yielded our hearty accord to the advice of the "old traveller," whose "week in the South of

Ireland" we fortunately had procured. "Up with the lark! Nature loves not sluggards: to them she shows not her matutinal loveliness. Turn on your pillow if you will after day-light, but then you shall not see the sun lighting up the tops of the far-away Reeks, or the shades in the recesses of the Purple Mountains and the Toomies, nor the clouds flinging their flying shadows on the hill sides and over the glistening water. Up, we say, with the lark, and make acquaintance with Killarney." Well, that you may thus "rise with the lark," go "to bed with the lamb," as the old saw has it.

Our first night's repose was at the Victoria, and the sun had scarce raised his head above the horizon ere, following his good example, we raised ours from the

pillow. We rose refreshed and vigorous, as if the fresh buoyant air that comes from the mountains was already transfused through and invigorating our frames. We rose, threw back the shutters, opened the window of our chamber, and looked out. Broad day, bright and beautiful! The Lake lay in beautiful repose, with the sun lighting up its western side, and the shadows of Innisfallen and Ross stretching far away into its waters. At some half mile from the Victoria Inn there is a considerable hill, upon which stand the remains of the Church of Aghadoe. (Cut, p. 274.) It is the most accessible eminence from which we can obtain an adequate view of the Lower Lake. As I dressed, the scenery grew upon my vision, and became every minute more familiar and more appreciable to me. And at length, when I stood for a moment to take a last view ere quitting the room, I involuntarily exclaimed—

Yes! Killarney is magnificent!

“In the distance Heaven is blue above
Mountains where sleep the unsunn'd tarns.”

On the opposite shore of the lake beneath us, gigantic hills, clothed with magnificent timber to the water's edge, with “cloud-capp'd” heads, Toomies and Glenna; rising over these, the glowing Purple Mountain and the mighty Reeks; the Lake studded with green islands; every variety of outline—every combination of colour. Let us away, and look into the inmost bosom of this enchanting region! A boat!—a boat!

This is, indeed, a “trim-built wherry,” and a fitting crew—four “boys,” with frank Irish faces, that will light up under a joke. They had hard times not long ago. Colonel Clarke, in his examination before the Lords' Committee, a few years since, on the operation of the Irish Poor-Law, told a sad tale:—“This last summer the unfortunate state of the country entirely deterred persons from visiting Killarney; and so far from benefit being derived there, I was informed that the proprietor of the Victoria Hotel was a dead loser of £1000 by the season. . . . I believe there were a great many boatmen thrown out of business. The visitors were so few at Killarney last summer, that, in fact, there was nothing doing of any sort.” Happily, this state of things no longer exists, and the Killarney boatmen have abundant work. Gerald Griffin has described them, in ‘The Collegians’:—“Them boatmen arn't allowed to dhrink anything while they're upon the lake, except at the *stations*: but then, to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and dhrinking all night, till they spend whatever the quollity gives 'em in the day. Luke Kennedy (that's this boy) would like to save, if he could; but the rest wouldn't pull an oar with him, if he didn't do as they do. So that's the way of it. And sometimes after being up all night a'most, you'll see 'em out again at the first light in the mornin'.”

At the helm of our boat sits what is here termed “a uagle.” John Spillane, one of the sons of a famous sire, was our musician and our steersman. He

quietly told us what we were going to see; and when we saw it had no superfluous raptures to bestow upon the “*genius loci*,”—an excellent fellow, from the beginning to the end of our four days' experience. Our crew, till we became better acquainted, were silent and reserved. We had a very light inflection, throughout our stay, of what Gerald Griffin describes as “the teasing of the guides, and the lies of the boatmen.” Innisfallen! Coleridge says, “Expectation is far higher than surprise;” and who has not had “expectation” raised by the name of Innisfallen? We pulled through a heavy swell from the west, which gave us some faint notion of the occasional dangers of the Lower Lake, and soon neared the famous islet. There it rests—one mass of brilliant green on the bosom of the dark wave. As we come nearer and nearer we trace the exquisite forms of its woods, in all their wondrous variety of foliage, dropping to the water's edge. One gleam of sun to light up the brilliant mass,—and then a mist creeps down from the mountains, and Innisfallen is in her tearful mood (Cut p. 274.) Half an hour's ramble, in spite of mist or shower, o'recanopied by elm and ash as we tread the dewy greensward, or looking out from some little bay, bright with holly and arbutus, over the bright lake—and we leave Innisfallen—happily without knowing that some of the trees have been cut down since a lady tourist first visited it, and that she last saw it “with soreness of spirit.”

“Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou wert let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine!”

And now our little craft is steered across the Lake that we may land at O'Sullivan's Cascade. O'Sullivan, and more especially O'Donoghue, will soon be “familiar in our mouths,” when our boatmen become talkative—but not as yet. We land at a little cove and find ourselves in a thick covert, treading upon soft moss, as we ascend a gentle hill. Gradually the path grows narrower—the splash of waters fall on the ear—a rapid rivulet is beneath, dashing through the under-wood—and at length we stand before the solitary Fall. Here is no basin where the troubled waters may rest in their course, as at the Lower Fall of Rydal. The torrent rushes on, hiding itself in the green banks, as if glad to escape from noise and light into silence and mystery. This is indeed a charming Fall—severe in its beauty—unspoiled by art—especially solemn now the mist is on the hill. Here the botanist may revel in the search for plants which belong only to the West—mosses and ferns little known in our southern woods and water-courses. Bree's Fern (*Lastræa Recurva*), according to Mr. Newman, is the admiration of botanists in the neighbourhood of Killarney; and at O'Sullivan's Cascade he observed it in the most graceful and beautiful luxuriance. To the unscientific eye, the prodigality of growth exhibited by these feathery forms—dark purple stems, contrasting

with the brightest green of the crisped leaves—is sufficiently striking. The foliage around us is quivering with approaching steps. We look about expectingly. But no

“Satyrs and sylvan boys are seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.”

Two emaciated little girls, preternaturally pallid, have watched the arrival of the stranger, and are come to offer their gleanings of the woods—a hart's horn—a wild nosegay. Poor wretched children—all mirth of childhood is vanished from their faces. In the mountain-hovel where they crouch, there has been grievous want. They have become acquainted with the bitterness of life very early. And we are pleasure seeking! We are surrendering ourselves to all sweet thoughts and influences! “The sunshine of the breast” is driving out all remembrances of fear and trouble. But now, when we think of that quiet place in the luxuriant woods, the faces of these poor children still haunt the spot, and make us sad. We understand now, when we read the evidence of a resident in the county of Mayo, the exact meaning of his words:

“Will you describe the condition of the infants and young children?”

“They look very bad indeed: they seem almost like animals of a lower class; they are wasted and wan.”

There is direct testimony that in the Killarney district this terrible indication of the ravages of famine is too apparent. A competent witness speaks of “the wretched emaciated appearance of the children.” Other tourists will see these very children; and, perhaps, will come home and talk of Irish beggary. “Take physic, Pomp.” May these heirs of misfortune live to see brighter days! May they, escaped from pinching want, surround the stranger, as he was wont to be surrounded, with smiling faces, unheeded of naked feet or scanty drapery—such a group as Ireland has often shown to the delighted artist—joyous and graceful in the simple labours of happy poverty!

We run up the Lake under the shadow of Glenna, and look back lingeringly upon Innisfallen. There is the little ruined oratory which gave us shelter from the passing shower—a relic of the abbey which existed, according to the ‘Annals of Innisfallen,’ twelve centuries ago. The material works of the monks have perished, but their higher labours tell of ancient learning and its isolated civilization. The ‘Annals’ have been translated and printed as recently as 1825;—one of the original copies is in the British Museum. No one of the population speaks of the humble labourers in the arts of peace who dwelt here for ages; and whose records, combined with those of their country, come down to the fourteenth century. But the memories of the barbarous chieftains who once ruled over these lakes and mountains in devastating power, linger still in music and legend. One of the records in the ‘Annals’ is to this effect:—“Anno, 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the

hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the Mac Carthys.” But the O'Donoghue, whose legends are associated with every island of these lakes, and of whom we are now beginning to hear unceasingly, was (at some dateless period) the lord of Ross—brave and wise, beautiful and generous. Unfortunate, of course, he was, so one of the islands is O'Donoghue's prison;—a mighty leader of chivalry, so another is O'Donoghue's horse;—learned, and therefore a rock must be O'Donoghue's library;—jovial and hospitable, so a cave is O'Donoghue's cellar. On every May morning he is seen gliding over the lake on a white steed, and he has a palace under the waters, whence he issues to gladden the eyes of many who have actually beheld him. Philosophy has discovered that the appearance of the O'Donoghue is an optical illusion, and that the boatmen do not wholly palm their stories upon the credulity of the stranger. Such an illusion, if we may venture to say so, is the spirit which is just now attempting to raise up a *nationality* out of Celtic remains, and Irish literature. The antiquities of every country are full of instruction, and Irish antiquities especially so. They tell of past ages of feudal barbarism; but these are associated with the song of the bard and the learning of the priest. On every side there are ruined castles, dilapidated abbeys, mysterious towers, cairns and cromlechs. Most wisely has the hand of taste and public spirit interfered to prevent the lamentable desecration of all these objects which had been going on for many a year. Translate the old popular songs, cherish the native music, search into the ancient annals of the country—but let not the men of ability and various knowledge who are labouring at this good work believe that a true nationality is to be founded upon the memories of the times which preceded the English conquest. We may be prejudiced; but to us it appears little better than the weakness of a false enthusiasm to lament over the decay of the Irish language; and to stigmatize the efforts to disseminate the use of English, as a tyrannous and selfish policy. Upon what do our Englishmen found their nationality? Not upon the legends of Arthur, or the victories of Athelstan—the learning of Eadmer or the verses of Caedmon. We read the Saxon war-song of the battle of Brunanburgh with antiquarian delight,—but when we hope to be “free or die” we think of “the tongue which Shakspeare spake.” In our view, the true Irish nationality had better be raised upon the great names in literature of Swift, and Berkeley, and Burke, and Goldsmith, and Edgeworth, and Moore, and a hundred other illustrious, than upon the relics of the old bards, pagan or Christian;—and one lesson from the real civilizer, “the man who makes two blades of corn grow where one grew before,” is to our minds more precious than all the dreams of the barbaric splendour of the Mac Murroughs and O'Neals, and all the glories of the hill of Tara.

The shower is of short duration. We have seen



TORE LAKE.

the mountains in their misty sublimity, and now the woods are glittering in the passing sun-light, and towering to the soft blue sky in their unrivalled verdure. We are near enough to the base of the mountain to see distinctly the character of that sea of woodland which stretches up to its gray summit. It is not composed of tiny shrubs, but of tall trees, infinitely varied in their summer tints—and at the water's edge is the bright arbutus, itself a tree in these regions. We are steering towards the little cove, at the head of the Lake—and now we land at the loveliest of pleasure houses, planted under these embosoming woods in a garden rich with "flowers of all hues." There is another cottage, too, where the stranger will find a welcome. Provident has the good hostess of the Victoria been for our comforts—and there is a piece of epicurism to be gone through, for which even the best sauce of Soyer would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess"—salmon fresh from the lake, broiled upon arbutus skewers before a peat-fire. Charming Gleng! We must come again to loiter in thy quiet walks. We can never be sated with thy peacefulness. We have no tourist's desire to be moving on and seeing more. We envy the statesman of whom they told us, that, coming here in an autumn afternoon, and lingering too long, the lake was suddenly lashed into fury by the rising wind, and he was compelled to stay all night in the sheltered cottage. But we must go. The bugle summons us from our reveries. We have the Tore Lake to explore, before the sun sinks behind the Purple mountain.

Look, reader, upon the map of the Lakes, and trace

our course, for it is scarcely to be made intelligible without such help. Starting from the bay at Gleng, there is a narrow inlet to the Tore Lake between Dinis Island and the Peninsula of Mucruss. But there is another way by which that Lake is entered—the broader channel on the west side of the island. The continuation of that channel leads to the Upper Lake—a river scene, five miles in extent. The passage round Dinis Island into the Tore Lake is something so peculiar in its beauty, that we scarcely know how to convey a notion of its characteristics. Some of the creeks of the Thames above Windsor, and more especially a close passage between Henley and Marlow, are eminently beautiful. There the osiers lose their formality amidst banks of sedge and beds of water lilies—and the unpollarded willow drops gracefully into the silent stream, unruffled except by the leap of the chub or the plunge of the kingfisher. But here the common river-trees are scarcely to be recognized in their exceeding verdure. The channel is not difficult because of rush or weed,—but huge masses of rock form narrow eddies where the boat can scarcely glide, and then shelve off into sheltering basins for the lilies. But the ferns! It is impossible to conceive of the beauty of a close river whose banks are completely fringed by the noble Flowering Fern, the *Osmunda Regalis*—(a latinized Saxon name, of which *mund* signifies strength)—a fern exquisite in its grace, and gigantic in its proportions. Those formal rushes of our southern streams, how can we tolerate them, when we have seen the immense ferns of Dinis o'erarching the little river with their pendulous heads,—sheltering



THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

legions of water-fowl who seem to be fearless under their emerald canopies. Scott, it is said, had no word of praise for these Lakes and Mountains, he was thinking of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe. But when he was here he exclaimed, "*This is worth coming to see!*"

The sun is westering as we enter the Torc Lake. We are in the most profound solitude. Scarcely a breath of wind creeps over the waters. We gaze in silence on the noble mountain from which the lake derives its name; when the mellow notes of Spillane's bugle for the first time soothe and gladden us. Over the water floats the tender air of 'Eileen a Roon'—the gem of Irish music five centuries ago—plagiarized into 'Robin Adair' in Scotland—naturalized in France, by Boieldieu. Ever and anon a slight echo returns some emphatic note. And then, with a natural courtesy, one of our boatmen sings an Irish air at our request: it was a pastoral song, wild and melancholy. A writer of taste, Mr. Edward Walsh, has translated many of these popular ballads, which appear to have been chiefly produced in the last century. Many of their favourite images seem to be derived from the scenery of these regions: "The enamoured poet will lead his love over the green-topped hills of the South

or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lake, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple-blossomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the heath-cock alone shall break their slumber of love." We go coasting round the Lake; we see the distant Torc Waterfall—a pencil of light; we listen to other songs and other bugle-notes; and, steered into one of the caverns of the rock, learn that we are in O'Donaghue's wine-cellar,—a fitting place for one "cup of kindness" with old and new friends. And now for a long pull homeward.

A brilliant morning! Away with the libellers of Killarney—the praters about perpetual showers! Could it be the Irish Lover who wrote these vile unpatriotic lines on his country's climate?

"The rain comes down
The leaves to drown,
Not a gleam of sun to alloy it;
From my heart I wish
I was but a fish,
What a glorious place to enjoy it.

"No light is on
Old Mangerton,
And Tore I cannot make out, sir;
What need to roam,
When, nearer home,
You've a fine cascade from the spout, sir?"

At any rate *we* are lucky. Here is a glorious morning for a ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and the boat to meet us at the head of the Upper Lake.

The road which leads along the northern bank of the Lower Lake, till it falls into the Laune river, is a quiet and picturesque road, with few traces of extreme poverty. The little fields are well cultivated, and the wretched hovel is seldom seen. We reach the Laune Bridge; below us is a rapid stream, very tempting to the angler; before us the Gap opens its ponderous jaws. Through a wild and boggy country we gradually ascend a mountain road. We have to pass round the shoulder of a rock, and at the angle stands a tidy woman, waiting for the travellers, with her jug of goats'-milk. We turn the rock, and ascend the Gap:

"The abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world."

It is curious how tourists differ in their estimation of particular scenes. Inglis says, "The Gap of Dunloe did not seem to me to be worthy of its reputation: it is merely a deep valley; but the rocks which flank the valley are neither very lofty, nor very remarkable in their form; and although, therefore, the Gap presents many features of the picturesque, its approaches to sublimity are very distant." Mrs. Hall calls it, "a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains, and left them apart for ever. Its deep gloom oppresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy." These wide differences of opinion probably proceed from the different aspects under which a scene is viewed, and the varying moods of mind produced by those varying aspects. What is beautiful in the noonday sun is solemn in the misty evening. We passed through this chasm in a bright July morning; the Loe was rushing down its rocky bed; on the right the Reeks lifted up their heads to the blue sky,—even the topmost peak; on the left, the Purple Mountain blushed in the glowing light. We halted at a spot where Spillane vanished into a deep dell, and then rose such a wild bugle strain, repeated in the most delicious softness by the rocks around, that the whole scene was one of enchantment. We thought of Shelley's noble translation of Faust, in which the images of beauty and "sublimity are so gloriously mingled:

"But see, how swift advance and shift
Trees behind trees, row by row,—
How, cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift
Their frowning foreheads as we go.

"The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!
How they snort, and how they blow!
Through the mossy sods and stones,
Stream and streamlet hurry down,
A rushing throng! A sound of song
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Paradise in Earth is known,
Resound around, beneath, above
All we hope and all we love
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which Echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again."

There is a charming description in 'The Collegians' of the view looking down the Gap, from the Purple Mountain. We would rather trust it than our own rapid impressions:—"Although the day was fine, and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountain, its summit was wrapped in mist, and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic, and sternly barren. The figure of some wonder-hunting tourist, with a guide-boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals, among the lesser undulations of the mountain side; and the long road which traversed the gloomy valley dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray and misty Reeks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sullen congress between their peaks, and, sometimes floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower, of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted spectre of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and divided amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and misery. Lower down, it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which, at this altitude, presented the resemblance of a rich mosaic of a thousand colours, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren and shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself."

Echoes again! but not the echoes of music. There is a poor man with a cannon, who produces mimic thunder at a shilling a shot. The report goes brattling and ringing up the mountain sides in varied tones. We ride on till we cross the lonely bridge over the Loe, and ascend to the extremity of the gorge. And now there is indeed a scene. We look over "The Black Valley" through which lies our road; the Upper Lake is beneath us—a basin amongst the mountains. All around us is unmistakeably grand. The long valley of mingled rocks and greensward—the stream which flows through it into the Lake,—mountains which shut out the world—one way to

enter, the gorge which we have left,—one to retreat, the Lake which seems to have no outlet. At the top of the Pass we came up with two Englishmen. They were millwrights from Newcastle who had been working in the interior, and had come a long distance to see Killarney on their way homeward. Honoured be their noble curiosity. A great Poet—one we must all reverence—has argued that the love of fine scenery is an acquired taste, and belongs only to highly cultivated minds;—and so Grasmere is no proper place for a Manchester weaver. Such notions come of seclusion from the world. It is the privilege of the times in which we live that the glories of our own land are rendered accessible to those of very humble means; and the interchange of thoughts between the artisans of one district and another, would do far more to destroy prejudices and cultivate good will, than the confined observations of the rich pleasure-seekers, who seldom come in contact with the people. These worthy men went home, we have no doubt, with improved hearts and understandings;—better satisfied with their own lot, and more ready to make some sacrifices for relieving the wants of others.

As we approach the Lake the road becomes more difficult; but the sure-footed ponies step briskly amongst the stony lumps that lie in the path, and instinctively avoid the frequent bogs. We come to an iron grating, in a rude wall, which turns on its rusty hinges, and admits us into a smiling demesne. Here the river runs between gentle banks, in flowery meadows:

“Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood,
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.”

The Poet of ‘The Excursion’ from whom we quote, has done so much to make us all love his Lakes and Mountains, that, for his sake, we might wish that the railway whistle should never sound over Windermere; but for the sake of our fellows we heartily rejoice that it does so sound; and more especially glad are we that Killarney can now be reached by common men. There is nothing grander in these kingdoms than the Upper Lake, over which our boat is now gliding. The mountains seem to have their feet in the deep waters;—they rise sheer up on every side. Gray islands spring abruptly from the bosom of the deep. Then, again, there are island rocks surmounted with the greenest of trees,—and on some the arbutus attains a size that is altogether wondrous. (Cut p. 282.) But we must see this Upper Lake again:

“Too solemn for day, too sweet for night.”

We are now in “The Long Range”—that beautiful channel which terminates at Glenna. We are nearing

the far-famed ‘Eagle’s Nest.’ But before we make a sudden turn round the point of the channel at its base, we must land, while the most marvellous echo of Killarney is awakened. The bugle calls. One echo, full,—another, faint;—another, fainter;—another, imperfect;—another, *bothered*;—original echo;—repeat, imperfect. This is Mr. Crofton Croker’s catalogue, accompanying his musical notation, of the echoes of the Eagle’s Nest. The day was not quite favourable to the effect, so we lost some of this wonder. But the cannon! Alpine thunder could not be more sublime: one crash,—a peal,—another—and another—silence—then, far away, a solemn roll,—dying into low murmurings in the extreme distance. Inglis has truly and beautifully said of these startling effects, “our imagination endues the mountains with life; and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we, for a moment, add the power of listening, and a voice.”

The Eagle’s Nest is a pyramidal rock, rising without a break from its base. At a distance, with the giant mountains hanging over it, the Eagle’s Nest appears of no marvellous elevation. Even when we float beneath its shadow, it is difficult to imagine that it is three times the height of Saint Paul’s. We have been surrounded with none but large objects, and the eye has lost its accustomed sense of height and distance. The pencil cannot make such proportions intelligible. (Cut p. 283.)

Below the Eagle’s Nest is a passage through which a laden boat is not very safe to pass, according to the boatmen. To shoot the Old Weir Bridge is a feat, and it is quite proper to keep tourists out of the way of danger. We land, therefore, and let the boat glide through “at its own sweet will,” bearing only our fair companion, who, with all womanly sympathies and refinements, has too high a mind to fear imaginary dangers. Once more on the lovely Dinis River, and then into the Lower Lake, and across to Ross island.

Our space is too limited to allow us to digress much into history, or the history of Ross Castle would be worth relating. Erected by one of the early Donoghues, it was the last stronghold in Munster which defied the cannon of the Parliamentary Ironsides. Ludlow laid siege to it in 1652; and by some wondrous exertion conveyed boats to the Lake with the intention of attacking it on the side where an enemy could scarcely be expected. The garrison surrendered with little resistance—alarmed, it is said, by the remembrance of a prophecy, that Ross should fall, when war-ships should sail upon the Lake. As Innisfallen is associated with the ancient religion of these beautiful regions, Ross is in the same way allied to all records and legends of the feudal power, which once held undivided sway over these waters. Beneath this embattled tower the spirit-stirring bagpipe once summoned the mountaineers together at the call of ‘The Eagle’s Whistle,’ and ‘The Step of the Glens,’—the marches of the O’Donoghues, which still may be heard in hall or bower, “stirring the heart as with a trumpet.” Froissart has a striking picture of such chieftains as those who sat five centuries



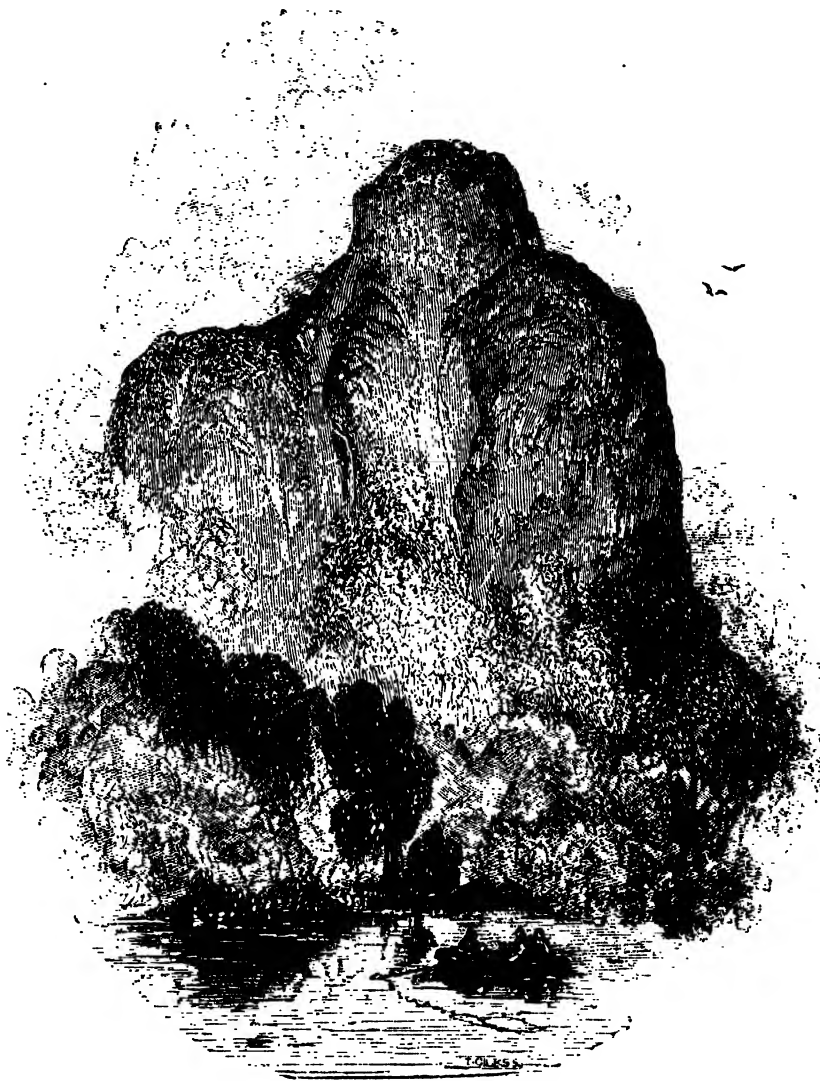
UPPER LAKE.

ago in the halls of Ross. It is the narrative of Sir Henry Christall, who was taken prisoner by the Irish in the time of Richard II.—married the daughter of his captor—and coming back after many years to English society, was sent to attend upon the kings who had submitted themselves to England, and were detained in a sort of honourable captivity in Dublin :

“The king my sovereign lord's intent was, that in manner, countenance, and apparel of clothing, they should use according to the manner of England ; for the king thought to make them all four knights : they had a fair house to lodge in in Dublin, and I was charged to abide still with them and not to depart ; and so two or three days I suffered them to do as they list, and said nothing to them, but followed their own appetites. They would sit at the table and make countenance neither good nor fair. Then I thought I should cause them to change that manner. They would cause their minstrels, their servants, and varlets, to sit with them and to eat in their own dish, and to drink of their cups ; and they showed me that the usage of their country was good, for they said, in all things (except their beds), they were and lived as common. So the fourth day I ordained other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made these four kings to sit at the high table, and their minstrels at another board, and their servants and varlets at another beneath them, whereof by seeming they were displeased, and beheld each other and

would not eat, and said how I would take from them their good usage, wherein they had been nourished. Then I answered them, smiling to appease them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they did before, and that they must leave it and use the custom of England, and that it was the king's pleasure they should do so, and how he was charged so to order them. When they heard that they suffered it, because they had put themselves under the obeisance of the king of England, and persevered in the same as long as I was with them ; yet they had one use which I knew well was used in their country, and that was, they did wear no breeches ; I caused breeches of linen cloth to be made for them. While I was with them I caused them to leave many rude things, as well in clothing as in other causes. Much ado I had at first to cause them to wear gowns of silk furred with minever and gray ; for before these kings thought themselves well apparelled when they had on a mantle. They rode always without saddles and stirrups, and with great pain I made them to ride after our usage.”

It is pleasant to contrast the frank fellowship of the native kings towards their minstrels and servants, with the formal etiquette of the Anglo-Norman court. There were nobler feelings in these despisers of “gowns of silk furred with minever,” than in the luxurious Richard. Two centuries after, Sir John Harrington saw the great rebel, Hugh Tyrone, and wondered at the love of his retainers. If the old brotherhood were kept up, there



EAGLE'S NEST.

is no mystery in the matter. The young O'Neals, the sons of Tyrone, wore velvet jerkins and gold lace, and the father made the "witty godson" of Elizabeth read him some cantos of his translation of Ariosto; but the followers of the earl were unspoiled in their fidelity by any refinements of luxury or knowledge:

"The earl," says Sir John Harrington, "began by debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves, that fill their bellies sometime, and fast as long for it. * * * * Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent, or to describe his fern-table and fern-forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven. His guard, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who, in the frost, wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him I know not, but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."

But we are lingering too long amongst the traces of old manners, as we lingered, till the sun was setting,

in the exquisite gardens of Ross Island,—looking out from paths beauteous with every shrub and flower that art has here acclimated or nature strown, upon the mountains on which the mists are gathering, and driving fast before a gusty wind. Our steersman is impatient,—and he has cause. "The boys" pull with a will through the waves, which now heave like a troubled sea. We have passed in a quarter of an hour from serene beauty into stern grandeur. How solemnly now sleeps Innisfallen in her watery bed; Glengarriff looks frowning; the Lake is black, beyond all imaginable blackness of water—black in its vast depth, and beneath the gloom of the gathering clouds. Welcome the friendly shallow of the point on which our boat at last is stranded.

Now, that we have seen these Lakes under very favourable circumstances, and can judge in some degree of their claims to surpassing beauty, let us compare our own impressions with those of two very competent but essentially different observers. Inglis, acute, cau-

tious, rarely elevated beyond the point of calm satisfaction; Wilson, the most tasteful and discriminating of enthusiasts. It is true that we have been only two days, as yet, amongst these wondrous scenes;—but we have had rare opportunities of weather—all appliances at hand—and not an hour lost. We agree to the utmost extent of admiration with our two authorities.

And first Inglis:—"Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not, within the same compass, anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the lower lake of Killarney is decidedly superior to Winandermere: and though the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale, the lake scenery is tame; and the same may be said of Winandermere, which, towards the lower extremity, is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is a variety at Killarney; tameness is nowhere to be found: and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity, which is found at the head of Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful, which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the lakes of Killarney, with Winandermere, Keswick, and Ulleswater; for these are spread over a great extent of country; whereas, the lakes of Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Winandermere: but even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient. I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and the islands of the Killarney lakes. Such islands as Ronan's Island, Oak Island, Dinis Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic ever-greens, are nowhere to be found amongst the English lakes. I think it will be gathered from what I have said, that I accord the preference to Killarney."

Christopher North, in the passage which we are about to quote, is more brief than in his previous summing up of the characteristics of the English and Scotch Lakes; but he is not in the slightest degree less emphatic when he thus bursts out. He is looking from Mangerton, whither we shall lead our reader before we part:

"What a panorama! Our first feeling was one of grief that we were not an Irishman. We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought relief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river Kenmare, insinuating itself among the recesses

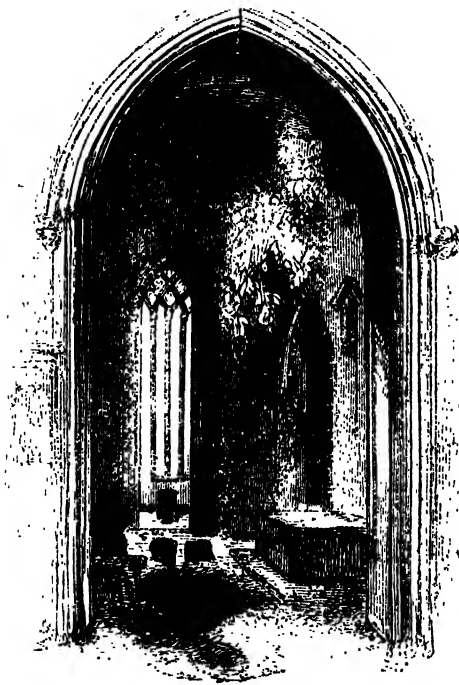
of the mountains, till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea. The grandeur was felt, far off as it was, of that iron-bound coast. Coming round with an easy sweep, as the eye of an eagle may do, when hanging motionless aloft he but turns his head, our eyes took in all the mighty range of the Reeks, and rested in awe on Carran-Tual. Wild yet gentle was the blue aerial haze over the glimpses of the Upper Lake, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water—for all was strangely indistinct in the dim confusion—masses of green light, that might be islands with their lovely trees. But suddenly tipped with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest; and as again they were tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of Purple Mountain for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forest of Glenna, till, wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of Mucruss, and long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lasting repose in the steadfast beauty of the sylvan isle of Innisfallen."

With this passage in our minds we close our second day, with hopes of a bright sky for Mangerton tomorrow.

For two days we have been sequestered on the bank of the Lower Lake, in the profound quiet of our hotel. The Killarney beggars find no admission here. The only signs of Killarney life are the two patient women who sit all day at the hotel-door, offering their knick-knacks of the arbutus and the bog-oak. It is time we saw something of the population; so we will walk to Mucruss on our way to Mangerton.

A pretty road of a mile leads to Killarney. We pass the unfinished cathedral, begun, from the design of Pugin, some four or five years ago, and left as it is through failing means. At a distance on the hill is a noble asylum for pauper lunatics,—and, somewhat nearer, the Union Workhouse—a large fabric. Within this Workhouse all is order and cleanliness. At the time of our visit to Killarney the Guardians had additional buildings for in-door relief,—the whole capable of accommodating 2,800 persons. The Union, it appears, is admirably managed; the Guardians have had no assistance from Government; out-door relief has been administered, not to the able-bodied, but in extreme cases of widows and children. And yet, although a stern necessity was driving the able-bodied fast into the Workhouse, there were causes in operation which kept out many even when famine was at their door.

The Mucruss Hotel, which we pass on the road to the Mangerton Mountain, is in some respects more advantageously situated than the Victoria. It commands no view of the Lakes, but it is close to the charming walks of the Mucruss Peninsula. A glance at the map will show all the advantages of this position: these walks extend for miles; and the natural beauties of this peninsula, dividing the two lakes, and commanding the finest views of the scenery of each, have been improved by admirable taste. Mucruss Abbey



MUCRUSS ABBEY.



TORC WATERFALL.

is a beautiful ruin: many parts are in good preservation. In the cloister is a most remarkable object—a magnificent yew-tree springing up from the centre, its spreading branches forming a graceful roof to the arched walls. The trunk of this tree rises up to a greater height, without a limb, than we have before observed in any of these vegetable memorials of long past generations. Its girth is inferior to many of our English yews. The east window, seen through the pointed arch of the chapel, is very perfect. Within are some tombs and monuments, ancient and modern. The Abbey stands amidst the most luxuriant groves,—the vivifying power of nature cherishing the perishable works of man,—and clothing decay with ever-springing beauty. (Engraving.) Torc Waterfall is within a walk of Mucruss (Engraving); but we reserve that for the last look of Killarney!

We mount our ponies. The ascent to the mountain is very gradual—a bare and dreary road. On we go without any striking views for a mile or two, till the way gets steeper and more rugged. Company begin to gather about us. There is the regular Irish guide, who springs up at every turn of a road which leads to sights. We soon get rid of him. But the mountain-girls, with their goat's milk and potheen, are not so easily disposed of. The troop gathered thick and fast at every step of the ascent; no persuasions could induce them to let us proceed in peace. Great want was not apparent,—or it was hidden under their bright shawls, worn as gracefully as if arranged by the most tasteful of tire-women.

For a mile or two in the channel of a torrent, and we at length from Mangerton look over the Lower Lake. Magnificent was the view—glorious was the day. But our trusty Spillane urged us forward, for he saw the mist gathering in the distance. We have hurriedly passed the hollow in which lies the famous tarn, "The Devil's Punch Bowl," and are nearing the summit. Severe is the cold, even in the sun of a July day. Now rest. We have given Wilson's description of the scene, and how can we attempt to embody our own impressions. For the first time we saw the Atlantic: there it sparkled, over the shoulder of one of the distant cluster of mountains. Why is it, that one glimpse of the great highway of the world raises the spirit far more than the open prospect of the narrow seas?

"There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
You highway of the world my fancy flies."

CAMPBELL.

But the near mountains—they lie around us. The light falls on one, the shadow on another,—they seem to heave and swell like the vexed ocean. A mist creeps over some summit far below us, and then plunges into the glen;—up another craggy steep rises the mist from the valley, and hovers about till it mingles with the upper clouds. The Lakes seem to wash the bases of these giant forms that close us in from all the outer world, except where the Kenmare river brightens to the south, and the great sea to the



THE BLACK VALLEY.

west. The monarchs of the solitude seem to look down upon the beauty at their feet, solemn and sad, whether in glimmer or in gloom. We heed not their names, as they are repeated in our ear—Carran-Tual, Purple Mountain, Toomies, Glenn, Torc, Drooping Mountain, Cahirna, Ierc, Sugar-Loaf. We regard not their comparative elevations. Carran-Tual is a thousand feet higher than Toomies, and six hundred feet above where we stand. They all seem to dwell close together in glorious companionship, and the equality of brotherhood. And yet Carran-Tual is eight miles away; though it seems as if the eagle could wing his flight from one top to another as easily as the swallow skims from Innisfallen to Ross. But the mist is gathering, and we must descend. We send our ponies down before us;—for we have a path to tread in which our own feet will best serve us.

We descend not far. We have crossed the sinking bog on the crest of Mangerton, and look down a steep declivity into the glen in which lies the Devil's Punch Bowl. It is a melancholy place, amidst high rocks—the tarn "which never plummet sounded," dark as

winter; cold as ice, they say, though Charles Fox swam across it. We sit down under the shelter of a rude stone wall. We have sandwiches and potheen—and there are clear springs not far off. One of the women that followed us up the mountain suddenly appears at our side. She sits down. With a mournful cadence she sings one of her native songs. "Her voice is sweet, is soft, is low." Another, and another. Her store is exhaustless. She gave us some little argument to explain her ditties. They were unquestionably the pastoral ballads of a mountain peasantry. One was a dialogue, similar, perhaps, to that which Mr. Walsh has given in his "Irish Popular Songs:—"

"Oh! if thou come to Leitrim, sure nought can us sever,
A phlur na m-ban down óg!*

Wild honey and the mead-cup shall feast us for ever,
A phlur na m-ban down óg!

I'll show thee ships and sails, through the vistas grand,
As we seek our green retreat by the broad lake's strand,
And grief would never reach us within that happy land,

A phlur na m-ban down óg!

* Flower of brown-hair'd maidens.

To Leitrim, to Leitrim, in vain thou wouldst lead me,
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!
 When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me?
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!
 Sooner would I live, and sooner die a maid,
 Than wander with thee through the dewy forest glade,
 That thou art my beloved, this bosom never said,
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!"

We again mount our ponies. A ride of two hours brings us back to the Victoria.

A night is before us, such as we cannot forget. Gansey, the famous piper of Killarney, gives us the pleasure of his company. A venerable man, blind;—a man of real genius—a gentleman. All the old traditional music of Ireland is familiar to him. He has his modern ballads for those who want an ordinary pleasure: but if he have "audience fit though few," he will pour out strain after strain, wild and solemn, gay or pathetic, with a power that seems like inspiration. Never heard we such effects from one instrument, since the days of Paganini's violin. Midnight was passed before we ceased to listen, enraptured, to

"Many a bout
 Of linked sweetness, long drawn out."

One more day at Killarney—and then, farewell! How shall that day be passed by us? In perfect repose. One of our companions has gone to perform the difficult feat of ascending Carran-Tual. We are to meet him with the boat long before sun-down, at the head of the Upper Lake. We are true to the appointment. There is one with us watching for him with some anxiety; but the scene is so glorious that anxiety can scarcely find a place even in the breast of a loving wife. The mountains are lighted up with all the most gorgeous hues of heaven. The full moon is up—we wander on, far away from the lake, through the Black Valley. (Engraving.) Solemn and more solemn grow the shadows of the mountains. The sun is altogether gone. Then the rocks begin to put on mysterious forms. Not a sound falls upon the hushed air. A footstep! one of our friend's guides is come to beg us yet to wait. It was a needless message. But that poor guide—he has fallen in his rough descent, and is badly wounded. Fear then begins; but at length the wished-one comes, worn out, but safe. He has beheld sights from Carran-Tual which we would see ourselves, if we were a few years younger.

And now, one sight that all Killarney visitors should behold, if possible, at the risk of some inconvenience—a row of twelve miles, under the light of the summer moon. As we came up the Lake, four hours ago, we marked every form of hill and island. They are now all blended in one faint tint, when

"A sable cloud
 Turns forth her silver lining on the night;"

or suddenly touched with the partial light of the full orb, which renders them even more indistinct in the unshadowy splendour. In the evening glow we saw

the heron fishing. The owl now flaps by us, startled. We rest under Glenna; and there, in the deep silence of midnight, we hear the mountain echo to the bugle in a voice which seems unearthly. A night ever to be remembered.

Farewell, at last, to Killarney. The car is ready that is to bear us to Kenmare. Our way lies by the new road—a great work, unsurpassed, perhaps, in these islands for its picturesque character. It passes close by Torc Waterfall, which we stop to view. It climbs the mountain, and cuts through the rocks, heedless of obstacles. This is the way by which tourists reached Killarney when the readiest passage was from Bristol to Cork. We are not sure that it is preferable to coming by the railway from Mallow, and gradually finding out the beauties of the Lakes. Here they are revealed. The first impression of the scenery at the exquisite points of view which this road offers must be ineffaceable. But we are satisfied to have won a growing delight, instead of being struck mute with a first admiration.

Such an admiration—speechless wonder—is the view of Glengariff and the great arm of Bantry Bay, which presents itself from the grand road recently completed from Kenmare. We passed through that town; saw the improvements which a benevolent landlord may effect in his district; saw dwelling after dwelling on the hill-sides, which contrasted happily with the ancient mud cabin: and passing through a long tunnel, such as railroads have made us familiar with, rapidly descended the road which leads to Glengariff. And then that prospect!—Mountains—bays—lands—and the great Atlantic rolling placidly in to kiss a shelvy shore.

Glengariff—the glen itself—must remain unvisited. No heavier clouds ever descended on Ireland than those which fell at Glengariff when we rose on the morning after we left Killarney. Well, Otway has well described it; and our readers will have no regret in missing our own description:

"I do not know how to begin, or where to take up, or in what way to put forth the dioramic conception I have in my mind's recollection of this delightful glen. Mountains—why you have them of all forms, elevations, and outlines. Hungry Mountain, with its cataract of eight hundred feet falling from its side; Sugar-Loaf, so conical, so bare, so white in its quartzose formation; Slieve Goul, the pathway of the fairies; and Esk Mountain, over which I was destined to climb my toilsome way. Every hill had its peculiar interest, and each, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere, presented a picture so mutable—or bright or gloomy, or near or distant—valleys laughing in sunshine, or shrouded in dark and undefined masses of shade; and so deceptive, so variable were the distances and capabilities of prospect, that in the morning you could see a hare bounding along on the ranges of those hills, that, at noonday, were lost in the gray indistinctness of distant vision. Then the glen itself, unlike other glens and valleys that interpose between

ranges of mountains, was not flat, or soft, or smooth—no meadow, no morass, no bog—but the most apparently-tumultuous, yet actually regular, congeries of rocks that ever was seen. Suppose yon the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane, from the west—suppose yon the tremendous swell, when the top-gallant mast of a ship would be hid within the trough of its waves—and now suppose that by some Almighty fiat all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant, and there fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff. It appears as if the stratifications of the rock were forced up by some uniform power from the central abyss, and there left to stand at a certain and defined angle, a solidified storm. And now suppose, that in every indenture, hole, crevice, and inflexion of those rocks, grew a yew or holly; there the yew, with its yellow tinge; and here the arbutus, with its red stem and leaf of brighter green, and its rough, wild, uncontrolled growth, adorning, and at the same time disclosing the romantic singularity of the scene. I know not that ever I read of such a place, so wild and so beautiful."

In that morning of tremendous rain we take our seats in a covered car, to pursue our journey towards Cork, by Macroom. Not one feature of the scenery to be descried except the river, by the side of which the road for some time runs. But after two hours' travel we at length come to a wonder, which such a day as this raises into sublimity. The Pass of Keimaneigh has been described by Otway, as it appeared to him under brighter circumstances:

"This deep and extraordinary chasm which Nature has excavated through these mountains, and which, within these last ten years has been taken advantage of in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices—its cliffs clothed with ivy, and, here and there, interspersed through the masses of rocks, old holly and yew-trees, and occasionally an arbutus; and then its strange and sudden windings—you look back, and you cannot find out how you got in—before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the Spirit of the Mountains had got you into his stronghold, and here you were impounded by everlasting enchantment. Then! the surpassing loneliness of the place,—

"I never
So deeply felt the force of solitude.
High over-head the eagle soared serene,
And the gray lizard in the rocks below
Basked in the sun.'"

But when we were hemmed in, for about a mile, by the mighty chasm, we saw neither the yew, nor the holly,

nor the bright arbutus;—no cliffs clothed with ivy looked smilingly down upon us. We saw only a double wall of rocks, down whose sides torrents were dashing at every step,—cataracts that hissed and foamed as they rushed over the steeps, whose tops were one a sea of mist. This Pass of Camineagh was the scene of a strange affair in 1822, when the Rockites were in insurrection. As the soldiery passed through the defile, the "boys," who were hidden amidst the rocks, suddenly loosened an enormous mass which they had quietly undermined, and down it came into the glen—blocking up the defile. They were a moment too late. The soldiery had gone by; and their plan of overwhelming the loyalists by superior numbers was effectually frustrated by their own act. The rock which had fallen was an impassable barrier.

There is another route from Bantry to Cork, through Bandon, which is a very interesting one, and, now that the railway from Cork to Bandon has been opened, it also possesses the advantage of saving time. This route leads the traveller through some fine wild upland country, and thence down a very picturesque pass, into Dunmanway, a populous and thriving village, beautifully situated in an amphitheatre of hills, just at the foot of the heights which here form the frontier of the mountain district of the south-west of Ireland. From Dunmanway the road proceeds for several miles along the lovely river Bandon, whose brown transparent waters wind so pleasantly among the grassy knolls. Spenser's residence, Kilcoleman, was not so distant from this as to prevent his making acquaintance with the scenery, and he has celebrated

"The pleasant Bandon crowned with many a wood."

These woods have, however, disappeared, having from time to time fallen beneath the stroke of the woodsman's hatchet. Approaching Bandon, the scenery, which was wild and pastoral, diversified with hills and dales, assumes a more cultivated character. Then comes Castle Bernard, the residence of Lord Bandon, skirting which the road runs, and you get, now and then, some sweet peeps of woodland scenery, through which the river at intervals gleams; and so into the town. Bandon is situated on the river of the same name, and occupies the declivities on both its sides. Its population, with the suburb of Roundhill, is about 9,000; and it returns one member to Parliament. It has two parish churches, one convent, a Scots church, and two endowed schools. Once at Bandon, the railway is the fate of the tourist. What can we ever see in railways, save fitting glances of beauties that should be lingered over to be rightly estimated? We step in, then, to the carriage, steam away over the lattice bridge, traverse the great Chetwynd Viaduct, stop at Innes Shannon; go on again, getting a peep at Frankfield and Mount Vernon, and at length reach the terminus at Cork.



LOWER LAKE, LOOKING OVER MUCRUSS DEMESNE.



GLENGARIFF.

CONNAMARA.

UNDER the heading Connamara we include, generally, the mountain districts lying between Galway Bay and Clew Bay—there being no natural demarcations—no peculiar physical features to mark their distinction. Besides, the scenery is uninterruptedly connected. The roads are excellent, and the tour of the district is generally made at the same time, the public conveyance running, *via* Clifden, directly to and from Galway and Westport. At either end of the district there are considerable towns, with the smaller town of Clifden as a central point. At these places there are comfortable hotels, with good postings; and there are no less than eight intermediate inns where post cars can also be hired, viz., at Oughterard, the Half-way House, the Recess, the Fishery or Ballinahinch Hotel, Roundstone, Kylemore, Leenane, and Maum—the last an old-established house.

Bianconi's well-appointed cars run daily from Galway and Westport to Clifden; and during the summer months a steamer also plies daily along Lough Corrib to and from Galway and Maum.

From Oughterard to Clifden is thirty-two miles; from Clifden to Westport is forty; and from Butler's Lodge to Leenane is thirteen; making in all eighty-five miles of good roads, open to the tourist, through continuous magnificent mountain scenery, with, as we have already observed, eight intermediate comfortable inns, where cars can also be hired, and where he can either detour or sojourn: and these roads, which may be said to embrace the more striking parts of the scenery of the district, are wholly irrespective of those in Jar-Connaught, around the coast, and along the glens.

As regards the fiscal divisions of the country, the districts of Connamara, Jar-Connaught, and Joyce Country, have no definite limits on the map—they are merely local names; but they are nearly, in the above order, respectively coterminous with the county divisions of Ballinahinch, Moycullen, and the half-barony of Ross. Locally they are known as the more mountainous portions of the western district of the county of Galway, and popularly as the tract of country which is bounded, on the south, by Galway Bay, on the north by Killary harbour, on the west by the Atlantic, and on the east by Loughs Corrib and Mask.

The mountainous district of Murrisk, which, for the convenience of the tourist, we have annexed to the above, extends from Killary harbour northwards to Clew bay, and is also bounded on the west by the Atlantic, and on the east by Lough Mask.

According to the above natural limits, the average length of the entire district comprehending Connamara, Jar-Connaught, Joyce Country, and Murrisk, is thirty-nine miles, and its breadth from north to south twenty-

five miles. It contains about 975 square miles, or 624,000 acres.

The more inhabited portions, together with the greater part of the more cultivated tracts, lie chiefly along the margins of the sea bays; the interior being a vast tract of almost unbroken moorland.

According to the late Mr. Nimmo's able report, which, however, only refers to Connamara and Joyce Country, "various great inlets penetrate the district, so that no part of it is distant five miles from existing navigation. There are upwards of twenty safe and capacious harbours, fit for vessels of any burthen; about twenty-five navigable lakes in the interior, of a mile or more in length, besides hundreds smaller: the sea coast and all these lakes abound with fish. The district, with its islands, possesses no less than five hundred miles of sea shore. On Lough Corrib it has about sixty miles of shore; so that with Lough Mask, &c., there are perhaps as many miles of shore of the sea or navigable lakes, as there are square miles of surface.

"Although Connamara be mountainous, it is by no means an upland country like Wicklow; at least three-fourths of the western portion of it is not one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Great part of the southern portion rises from the shore of Galway Bay, in a gentle sloping plain, to about three hundred feet, at the upper edge of which there are some hills about seven hundred feet, and thence a vast plain extends to the base of the Maam-Turk, and Bennebeola mountains, or Twelve-Pins, as the latter are generally called. But Joyce Country, on the other hand, is an elevated tract, with flat-topped hills of one thousand three hundred feet, to two thousand, interspersed with deep and narrow valleys. On a general view, the whole district seems a continued tract of bog and mountain, the arable land not a tenth of the whole surface.

"This district is very destitute of wood, a few scrubby patches only being thinly scattered through it. The country, however, possesses an extensive stool of timber, for in almost every dry knoll or cliff, the oak, birch, and hazel appear shooting in abundance, and require only a little care to rise into valuable forests. The original population of this district seems to have been entirely confined to the coast; this is in a great measure yet the case. The old churches and chapels are all on the shore; and the only occupation is fishing. Even now there are few people who can be considered as farmers only. Farming and fishing, it is well known, do not assort well together; and however active the natives appear in the latter occupation, they are little inclined to exertion in the former."

In an agricultural point of view, the more interesting parts are the lower tracts of the great central plain, and

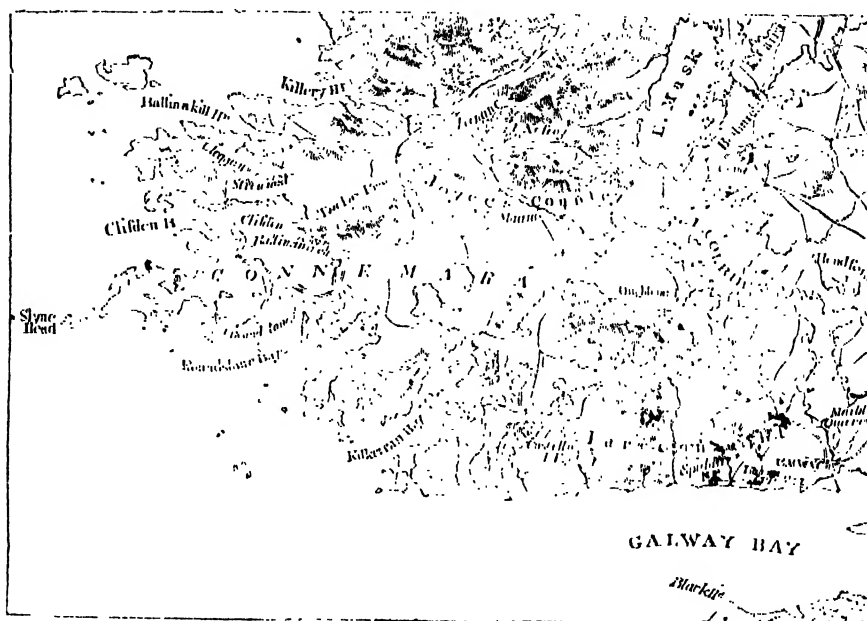
the portions which generally skirt the shores of the deeply penetrating sea bays; while, in a scenic point of view, the more central and elevated portions are more attractive; these remarks, however, applying more closely to Connamara and Joyce Country than to Murrisk.

We have grouped Connamara with Killarney in the same section of "The Land we Live in," for two reasons. In the first place, it appears to us that there is great hope for Ireland in the development of the vast resources of this district. Connaught, in the times of religious persecution, was assigned as the place of banishment for the non-conforming Catholics—a place which was profanely associated by the intolerance of puritanism with that more desolate region to which fanaticism would consign all those who differ in points of belief. It would accord well with the better spirit of our own times, if Connaught were to become a place in which capital might find its employment, and labour its refuge from the worst of tyrannies—the land tyranny. To plant Connaught was the ambition of a great statesman; and it will be planted,—whether by individuals or corporations, is little matter. Secondly, Connamara is full of glorious scenery; and now that Ireland is again claiming her proper share of a laudable curiosity, Connamara will open her noble bays, and lakes, and mountains, to the gaze of the stranger.

No one, accustomed to the associations which group themselves around commercial and maritime affairs, can look at the Shannon and the portion of Ireland spread out beyond it, without a desire to penetrate the future, and see what providence holds in store for this remarkable country. The noble river acts as a line of separation, extending nearly north and south, through so long a distance as to form a very significant boundary between Connaught and the other provinces. This has been regarded, however, by the rulers of Ireland, in past times, as a boundary in a sense which we may hope will now pass away. "It is singularly illustrative," says Sir Robert Kane, in his 'Industrial Resources of Ireland'—a work replete with valuable information,—“of how little reflection was devoted to Irish subjects,—of how slightly the true and only means of consolidating a people by giving them common habits of industry, of sociality, and of traffic, was thought about in relation to this country, that the Shannon was for so many generations looked upon as a useful barrier

and defence against the uncivilized tribes who dwell beyond its boundary. The cost of maintaining in good repair the various fortifications at what were called the passes of the Shannon, was defrayed with pleasure; but the idea of rendering fortifications useless, of erecting the bulwarks of the state in the hearts of the inhabitants by fostering their industry, by encouraging their commerce and agriculture, and promoting their education, did not occur to the statesmen of that epoch."

A comfortable and commodious steamer, in connexion with the railway from Dublin to Galway, fitted up for passengers only, sails up and down the Shannon on



alternate days from Athlone to Killaloe, calling at Portumna and the intermediate places; and by this means passengers are economically and comfortably conveyed, at the rate of from ten to thirteen miles per hour, as it may be, with or against the current. The flat tract of country through which this great river slowly meanders from Athlone to Portumna, a course of thirty-six miles, is generally bleak, dreary, and featureless. In short, save in a few places, it is devoid of all the charms of river scenery; broad margins of low and occasionally submerged lands, generally covered with the coarser grasses, accompanying the mighty stream throughout this portion of its course. In a few places, such as around the Seven Churches, Banagher, and Portumna, &c., swelling hills, rising at some distance from the water's edge, tend to diversify the scenery, and to relieve the bleakness.

The counties which are cut off from the rest of Ireland by the Shannon—Clare, Galway, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, and Leitrim—are among those whose misery has most frequently been brought under the notice of England and Englishmen during the last few years. A portion of Galway is that to which we are about to call the reader's attention.

It is impossible to glance over the wonderful maps of the Ordnance Survey of this part of Ireland, without a saddened feeling for the present and a hopeful one for the future. We say *wonderful* maps; for seldom has there been such another display of mapping as this celebrated Survey presents. Take the county of Galway, for instance—the one which contains the Connamara district. Here we find no less than 137 large sheets devoted to this county, on a scale of six inches to a mile; while the Index Map, in which the whole county is represented in one sheet, is quite a triumph of minute engraving. Although on a scale of only one-third of an inch to a mile, this index-map presents the natural and social features with astonishing fulness.

One of the most striking entries on this map, both for its frequency and the tale which it tells, is “Castle in ruins.” This entry is not met with so repeatedly in Connamara as in the portions of Galway county farther to the east; but it is to be encountered even in that region of rugged beauty. Eastward of the town of Galway, however, the “Castle in ruins” meets the eye so frequently in the map that the attention is forcibly arrested by it. How old are these ruins? What was the state of the people when those castles were built? Was English conquest or internal discord the cause of the ruin? Such are the queries that suggest themselves to the mind. So far as the *names* are concerned, nothing can be more thoroughly Irish than these ruined castles—Kilroge, Kilcoritan, Cloghmoyle, Cloghballymore, Cloamcurreen, Ballynamantragh: such names tell much more of the Celt than of the Anglo-Norman.

But when, leaving these relics of man's work, we transfer our attention to the natural features of Connamara, it is difficult to imagine that such a country will always remain as it is—a social and commercial blank. What a chain of lakes! what a coast line! A short line of about seven miles will connect the eastern extremity of Killery Harbour with the western extremity of Lough Mask; and thus we have formed a northern boundary to Connamara, all but seven miles consisting of coast-line. Then a straight line of two miles is all of land that intervenes between the south of Lough Mask and the north of Lough Corrib; and this latter noble lake stretches southward till it pours its waters into the river Corrib, which itself finds an embouchure in Galway Bay: thus is an eastern boundary given to Connamara, of which all but two miles consists of water. As to the western and southern boundaries, they are wholly formed by the sea. We may therefore say that this large district—measuring, perhaps, forty miles from east to west by twenty-five from north to south—differs from an island only by the occurrence of two isthmuses, of seven and two miles respectively: as viewed upon a map, it is a peninsula, and as a peninsula we shall treat of it. Strictly speaking, and in relation to the ancient divisions of Ireland, Connamara is comprised within narrower limits than those here

marked out; for the peninsula contains three ancient divisions—Joyce's Country in the north-east, Jar-Connaught (or West-Connaught) in the south-east, and Connamara all that lies westward of those two divisions. In this narrower sense, Connamara would be pretty accurately bounded on the east by a line drawn from the inner part of Killery Harbour to the inner part of Kilkerran Bay; and the district thus marked out would extend from twenty to twenty-four miles in each direction. But the physical and industrial features of the peninsula are independent of these local divisions; and we shall continue to give the name of Connamara to all that lies westward of the two noble lakes. These lakes, containing nearly seventy thousand acres of water-surface, and entering into the Atlantic by a river which passes through the county town—ought to effect great blessings for Ireland some day or other. Then there are in addition an almost incalculable number of smaller lakes spread over the peninsula, but more thinly in the southern than the northern half. This, too, is a district where the coast-line presents such a series of inlets and harbours as is not easily to be paralleled elsewhere. The word Connamara is said to mean “land of bays.” Beginning at Killery Harbour, with its many coves and inlets, we pass round a jetting promontory and find ourselves in Ballynakill Harbour, which throws out its manifold arms into the land in various directions. Then occur Claggan Bay, Streamstown Bay, Kingstown Bay, Clifden Bay, and Mannin Bay—all of which serrate the extreme western margin of the peninsula, and in front of which are numberless small islands washed by the Atlantic. Next, bending round south and east, we pass in succession the Bays of Bunowen, Ballyconneely, Gorteen, Roundstone, (Cut, p. 295), and Cleonile,—a series which ends in the deep inlet of Berbragh Bay. The minor bays of Ard and Mweenish, which next occur, are followed by the magnificent harbour of Kilkerran, whose deepest inlets have distinctive names of their own. From Kilkerran Bay the coast proceeds pretty regularly from west to east, ending at the town of Galway, and forming the northern side of Galway Bay; this line of coast is marked chiefly by the inlets which form Casheen Bay, Coonawilleen Bay, Kiggaul Bay, Greatman's Bay, and Cashla Bay, and by the island of Gorumna.

The best information which we possess concerning Connamara, and the source whence most subsequent writers have derived their principal details, is contained in the late Mr. Alexander Nimmo's Report on that district. Commissioners were appointed by the Crown, early in the present century, and soon after the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, to examine the bogs of Ireland, with a view to the suggestion of such plans as might facilitate their reclamation. The labours of the commission lasted several years, and did not terminate till 1814. The commissioners employed ten eminent engineers, and a large staff of surveyors, to examine and survey the bogs; and the separate reports of these engineers are full of valuable

details concerning Ireland and its latent capabilities. They minutely surveyed, examined, and measured no less than 1,013,358 acres of bog land; while there were separate examinations, not professing to enter into so much detail, of three other districts in Wicklow, Erris, and Connamara; containing together about 387,000 acres of bog, and 355,000 acres of mountain peat soil. Mr. Nimmo, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth (the father of Maria Edgeworth), and Mr. Griflith, were among the most eminent of the engineers employed.

The Connamara district—considered as including the whole of Galway county westward of Loughs Corrib and Mask—is one of the most uncultivated in the whole of Ireland. The quantity of arable land seems, at first glance, not to exceed one-twentieth of the whole area; but the process of reclamation will give a more and more favourable ratio in this respect. Where cultivation has made the greatest progress on the south shore of Lough Corrib, the arable or dry land is interspersed with extensive tracts of naked limestone rock of a most desolate aspect; and it appears to be only after incredible labour, that a few patches of soil have been torn from the general waste. Nevertheless—as if in encouragement and reward for whatever labour and capital are bestowed on this region of wildness—such is the fertility of these spots, and the value of the pasture among the limestone, that this land, even including rock, produced at the time of Mr. Nimmo's examination a rent of fifteen shillings per acre, and where tolerably cleared, was rented as high as in any part of Ireland.

The other parts of the district are principally bare moors, consisting of various depths of bog, upon a bottom of primitive rock affording little soil; but several strings or beds of limestone run through the district, and are distinguishable by the verdure and cultivation which have taken place in their vicinity.

Mr. Nimmo estimated the population at 30,000. It is now supposed that the number must have exceeded that limit; but taking the estimate as he gave it, he states that half of the inhabitants are in Connamara proper, one-third in Jar-Connaught, and one-sixth in Joyce's Country; that nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Connamara proper are settled along the sea-shore; that in Jar-Connaught the inhabitants reside either on the sea coast, or on the northern slope of the hills next to the limestone country; and that the upland part of Joyce's Country is quite uninhabited. But in these details, and in the statement of total rentals, the lapse of nearly forty years has in all probability introduced wide differences.

Before any reclamation of bog land commenced, 57 per cent. of the whole area of Connamara consisted of mountain and upland pasture, 34 per cent. of bog, 7 per cent. of arable land, and 2 per cent. of limestone-rock. A formidable picture this, with only one acre in fourteen deserving the name of arable land! Yet Mr. Nimmo was impressed with the conviction that there are certain facilities about and around Connamara which might render the improvement and cultivation

of the district more hopeful than in many other waste lands of the kingdom. These facilities presented themselves to his mind under the forms of *climate, aspect, coast-line, and geological formation.*

First for the climate. It is decidedly mild. Snow is little known even in the hardest winters. The cattle are never housed; for the mountains in the north, and the great variety of surface, afford considerable shelter. The least favourable features are wet summers and strong west winds.

Next for the aspect. Although Connamara may be deemed in some sense mountainous, it is not an upland country like Wicklow. At least three-fourths of Connamara proper is lower than 100 feet above the level of the sea; and this low level must have an undoubted influence on the prospective vegetable fertility of the district. Jar-Connaught rises from the shore of Galway Bay, in a gently sloping plain, to about 300 feet, at the upper edge of which there are some hills of about 700 feet, and beyond them a low limestone country extends to the edge of Lough Corrib. Joyce's Country is, in every respect, more mountainous and wild.

In respect to sea-coast, nothing can well (size being considered) be more magnificent than this peninsula. After reading Mr. Nimmo's remarks thereon, a reader must lack hope indeed who cannot look forward to a day of prosperity for the district—far-distant, perhaps, but not the less certain and cheering. "The district is nearly surrounded by the sea on the south and west, and by the great lakes Mask and Corrib on the east—the latter navigable into the town of Galway, and could easily be made so to the sea. Various great inlets penetrate the district, so that no part of it is distant four miles from existing navigation. There are *upwards of twenty safe and capacious harbours*, fit for vessels of any burden; about twenty-five navigable lakes in the interior, of a mile or more in length, besides hundreds smaller. The sea-coast and all these lakes abound in fish. The district, with its islands, possesses no less than 400 miles of sea-shore. On Lough Corrib it has fifty miles of shore; so that with Lough Mask, &c., there are, perhaps, *as many miles of shore of the sea or navigable lakes as there are square miles of surface.*"

In respect to the geological features, there are extensive bands of calcareous sand round the coast in almost every bay; there are numerous beds of available limestone adjacent to almost all of the navigable lakes; and there is bog-peat which will furnish an inexhaustible supply of fuel.

Taking in conjunction the above four groups of circumstances or conditions, Mr. Nimmo remarks:—"On the whole, it appears to me that the improvement of this district, so far from being difficult or hopeless, is a thing highly feasible; and if vigorously but steadily pursued, is likely to meet with fewer obstructions and greater ultimate success than, perhaps, in any other part of Ireland."

In respect to the fitness for agricultural purposes, Mr. Nimmo arranges the peninsula into four parts—

the Limestone Field, the Granite Moor, the Middle Division, and the Northern Division. The Limestone-Field lies principally between the town of Galway and Lough Corrib, and along part of the western shore of the lough. It is a triangular nook, forming the western edge of the great limestone-field of Ireland. Much of this limestone-rock is bare; but on its edges are many very fertile spots; the hollows are mostly filled with bog. Other patches of limestone are interspersed with other rocks in various parts of the peninsula. The Granite Moor forms the southern part of the peninsula; it contains no limestone, but is partially covered with bog of various depths. There is a large supply of shell or coral-sand in the bays on the coast, which might easily be applied to the manuring of this moor; and there is abundance of red sea-weed, equally applicable to such a purpose. The Northern Division contains no limestone or calcareous matter; but it is so deeply indented by Loughs Corrib and Mask, that no part of it is distant more than three miles from some spot whither lime may be brought by water-carriage. The great drawback to this division, at the time of Mr. Nimmo's examination, was, that there was neither a single road fit for a wheel-carriage, nor a single bridge over a stream or inlet, in the whole of this portion of the peninsula. The Middle Division, the last of the four portions into which Mr. Nimmo divided the peninsula in respect to agricultural capabilities, contains numerous veins or beds of limestone, so situated that almost every farm within that tract has either limestone upon it, or within half a mile of it. Many of these lime-rocks are also situated on long and deep lakes—a circumstance which gives a facility of transport that may at some future time become of the greatest importance.

The industrial processes which were carried on in Connamara at the date of Mr. Nimmo's examination, are interesting to note, because they mark the early stages of a course of labour which may, perhaps, lead to prosperous results in future years. One employment was that of cutting sea-weed for manure, or collecting that which is at every tide cast ashore. Two or three boat-loads of sea-weed, of about six tons each, were usually applied as manure over an acre of potato ground. The weed was usually sold at half-a-guinea a ton. The rotation adopted at the farms at that period was frequently as follows:—one year of potatoes raised on sea-weed; one year of oats or barley; four or five years of natural meadow; and then potatoes manured with sea-weed, as before.

Among those things which have to some extent checked the productive labours of Connamara is the decline in the use of *kelp*. Since the wonderful progress of chemistry, which has led to the manufacture of soda from common salt, the obtaining of the same alkali from kelp has been almost discontinued; because the lowest price which would keep the poor kelpers from starvation is still higher than that at which soda can now be purchased. Kelp used to be made by burning sea-weed, and soda by purifying the kelp.

Experience, however, has shown that it is more profitable to employ sea-weed as manure for the improvement of the wastes, than to manufacture kelp, even at remunerating prices.

The hopeful anticipations of Mr. Nimmo with respect to the harbour and water-power of Connamara have already been touched upon; and we find that he was not less hopeful with respect to its bogs:—

"I am perfectly convinced," says he, "from all that I have seen, that any species of bog is by tillage and manure capable of being converted into a soil fit for the support of plants of every description; and with due management, perhaps the most fertile that can be submitted to the operations of the farmer. Green crops, such as rape, cabbages, and turnips, may be raised with the greatest success on firm bog, with no other manure than the ashes of the same soil. Permanent meadows may be formed on bog, more productive than on any other soil. Timber may be raised, especially firs, larch, spruce, and all the aquatics, on deep bog; and the plantations are fenced at little expense. With a due application of manure, every description of white crops may be raised upon bog; and I know no soil from which they can be extracted without it. There is this advantage in the cultivation of bog, that any species of soil will act as a manure to it: even the siliceous sand of Renvill having that effect; but this admixture of foreign soil, though highly beneficial, is not essential to the improvement of bog; fallowing and manure, such as dung or lime, will convert the bog-stuff itself into a soil, and extract large crops from it; so that there is nothing desperate in the cultivation of bog upon a basis of rock."

Those travellers—few and far between—who have visited Connamara since the date of Mr. Nimmo's examination, are invariably struck either with the latent capabilities not yet developed, or with the fine scenery which portions of the peninsula exhibit. Sir Robert Kane, in the work before quoted, passes in review the sources of power which are presented by the rivers and lakes of that country. When he comes to speak of that province which contains the district of Connamara, he says:—"The province of Connaught is that which deserves most attention in relation to its navigable lakes. Its soil is not inferior to that of the rest of Ireland; some of the sweetest pastures and most productive lands are found within its limits. Its coasts abound with fish; its mountains are rich in ores; its people are willing to work, and travel hundreds of miles seeking for work, even at a rate which only allows them to sustain existence. Yet that province is the reproach of Ireland and the by-word of Great Britain. Its population is relieved by charitable subscription from recurrent famines. Little more than one-half of its area has been made available for cultivation; and it is but a few years since its interior was first rendered accessible to industry by the formation of proper roads."

Mr. Inglis, whose 'Tour through Ireland' about fifteen years ago, was a means of bringing many



ROUNDSTONE BAY.

beauties of that country before the notice of English readers, shared in the general opinion of the capabilities of the Connamara district. "At Maam," he says, "one is forcibly struck with the advantages which would be opened up to this district by the extension of the navigation of Lough Corrib to the sea. Fine slopes of reclaimable land border the deep stream that, at the distance of half a mile, flows into Lough Corrib; and the same boats that would carry to market the produce of the cultivated land, would bring from the bay of Galway sand, sea-weed, and lime to be laid upon the yet unimproved wastes." The same thought seems to have repeatedly occurred to the mind of Mr. Inglis, during his journey through Connamara. "It was impossible," he says, while progressing on foot from Maam to Clifden, "to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce, and the chain of loughs carrying that produce—on the one side to Lough Corrib and Galway Bay; and on the other to Birtcherby Bay, or one of the other bays which lie to the westward." Again, the following remarks suggest irresistibly the future which *must* be destined for this remarkable peninsula. "There is perhaps no part of Ireland so well adapted for experimenting on waste lands and reclaimable bogs as Connamara. No part of Connamara is more than six

miles from some sea-bay, or lake having communication with the sea. If there were good roads in all directions, this length of land-carriage would not be great; but even this distance would be much diminished by improving and connecting the navigation of the chains of lakes which extend through every part of Connamara."

Besides the industrial associations connected with this district, there are many scenes of great beauty. The Killery, for instance, is a beautiful and remarkable boundary to Connamara on the north. It is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, extending far up into the country, and bounded on both sides throughout its whole extent by a range of mountains nearly as elevated as any in Ireland, and of very picturesque forms. The inlet is not above a mile across. In several spots the mountain boundary rises abruptly from the water; but there are many clefts and hollows which reveal more elevated peaks beyond, and show the extent of the range. Those who have visited both regions say that there is nothing in the British Isles which approaches so near to the character of the Norwegian *Fjords* as Killery—a deficiency of dark-foliaged timber being the chief drawback from the comparison.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway, who published several works relating to the topography of the north-west of Ireland, speaks of Lough Corrib as "a noble sheet of water, here and there studded with islands—some large and fertile, others rugged rocks; some embattled

with the ruins of an old fortress; some made holy by the crumbling remains of a still older church, where some Culdee made his desert,—a disciple of Columba, or Fursey, or Fechin, his retreat. If such a lake as this were in Scotland, or indeed anywhere else in Europe, it would be covered with steam-boats and yachts, and there would be hotels and accommodations on its shores, and a county as rich if not richer than Cumberland, would be opened out, and planted, and built on."

One of the most extraordinary scenes of this extraordinary peninsula is displayed at the isthmus between Loughs Mask and Corrib. The waters of the former flow into the latter at the town of Cong; but no river or stream is to be seen in the maps, and the existence of any communication appeals rather to the ear than to the eye. The flow is in great part subterraneous. The rocks have been tunnellled during the lapse of ages by the waters which came from Lough Mask and some smaller lakes towards Lough Corrib. Well may Mr. Otway, after such a description as the following, claim for Ireland the attention of those who love wild scenes of beauty and grandeur:—"Cong is certainly a rare place—it might be called the Irish Arabia Petraea; but there is this great difference, that our place of stones is also a place of rivers of waters. For here, amongst hills of stones and valleys of stones, you hear the rustling sound of streams through a multitude of holes, and gullies, and caverns; where waters are now appearing and then disappearing, until all at once they burst forth from under the rock, and form a rapid river, rushing to Lough Corrib, larger than the Liffey. It certainly is a singular sight. To the left of the village you see a strong and turbulent stream gushing through salmon and eel weirs, as it flows with all its turbulent eddies to the lake; then you look to the north, south, east, and no river is seen, nothing but the great gray ridges of limestone; you look closer, and you see enormous springs turning at once some great mill-wheels with the impetuosity and force of their waters as they rise from the earth; and while those springs start up and boil in all directions around you, as you do not know whence they flow, so you do not understand whither they are tending."

The western districts partake less of the beautiful than the eastern; but even here there are scenes which drew forth from Mr. Inglis no small amount of admiration. After speaking of the road from Roundstone to Clifden, which seems to be bare and desolate, he thus records his opinion of the north-western part of the peninsula:—"I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the scenery in passing from Clifden to the Killeries and Leenane is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character nothing in Killarney comes near to it; and although the deficiency of wood excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion that the scenery of this part of Connamara, including especially the Killeries, which is in Joyce's Country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised (because better

known) scenery of Killarney. I would not be understood as saying one word in disparagement of Killarney, which, in the combination of forms and colours, is not to be surpassed; but in speaking of Killarney, I think I ventured to observe that no approach to sublimity was to be found; and as, in the part of Ireland of which I am now speaking, there are undoubted approaches to the sublime, with all of the picturesque besides that depends upon form, I think these ought to weigh heavier in the balance than that softened beauty which at Killarney is created by abundance and variety of wood, and consequent splendour of colouring. I know that a far stronger impression was made on my mind in this journey than by anything I saw at Killarney. Be it known, too, that this is a country of lakes—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries as are to be found in the three kingdoms."

Chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Nimmo, a road has been made entirely round the peninsula, beginning at Galway, and winding sufficiently near to the sea and the lakes to open up those districts to the tourist and (what is better to the capitalist. There is another road extending across the district from south-east to north-west. The road to Ballinahinch passes close by the southern slope of the remarkable group of mountains called the Twelve Pins; and among these mountains is now quarried a green marble so beautiful, that it only waits to be better known in order to find a ready market. These Twelve Pins form a striking nucleus to a striking district. They stand in the very centre of Connamara, and occupy an area six or seven miles square. It is supposed that the name *Pin* is here a corruption of the Scottish *Ben* or mountain; but be this as it may, the mountains, about a dozen in number, are placed in two opposite rows, inclining together at the ends so as to enclose a kind of oval valley. The chief among the mountains are Knockannabiggen, Bengower, Benlettery, Derryclare, Bencullagh, and Benbaun; these vary in height from 2100 to 2000 feet; the others average about 1800 feet.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their work on 'Ireland,' give the details of some information which they received concerning the Connamara marbles, from the proprietors of one of the marble works in Galway town. The quarries in question are situated on the shores of Lough Corrib; and they were discovered in the following way:—An Englishman was exploring the country for minerals, useful rather than ornamental, when he chanced to discover a stone of fine texture, which, on being polished by a mason, was pronounced to be marble of a fine jet colour. He was unable to work the quarry for want of means; but two brothers of the name of Ireland made an arrangement with Sir Valentine Blake, the proprietor of the estate on which the marble was found, to export some blocks of it to London. This occurred about the time when Mr. Nimmo was making his examination. The marble-merchants soon appreciated the beauty of the material;

and ever since that time the black marble of Galway has had numerous admirers and purchasers. The entrance-hall and grand staircase of the Duke of Hamilton's palace near Glasgow, are formed of this beautiful material. The right of quarrying is at the present time leased to certain capitalists, who have extensive stone-working machines at Galway. The process of obtaining the marble is simply as follows:—The men first remove a covering of limestone, about twenty-five feet in thickness; it lies in beds or layers from one to two feet thick, and requires blasting with gunpowder to ensure its removal. The black marble, thus exposed to view, lies as flat as a billiard-table, in successive layers varying from six to fifteen inches in thickness. There are joints or fissures in these layers, which greatly facilitate the process of quarrying; wedges are driven into the fissures, and a few blows suffice to separate a complete block—for the different layers seem to be easily detached. Some of the blocks or slabs procured in this way are as large as twelve feet long by ten wide. The black marble here spoken of is a wholly distinct material from the green marble of the Twelve Pins. A visit to the mineralogical gallery at the British Museum will enable us to see a specimen of this beautiful green marble, in the form of a table presented by Mr. Martin, of Galway.

The family of the Martins in Connamara were formerly the owners of a greater number of acres than any other family in Ireland. If the resources of the country were fully developed, the estate would be of enormous value; but the wealth of mountain and bog is of a prospective character. Colonel Martin, the representative of the family thirty or forty years ago, is said to have endeavoured to put the Prince Regent out of conceit with the famous "long walk" of Windsor, by saying that the avenue which led to his hall-door was thirty miles in length. The pleasantry was true to this extent, that the whole distance of thirty miles from Galway to Ballinahinch lay within the Martin estates, while the road from the one to the other stopped short of the mansion, beyond which there was little else than rugged paths. Ballinahinch is the name of a barony, a lake, a rivulet, a village, and a demesne; and the whole form the head-quarters of a family which once possessed almost regal power in this wild region: indeed the title of "king of Connamara" has been given almost as much in seriousness as in joke to the representative of the family, by the native Irish around.

But this great estate, like many other great estates in Ireland, has passed from its ancient proprietors. The whole of the Martin estate has been sold, and is now principally in the possession of the Law Life Assurance Company. "Humanity Martin," as the proprietor of these vast estates was called, on account of his persevering exertions for the prevention of cruelty to animals, forgot to extend his humanity to the two-legged animals of his own country; and the squalid misery which his heartless neglect entailed, superinduced

a fearful retribution on him and his family. Whatever regret one may feel, at the sudden reverses that have thus ruined an ancient family, it is impossible not to be sensible of the vast social amelioration which the transfer of those estates is sure to effect in these wild and hitherto most neglected districts. Indeed the change is in many places already apparent. Many English settlers have found their way into these regions, and have brought with them their spirit of enterprise, industry, and love of comfort and order. Miss Martineau, in a recent visit to this district, observing upon the visible improvement, says, "This was noticeable in the neighbourhood of the mansion lately called the Martins' Castle; and pleasant it was to see neat, white cottages upon the hill sides, each with its 'stooks' of oats beside it."

Another of the centres of power in this district is Clifden, the residence of the D'Arcys, one of the small number of proprietors of Connamara. Clifden is almost at the south-west corner of the district. In 1815 it consisted of one single house: it now contains several hundred. In the former year its site and a large extent of surrounding country yielded no revenues whatever to its proprietor: it now yields several thousands per annum. In 1822 roads were commenced, eastward from Clifden to Ballinahinch and Oughterard, and northward to Westport; these were the forerunners of the town; and an excellent quay, built by Mr. Nimmo at the inner extremity of Ardbear Harbour, gave to the incipient town the means of exporting and importing produce. The formation of this town did not involve any actual outlay on the part of Mr. D'Arcy; he offered leases of plots of ground on advantageous terms, to whoever was inclined to build; many availed themselves of the opportunity, and the result has been favourable both to lessor and lessees. This town of twenty seven years' existence now boasts of its gothic Parish Church, its Roman Catholic Chapel, its two public schools, its dispensary and workhouse, its three streets of tolerable houses, its import trade from Liverpool and even from America, its trade in curing and exporting herrings, its grain market, its breweries, distilleries, and corn-mills, and its corps of fishermen. The bay on whose shore it stands is so completely landlocked as to constitute a favourite rendezvous for the government cruisers. Mr. D'Arcy has built a beautiful castle at Clifden, in the midst of a scene of natural grandeur—mountain and sea coast forming component parts—not easily surpassed in Ireland. There was one piece of flat unsightly bog; but this has been drained and converted into a lawn in front of the castle. Clifden is in every sense a valuable example, to show what may yet be done in the industrial regeneration of Connamara.

Of Joyce's Country, it is doubtful whether so much will be made as of Connamara proper, on account of the bareness of its mountains and its lesser proportion of sea-coast. Its inhabitants are nearly all Joyces—who have the reputation of being the tallest and largest men in Ireland. "Big Jack Joyce" was for many years a well-known giant among a race of giants. Mr. Inglis

met with a young Joyce, seventeen years of age, who measured six feet three inches—not exactly “in his stockings,” for he had none. The Joyces of Joyce’s Country, and the Flynns of Connamara, have for ages had a sort of hereditary faction-feud. Will the present generation see such feuds die out?

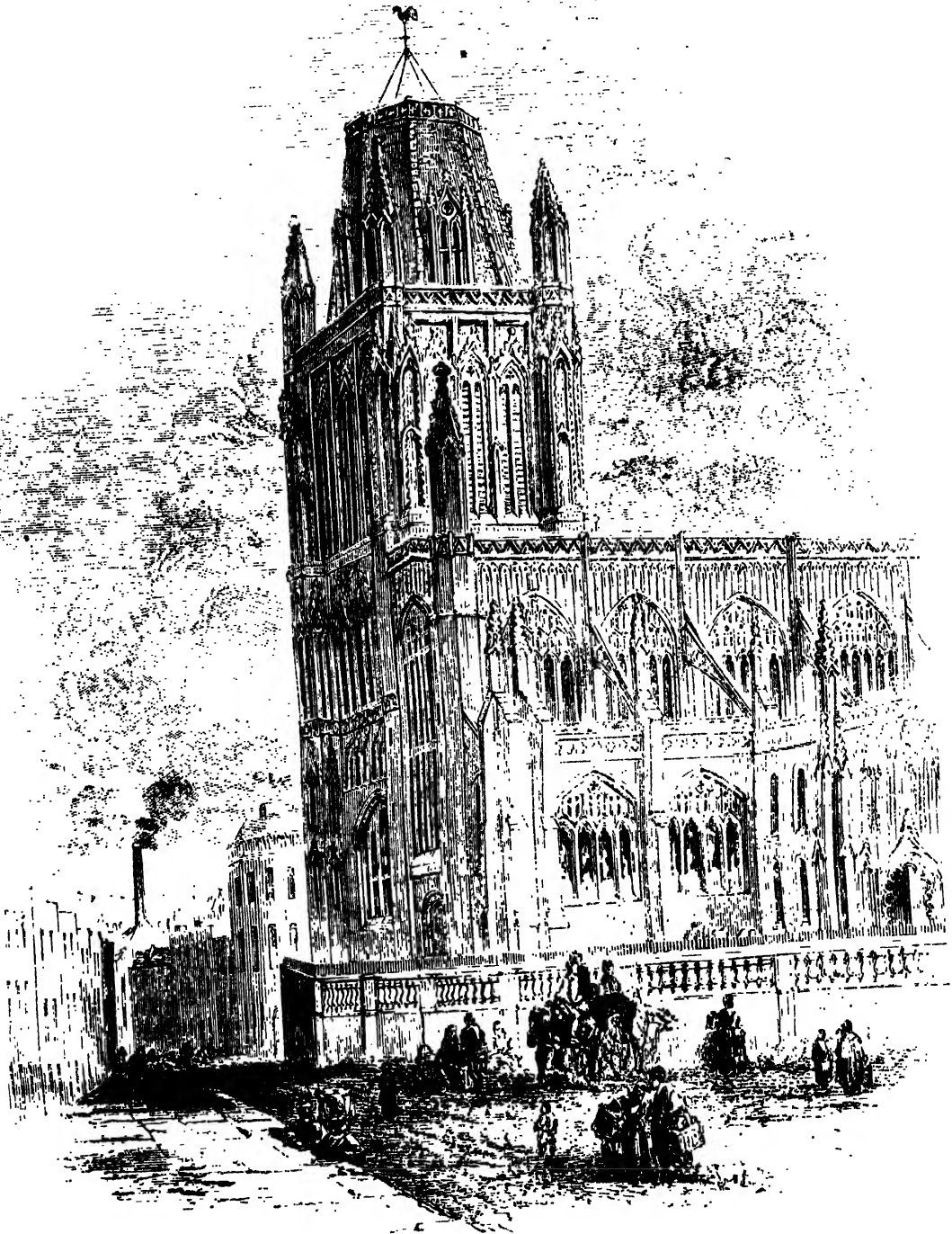
The best route for the tourist from Galway is by Oughterand to Clifden, which can be accomplished either by public conveyance, the Mail, or Bianconi’s car, or, better still, by hiring a vehicle. With the exception of an occasional glimpse at Lough Corrib, and one or two seats of resident gentry, and old castles, there is not much to interest or attract. Approaching Oughterand the aspect of the country improves; and while it is not less picturesque, it is more cultivated. Shortly after passing Lemonfield, the seat of George O. Flahertie, Esq., we reach the town, which is extremely pretty, with some good edifices.

Thence to Clifden the road mounts through a singularly wild region, and lake succeeds lake in quick succession, amid dreary bogs and wild marshes. At length “the half-way house” is reached. Beyond this is Lough Ourid, along whose northern shore the road winds, while to the right are seen the range of the Mamturk Mountains. Next comes Glendalough, with Ben-y-Gower towering in front; and so on by Ballinahinch to Clifden through bold mountain scenery. From Clifden to the Killeries, by Kylemore, is a delightful drive: and Salrue should not be left unvisited. Thence to Maume is as wild and grand as can well be imagined. If time permits, by all means visit Cong; if not, you can back to Oughterand. Thus an excellent notion of the physical features of this interesting region may be formed by the intelligent tourist. None others will gain much wherever they go.



THE TWELVE PINS, LOOKING OVER CLIFDEN.

BRISTOL.



ST. MARY REDCLIFFE CHURCH.

FORMERLY the communication between the Bristol Channel and the East Coast of Ireland was more regular than it is at present. Before the railway era, daily packets conveyed a mail between Bristol, Milford Haven, and Dublin, as well as Waterford. In the present day it is found more convenient to convey all letters for Ireland by way of Holyhead and Dublin, but there is still a regular steam packet between Waterford and Bristol, and by that conveyance we mean to land our readers once more on English shores.



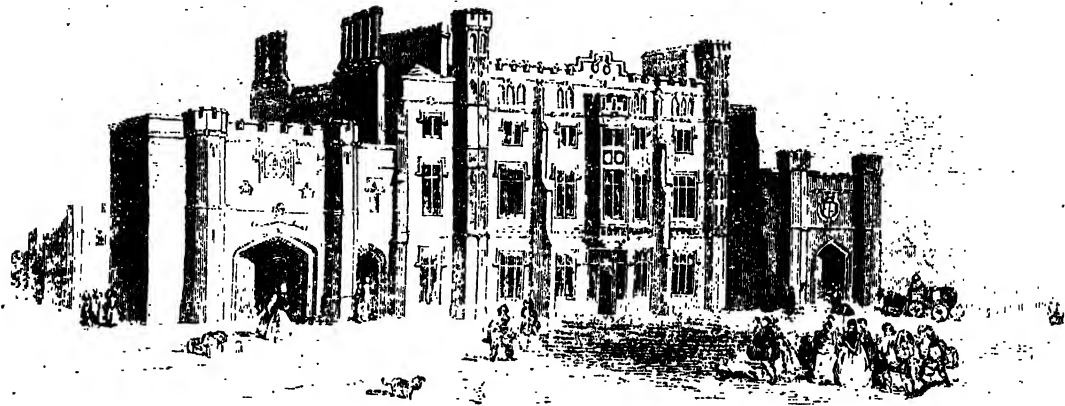
THE GUILDHALL.

A WALK THROUGH BRISTOL.

Bristol, *en ballon*, presents features singularly similar to those of the metropolis. The river Avon, which divides it into two portions, north and south, winds along with undulations so corresponding to those of the Thames in its passage through London, that the course of one river might almost be traced as a reduced copy of the other. The two portions of the city bear, also, the same relative importance to each other. The richest, oldest, and most interesting part of Bristol is situated on the north bank of the Avon; whilst the southern segment is another "Surrey-side of the water." The classes of tradesmen, and the general tone which pervades these two sections of the city present as marked a difference to each other as the dwellers of Tooley Street and Blackfriars Road do to those of the Strand, or the loungers of Regent Street. The more dormant portion of the city, if we might so term it, which lies on the Somersetshire shore of the Avon, is vitalized by three long and comparatively busy thoroughfares, Temple, Thomas, and Redcliffe Streets, which converge towards the principal bridge.

To give our reader the best idea in the shortest space of time, of Bristol, past and present, we will ramble with him through the principal streets of the city. He

is perhaps arrived by the Great Western Railway, which is situated at the extremity of Temple Street, and wishes to proceed to Clifton; the line of route to which place will afford him a more complete view of the various features of Bristol, than perhaps any other. Of the façade of the station itself, which finds accommodation for the Great Western, Exeter, and Birmingham lines, we can say little more than that its size is great, and its style Tudor. We are little accustomed to see originality or fitness studied in such buildings as these, which should, however, as much express the idea of the present age, as ecclesiastical architecture did that of the mediæval period; but we know of no style so little fitted to a railway-station as the Tudor. The Egyptian, or the Doric, in lack of some iron style, which is yet to come, might be adopted as emblematical of strength and power; but the Elizabethan, with its scrolls and light tracery, its open and elegant windows, and profuse embellishments, is more fitted for the baronial hall than for the frontispiece of so stupendous a work as a railway, or for the resting and starting-place of the great bleared-eyed fire-mouthed monster who devours both time and space. Even forgiving the style the architect has adopted, he has failed to give us a picturesque or pleasing pile, which, with the means at his disposal, he should have done. The design



THE RAILWAY TERMINUS.

is but commonplace, and the details are inharmonious. (Engraving.)

A sharp bend in the road after we leave the station, brings before us a full perspective of Temple Street, in all its poverty and picturesqueness. It is a street of gable ends, and we question if Queen Elizabeth, could she visit it in its present state, would see much alteration from the time when she passed through it three centuries ago. Every here and there some larger than common tenement is seen, leaning down with heavy-hanging brow over the street, and with a profusion of casement which evidences that the window-taxes were unknown when first they were glazed. In most of these houses, of old, the clicking of the weaver's loom might have been heard, plied by the broad-faced industrious Flemings. When Edward III. prohibited the export of wool from the kingdom, a number of cloth-weavers from Flanders were invited over to England, and numbers of them, settling in Bristol, made Temple Street their headquarters, and commenced a manufacture which, for many centuries, remained the staple product of the city. The merry music of the loom has long since fled to the pleasant valleys of Gloucestershire, and the less picturesque but more active north; and squalid rags now hang out to dry from rooms that once sent forth the renowned English broadcloth. Still farther back in the perspective of time, this street possessed a history: the religious element pervaded it before it was made busy by the handicraftsman. A little removed

from the street lies the Temple church, with its fine old tower, one of those piles which puzzle one to know whether it is to the builder or to the destroyer we owe most of their beauties. Honeycombed and stained by time, its old forehead looks stately and beautiful, as it catches the evening sun high over the surrounding houses. What attracts attention to it even more than its imposing form, is the manner in which it leans. Temple church is the Pisan Tower of Bristol: a plummet dropped from its battlements falls wide of its base three feet nine inches; and, viewed from a distance, the inclination of the tower—which is a very high one—seems even greater. This church at one time, and the quarter surrounding it, belonged to the Knights Templars, by whom it was founded in the year 1118. The utmost stretch of fancy can scarcely imagine the time when, instead of the groups of dirty women who now congregate upon the pavement, these soldiers of Christ, habited in the long white flowing robe of their order, bearing on the shoulder the red cross, made the "flints vocal" with their measured footsteps. At the bottom of Temple Street is another specimen of a leaning building—the 'Fourteen Stars Tavern,' an old wooden structure, which overhangs the road so much, that one is almost afraid to pass under it. A short walk brings us to Bristol Bridge, erected in 1762, on the foundations of its predecessor, a very curious old structure, covered with houses, and bearing in the middle a "faire chappel," dedicated to the blessed

Virgin Mary. It was the very counterpart of the old London Bridge; and one of Chatterton's finest poems is commemorative of its opening by the monks, in grand procession, in the thirteenth century. The present bridge, handsome and wide as it is, scarcely suffices for the circulation of the life-blood of the two great counties which it connects; what then must have been the confusion a hundred years ago, in the time of the former structure, when seventeen feet was all the clear way between the houses for both foot passengers and carriages! On the left of us, as we pass over, the river, like the Pool, is crowded with sloops and small coasting vessels, which discharge on the quay side, known here as the Back. We are now fairly entered upon the old city, and High Street, which is built upon a slight ascent, still preserves somewhat of its ancient character. It is obvious, as we pass up, that the better class of traders are ebbing away fast from its neighbourhood; large shops are to be seen divided into two, each making a desperate struggle for existence. The top of the street is the very centre of ancient Bristol, and here one of the distinguishing features of the city becomes obvious—the multitude of its churches, and the thickness with which they are planted together. At one time there stood a church at the corner of each of the four streets, which branch off at this place; in the centre shot up the High Cross, and within a bow-shot arose the spires and towers of six more sacred edifices; so that the view of this part of the city, from the hills which surround it, presented to the spectator one mass of spires. Four of these buildings have since been pulled down; but enough still remain to justify the expression that Bristol is "a city of churches." The High Cross, "beautified" with the effigies of eight kings, benefactors to the city, has long since been removed, to afford room for the increase of traffic. This old Cross had often been the scene of blood. Thomas, Lord le Despenser, was beheaded here for the part he took in the rebellion against Henry IV.; and it was the site of a still more tragic occurrence in 1461, when Sir Baldwin Fulford and two other Lancastrians were executed by the orders of Edward IV. The king carried his bloodthirstiness so far, as to order a place to be got ready in the church of St. Ewen's (which stood upon the site of the present Council House), that he might see the prisoners pass to where the axe awaited them. There is a passage in the churchwarden's book to the following effect: "Item, for washyng the church payen against K. Edward IV. is coming to Bristow. iiii. ob." It would have been better if they had paid this sum for washing his Majesty's hands of such a bloody piece of business. Chatterton, in his 'Bristowe Tragedie,' has rendered imperishable this event. If we loiter here for a moment, the interesting nature of the spot must be our excuse. As we have already said, four streets, running north, south, east, and west, meet the view: before us lies Broad Street, its outline broken by picturesque-looking houses, and bounded by its very old church, dedicated to St. John, under which opens one of the ancient

gates of the city. Wine Street, with its curious old wooden house, brought in frame from Holland, and set up at the corner of the street in the sixteenth century, and now Stuckey's Bank; and at the right Clare Street (High Street we have already spoken of), down which we turn. The Council House is a chaste building, possessing no peculiarities, either good or bad, which criticism can take hold of. A statue of Justice surmounts its pediment, however, which is beautifully designed, and from the chisel of Baily, a native of Bristol. The Exchange, lying upon the left hand a little farther down, is an extremely handsome structure, and like most of the public works erected in this city in the middle of the last century, is an evidence that art was not overlooked by its wealthy and public-spirited projectors. The façade is Roman, very highly ornamented; and that portion of it which forms the merchant's walk is a spacious open square, surrounded on all sides by handsome arcades. There is a conscientiousness about the manner in which every portion of this building is finished, which shows to great disadvantage works executed in these days of lath and plaster and compo: the business transacted here, however, is now confined to the corn-trade. The mass of merchants resort to the Commercial Rooms, on the opposite side of the road; and sales are struck over the wet broad sheet of 'The Times,' instead of the damp flag-stones of the Exchange quadrangle, which now seem almost deserted. At the back of the Exchange runs the chief market of the city, occupying a great space of ground in a very irregular manner; the supply from the fruitful counties of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire is excellent and abundant. A feature which strikes the stranger as he passes through is the singular costume of the market-people. The vegetable stalls are mostly kept by Kingswood women—children of that rude race which Wesley, with his meek yet indomitable spirit, strove to evangelize—here they stand, handling Brobdignagian cabbages, and watering drooping radishes, in the selfsame-fashioned dresses in which their great grandmothers attired themselves; the hat they wear is of black felt, the wide leaves of which are bent down to cover the ears, and the shallow rounded crown is encircled with puffing of black ribbons; under this head-covering peeps the plaited white cap, and the hair is dressed in an infinite number of small thin loops, which forms a fringe, as it were, across the forehead. The older women wear a blue great coat, confined at the waist by a band, whilst two or three capes protect the shoulders; the younger ones, however, have discarded this latter garment, and complete their toilet with a bright yellow handkerchief folded over the bosom. There is something so quaint and interesting in the dress, that when the wearer is pretty—and many of the young Kingswood women are eminently so—it is quite dangerous to attempt bargaining with them.

Returning to Clare Street again, we must not omit to mention, as a sign of Bristol's care even in the middle ages, for literature as well as for commerce, that there anciently stood, beside All Saints' church,

now close upon us, the House of Kalenders, which belonged to a fraternity half laic, half religious, founded here long before the Conquest, and whose duty was, to convert Jews, instruct youth, and keep the archives of the city. In this house, as long ago as the middle of the fifteenth century, lectures were delivered twice a week, and a valuable library stood open to the public; so that, as regards Bristol at least, yesterday's Mechanics' Institutes need not sling "dark ages" so contemptuously in the teeth of the past.

"Not only we, the latest seeds of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past; not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well."

Still more churches as we proceed down Clare Street, —St. Werburg's, with the west face of its tower washed with the storms of four or five centuries into a bright and most artistic tone, next arrests our attention. On a sunny day, when the lights and shades are particularly strong, we question if a more picturesque combination can be afforded in any city than the view of the buildings here congregated. Looking towards the top of the street, St. Werburg's tower, with the bright sun upon it, stands out against the gloom in which the Exchange is buried. Then again the elegant Italian dome of All Saints repeats the light, and carries the eye on to where the old Dutch-built Bank, with its many galleries and projecting angles, forms a complete picture in itself. Near the bottom of Clare Street we come to what, after St. Mary Redeliff, might be considered the pride of Bristol as regards ecclesiastical architecture; and indeed we doubt if there is so fine a specimen of what is termed the "perpendicular" style in England as the tower of St. Stephen's church. It is about 125 feet in height; but the delicate tracery, which the eye follows from its base to the beautiful open-work of its pinnacles, makes it look much higher, rising as it does like a tall and graceful lady, above the gloomy warehouses which surround it on all sides but the one on which it is viewed. Time has added to its effect by washing bright and clear here and there the projecting ornaments, which show against the sable dress with which the smoke has enveloped it. (Engraving.) The church is much older than the tower, which was built about 1472, by John Shipward, one of the many merchant princes Bristol boasted in that early time. Those sturdy traders were as inclined for a fight as for traffic, if we are to believe a document published some years since in the Bristol Mirror, which gives an account of what the citizens call the English Chevy Chase, or the battle of Nibley Green, fought in the year 1470, not many miles from the city, between the followers of the fourth lord of Berkeley and those of the first Lord de Lisle. At this bloody encounter both John Shipward and Philip Mede, another merchant, were, as this document asserts, present; it is certain, however, that they were promoters of the strife; and this was all the more singular, as both of them had been members of Parliament for the city, and had filled the office of its chief magistrate. This occurrence taking place during the wars of the



ST. STEPHEN'S.

roses, it was hushed up, and nothing came of it, if we except this glorious tower, which it is said Shipward erected as some expiation of his offences against "God and the king's laws," in aiding of this bloody battle.

Water, again; well may Andrew de Chesne, who wrote in the time of King Stephen, say of Bristol, that it "seems to swim in the water, and wholly to be set on the river banks." It is not the Avon we are now coming to, however, but a canal, cut in the thirteenth century to afford berthings for great ships, which before that time often received damage by grounding on the mud in the river; it was also constructed to turn the course of the Frome, a small tributary to the Avon, which the good citizens have been at some pains to hide from view, as not a vestige of it is to be seen, although it meanders through the centre of the town. It is worth while pausing for a moment on the swing-bridge we are passing over. To the right of us lie moored the picturesque-looking Severn trows, built after a fashion that must have prevailed before the flood. Ranged side by side, each one, with its bright brown mast, intensely red little flag, and black pall-like tarpaulings, covering the cargo piled high upon the deck, and the bargee, who is always seen there stretched out at length upon his stomach fast asleep, they form a picture which contrasts strangely with the vessels seen on the other side of the bridge, keen little clippers, with masts raking at a tremendous angle. These vessels are mostly Guernsey and Jersey traders, or luggers bringing fruit from Spain and Portugal. Still further down, the great chimneys of the Irish steamers lean over the quay while they discharge their cargoes. And beyond these, towering over a confusion of West Indiamen, with top-sails struck, the light tracery of an American or a Chinaman is painted against the sky, its long pennant floating languidly in the wind. In showery weather, when the sails of the ships are unclewed to dry, and shadows run over them as they belly to the breeze, the scene here is exceedingly picturesque; and, to make the whole perfect, half way down the quay a great sun-dial, raised high upon a pillar, flashes intelligence from its golden face.

At this spot one of the features which tend to render the city so picturesque is observable,—the suddenness with which the hills to the north of it dip down into the busy mart of men. Several of the quaint old streets in this quarter of the town seem terminated by sloping banks of verdure, clothed with waving trees, and terraced and dotted with houses. The abruptness with which nature meets and refreshes the eye, wearied with dull ranges of warehouses and dingy streets of brick, reminds one of similar transitions in towns of Switzerland or Savoy, where the perspectives of streets are terminated by wall-like mountain sides, or gigantic peaks. St. Michael's and Spring Ifills are those which, in the present instance, lie before us; the former covered with a fringe of trees which seem almost to kiss the sky. As we proceed along St. Augustin's Parade, we note that gradually the plate glass in the windows grows larger, the shop fronts more imposing, and the goods

exposed more *recherché*, the people wear more the air of loungers, and trade is evidently shaking off the coarser look of barter. The reason is simple,—we are on the high road to Clifton, the genteel sister, who looks down upon hard-working Bristol with the most profound hauteur.

College Green (Cut, p.306) might be considered the debateable land between commerce and fashion; here all the characteristic features of the city might be said to meet. As a good overture foreshadows and suggests the movements and melodies of an opera, so does this green contain within itself a miniature of Bristol. As we stand in the centre, surrounded on all sides by avenues of lime-trees of tenderest green, to the left, in complete quiet and deep monastic gloom, lies the Cathedral, (Cut, p.307,) looking much as it did five centuries ago; this side of the Green seems quite given up to the solemn spirit of religion, and is the representative, together with the church of the Gaunts and that of St. Augustin's the less, of the spiritual life of the city. On the other hand is the thoroughfare which leads to Clifton; here trade speaks in the busy throng, which forms a line of ever-moving life. If we turn for a moment, we perceive, through the entrance to the Green, the masts of ships, the flapping sails, and the burning reflections of the setting sunlight, cast by their pitchy hulls upon the water; thus commerce contributes to the scene. And not alone to the eye speaks this singular concentration in one spot of so many different features of the city. He who muses with closed eyes beneath the cool shadows of the limes, becomes aware of the strange medley of sounds which pour into his ear. Mingled with the busy hum of men and the rush of carriage wheels comes the heave-yo of the sailors, as they warp some ship to its berth, or the swift run of the crane chain, as it drops the cumbrous bale into the gaping hold, and above all, the *Te Deum* in sudden swells of the organ, and voices of the "singing boys," booming through the open doors of the cathedral.

The associations connected with this Green are of the deepest interest. Here, under a great oak, St. Augustin held a conference with the bishops of the Anglican church; and here the preaching friars and priests denounced the "heresy" which was so soon to overturn their faith. The cemeteries of the abbey and of the church of the Gaunts once stood here, and the deposit of human remains has risen the soil several feet above the original level; doubtless the trees, which for city trees are luxuriant and vigorous in the extreme, owe much of their beauty to the fat monks, who lie so comfortably at their roots. The mutilated pile which occupies almost the entire south side of College Green, is nearly all that remains of the great and wealthy monastery of St. Augustin, founded in the twelfth century by Robert Fitzhardinge, (said to be of the Royal family of Denmark,) a great merchant of Bristol, and first of the noble family of Berkeley, many succeeding members of which have enriched it from time to time. But very little of the original building is now, however, to be seen, the abbey having be "

rebuilt in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of these houses at the Reformation, Bristol was erected into a bishopric, and this edifice then became the cathedral of St. Augustin.

The outward appearance of this building is extremely heavy, and totally devoid of architectural beauty: the tower, which is low and massive, forms, perhaps, its best feature. The body of the church seems made up of huge buttresses, in the construction of which a great many red sandstone blocks were introduced; these having decayed and worn away, during the course of centuries, a series of indentations are apparent, which gives it the appearance (if we might so express it) of being pock-marked. The floor of the cathedral is several feet below the level of the Green; we are, accordingly, obliged to enter by a descent of steps. The first feature which strikes the eye in the interior is the uniform height of the chancel, two side-aisles, cross-aisle, and the portion of the nave yet standing: this gives a feeling of unusual space, and the effect must have been magnificent, when the other portion of the nave—which extended 150 feet westward—was in existence. The vaulting is light and elegant, and some of the bosses are extremely grotesque in character. The elder Lady's Chapel, situated at the north side of the church, is evidently the oldest portion of the building; and, doubtless, formed a part of the original abbey built by Fitzhardinge. Bristol historians seem quite uncertain when, or in what manner, the nave was destroyed; it is surmised, however, that it was pulled down by some of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, before it was decided to convert the abbey into a cathedral. The interior suffered much damage from the iconoclasts, during the great Rebellion; many *fine* windows were destroyed, and several of the ancient monuments were, unfortunately, greatly injured, and those which have survived the two revolutions, religious and political, are now slowly succumbing under the hands of barbarous deans. The slovenly yellow-wash brush has been smeared over monuments as well as walls; and cross-legged crusaders,—many of whom sleep here their stony sleep—mitred abbots and knights, who once lay in all the splendour of coloured and gilded armour, now alike repose in garments of yellow-wash, put on one over the other, until the original figures beneath them are almost obscured. There is one little chapel in which particular havoc has been committed,—the chapel of the Newtons,—containing several altar-tombs, the effigies upon some of which were entirely destroyed by the Puritans. The others, once so quaint with colour and heraldic embellishments, have now been reduced by the Vandals of the place to buff coats, and hose of the commonest ochre. Upon one of these tombs—that of Sir Henry Newton, who died in 1599,—there is an epitaph, written with such a fine martial tramp, that we cannot forbear giving it:

"Gourney Hampton, Cradock, Newton last,
Held on the measure of that ancient line
Of Baron's blood; full seventy years he past,
And did in peace his sacred soul resign.

"His church he loved; he loved to feed the poor;
Such love assures a life that dies no more."

Sir Isaac Newton belonged to this family, whose seat, Barr's Court, was situated at Hanham, only a few miles from Bristol: it is now a barn; the garden, once so quaint and beautiful, is reduced to a common field, and the outline of the fish-pond is yet traceable within it. The only remnant of this baronial hall to be seen is the coat of arms, let into a building now used as a cowhouse. '*Sic transit!*'

There are very few monuments of modern date worthy of notice in this cathedral; but of marble mason's grief there is a plentiful supply; indeed, the walls are dotted all over with funereal urns, weeping willows, and the usual patterns kept in stock by the statuary, the effect of which mars that solemn repose the eye looks for in such a building. There is a monument by Bailey, very beautiful in design, and a figure, emblematical of Faith, by Chantry, which, for purity of expression, we have rarely seen equalled; but, undoubtedly the finest piece of sculpture in the cathedral is the monument to Mrs. Draper—Sterne's Eliza—executed by Bacon. Two exquisite female figures, typical of Genius and Benevolence, form the composition; the one bearing a living torch, the other, a nest of pelicans, the mother feeding her young ones from her own bleeding breast. The delicacy with which this group is executed, is something marvellous. Young sculptors would do well to see it, that they may learn how conscientious and fastidious a really great artist is in the finish of his works. There are several monuments to different members of the Berkeley family, and a very fine altar-tomb, with effigies of a full-length knight and lady upon it. At one time this tomb was supposed to represent the founder of the fabric, Robert Fitzhardinge, and Eva, his wife; but it has been since satisfactorily ascertained that it belongs to one of his descendants. As we pass into the cloisters, through a postern in the south-west corner of the church, we step upon a grave more interesting than those of mailed warriors,

"Imprison'd in black purgatorial rolls,"

for it contains the dust of genius. Here Edward Bird, the artist, lies buried. He came to Bristol a painter of tea-trays—precious trays! what gentle figures now bend over these works of thy hand, and serve the choice Bohea!—executed here many famous pictures, including one of the most pathetic and touching compositions ever produced by artist,—'The Battle of Chevy Chase'—died, and was followed to his lonely grave in this spot by four hundred of his friends and admirers. No spot could have been chosen more fitted to receive his dust. By day, the sunlight cast on the pavement in gothic windows of gold through the cloister tracery, slowly and noiselessly moves athwart his tomb; whilst, at times, the wild wind sweeps sighing through the dim arcade, and the autumn leaves, as they circle and gambol round the unseen footsteps of Decay, pass over his sad-looking place of rest.

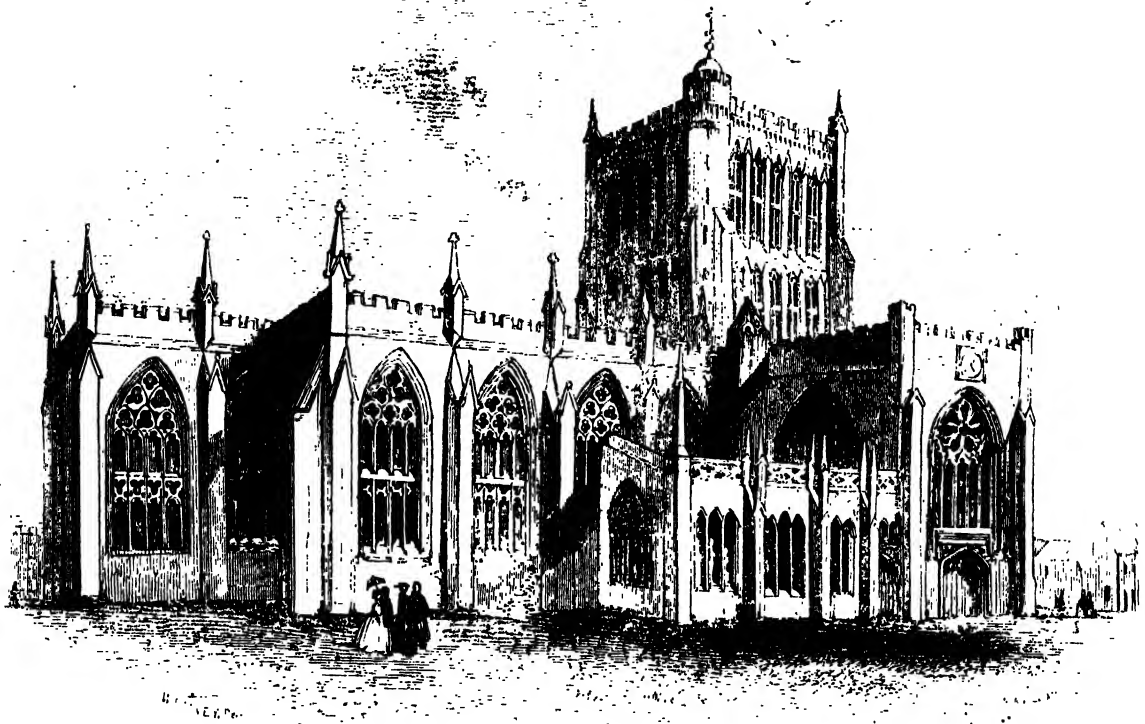


COLLEGE GREEN.

The cloisters present a melancholy ruin; the west and south sides have long since disappeared; and for some unaccountable reason, the eastern arcade has lately been blocked up with freestone. The northern walk is therefore all that remains, and it would probably have shared a like fate with the others, but that the chapter-room opens from it, by means of a very rare Anglo-Norman porch. The chapter-room is in a most perfect state of preservation, and presents a fine specimen of the same style of architecture. The dean and chapter, in restoring it, some years since, however, raised a wooden floor, about five feet over the ancient pavement, in order to keep out the sepulchral dampness; but much at the expense of the proportions of the room, and completely to the obscuration of the stone benches which surround it. Before leaving the cloister, if we peep through the keyhole of a large door, we

shall see the blackened ruin of the bishop's palace, burnt by the mob in the Reform riots of 1831. The bishop now has an episcopal palace at Stapleton, a few miles from Bristol, as well as in Gloucester; the two sees having, within these few years, been consolidated. As we proceed by way of the cloisters to the College Green, remnants of old Gothic work lie about us on all sides; and as we puzzle over an ancient manuscript, and try to eke out those letters that time has obliterated, so we conjecture of the original proportions of this monastery, by its detached and outlying fragments.

By far the most interesting and elegant of all the remains of the Abbey, however, is the Anglo-Norman archway, the most perfect and beautiful specimen of this early style, perhaps, to be met with in England. The intersecting arches, and the zig-zag mouldings, which ornament it, are almost as perfect as the day



THE CATHEDRAL.

they were chiselled. There is a dwelling-house over this gateway in the perpendicular style, built in the fifteenth century; adorned with canopied niches, in which are the statues of kings, noblemen, and abbots, and one of the Virgin Mary. Fresh as this old archway looks, the picture it frames is still fresher, though far more ancient. As we look through the opening from the Green, the distant hills and fields meet the view, and present much the same appearance as they did centuries ago; it only requires one of the black canons of the old abbey to saunter up, to take us back to the days of king Stephen.

But we have tarried too long, we fear, in the neighbourhood of these interesting remains, and our reader wishes us to push on. We must not do so, however, without drawing attention to the chapel of the Gaunts; largely endowed, if not built, by some of the early members of the Berkeley family, the knightly effigies of many of whom are here to be seen. This chapel now goes by the name of the Mayor's Chapel, and it has been superbly embellished of late for the use of the chief magistrate and corporation. It is entered over the dust of one of the greatest scoundrels of whom history takes note. Captain Bedloe, the associate of Titus Oates in the 'Rye House Plot' conspiracy, lies buried here, without a sign, or word, to denote the place of his sepulture.

We are now close upon the confines of Clifton: Park

Street, handsomely and regularly built, upon a very steep hill, lies before us; and trade, as we see by the shop-blinds, every here and there between the private houses, is gradually scaling the height, and making this once fashionable and quiet neighbourhood a busy thoroughfare. The street is so steep, that as we view it from College Green it appears almost perpendicular, up which the carriages zigzag, and the people climb, almost in defiance of the laws of gravitation. Arrived at the top, however, with much labour, a new scene opens upon us; but across the air-drawn barrier which here divides proud independent Clifton from toiling Bristol, we are not yet inclined to step; by-and-by, when we do so, it must be with a prouder carriage, as an actor does, when he advances from the side scenes to the brilliant stage.

Returning then to Bristol for a short while, we must not forget to mention, among the great thoroughfares, Wine Street, Castle Street, and Old Market Street, which run eastward, almost in a line, and lead to the old 'Upper Road,' to Bath. Parallel to Wine Street lies one of the most ancient, and certainly the most picturesque of Bristol's thoroughfares—Mary-le-port Street—one part of which is so narrow, and the houses so much overhang, that the sky is only visible as a ribbon of blue: the inhabitants can shake hands with each other out of their garret windows with ease; and cats make nothing of a flying visit to the tiles "over

the way." Every house here is delightful to the painter's eye, from the great variety of its outline: in many cases, the windows—those handsome protruding structures, so prevalent in Queen Elizabeth's time—extend the whole breadth of the house, and every floor is so built as to overhang the one below it. Here and there the arms of some ancient guild might be seen moulded in the plaster-work, but well nigh obliterated by the annual supply of yellow wash they receive. It is quite impossible for two carriages to pass each other in some parts of this street; yet we should fancy that the good people of Bristol would regret to see it swept away, even for the convenience of having a more serviceable thoroughfare. Wine Street is completely modernized; but in Peter Street we again meet with the gables and huge windows of the olden time. Behind St. Peter's Church is the Mint, so called from its being the house where money was coined after the destruction of the castle, in which this branch of the king's service was originally carried on. It is now a hospital, and the poor-house of the city; Bristol, by a Local Act, having the management of its own poor. And here before this fine-looking old mansion they congregate—a wretched-looking crowd—twice a week for relief; yet within a few yards, among pauper's graves, covered with oyster-shells and rubbish, lies one who in his lifetime was still more wretched—Richard Savage, the poet! Castle Street is built upon the site of the old Castle, destroyed by Cromwell in 1655. Scarcely a vestige remains of this famous fortress, which once formed the military key of the west. Wandering along Castle Green, curious to see what remnants might yet be found of a stronghold which had endured twelve sieges, and had taken a part in all the great rebellions and civil wars of our history, we were attracted by the sighing of a forge-bellows, and the glow proceeding from an open doorway. Looking in, we beheld the red light illuminating a finely-grained roof; and upon making inquiries, we found this blacksmith's shop to be an ancient crypt of the Castle, and the only remains of that building now in existence.

A fortress stood upon this spot as early as the time of the Saxons, and served as a check to Danish marauders in the neighbourhood; but it owed its importance as a mighty stronghold to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, bastard son of Henry I., who, foreseeing the impending struggles, and wishing for security against the time when his father's death would lead to fierce disputes for the crown, fixed upon Bristol, the head of his barony, as a place in which to entrench himself; and scarcely had he finished rebuilding the Castle, commenced in 1130, when King Stephen attacked him, but unsuccessfully. Shortly afterwards, however, he entered its walls, but as a prisoner instead of a triumphant conqueror; and here he remained some time. A writer who describes this Castle in the reign of that monarch, does not give it a very bright character: he says, "On one part of the city, where it is more exposed, and liable to be besieged, a

large castle rises high, with many banks, strengthened with a wall, bulwarks, tower, and other contrivances to prevent the approach of besiegers; in which they get together such a number of vassals, both horse and foot,—or rather, I might say, of robbers and freebooters—that they appear not only great and terrible to the lookers-on, but truly horrible; and it is scarce to be credited: for collecting out of different counties and regions, there is so much the more numerous and freer conflux of them, the more easier under a rich lord and the protection of a very strong Castle, they have leave to commit whatever pleases them best in this rich country." The citizens showed the estimation they held their gallant protectors in, by building a wall between the Castle and themselves! In later times, however, it freed itself of this charge of being a mere stronghold for freebooters. It was the last place which made any stand for Richard II., when the civil war broke out during his absence in Ireland; still later its dungeons held John Vere, Earl of Oxford, after the battle of Tewkesbury laid the Lancastrian banner in the dust. During the great Rebellion, Bristol, the second city of the empire, was naturally coveted by the King and the Parliamentarians, especially so by the latter. "The Parliament," says Prynne, "his Excellency, London, and the whole kingdom, looked upon Bristol as the place of the greatest consequence of any in England, next to London, as the metropolis key, magazine of the west, which would be all endangered, and the kingdom too, by its loss." Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes held it for the Commons early in the struggle, but it was carried by Rupert in 1643, at which time King Charles and his two sons entered it in all the pomp of military triumph: it was not to be supposed, however, that the Parliamentarians would long allow such a strong place as Bristol to remain in the hands of the Royalists. Fairfax and Cromwell marched against it two years later, with a powerful army; and as they were not the men to go away again, leaving their work undone, Prince Rupert, after sustaining a sharp assault, thought it advisable to give the city and Castle up to them; and with Bristol fell the chief hope of despotic power in England.

We have given a cut of Steep Street. (Cut, p. 310.) It was by means of this precipitous defile that the Parliamentary forces entered the city; and the people within their houses keeping up a bloody fire from their windows as they passed, the troopers grew so exasperated that they entered, and put every one they found in them to the sword. Cromwell wisely ordered the Castle to be levelled with the ground immediately it came into his possession; and with its venerable towers the military history of Bristol might be said to have ended. The Castle moat still remains, and shows the extent of ground it once occupied; and this stagnant water-girdle, of old designed to keep out assault, has now in its turn become assaulter; and from year to year slays more with its pestiferous breath than ever did the culverins, crossbows, and cannon of the Castle. Why do not the Bristol people complete the work

which Cromwell commenced, and fill up this foul and stinking ditch.

THE MANUFACTORIES, ETC., OF BRISTOL.

St. Philip's and Temple Meads, two districts which lie to the east of the city, and on either side of the river, are almost entirely given up to manufactories, and there is perhaps no place in England which contains such a variety of them in so small a space. St. Philip's especially is

"A huddled mass of brick and stones,
And working shops, and furnace fires."

As we pass along, one moment a huge glass-house cone attracts our notice, the fierce glow of the great fires which we see through the open door making black *silhouettes* of the busy workmen who stand before it; the next brings us to where the din of hammers proclaims an iron-foundry; then again 'tis some distillery, or a pottery, or alkali works. And here, indeed, as one of Bristol's native poets has said,

"Tall belching chimneys rise in vain,
To mock the poor deluded town;
Pouring a poisonous vapour-ruin,
Their heavy vomit, down."

Glass may be considered a staple manufacture; this city has been the seat of the trade for many centuries: immense quantities of bottles are made here, and the flint glass of Bristol is famed throughout England. Soap is also a staple product of the city: as long ago as the thirteenth century it sold largely of this article to London. The locomotive factory of Messrs. Stothard and Slaughter, one of the most extensive in the kingdom, is situated in St. Philip's, and a peep into their workshops shows us goodly rows of these gleaming monsters, in different states of progress, some but gigantic skeletons, others puffing with their first trial, and just ready to be launched upon their arrowy course. Within a short distance lies the Bristol cotton-works, with its noble façade and little village of workmen's houses clustered around it. This factory is more complete within itself, perhaps, than any other in the kingdom; it has attached to it large bleaching-works, and a foundry and engineering establishment, where all the looms and other machinery of the works are made and repaired. Upwards of two thousand persons are here employed, chiefly in the manufacture of a coarse kind of cotton goods calculated for the Levant trade; the whole place is very perfect in its arrangements, and the comforts of the workpeople are carefully attended to. These works are situated on a short canal running into the Avon. Still farther up the river, at Crew's Hold and Keynsham, large lead and brass-works are carried on. The manufactures of Bristol are by no means confined to this quarter of the city, however. Walking along some of the greatest thoroughfares, we come now and then upon huge many-storied buildings, emitting at all possible parts little jets of steam: these are the sugar-baking houses; Bristol has a name for refining

sugar, and it commands higher prizes throughout the markets of the world than the refineries of any other place. About the middle of the last century these establishments were much more numerous than at present, and immense fortunes were made by this manufacture. "A Bristol sugar-baker" was a stock character of many of the comedies of that day, and was generally put forward as the representative of everything that was rich and vulgar; it need not be said with what slight reason. The poor sugar-bakers are now allowed to pursue their avocations unmolested, and the calumny has been transferred to the great millerats of the north. Groups of boys may generally be seen about these refineries, trying to get a "taste" out of the empty sugar casks piled in front of them. A word or two might not be here out of place, with respect to the sledges, or drays, employed in this and other branches of trade in Bristol, as most absurd things have been said about them; one writer will have it that "they suffer no carts, lest, as some say, the shake occasioned by them on the pavement should affect the *Bristol milk* (sherry) in the vaults, which is certainly had here in the greatest perfection." And to this day one of the common fallacies respecting Bristol is, that all its traffic is carried on with these sledges; to some extent this is true, but from no care, however, lest the lactuaries of the city be damaged, but for the simple reason, that where heavy goods, such as tobacco, sugar, rum, &c., have to be moved from place to place, a low dray is much more convenient for the purpose of lifting in and out than a high-wheeled cart. Strangers who visit Bristol, however, will find just as many of the ordinary kind of vehicles as are to be met with elsewhere. In addition to the foregoing list of manufactories, we must not forget the many important foundries and wrought-iron works flourishing here, in which chain cables and anchors of the largest size are made; manufactures of patent shot, sheet lead, tobacco and snuff, chocolate, cocoa, and floor-cloth, absorb a vast amount of labour; and by the trades of hat and pin-making the two neighbouring villages of Easton and Winterbourne are in a great measure supported. The reason of the manufacturing activity displayed in a place which a stranger would imagine wholly given up to commerce, is to be found in the vast coal-fields upon which Bristol is built, and which renders fuel,—the very life-blood of metal working, and other trades requiring great heat,—so plentiful and cheap. These coal-fields extend from a point a few miles north-east of Bristol to the south-west, and east a distance of thirty miles; the beds are generally shallow, but the quality is excellent. Unlike the pits about Birmingham and in the north, those in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, especially the Ashton and Brislington collieries, are situated in the midst of the most rural and beautiful scenery; verdure extends up to the very pit mouths, and the tireless arm of the mighty giant steam, lifting like a plaything enormous loads from out the bowels of the earth, continually meets the eye as we clear a clump of trees or the brow



STEEP STREET.

of some flowery hill side. In working for coals, some very singular geological formations have been found; and in the quarries at Brislington, bamboo canes have often been turned up. How a hint of this kind rolls back the scroll of time, how the imagination is baffled when it attempts to realize a period when the proud-looking foliage of the tropics clothed the steep ascent in place of lofty elms, and when saurians of sixty feet in length were the pet playthings of the vale.

We must not leave the subject of Bristol industry without referring to the craft of ship-building, which might be expected to flourish here: but it is not so; for some reason with which we are unacquainted, the busy hammer of the shipwright has been heard less and less on the banks of the Avon, and the tall poles which have cradled so many noble ships now look silly and idle in the deserted yards. Of the two splendid establishments, replete with the most perfect machinery

for the construction of both wooden and iron vessels, that which moulded the "Great Britain," and sent forth the finest steamer in the world, is now turned into a locomotive factory; and where once they bound swift rushing steam to the iron keel, broad-gauge engines are now in the course of construction: the other, the magnificent ship-yard that has turned out some of the best of the West India mail-boats, has either been silent for years, or only employed in the most partial manner. The heart seems gone out of the city, for ship-building, at least: may it only be for a time!

THE PORT OF BRISTOL.

The river Avon opens into the Bristol Channel at Kingroad,—a splendid haven capable of holding a thousand ships in perfect security, and ten miles from

the city. From this outside roadstead the largest ships are brought up to Bristol at high tide. The advantages of a port, running as it does into the very lap of England, were not lost sight of by the Romans,—as one of their most important stations, called Abona, was situated upon the Avon, a few miles below Bristol.

The commerce of Bristol began to develop itself at an early period of the Saxon history, and at the time of the Conquest it was a flourishing port. William of Malmesbury, who wrote in Henry the Second's reign, speaks of Bristol as full of ships from Ireland, Norway, and every part of Europe; and by the time of Edward III., it had attained to the dignity of being the second port in the kingdom. In the roll of the fleet which attended that monarch at the siege of Calais, we find that London furnished 25 ships and 662 mariners, while Bristol sent 22, with 608 mariners; nearly as many as all the other ports put together. The activity of Bristol appears to have gone on increasing very rapidly; for in Henry VII.'s time we find that William Canynge, one of its princely merchants, whose name the city still cherishes, possessed, among many other ships of 400 and 500 tons burden, one '*Le Mary Radcliffe*,' of the enormous burden of 900 tons; an evidence in itself of the vast traffic the place carried on in ancient times. It is not, however, to the magnitude of her commerce that Bristol owes her early fame alone. To the enterprises of one of her citizens, England stood indebted for her magnificent possessions in the New World. In the year 1497, Sebastian Cabot, son of a Venetian, but himself a "Bristol man born," as he describes himself, sailed from this harbour in the '*Mathew*,' accompanied by other ships, on a voyage of discovery, and in the course of the same year touched Newfoundland,—being the first person who ever set foot upon the *mainland* of America. In returning home he sailed along the coast as far as Florida; and by virtue of this visit North America became annexed to the English crown. This brilliant achievement forms the first of many associations which the Bristolian loves to dwell upon in connection with his beautiful river. In imagination he sees the little '*Mathew*' dropping down the Avon with her bold ship's crew, flushed with the anticipated triumph of reaching some far-distant land as bright as those isles which Columbus had just discovered—he hears among the rocks and woody hills the echoing cheers of the ancient "Bristow" men, habited in the velvets and "bravery" of the time, as they take leave of the adventurous craft about to enter strange seas where man never before drove his daring keel, and at the bend in the river which hides the city from his sight, he sees, in fancy, Sebastian himself uncovering his fine Venetian head in token of a last farewell. With this romantic picture of an early time, the imaginative citizen contrasts a later and still more exciting scene when by these precipitous woods and under these mighty cliffs glided a widely different craft. This time 'tis no quaintly carved high-sided ship bending under her bellying sails, and committing herself to the

mercy of the elements and the keeping of God, but a vast black hull, driving the water before her, and beating up with some invisible power great foam-waves at her sides. Not half so nobly apparelled as old Sebastian stands the master of this new adventure upon the quarter-deck; but beneath the prosaic black coat beats as bold a heart, and under the little cap of blue a brow whose science would look to that "ancient mariner" very much like an acquaintance with the black art. This new ship is the '*Great Western*,' on her first voyage to New York; she is putting forth in the very teeth of tempest, laughing tides to scorn, and going to certain destruction (so said the wise men of the world); still on she speeds, drawing behind her a long black line of smoke—England's new-found pennant—till at last she is lost behind the folding hills gone to cast a bridge across the sea to that land which the little '*Mathew*' had four hundred years before discovered. Upon no waters but those of the winding Avon have two such splendid adventures as these been written.

Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century another occurrence took place in connection with the port that is worthy of note. Old Dampier, the gallant buccaneer, having sailed from Bristol with two armed vessels, on an expedition in search of Spanish treasure ships, anchored off the island of Juan Fernandez. Perceiving a light on shore during the night, he sent a boat to reconnoitre, which not returning, the pinnace went in search; but soon "came back from the shore with abundance of crayfish, and a *man clothed in goat-skins*, who looked more wild than their first owners." This man was Alexander Selkirk—the original of Robinson Crusoe—who was taken to Bristol, after having been on the island for four years and four months. Dampier, on his way, captured a Spanish galleon; but the greatest treasure he took was the wild man in goat-skins; for without him the world would never have seen one of its most delightful tales.

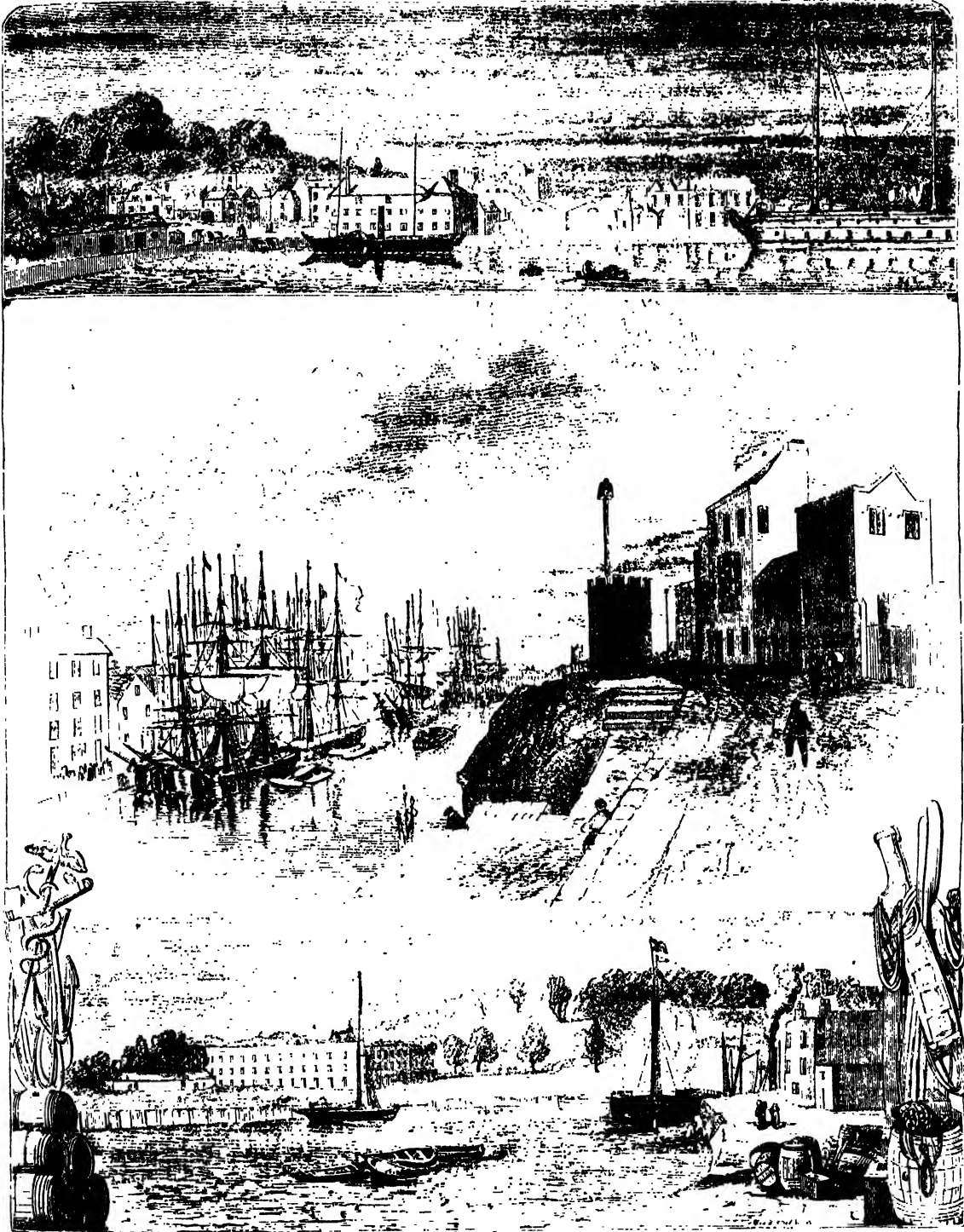
In the year 1804, the whole of the Avon was dammed back as far as Cumberland basin, at the Hotwells, and formed into a magnificent floating harbour, at an expense of £600,000, and a new channel cut for the tide, commencing above the city, towards Bath, and terminating at Rownham Ferry, about a mile below it. The citizens, however, committed one fatal mistake, when the new harbour was formed; they allowed the river, the very porch as it were of their town, to go out of their own hands. The Dock Company to which it was made over, raised the port dues so high that ship-owners have from time to time avoided the place; and many harbours possessing not half its natural advantages have absorbed much of the commerce that should rightly have found its way to Bristol. This evil has latterly grown so serious that the citizens have bestirred themselves in the matter, and most probably ere this paper issues from the press the Bill they are now pushing through Parliament for the recovery of their river will have received the Royal assent.

Bristol might be said to have reached its commercial culminating point about the year 1828, when its gross receipts of customs were £1,204,000. At that time the West India trade was flourishing here exceedingly; the intercourse with Africa and America was also great; and vast quantities of Spanish wool was imported into Bristol for the use of the Gloucestershire cloth manufactures. Since that period the port might be said to have stood still; which, considering the vast increase that of late years has taken place in the population of the city, —at present numbering 180,000 souls—is as much as to say that it has gone back. In 1847 the gross receipts were £1,004,789; if we add to this sum what would have been received but for the operation of the new tariff, we shall have a total a little above that of the year 1828.

This want of progress is attributable to many causes besides the injury done by the high port charges. The wool trade has entirely left the port, through causes quite irrespective of local influences. When Saxony wool came into use about thirty years ago, it found its natural place of import at London, and the Spanish trade gradually followed to where the chief market was established. In many of the streets of Bristol you are reminded of the commerce once carried on in this article by the vast warehouses for its reception, now either closed, or turned to other uses; and with the shutting of every warehouse door, a corresponding mooring-ring on the Quay-wall might be said to have grown red with rust. The American trade has mostly flown to Liverpool, to which port some portion of the West India interest has also shifted itself. The whole of the sugar trade is in the hands of a few "merchant princes" possessed of immense wealth, who have banded together to keep it in their own hands; and the monopoly thus produced has been extremely prejudicial to the city. There are two branches of commerce, however, which have flourished here latterly—the African and the timber trade. The African vessels chiefly go to the coast of Guinea, and traffic glass beads and hardware for gold dust, palm-oil, and ivory. These vessels are all smart-looking brigs, and coming in from a voyage there is something extremely picturesque about them: the sailors, with great broad-leaved straw hats, all with something in their hand for shore—parrots, tropical fruits, calabashes, monkeys, rude wooden carvings, or African goats, which they have bartered with shining negroes for a clasp-knife or a string of beads. The timber trade has received a great impetus from the railways. Bristol supplies nearly all the central lines of the kingdom with the deals and other woods which they consume. One part of the Floating Harbour, called the Sea Banks—the widest portion of the river—is occupied by timber ships, some of them upwards of a thousand tons burthen; and it is a most lively sight to see them discharging their great brown logs, which are shot out from the ports in their bows, and fall dashing and splashing in the water. A considerable portion of the trade of Bristol is carried on by steamers. Packets leave once or twice a week for

Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Liverpool, and for the ports and watering-places on the Bristol Channel, in most cases every day.

The Floating Harbour of Bristol affords every facility for an extended commerce. No port perhaps in England presents such a length of quay line for the berthing of all kinds of craft. The Welsh Back, as it is called, which alone extends half a mile, is principally occupied by fishing-smacks and sloops trading in the Severn and channel, and brigs from Ireland, with corn and provisions. As we proceed further along, we find that the vessels are of a larger size; and by the time we reach what is termed the 'Grove,' the coasters have disappeared, and large ships, either West or East Indian, or Americans, lie ranged side by side. By the number of the sheds, the size of the cranes, and the noble range of warehouses which here abut upon the wharfage-ground, we are assured that this spot is the principal portion of the harbour. At Princes-street bridge, a small wooden structure which crosses the river from the centre of the Grove, we stand in the very thick of the port, and a perfect forest of masts rises around us on every side. The river at this spot assumes a triangular form. The Sea Banks and the artificial cut (before spoken of) here join the Grove. Besides the line of quay-wall and wharfage-ground, which in all must extend upwards of three miles, and a large portion of which will admit ships of seven or eight hundred tons to discharge alongside them, there are several floating graving docks and basins. (Engraving, page 313.) Bathurst Basin is a large piece of water, connected on the one side with the New Cut or channel made for the river when that portion of it which runs through Bristol was converted into a floating harbour, and on the other with the Grove. Small coasters and barges here find accommodation, whilst Cumberland Basin, situated at the extremity of the Sea Banks, opens immediately upon the tidal Avon, and receives the large vessels and steamers. With such accommodations as these, with a port which vessels can sail from at so many points of the wind, and with a situation which naturally commands the very centre of England, it is to be hoped that Bristol, now she is about to shake off the incubus of her heavy port dues, will again resume her former position in the commercial world, and no longer allow her fame to be talked of as a "thing of history." That her wonted fires yet linger in her breast, let the enterprise which sent forth the Great Western, and pioneered the nations with swift footsteps across the western wave, or the science which built that iron Leviathan, which all the fury of the Irish sea could not destroy, bear living and irrefragable testimony. She has plenty of spirit yet, and, what is quite as important, plenty of capital,—perhaps too much, or at least in too few hands,—to give it play, and a railway system which is quite impregnable. To the north, to the west, and to the east, she grasps with iron hands the custom of an immense district; and as long as the "smooth Severn stream" runs her old course to the sea, her vantage ground cannot be out-flanked.



FLOATING DOCK (TOP).

THE QUAY (CENTRE).

CUMBERLAND BASIN (BOTTOM).

But many of these natural advantages have been thrown away by the narrow spirit which rules its destinies. High dock charges were the bane of Bristol, and have drawn a large portion of the trade which enriched her citizens to other quarters; and it may be doubted whether the present moderate charges will have the effect of restoring its declining trade with foreign countries.

There is one inconvenience connected with the port of Bristol; steamers can only come up the river at certain times of the tide: to this circumstance it undoubtedly owes its many other advantages being overlooked, when Southampton was chosen in preference to it as a Government Packet-station. To remedy this evil it is intended to make a railroad to Portishead,—a small watering-place, situated in the Channel some ten miles from Bristol, where a pier will be run out into the sea, and enable the largest transatlantic steamer to disembark its passengers and mails at low water. An Act was obtained in 1846 for the work, and some portions of it had been commenced—when the panic came, and hung it up on the same peg which holds so many of the like projects, cut off in their very bud. For one reason we rejoice at the suspension of this line; it will, we trust, give a long lease to those noble elms which form so beautiful a background to the entrance to Cumberland Basin, and which this railway threatened to destroy.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND INSTITUTIONS.

Among the public buildings which we have not fallen in with in our ramble, the Guildhall, situated in Broad Street, claims our first notice. (Cut, p. 300.) It has been erected on the site of the old one, within the last few years. Its style is Elizabethan; but its design is neither original nor as picturesque as it might have been. The term 'Masons' Gothic' might indeed be justly applied to most of the modern buildings in Bristol, as very few of them have even a decent effect; although, in many cases, ample opportunity has been given the architect of showing his genius, both by the extent and situation of these buildings. The entrance to the Guildhall is by a very long passage, extending nearly the whole depth and length of the interior of the building, and thus cutting it into two portions. At the end of this hall a flight of stone steps leads into the Justice Chamber. The staircase is lighted by some stained glass windows of a deep amber colour, which, viewed through the gloom of the long hall, has a very good effect. The room **apportioned** to the administration of justice is little better than a corner cupboard, and the light coming in only from one side gives it a very uncomfortable appearance. The reason why the old hall was pulled down was on account of its inconvenience; but we question if the good people of Bristol have gained much by their new one. The Bankruptcy Court for the Bristol district is also held in this building. In King Street and Princes Street there are some public institutions and places of amusement. The Bristol Library, which contains a valuable collection of books, the Merchant Venturers' and the Coopers' Hall are situated in the former street, all of which are handsomely built of freestone. The Bristol Theatre is hidden away behind some old houses: the interior has, however, been panegyricized by Garrick. To those accustomed to the brilliant theatres of the metropolis it looks dingy enough at the present day; but, fifty

years ago, it was the largest and best-attended house out of London; and since that time it has been the nursery for some of the best actors who have trodden the metropolitan stage. In Princes Street—once inhabited by the most considerable merchants of the city—stands the Old Assembly Rooms. The proportions of the interior of this building are very handsome; but it is now almost entirely deserted, and serves only to show how far westward fashion has ebbed. The arts and sciences are well represented in Bristol by the Philosophical Institution,—a freestone building, conspicuous as we go up Park Street, from its fine circular portico, supported by Corinthian columns. It contains a very extensive museum, in which there is a choice collection of minerals, and some interesting specimens of mammalia: its richest treasure, however, is the original marble statue of 'Eve at the Fountain,' by Baily; the best, perhaps, of English pieces of sculpture. Attached to this establishment is a Philosophical Society, a Reading-room, and a Theatre, in which public lectures are delivered; and temporary accommodation has been found here for a very valuable Institution, now in its infancy—an 'Art Academy,' in which students draw from casts the nude and draped figures. A large sum has been bequeathed for the formation of this Academy, so much required in a city which produces so many artists; and it is the intention to erect some suitable building for it as speedily as possible. Bristol, like most large cities, has an Athenæum (situated in Clare Street). It was once a Mechanics' Institution, languishing, and nigh to die,—for it was one of those "social lies" which, sooner or later, as Carlyle says, must "come to the bank of truth for payment." Instituted for working men, and not proving calculated for their wants, the middle classes feebly monopolized it, under whom it was slowly declining, when the influence of Genius, like the sun, revived its drooping energies. The words of Dickens and Disraeli, at similar institutions throughout the country, found an echo here, and the old and effete Mechanics' Institution suddenly flowered into the brilliant 'Athenæum;' and this history might be read for that of all the more important institutions of the like kind throughout the country.*

The Post-office—which forms a kind of wing to the Exchange—for such a city as Bristol, is a very confined building. The Custom House, again, rebuilt upon the site of the old one burnt down in the riots of 1831, seems a very mean establishment to represent the commerce of so large a port. It is situated in Queen Square, which is built upon a broad tongue of land, surrounded on three sides by the different quays. This square covers no less than seven and a half acres of ground, and is ornamented by walks of fine elm-trees, and a very beautiful equestrian statue of William III., executed in bronze by Rysbach, which stands in the

* In the account of the Birmingham Provident Institution, (BIRMINGHAM, vol. i.) it should have been stated that the planning of that institution was wholly due to Mr. Sanders: it was only in the development of the plan that others took part.

middle of the green. During the riots this spot was the scene of the most atrocious acts; the chief fury of the populace being expended upon it. Beginning at the Mansion House, the residence of the mayor, the mob, composed chiefly of boys and very young men, successively fired every building (with the exception of two, which were defended by the inhabitants) on the north and west sides; and by this magnificent midnight illumination, a vast mass of the rioters, after plundering the wine-cellar of their contents, sat down on the grass, to an orgie from which many of them never arose again. In the old Custom House a most horrible catastrophe took place: some of the rabble having gained access to the housekeeper's room, which was situated on one of the upper floors, were feasting themselves, when they discovered that the place had been fired below by some of their companions. The only means of escape was through the front windows; these looked over the leads covering the portico of the building, which, through the action of the fiery element, was converted into a sea of molten metal. Forced out of the room, and hanging on to the sills, for a moment they remained suspended between two dreadful deaths; then one by one they fell, with horrible cries, into the liquid lead below, where for some time they were seen to writhe in the most dreadful agonies.

There are two arcades in Bristol, very elegantly built, and extending in a line upwards of 600 feet: two goals; that at Bathurst Basin, capable of receiving two hundred prisoners, and so built that the governor can command the whole of the prison yards, without leaving his own apartments; and the other, which is the Gloucester County Prison, situated at the east end of the town. There is also a general Cemetery, planted on a gentle hill-side, at Arno's Vale, within a mile of the city. The ground is full of cypress trees, which at some future date will make this beautifully-situated and tastefully laid-out burying-ground a most picturesque spot.

If Bristol cannot boast so many beautiful buildings (always excepting her ecclesiastical edifices, which are unrivalled,) as some other large cities, she at least stands pre-eminent in the spirit that animates her institutions, and in the benevolence that has founded her many noble charities. Turn which way we will in our rambles through the city, we continually meet with some trim almshouse, its quadrangle planted with flowers, and its inmates dosing away their old age in security and comfort. These asylums, which in all number twenty-four, have chiefly been endowed by wealthy merchants of a past generation; among them the latest and the most eminent name is that of Edward Colston, whose benefactions to Bristol alone amounted to nearly £60,000. The memory of his good deeds is annually kept alive in the city, by the dinners of the Anchor, Grateful, and Dolphin Societies, on the anniversary of his death. At these banquets the good citizens manage to mingle politics and turtle in a most harmonious manner. Charity, too, is not forgotten, as on some occasions upwards of £3,000 have been sub-

scribed at them for the use of the poor. In the breast of the effigy of Colston, by Rysbach, in All Saints' Church, where the great philanthropist lies buried, there is placed weekly, in accordance with a bequest left for that purpose, a fresh nosegay,—may it bloom there for ever; but it will never send forth a sweeter incense than the grateful prayers of those whose necessities he has relieved. Of the benevolent Institutions of Bristol, there is really no end. The Infirmary, which stands at the head of them, and bears upon its front the noble motto, "Charity universal," was erected in 1735, and the Bristolians boast of it as the first Institution of the kind, supported by voluntary contributions, established out of London. It has accommodations for two hundred in-patients; and upwards of two thousand on an average are received every year, while assistance is given to at least six thousand out-patients gratuitously. There is another 'General Hospital' in the city, and two public Dispensaries. Dorcas and Samaritan Societies, Female Misericordias, Penitentiaries, and Refuges, are as plentiful as blackberries; and as though the good people of the city had exhausted all the ordinary methods of relief, and wished to try their hands upon some good work which all the world besides had considered hopeless, a Deaf and Dumb Institution has been established, in which poor creatures deprived of their two most important senses are instructed with incredible pains and patience to read and write. In Bristol there are a vast number of public schools. The Free Grammar-School, in the immediate neighbourhood of College Green, is the most important of them. This establishment is richly endowed; and here boys residing in the city, for an annual payment of £6, can obtain a first-rate classical education, with the chances of several fellowships and exhibitions. Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, a foundation very similar to that of Christ Church, London, as well as the Bishop's College, will be spoken of when we come to Clifton; the bare mention of them here will therefore be sufficient. Colston's Free School is another large and important charity, that clothes, boards and educates one hundred Boys for seven years; after which they are apprenticed, with £15 each as a premium to their masters. For Girls there is a very handsome establishment, located in a large new building, called the 'Red Maid's School'; the dress is scarlet, with a white tippet, and it is a very pretty sight to see the long line of brilliant colour this school makes walking in procession every Sunday to St. Mark's Church. There is a vast quantity of Lancasterian, Diocesan, Infant, and inferior Charity Schools; whilst Sunday Schools are innumerable. We have already spoken of the number of the ancient parish churches of the city; the great increase of the suburbs of late years has caused the erection of many more, and now they count no less than thirty, whilst of Dissenting Meeting-houses of all denominations there are thirty-seven, the greater number of these are burly Ebenezers or tasteless Zions; but latterly a marked improvement has taken place in the ideas of the Dissenters as regards

architecture. Highbury Chapel, situated at the top of St. Michael's Hill, belonging to the Independents, is a charming specimen of Gothic, plain, yet exquisitely picturesque in all the combinations of its parts; but the triumph of art is at Buckingham Place, Clifton, where there is a Dissenting chapel, erected in the florid Gothic style, so beautiful in its proportions, and so graceful in its details, that we should have imagined it from the hand of Pugin himself. There must be some dreadfully Jesuitical architect at work in Bristol, we fear, who is making an adroit use of freestone and bricks and mortar, to sap the principles of dissent.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY REDCLIFFE.

"The pryde of Bristowe and the westerne londe."

The poetical associations connected with St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and the glories of its architecture, demand at our hand more than the cursory notice we have given to the other ecclesiastical edifices of Bristol. Not a Bristolian but believes in this Church, as being the most perfect structure of its kind in the world; not an inhabitant of its parish, that has dwelt beneath its shadow, or listened to the silvery melancholy of its chimes, but possesses for it a mysterious sort of affection and love, such as no other pile in the kingdom perhaps commands. This feeling is not called forth merely by the building; for, beautiful as it is, there are many finer ones in the country—to the associations which are connected with it—to the poetry which still haunts its deep shadows, and plays about its time-worn pinnacles—to the spirit of its poet, which seems yet to hover round it as the perfume lingers round a vase long after the rose-leaves are decayed—we must ascribe the deep attachment Bristolians bear to St. Mary Redcliffe Church.

The first ecclesiastical structure erected on its site was built in the reign of Henry III.; it appears, however, to have been only an insignificant chapel. In 1294 Simon de Burton, who was five times mayor of Bristol, commenced a very splendid edifice here, which was completed by William Canynges, a merchant,—the greater portion of which was destroyed, according to old documents, in 1466, by the falling of the spire; it was shortly after built, however, in its present form, by the grandson of the first founder of that name, William Canynges, the celebrated merchant so often alluded to in Chatterton's Poems. Beautiful as is the present structure, its predecessor must have been even more so, if we may judge by the smaller north porch, which is evidently much older than the other portions of the building, and in all probability a remnant of the original church. Nothing can exceed the exquisite open-work of this doorway; its character is Norman, but instead of the zigzag ornaments and the hard breadth which marked that style, no lacework could be more beautiful than the lattice-like manner in which its arch is ornamented. Now, however, decay has unfortunately worn some portion of it away, and the

other seems held together by the soot and dust which cover it. The church is cruciform, the tower rising from the west end to nearly 200 feet in height. Its north side, formerly hidden by mean houses, has lately been thrown open, and the charming variety of outline which it exhibits, now strikes the eye as we emerge from Redcliffe Street. The south side has been chosen by our artist. (Cut, p. 299.) The best view is that at the north-west corner,—where the eye catches at the same moment the magnificent tower, the beautiful little porch before spoken of, and the middle north porch. The tower, wrought in a most elaborate manner, yet bears a small portion of the spire, the remainder of which the citizens intend to restore; and the whole height will not then be less than 300 feet. The interior, as you enter the western door directly under the tower, is strikingly beautiful; the view to the high altar extending a distance of 197 feet. The church, a few years since, was lighted by large brass chandeliers suspended from the roof, and the view down the centre aisle through the frame caused by the doorway was quite enchanting. The twisted arms of gleaming metal holding the sconces came out sharp and distinct against the gloom in the distance, whilst the clustered pillars, rising to the embossed roof, here and there discovered themselves. All the witchery of the scene, however, has been effectually banished by the introduction of gas, which sheds anything but the appropriate "dim religious light." Those who have the opportunity should visit the church on Whit-Sunday, as on that day the Lord Mayor and Corporation go there in grand procession, when it is superbly decorated with flowers, and the middle aisle is strewn with rushes so deeply that the footsteps of the solemn Bumble, who precedes his Worship to the churchwarden's pew, cannot be heard. The effect of clusters of beautiful colours around the pillars, and every "coigne of vantage," is as strange as it is beautiful. This rare interior, however, has no need of foreign ornament to enhance its charms; as long as its clustered pillars shoot up, and, fan-like, spread as they reach the richly-groined roof, it will be the admiration of all who love the refinements of Gothic architecture. At the high altar, if they are not already removed,—as was the intention some time since—are three pictures, by Hogarth; one of which—'The Ascension of our Saviour,' is an evidence that he possessed a deep sense of the beautiful, and at times a very high feeling. There is an angel in this picture, which for grace and beauty Correggio would have admired. In another subject, 'The Sealing of the Tomb,' an incident occurs particularly Hogarthian. A Roman soldier is securing the stone with a stick of common red sealing-wax; and so literally has the painter rendered it, that we read upon its side, "wel brand en vast houd," (burn well, and hold fast,) the old Dutch motto generally found on wax. There are many interesting monuments in this Church; among which is that of William Canynges, the founder, and his wife Joan. Affixed to the tomb is a list of this eminent merchant's ships, mentioned in another

place as being of extraordinary tonnage considering the age in which he lived. Not far from the remains of this celebrated man is a flat stone, upon which a spoon and a skimmer are engraved; this stone covers the grave of his cook. Here also lies interred Sir William Penn, a Bristol man, and one of the vice-admirals who assisted at the taking of Jamaica. This worthy was a great crony, if we might so speak, of old Pepys; and we find him continually mentioned in his Diary. He is better known, however, as the father of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Against the pillar, beside his tomb, the old worthy's armour hangs, and rust is slowly eating it through and through, whilst his three pennants, too ancient and worn

"The old wave of battle to remember,"

when the breeze comes up the aisle, are dropping shred by shred to pieces.

Among the records of the Church is a catalogue of some of the ancient furniture; from which we take the following very curious items:

"An image of God Almighty rising out of a sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto," (that is to say,) "a lath, made of tymbre and ironwork, that 'longeth thereto."

Item—"Thereto 'longeth heaven, made of tymbre and stained clothes."

Item—"Helle, made of tymbre and ironwork, with devils the number of thirteen."

Item—"Four nyghtes, armed, keeping the sepulchre with their weapons in their hands," (that is to say,) "two spears, two axes, with two bows."

Item—"The Holy Ghost coming out of heaven into the sepulchre." Amongst the yet remaining curiosities of Redcliffe Church is an immense rib-bone attached to a pillar under the tower, said to be the rib of a Dun Cow, slain by Guy Earl of Warwick. Mr. Owen would perhaps pronounce it to be the rib of a whale.

We must not leave the Church without visiting the one spot hallowed by genius, the muniment-room over the north porch; and what a strange, old-world-looking place it is. As we enter it a cloud of dust arises from the rubbly floor, and the keen wind wails and whistles through the unglazed apertures which open on one side of it. On the ground are scattered some old-looking boxes of a most monkish character—the famous chests from which came the Poems of Rowley, according to the account given by Chatterton. These chests originally belonged to William Canynges, and they were first opened in 1727, when it was imagined that writings of great value were contained in them. They were found to hold a vast number of papers relating to the Church, and others of a miscellaneous character, which found no favour in the eyes of the dry lawyer that looked over them. The Church-papers were removed to a secure place, and the others were left exposed. Many persons from time to time helped themselves to the latter; and among the chief depredators was the father of Chatterton, who having entry

to the Church at all times, through the sexton, a relative, carried off baskets' full at once. Long after the father's death young Chatterton saw one of these parchments, which had been converted into a threadpaper by his mother; and having questioned her as to where it came from, he ultimately discovered what remained of them, which consisted principally of Poems by William Canynges and Thomas Rowley, a secular priest of St. John's Church. Such is the account given by the Young Poet when he attempted to palm off his forgeries upon the world as genuine ancient rhymes.

That Chatterton found many old documents in this very muniment-room there can be little doubt, and it is quite within the bounds of probability that they provided him with many hints for his Poems; but it does seem strange, considering the modern structure of his verse and sound of his words through all their outlandish spelling, that any man at all educated should have been taken in by them. Yet many were; and the simplicity with which they believed in the songs of Rowley, was only equalled by the uncharitableness which took possession of their minds when they found them to be only the lays of a poor charity school-boy. Directly their antiquity was gone, with a certain class, their merit departed—as though poetry was a thing to be judged of after the fashion of a pedigree—and the genius that produced them was sneered at as an unwholesome fire, and the "wondrous boy" had to endure that bitterest of all hostility which emanates from a well-quizzed antiquary or an outwitted quidnunc. Two generations have passed since poor Chatterton "perished in his pride," and the fame of the Poet has at length risen clear above all the foul vapours and rancouring spirit of the Rowleyan controversy. Some justice was even attempted to his memory, a few years ago, in the erection of a cross surmounted with his effigy, in the garb of the "*Charity-school*" in which he was educated. It was set up alongside the beautiful north porch, and its architecture, not being either particularly correct or elegant, of course in such a position "odorous" comparisons were drawn between the two; the citizens said "it was like the old Church sprouting afresh"—this was meant as a censure upon it; but we certainly did not expect to find such a libel upon the reproductive powers of the noble old building coming from the mouths of Bristolians—and finally it was carted away. At present the only memorial to Chatterton is to be found in the deserted muniment-room, where the old chests over which he has so often pondered—the old dust which his excited feet have so often raised, and on which the sun-light and the moon-light alternately rest as they did in his day—combine to create that lifelike figure in the imagination compared with which a sculptured stone is cold and dead indeed.

The Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, for the last two centuries has been going most rapidly to decay. It is quite painful to see how worn and mutilated the pinnacles and ornaments have become. The north porch, full of niches, each of which once contained some sculptured saint, is now almost a ruin, and many of the

windows of the fabric are in a shamefully dilapidated condition. The citizens have latterly become aware of the stigma which lies upon them for their neglect of this superb building, and one or two of the windows and the east end of the church have undergone a thorough repair. The white appearance of the new freestone at this part breaks up the general sombre tone of the building; but we trust that, ere long, the whole fabric will be renewed in the same manner, and then a few years, in such a smoky city as Bristol, will restore to it one uniform colour—not such a delicious tone, perhaps, as now pervades it, but one which shall not, at least, derive its beauty from decay.

CLIFTON AND THE DOWNS.

And now that we have shaken off the last dust of the old city, drawn on a pair of straw-coloured kid gloves and assumed a *déagé* air, we will boldly step across the “air-drawn” barrier, which as we have before said runs along the top of Park Street, and enter Clifton.

At our very first step two imposing-looking buildings meet the eye,—the Blind Asylum and the Bishop's College; the first in the early English, the second in the Elizabethan style. Without stopping to criticise the architecture the attention is immediately struck by this pile of buildings,—for the two lie so much on the same ground and so close together that they seem but one edifice—rising as it does at the base of a gentle hill-side, whose height is covered with trees, and nobly thrown back so as to allow of a fine drive and a profusion of flower-beds, it is a very great ornament to the spot. The Blind Asylum is quite one of the “Show” Institutions of the city. The inmates employ themselves in weaving very beautiful baskets, and every week they give a concert of sacred music in the chapel, at which they show their musical science to the public, who are freely admitted.

The Bishop's College, a preparatory seminary, has lately been instituted. It is founded on the model of King's College, London, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 200 boys. The discipline is under the exclusive conduct of a head master, who is subject (only in this respect) to the visitorial authority of the Bishop. The education given here is very first-rate, and is conducted in conformity with the principles of the Church of England. A very short distance from this spot, proceeding along the park wall (which might be well substituted by an iron railing) brings us to a cluster of public buildings, which, both in situation and importance, renders the neighbourhood quite the Calton Hill of Bristol. The Victoria Rooms is admirably planted in the isthmus formed by the separation of the roads leading to Clifton and Durdham Downs. (Engraving.) The architecture is graceful, and it is by far the best Grecian building erected in the neighbourhood. A fastidious critic perhaps might object to the sculpture and figures which fill the tympanum of the pediment, as too energetic in action, and wanting in that rectilinear

principle in which the Greeks always modelled reliefs for such enrichments, but the general effect is extremely good. It possesses some noble apartments,—the reception room is 70 feet long by 30 broad, and the hall is 117 feet by 55 feet wide. The Victoria Rooms have completely absorbed all the company which used to frequent the old Assembly Rooms in the city, whose motto, *Curas cithara tollet*, seems now singularly out of place, as music is scarcely ever heard within its walls to drive away the cares empty rooms and ground rents engender.

If we now turn up by Meridian Place, two other buildings, admirably situated, lie before us. The new Catholic chapel, a Grecian temple, commenced on a grand scale, which will, one of these days, when the body to whom it belongs finds money enough to complete it, form one of the greatest ornaments to Clifton. At present it is roofed over in a temporary manner, and presents a very ugly appearance. As we proceed along Meridian Place, the elevation we are on assumes an exceedingly picturesque form, and commands a fine view. We stand on a terrace situated on the top of a steep hill-side; a little space of table-land (if we might so term it) beneath us forms the stranger's burying-ground,—a most poetical spot, in which all those who have found “the health-giving spring” of no avail, sleep underneath a deep solitude and shadow of willow trees; and on Brandon Hill, which forms the rising ground opposite, stands the new Queen Elizabeth's Hospital. This building is recently erected in the Tudor style, and is as florid as red bricks can make it. Standing on the steep ascent, and approached by a fine flight of steps and a winding carriage-road, this public school has a most imposing effect, especially when seen from below. As we have not yet paid a visit to Brandon Hill, situated only a stone's throw from us, we will ramble upon it with our reader for a few moments. Having gained its top, which rises no less than 250 feet, what a perfect view of the city, the Avon, Clifton Hill, and the surrounding country meets the eye! In our engraving we have been obliged to content ourselves with one aspect of the scene; but as we turn from side to side, a complete panorama unfolds itself. We have often thought what a perfect public garden this hill, or rather little mountain, would make. Touching the confines both of Clifton and the city, it might be rendered a marriage-ground of beauty between them. Properly laid out, its natural capabilities improved by art, it would afford a pleasure-spot not to be surpassed by any in the kingdom. From its cone-like form, ornamental water could not be well introduced; but has it not the river at its base, winding along and animated all its length by commerce, and dotted by glancing sails?—a far nobler prospect than even Virginia Water, with all its swans. And then what a really poetical mind could make of it! what statues might be erected here to the great men who have toiled, and thought, and served in the city lying at its foot. Here a statue of Cabot, resting on a globe, his gaze turned westward to where the new world first

“Swam within his ken;”

there might stand Chatterton, contemplating his much loved Redcliffe Church, that towers so grandly in the distance; or Southey, as he mused in his youth, fired with some beautiful vision of the banks of the Susquehannah and perfect peace. Here the citizens should have, as an embodiment of the spirit of "ancient Bristow," the effigy of Canynges, her great merchant prince and church founder; or Colston, with hand open as the day, distributing charity to all. What a noble company of worthies Bristol might congregate on this hill-side, and what a lovely spot it might be made! Bristol, however, is so situated in the very lap of the picturesque, that she seems to have no desire for a public garden, for Tindall's Park, which we have passed in our way from Park Street, is by far too open and field-like in its character to be considered in that light.

The neighbourhood of Clifton behind Meridian Place, to which we return, is quite flat, and exhibits a series of villas, surrounded by gardens; these have extended so of late years, that we question if the visitor of a dozen summers back would recognize the Clifton of the present day. Field after field have successively succumbed to bricks and mortar, till what but a few years ago was but a large village, is now a handsome pleasure town of 20,000 inhabitants. At the present moment, Landsdown Square, covering an immense area of land, and built in the most superb manner, is in course of erection. There is nothing, however, about this portion of Clifton that other watering-places might not equal, and we must reach Clifton Hill before the peculiar features of the place become apparent. (Engraving.) Taking our stand by the church, we have a foretaste of the beauties which disclose themselves still farther on. There are no rocks yet; but before us lie, low down in the hollow, the river, and Cumberland Basin, dotted with steamers and shipping; and beyond, the valley of Ashton, with the swelling uplands clothed with fir-trees, in its vicinity; again, beyond all the Dundry Hills, rising like a vast rampart of green, and shutting out the view farther south. Row after row of houses are planted at our feet down the slope, appearing every now and then amid the foliage:

"And up the garden-cultured hill
Sits full-fed Capital apart,
Watching the golden sweat distil
In hungry Labour's mart."

As we proceed towards the Clifton Down, a row of elegant shops—a thin thread of trade—runs through the very heart of Clifton; but we can well turn aside by this line, and sweep round the magnificent Royal York Crescent, the most extensive terrace we ever remember to have seen. A walk upon this superb promenade of nearly half a mile brings us to that portion of Clifton which appears so beautiful from the river, the many terraces and rows of buildings rising one over another to the summit of the hill. It must be tantalizing to such a beauty as Clifton not to be able to look at herself; the river is too muddy, we are sorry to say, to reflect her, and at no point within the

village can she survey the fullness of her charms. As we proceed the breeze freshens, and suddenly we come out upon Clifton Down, and take in at one glance the magnificent ravine through which, far beneath us, the Avon rolls its turbid tide. On the opposite shore, the Leigh Woods clothe the precipitous banks with thickest foliage, and the eye falls upon a deep hill of green, as far as it can reach; we have yet to breast the steep, however, until we gain the Observatory, crowning the highest point of St. Vincent's Rocks, which run parallel with the south bank of the Avon. A pebble kicked from the edge of this tremendous cliff falls sheer down 300 feet into the carriage road, which winds along its base. To stand upon the summit and look down the fearful foreshortening of the grey old rock requires nerves of no ordinary quality. The elevation we stand upon commands a rocky pier (divided from us by a deep ravine) from which the new Suspension Bridge is to hang its slender threads some 900 feet across to a similar pier on the summit of the opposite woodland. Stupendous abutments for this undertaking have long been finished, as well as the towers which will support the roadway, but the chains are not suspended; and we see huge piles of these great rusty vertebræ lying idle upon the pier. Upwards of £10,000 have already been expended upon this magnificent undertaking, and no more money being forthcoming, the works are now at a stand-still. A few years ago one single bar of iron—looking no larger than the gossamer thread—swept across the gulf; and on this fragile-looking thread, a wicker car travelled from side to side with visitors who were courageous enough to trust themselves to it, and the journey was quite as fearful as it looked. We were adventurous enough ourselves once to go across, and the sensations we experienced are still vivid upon our brain. A little wooden house was built on the edge of the cliff to keep the car in; and from this spot the adventurer started. To sit in the basket whilst the men in attendance were preparing to let go, and to look along the line, dropping in the centre as it did some fifty feet, was enough alone to make one slightly nervous; but when the cry came "hold fast," and with the speed of light you rushed down, as you fancied for the moment, into eternity, the stoutest seized the sides of the wicker car with a convulsive strength, and lifted themselves as though the world was falling from beneath them. As the traveller got over towards the middle of the passage the speed decreased, and after rising up for some little way on the other side, the car came to a stand-still; and now, being half way over, and the strange feeling which the swallow-like rush down the wind has given him having a little subsided, leisure is afforded to gaze about; if he had courage to look down, some idea of the height might be gained by the flights of rooks that, frightened from their holes in the rocks by the passage of the car, whirled far beneath. This perilous journey is now happily discontinued, and the wire removed. A rope attached to the basket pulled it up the ascending

bar to the landing-place on the opposite side. You gave a shilling to perform this highly exciting journey.

Mr. West's observatory, which every one should visit who goes to Clifton, contains some splendid telescopes and a camera obscura, that paints upon its disk the whole country around from the balustrades of the tower to the horizon. This is rather a tell-tale piece of optic work: for many a scene, not intended for the public eye, is here disclosed. The lovers who behind some rock or turning snatch a kiss as they fondly fancy unobserved, are only daguerreotyping the action upon the table of the obscura, exciting the laughter of the gentlemen and blushes of the ladies, who may be there witnessing the exhibition. And now having swept the horizon with the large telescope, and made out what the man is doing on the hill three miles off, let us dive into the Giant's Hole, a cave opening out into the face of the rock some ninety feet down. Mr. West, having trepanned old St. Vincent's crown for some depth, and driven an inclined gallery into the solid rock for about 150 feet, has completed the communication by a circular flight of steps, and now the most nervous lady can gain this place which a few years back the daring crag-climber—and some of the Bristol boys are pretty expert at the work—would not attempt to reach. The cave is very spacious, and commands a splendid view. It was formerly an hermitage, and William of Wyreestre, who visited it in 1480, speaks of it as, "the hermitage with an oratory or chapel, in the most dangerous part of the rock called Ghyston Cliffe, situated in a cave of the rock twenty yards in depth, in the same rock above the river Avon, in honour of St. Vincent:" and this statement of its having been a chapel was confirmed by the discovery, by Mr. West, of a mullion of a Gothic window, or more probably of some shrine, when the place was first opened.

Returning to the Down again, we must not overlook the Roman encampment, in the centre of which the Observatory stands; the line of fortification is still easily traced, forming nearly a half circle, having the steepest part of the cliff for its base. On the opposite side of the river there are two more encampments of large size, situated upon either hand of a deep comb, or valley, of which we shall speak more fully by-and-by. Bristol seems to have been the centre of a vast chain of encampments. In the immediate neighbourhood are Cadbury Camp, and extensive intrenchments at Naish, Henbury, Aldmondsbury, Oldberry, Elberton, and Old Abbey, on the Gloucester side of the river; and lower down on the Somersetshire side, at Worle Hill, and East Brent, there are some magnificent fortifications. Doubtless these were the strongholds referred to by Tacitus, when he tells us, "Ostorius took away their arms from those who were suspected, and restrained those on the rivers Severn and Avon by surrounding them with camps." Clifton Down is but of small extent, and St. Vincent's Rocks do not continue along its river front for any great distance; a hill side, covered with low trees, taking their place down to the water, through which a carriage-drive winds

its way. These amenities of nature however are only of a short continuance: in the distance we see the Avon again, skirted on its north shore by precipitous cliffs—known by the name of the Black Rock, from the beautiful dark marble which its quarries yield. Durdham Down is only a continuation of Clifton Down; it is very large in extent, and forms the lungs of Bristol, for here the citizens come to inhale the healthy breezes which blow up channel. At the western extremity of the Down, beyond what is called the Sea Wall, there is a little hanging wood, laid out as a public pleasure ground; and an ancient tower, called Cook's Folly, rises in the middle of it. These ancient towers seem to attract beautiful traditions, as the tree-stems gather the wild honeysuckle and other clasping plants about them, and be sure Cook's Folly is not without its wondrous tale. The legend goes that it was built by an anxious father to protect his only son and heir against some evil fate which it had been predicted at his birth should overtake him before he reached a certain age. The child was carefully secured within the high tower, and all harm was warded off till the very last night had arrived, over which it had been decreed he was not to live. His friends, now believing in his speedy delivery, made merry with him, as he greeted them from his high turret, and the morrow was anticipated with joy. The young heir lowered his rope by which he obtained his supplies from below, and hoisted up the faggots to warn him through the last night in which the prediction had to run. As he threw the firewood upon the blazing hearth, however, his fate overtook him in the shape of a viper, which sprang upon him from among the faggots, and inflicted his death wound. The name of the bereaved father was Cook, and the tower went by the name ever afterwards of Cook's Folly, in consequence of his idle attempt to frustrate what had been decreed.

The view from the top of this tower of a summer's evening is quite enchanting—more like one of Danby's poetical dreams than a sober truth of nature. The river, lost and then found again amid the deep gloom of its steep woody banks, glides like a silver serpent to the sea, which in the distance gleams with the setting sun upon it like a dazzling silver shield.

As we return over the ferns, we come to the Zoological Gardens, situated close to the turnpike which divides Durdham and Clifton Downs. They have been formed these ten years, and are now in a very flourishing condition. The ornamental water in it is prettily designed, and the shrubberies and grottos interspersed about it have a charming effect. The garden contains a very fine collection of animals, and the bear-pits, by the guide-books, seem to be thought a great deal of by the citizens. Here are given galas, athletic games, and other entertainments, after the cut of those at Rosherville and Cremorne.

There is a steep winding walk formed on the precipitous face of the hill-side which leads from Clifton Down, known by the name of the Zig-Zag. Along this pathway we slowly wind, and if we were but a



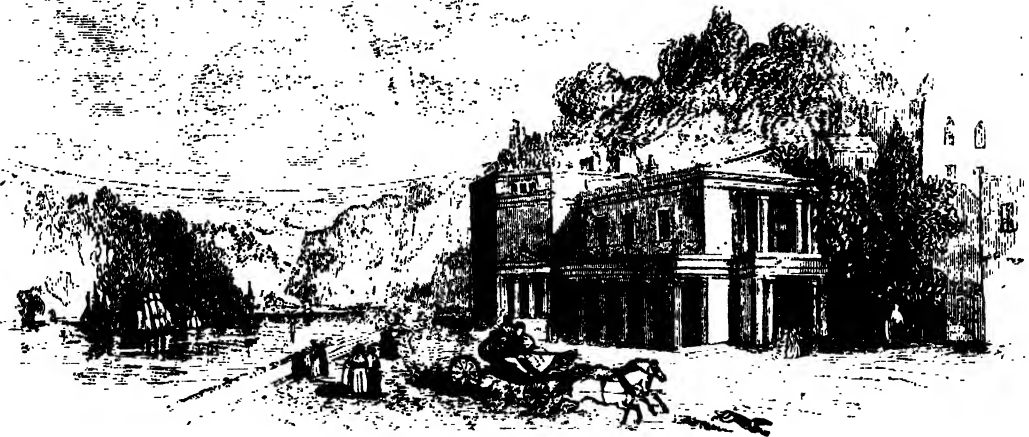
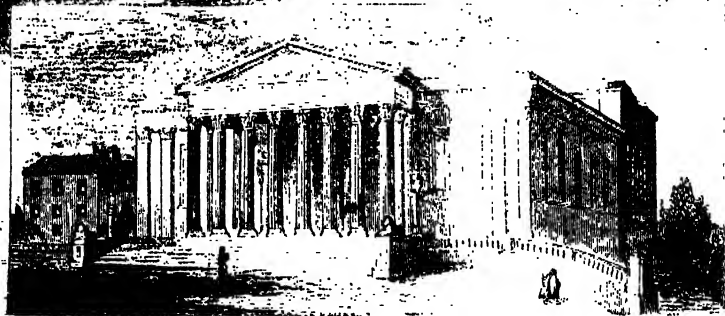
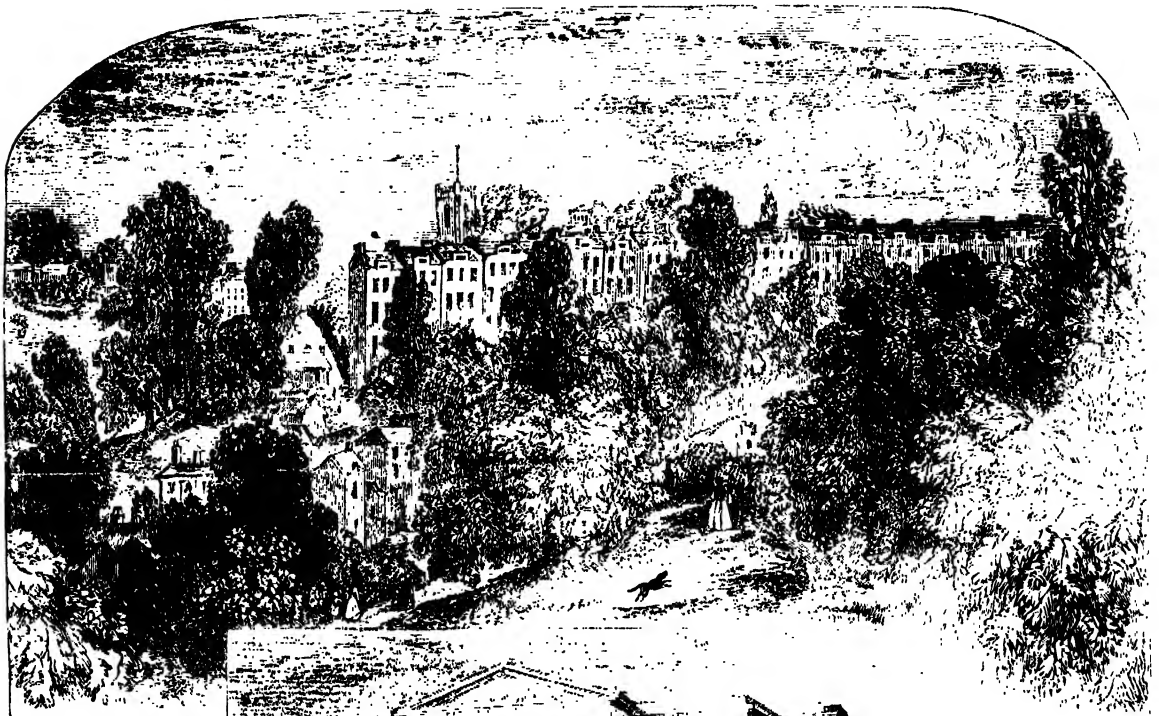
nists, we might discover many plants in our short journey worthy of notice, and which are quite peculiar to this spot.

THE HOTWELLS AND LEIGH WOODS.

And now safely arrived at the base of St. Vincent's Rocks, and in front of the handsome Hotwell House, which gives a name to the narrow slip of tenements skirting the water as far as Cumberland Basin, we can look up into the face of the cliff towering above us, holding in its forehead, like some gigantic Cyclops, the great eye-like cave we have not long left. There is something almost gothic in the form of these rocks; jutting out, as they do here, into two vast abutments, which time has rounded, and the weather tinted with the softest gray. The nearest of these abutments is crowned with the suspension-bridge pier—the bar of which hangs from above us, cutting a thin clear line against the sky,—built of red sandstone, which in some manner spoils the general tone of the range of rock; indeed, in its present unfinished state, the whole bridge very much damages the “keeping” of the scene just here, which is indescribably grand. The Hotwell House, a small structure of the Tuscan order, covers the celebrated springs which draws to Avon's banks so many poor faded creatures, who clutch at the last straws that life holds out to them. (Cut, p. 322.) According to the analysis of Mr. Herapath, the renowned chemist of Bristol, its principal contents are,—carbonate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, and chloride of sodium, in conjunction with carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen gas. It is the safest mineral water in England, as it approaches nearest to common water; and, in fact, it is used for domestic purposes. The efficacy of this spring appears first to have been discovered by sailors many centuries ago, who used to resort to it for the cure of scorbutic complaints. That it was very early known there can be no doubt, as William of Wyreestre—who seems to have poked about every corner of his native city—speaks of it in the fifteenth century as being then celebrated. If we wish to try its qualities, we can do so either by going to the Pump-room and getting it warm from the spring, or by proceeding to the public “Tap” outside, where from an iron cup we can drink it cold and free of charge.

We must imagine the tide to be high as we proceed to Rownham, for at low water the Hotwells loses more than half its beauties. The tide rises at the Cumberland dock-gates fifty feet, so it may be imagined what a vast stretch of mud the banks exhibit when the water is withdrawn. On certain days, when the Irish steamers arrive, Rownham Ferry is one of the most picturesque spots in the kingdom. The noise and confusion, the blowing off of the steam, the growling sound through the trumpet of the voice of the pilot, who may be swinging in some large ship into the gates, the shouting of sailors, and the very intelligible squeaking of pigs, make up a charivari of sounds not easily forgotten. How to cross the broad river in the

midst of tugs, Irish packets, and vessels of all descriptions, at first sight puzzles us; but the ferry-boat is so capacious, and the boatman so collected and quiet, as though it was an ordinary matter, that we give ourselves up to him with most perfect confidence. What a change this to the time when the trajectory belonged to the monastery of St. Augustin, and instead of such a motley crowd as now throng into the boat, only the abbot on his mule came down to the quiet river bank, and was ferried across on his way to his domains at Leigh. The Rownham ferry-boat, on fine afternoons, is quite a picture. Here, among the passengers, we see a group of artists proceeding to Leigh Woods to sketch, describing with ardour some momentary effect; next them, a posse of country girls returning from market; the great mass however is generally composed of the *bourgeoisie* and their families, well provided with bulky baskets of provender for a pic-nic in the woods, or for an early tea in the public gardens which lie along the river side. Now we are half across the river, let us turn and look at Clifton. See how superbly she lies reclined upon the hill-side, terrace after terrace sweeping their white crescents one over the other to the very top of the ascent, and one daring terrace pushing out like a great promontory upon a point of rock, suspended, as it were, between sky and water! Here and there green hanging gardens climb up the steep, setting off this “great white queen” of watering places by their breadth of verdure—it is here, indeed, that Clifton can be seen. If we turn on the other side, we have the various craft slowly making their way through the dock-gates into Cumberland Basin, and on all hands the clouds of white steam coming from the many little packets; the immense dock-gates just finished, which are large enough to admit the ‘Great Britain,’ also meet the eye. To passengers coming from a long voyage, the port of Bristol must appear charming; to the old Indian, who has not seen a tree, a really tender green tree, since he left his home in his youth, the sail up the river beside such a bank of verdure as Leigh Woods present, must indeed be a treat after the moral scurvy he has so long endured. To within a stone's throw of the entrance to the Cumberland Docks, great elm trees rise in rounded masses of grateful colour, and the mingling of the commercial with the picturesque is quite complete. A sudden swaying of the hundred people in the ferry-boat warns us that we have grounded upon the opposite shore, and now, hey for Leigh Woods! A towing-path runs between the skirts of the wood and the water, and we have not proceeded far along it before we find we get glimpses of sylvan beauty, curious peeps into thick squirrel-loving woods. A string of horses towing up some vessel—for the steam tugs have not quite superseded them—oblige us to step from the pathway to the couch-like softness of the mossy bank, and pushing aside the leafy boughs we are in a moment in the land of Oberon, where, unless we tread lightly, we shall startle up Peasblossom and Cobweb as they lie curled up asleep within the tender scrolls of the fern. Out of



CLIFTON HILL (TOP).

VICTORIA ROOMS (CENTRE).

HOT WELLS AND BRIDGE (BOTTOM).

the dark undershade of green we emerge into the Nightingale Valley, a rising ravine running between perpendicular rocks and steep hill-sides, up which the white-tailed coney runs. This path through the valley is a charming walk, shaded by mountain-ashes and trees of every description, which net the ground with their intertwining roots. Up this ascent having toiled at length, we reach an open space; on either hand of us lie two great Roman entrenchments, the Bower Wall and Stoke Leigh Camps. These fortifications are supported by rectangular bases of almost impregnable cliffs. The outlines of both entrenchments are still quite perfect; in one place there are three fosses, running parallel to each other. Great trees have formed their roots amid the Roman mortar, and the interiors of these camps are now transformed into beautiful grassy table-lands, where the feet of the merry pic-nic dancers move to the throbbing music of the harp. In these woods we meet with every kind of foliage, from the slender silver birch to the gnarled oak; here they rise gracefully in the light, there they form a "horrid shade," and remind one of some of the gloomy scenes of Dante. One comb, called Salvatore's Valley, from its sombre wild-looking character, is much frequented by artists. But the whole wood has been the nursery for art time out of mind; here poor Müller learnt the cunning of his pencil; here Danby and Pyne, and Johnstone and the Fripps, have wandered and reproduced the scenery afresh upon the living canvass, until scarce a gallery in the country is without some passages of this wood, some recollections of artists who have studied here before the great open book of nature. Poets also have trodden these "bosky bournes," and mused along its chequered shades. We can almost fancy we see Coleridge, and Southey, and Lowell, the young quaker enthusiast, three abreast, brushing aside the boughs as they pass, eagerly talking of Pantocracy, and planning the golden age they intended to establish in some wilderness of the new world.

But there is enough poetry passing before us in this old wood without going back so far to talk of those who merely dispensed it. What a passing poem is the river itself, winding its way beneath us. Lying at our full length upon the sod that once sunk beneath some Roman soldier's foot, we watch the weather-beaten ships slowly making their way up the river, with slackened ropes and leaning masts, as though oppressed and wearied by their long journey; and the little steamers, full of company from Chepstow or Portishead, the music from on board floating softly over the waters as they pass. Then, labouring along, like some little ant dragging a huge grain of corn, a steam-tug appears between the folding of the hills, and gradually the towering masts of a large vessel become one after another visible; she is an outward-bound American, and, by the crowd following along the banks in her wake, some weeping, some faintly cheering, an emigrant ship for New York. What conflicting feelings must fill the breasts of the passengers on board! the sturdy Englishman



ST. VINCENT'S ROCKS,
FROM THE NIGHTINGALE VALLEY.

who leans against the mast views sorrowfully the scene about him; the swelling sound of the harp, and the moving figures between the trees of some dancing party in the woods,—the passing steamers full of pleasure people,—the swings surrounded by boisterous mirth, tossing figures here and there high among the foliage;—all these incidents, speaking of joyousness, must fall with a melancholy influence upon his heart, which not even the sight of the gleaming axe at his side, speaking of strange adventures in the backwoods and new scenes of independent life, can altogether suppress. The ship, with all her high hopes and lingering regrets, passes out of sight, leaving behind her just that touch of sentiment in the mind of the spectator which harmonizes so well with this beautiful scenery at the pleasant close of an evening in summer. Our view here is not confined to the river, but takes in the Clifton Down opposite, with its promenaders sprinkled about like so many bright flowers, and the rocks rising in all their solemn grandeur. There is a delicious peep of these cliffs as we proceed down Nightingale Valley towards the river again. Hemmed in on either side by the ravine, the solid wall-like rock (crowned by the observatory) rising in the distance affords a cool background of eternal gray to the foliage, and renders the scene here strikingly beautiful.

If we emerge from the wood, and stroll along the towing-path beside the river, we shall have an opportunity of viewing the rock farther down, and the general features of the scene to perfection. The forest character of Leigh Woods does not extend more than a mile from Rownham Ferry; after that distance it assumes more the form of a young plantation, on an abrupt hill-side, but it is still beautiful in appearance. As we proceed we find quarriers at work, some of them scooping out considerable portions of the wood. Southey used to speak bitterly of this partial demolition of a wood which he held sacred to the fairies. It was "selling the sublime and beautiful by the boat-load." We question, however, very greatly whether so much damage has been done to the general effect of the scene by these quarries; nay, we are even of opinion that if these works were to stop now,—and they are not likely to be continued, we hear, much longer,—the effect in a few years' time, when the rawness of the new rock shall have gone off, will be better than it ever has been. Little breaks of Gaspar Poussin cliffs between the foliage will tend to add much to the general picturesqueness. About a mile down the river we come to a tea-garden, laid out on the side of the hill, and a very favourite resort with the citizens. A great clatter of teaspoons, the sound of merry voices from the bowers interspersed among the foliage, and swings here and there animating the wood, evidence that happiness as well as tea is here dispensed. The Black Rock rises on the opposite shore, a little way down,—a vast limestone formation, blasted from top to bottom by the quarrymen, who hold full possession of it. This rock is the great magazine of stone for repairing the roads, &c., in Bristol and its neighbourhood.

Its face looks remarkably picturesque from the sanguine stains with which it is smeared, as though some Titan's blood had been spilt upon it. The Red Rock would have been a much more appropriate name for it than its present one. Returning up the river, we gain a fresh view of the scenery, and perhaps the best one. The green slope of Clifton Downs is here seen, and St. Vincent's Rocks dispose themselves in pleasanter outlines, and more of them can be seen than when viewed from the Bristol side. Whilst in this neighbourhood the visitor should not omit the opportunity of inspecting the charms of art as well as of nature. The Claudes in Mr. Miles' collection of pictures, at Leigh Court, are the finest in the country. There are a great many first-rate pictures of other old masters there, one especially, of Leonardo de Vinci, (the *Salvator Mundi*), that nobody forgets who has once seen it.

THE SCENERY AND WATERING-PLACES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

With her steamers and her railroads, Bristol might be said to hold in her hand the reins of pleasure. So speedy is the communication with the coast, that one hour her merchants might be seen in their counting-houses, the next watching the white foam-waves beating upon the iron-bound coast of Somersetshire, or picking up shells on some of its beaches. There are three watering-places in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol—Portishead, Clevedon, and Weston. The trip to Portishead, which can be performed by steamer, is very delightful, and its appearance from the water is striking in the extreme, being built upon the bold headland which protects the anchorage of Kingroad from the stiff 'son'-westers that blow up channel. This headland is covered with wood to its summit, throughout which walks have been formed; and of a fine summer's evening the whole commerce of Bristol might be seen passing within a few hundred yards of the shore, under full sail. Clevedon and Weston lie some few miles apart from each other, a little way down the coast. A more delightful spot than Clevedon could scarcely be imagined; it lies warm in a deep valley—that is the old village—and is the very place to take a poet's fancy. Here Coleridge lived, and wrote his lays 'To Sara'; his cottage is a show place, and is just the sort of house that a poet, and no one else in the world, would have gone to live in; for beside its picturesque exterior, it has nothing on earth to recommend it. At Weston we have what neither of the other places possess—a fine sandy beach, some three miles in length. At high tide, this beach forms a most delightful promenade. The tide sweeps in over the smooth sand to the musical sound of its bursting foam bells, and the whole length of beach is alive with many groups of people, watching the waves curl in, and laughing and running as the water overtakes them. There is a pier here, to which several pleasure-boats are attached; and the sail round the Flat and Steep Helms, which lie in the sea just like two great whales

coming up to blow, is the favourite excursion of the good people from Bath and Bristol who frequent the place. But a few years ago it was a small fishing village; now it contains many thousand inhabitants, supports a *newspaper*, and keeps a railway going! Not far from Weston are two of the most remarkable spots in the west of England—the Banwell Caves, and the Cheddar Cliffs. The caves are extraordinary places; people who come to see them naturally look about them, expecting to find some hint of their neighbourhood, but they find nothing but a little rustic cottage, situated on a gently rising hill. These caves are completely subterranean, and are reached by ladders extending a great depth in the earth. There are two principal caves, in which a vast number of bones of the bear, wolf, buffalo, and stag, are found all together embedded in a mass of mud. How they came there is a question which geologists have yet to decide.

The Cheddar Cliffs are most extraordinary instances of rock scenery. Some of these cliffs are upwards of 800 feet high, and are in places so narrowly separated from each other, that they present rather the appearance of a deep fissure than a chain of rocks. They grow gradually wider at other parts, and when we can get a little space to view them in, they look sublime indeed. A very curious stalactite cavern has lately been discovered in them. The visitor enters by a fine porch, from which start three or four passages, some twelve feet in width by forty feet in height. From the roof and sides of these halls drop the most fantastic and beautiful marble stalactites. In some places these singular petrifications take the forms of pillars hung with graceful drapery; at others, they mimic the animal and vegetable creation, &c. The proprietor, who shows the cave, points out here and there a piece of bacon, a loaf of bread, a plant, or animal. When lit up by candlelight, the full effect of this singular place is seen to perfection. We question, however, whether the lovers of the picturesque will not be more pleased by the picture from the outside of this cave; for there we have a superb view of the rocks rising behind a large sheet of the purest water, on the banks of which tea-gardens are laid out, and upon whose silvery bosom a pleasure-boat, freighted with a party of musicians, might at times be seen to glide, whilst their instruments awaken the echoes of the adjacent cliffs. A view of the Wye and its transcendent beauties has already been given in a previous number of the 'Land we Live in,' we need not, therefore, here do more than allude to a spot whose fame crowds the Chepstow steamers in the summer with tourists. Packets leave Bristol twice a day for Newport, in whose neighbourhood there are many interesting remains. The Castle, situated on the banks of the Usk, was once a very strong place, and still presents to the front of the river three very formidable towers. The town of Newport is said to have risen upon the ruins of Caerleon, in the time of the Romans; a splendid city, which, according to some writers, was no less than nine miles in cir-

cumference, and contained many splendid palaces and aqueducts.

Its successor, Newport, certainly cannot vie with this traditionary magnificence. Its chief riches consists in the piles of iron and coal which line the river side for shipment. Newport is the natural port for these two strong sinews of English power; and on some occasions, as many as seventy or a hundred sail might be seen working their way down the Usk river—the majority, dirty colliers, we admit; but all under belling sail they make a goodly and cheering show. Here many of the large ships, outward bound from Bristol, come to take in their return cargo. It was much feared that the building of docks at this place would injure the former port; but it has since proved to be her most valuable channel wharf. In the neighbourhood of Newport there is some very beautiful scenery; Ebwy Vale, for instance, is picturesque in the extreme. Farther westward, the Vale of Neath and the waterfalls of Pont Neath Vaughan occur, in which passages of scenery are to be found that cannot be surpassed in England.

The immediate neighbourhood of Bristol is extremely beautiful. Indeed there are so many nooks and corners, so many woodlands and picturesque bits of rocky scenery, that we scarce know where to choose. At Stapleton and Frenchay, two villages only three or four miles from the city, situated upon the river Frome, which here is scarcely more than a running brook, we have perfect miniatures of the scenery at Clifton. Cliffs on the one side, steep woodland on the other, here and there an old water-mill, with its lazy pool,—mirror to the gray rocks,—comes in, and adds the one last feature required to make the picture perfect. At Henbury and Brislington again there are delightful walks: at the former place the Valley of Blaize, as it is called, affords some charming scenery. Here is a great rock, called Goram's Chair. Goram and Vincent were two giants, who competed a "long time ago," as they say in story-books, in cutting asunder St. Vincent's rocks. Goram, however, finding it, we suppose, hot work, or perhaps more sensibly determining to let his brother giant do the hard work, sat down on this singularly-shaped rock and went conveniently to sleep, while St. Vincent completed the job, and obtained all the credit of his labour, as he deserved to do. As there were no other giants, however, in these parts, where the credit came from we are at a loss to know. The Henbury Cottages, a better class of alms-houses, erected close to this valley, draws visitors from far and near to see them. They are all situated on a green, and lie quite embosomed in trees. They were designed by Nash, and there can be no doubt that he knew more about building cottages than palaces. This little group of buildings is perfectly unique. The best champaign view in the neighbourhood is obtained from King's Weston Hill: from this spot the spectator can follow the course of the Avon and Severn, and see across the channel as far, in clear weather, as the "bold Bloringe," and other still more distant mountains in Wales. Perhaps a greater extent

of country might be seen from Dundry Tower—a landmark, visible from nearly every part of Bristol and its neighbourhood.

Dundry Tower is situated on the long chain of hills which run in a southern course five miles from the city. From the battlements of this beautiful building,—which is almost as elegant a piece of architecture as St. Stephen's Tower, indeed, in some features it is even more perfect than that building, as it still retains the beautiful crocketed or overhanging pinnacles of open work, which were destroyed at St. Stephen's Tower in the early part of the last century by a high wind—we have a splendid view. To the north, a most luxuriant country stretches away to where Bristol lies enshrouded in a thick mist of smoke, and to the east we see the outskirts of Bath. Beyond these two cities the hills, among which Calne and Devizes, Stroud and Berkeley, lie hidden, are observable. The Severn, with its wide silvery flood, for nearly forty miles of its length, can be traced; and in the west rise to view the Quantock Hills, near Bridgewater; whilst to the south, the eye ranges down a magnificent slope, and across a breadth of fine English land as far as Warminster and the neighbourhood of Frome. Amid the most luxuriant foliage the country is seen to be dotted with church towers of handsome proportions; indeed the whole county is rich in ecclesiastical architecture. Scarcely such a thing as a steeple is to be seen in this part of Somersetshire; tall and graceful towers, of beautiful workmanship, will be found in the most insignificant villages. Not far from Dundry, at a village called Stanton Drew—or, as it has been rendered, the 'Stone Town of the Druids'—there are some very remarkable remains connected with this ancient religion.

In most cases we find Druidical stones situated on Downs or in barren spots; but those to be found here are interspersed between meadows and orchards. They consist of three circles of stones: the largest circle measures 342 feet in diameter. Only five stones of this belt remain; these are situated at very irregular intervals; and consequently have scarcely the appearance of having been placed there with any particular design. The smallest circle lies close at hand, and is about 96 feet in diameter: it is composed of eight very large and most irregularly-shaped stones, only four of which are now standing: they form a complete round, and clearly indicate the use to which they had been put. The *Lunar Temple*, as it has been called by Dr. Stukeley, is distant from the great circle 700 feet and upwards. Its diameter is about 150 feet, and it contains eleven stones. There are numerous superstitions and tales connected with these curious remains. The country people call them 'the Wedding,'—the tale going that the company at a wedding were suddenly turned into stone; and they even point out the different individuals that formed this very unhappy group. The bride and bridegroom were represented by these stones, the fiddlers by those, and a company of dancers by the cluster beyond. If so,

all we can say is, the people in those days were of most Brobdingnagian proportions: the bridegroom must have been of an intolerable size, and the bride a great deal larger than she ought to have been. The country people allege the same sort of difficulty in counting these stones is found as at other places where similar remains exist. They tell a story of a baker, who, determining to do a sum in addition which his neighbours could not manage, set about it by putting a loaf of bread upon every stone he counted; but, somehow or other, he always found one stone uncovered by a half-quartern, and he gave up his task at length in despair. Not far from this group are some stones, either isolated, or in pairs. One large mass of rock called Hackell's Quoit, is said to have been thrown there from an enormous distance by a giant! Being generally formed of limestone, the road-mender has helped himself pretty plentifully to some of them; and in the course of a century they will perhaps have wholly disappeared. In a more westerly direction, and this side of the Dundry Hills, lies a cluster of villages of the most romantic character. Congresbury and Yatton would particularly repay the visitor, both by their scenery and their churches. There is a celebrated valley at Congresbury, to which pic-nic parties resort from Bristol. The church is a very fine edifice, but not equal to the one at Yatton, which is built quite in the style of a cathedral. The Gloucestershire villages in the neighbourhood of Bristol are not so rich in appearance as its Somersetshire environs, but several of them are much frequented by the Bristolians. The Old and New Passages, two ferries across the Severn, are very favourite places of resort in summer. The New Passage derives its name from a singular historical circumstance. Charles I., being pursued by a party of Parliamentarians, through Shire Newton, embarked in a boat at the Black Rock (New Passage) and was ferried safely to the opposite shore. A number of his pursuers compelled other boatmen to carry them after him; but the ferrymen being of the King's party, set them down upon a reef called the English Stones, and gave them to believe that the rest of the passage was fordable. The Parliamentary troopers immediately made the attempt, but were all drowned, and the King thus escaped. Cromwell, enraged at his prey escaping him, revenged himself by shutting up this ferry; and it was not re-opened until 1713, and then it received its present name of the New Passage. The Old Passage is situated some miles further up the river, and it forms the principal ferry upon it. At high tide it is two miles across, and is traversed by a steamer every quarter of an hour. The Welsh mail goes across by this passage. Not far hence is the village of Thornbury, famous for its ruinous castle, which was begun by Edward Duke of Buckingham. Thornbury also possesses a very large Church, built in a cruciform shape, and surmounted with a very beautiful tower. Many of the Gloucestershire villages afford fine fields for the antiquary, as their churches generally are of a very early date.

BATH.



BROAD STREET AND ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Bristol and Bath are now united by the iron bands of the railway, so that the two may now, for all practical purposes, be looked upon as one great city, the train being little more than a quarter of an hour in its journey from one to the other. The distance is about twelve miles, through a picturesque and interesting district, the railway, during its whole course, following the winding and undulating valley of the Avon.

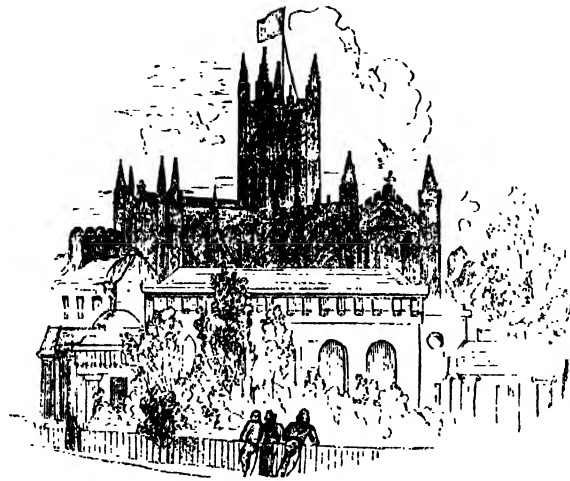


BATH ABBEY.

EARLY HISTORY OF BATH.

It is very rarely the case that the history of a city is carried back to its very source. In most instances the extreme distance is lost in the haze of fable, through which we catch vague glimpses of men and things assuming almost gigantic proportions. The good people of Bath, however, see clearer than their neighbours, and run back the line of their city's history until they at last arrive at a founder who counts only the thirtieth in descent from Adam himself! We question if any city in the Principality would desire a more respectable pedigree. Still more extraordinary is their belief that the most polite city in England owes its very existence to the sagacity of a herd of swine! Bathonians notoriously put faith in the story of king Bladud, and why should not we? They place his bust over the door of one of their principal banks, as though to give a golden currency to the tale: we cannot then be accused of literary "smashing," for doing our little to pass the somewhat apocryphal coin on to posterity.

According to the most approved accounts of the origin of Bath, Bladud, son of the British king Hudibras, was so unfortunate in his youth as to contract a leperous disease; and as in those times they were not quite so humane as they are now, he was, on the petition of the nobles, banished from his father's court, lest the loathsome affliction should spread to themselves. The queen, with a true woman's affection, however, presented him with a ring, as a token by which she should know him again in case he should ever return cured. The prince departed, and after wandering some time in exile, hired himself to a swineherd, whom he found feeding his pigs not far from the site of the future city. The Royal swineherd was so unfortunate, however, as to infect his charge with his own disease; and fearing that the fact would become known to his master, he separated from him, and drove his pigs towards the vast forests that at that time crowned the Lansdown and Beacon hills. The swine, however, taught by nature to medicine their own dis-



THE INSTITUTION.

temper, made straight for the spot whence issued the hot-springs, and here wallowed in the marsh caused by its overflowing waters. This kindly oblation soon cured them of their disease; which Bladud perceiving, he applied the same remedy, with the like good effect, to his own person. Thus cured, he appeared again before the old herdsman, his master, informed him of the miraculous cure that had been performed upon himself and pigs; and added further to his astonishment, by proclaiming that he was a king's son. To convince him of this fact, he led him to his father's court, and seizing an opportunity when the king and queen banqueted in public, he dropped into the royal goblet the ring his mother had given him. As the queen drank (and they did more than taste the rim of the cup in those days), she perceived at the bottom the glittering token, and thus became aware of the presence of her son. Bladud afterwards succeeded to the throne, and rewarded his old master by granting him a handsome estate near the hot-springs, and building him a palace and outhouses for his followers. These together made a town divided into two parts, the north town and the south town, to which the swineherd affixed the name of the animals that had been the cause of his good fortune; and even now the north part of the town is called Hogs Norton, but by some Norton Small-Reward, from a tradition that the king's bounty was looked upon by the swineherd as a small reward for what he had done for him. The king himself, it would seem, terminated his career in a very unfortunate manner; for, being of an aspiring disposition, like Rasselas he made an essay at flying, and was even more unfortunate than that prince of romance, for he fell down upon the tower of Salisbury Cathedral, and broke his neck! Puerile as is this

tradition, yet would it be a golden one if it should have given Shakspeare a hint for his 'Cymbeline,' and if in Bladud he should have found his Polydore.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot-springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century before the birth of Christ. As Roman Bath lay wholly in a valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm-bath, that the hot-springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the present day cannot rival. An excavation that was made in 1755, near the abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the 'History of Somersetshire,' will show how far beyond us they were in the construction of such buildings:

"The walls of these baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone lined with a strong cement of terras: one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present King's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support a roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which

were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of terras, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a hypocaust, or vault, for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fire-place from which the heat was conveyed, was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments which the Romans used preparatory to their entering either the hot-baths or sudatories; such as the *Frigidarium*, where the bathers undressed themselves, which was not heated at all; the *Tepidarium*, which was moderately heated; and the *Eleothesion*, which was a small room, containing oil, ointments, and perfumes. These rooms had a communication with each other, and some of them were paved with flag-stones and others were beautifully tessellated with dies of various colours. A regular set of well-wrought channels conveyed the superfluous water from the baths into the Avon." These sumptuous buildings were upwards of 240 feet in length, and 120 in breadth.

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. The poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes excited the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use, and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conqueror who was to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found full twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered a number of stone coffins, evidently Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

In the immediate neighbourhood of these baths arose the stately porticoes of temples to Minerva and Apollo and other deities of the Roman worship. Some of these must have been of a very imposing size, as portions of Corinthian pillars, measuring nearly three feet in diameter, have been exhumed, and are now preserved in the Literary Institution. Large and massive pieces of pediment have also been rescued from the depths in which they had been submerged; and in one instance the pieces have been placed together, until we see before us the façade of some highly-sculptured building.

The Bath, (or *Aquæ Solis*, as it was then called,) of

fifteen centuries ago, must have presented a beautiful appearance. Where the heart of the present city stands, dimly seen through its canopy of smoke, in that distant age the columns of the temples shone white against the dark blue of the surrounding hills, and many a noble-browed pediment seemed to watch majestically over the fortunes of the grand people who worshipped at their shrines. Here, too, in the morning sun, shone the beautiful gilt statue of Apollo, or the evening twilight dwelt upon the calm brow of some imaged Minerva. In those days there was little or no coal smoke to obscure the beautiful details of the classic city; and the whole stamped itself as sharply and distinctly upon the surrounding background of hills as did any of the antique towns of Italy herself.

But the sumptuousness and grandeur of *Aquæ Solis* served other purposes, according to Tacitus, than merely to minister to the wants and to please the sensuous eye of the Roman colonists. To this city flocked the Britons of the surrounding country, and, by participating in the luxuries of the place, gradually sunk beneath its sensualities and sacrificed their liberty at the altars of pleasure. "By these insidious means," says the historian, "the people were more effectually subjugated than by the Roman sword."

Aquæ Solis remained a place of great resort during the whole period of the Roman occupation; and even after their departure, which event took place in the year 400, the half-civilized Britons maintained it with a diminished splendour; and it was not until the coming of those rude workers, our Saxon ancestors,—who destroyed but to sow the germ of a more healthful state of things,—that the glory and beauty of the place were levelled to the dust.

All that remains of this once splendid city is now stowed away in the vaults and passages of the Literary Institution. As you pass along them to read the 'Times' of a morning, or to cut open the wet sheets of 'Blackwood,' your coat brushes against votive altars, wrought by the hands of this antique people. As you wander along the basement-rooms of the building your eye catches mouldering fragments, which the learned have placed together upon conjecture, as the child despairingly builds up its puzzle. Upon the tables are scattered about fragments of drinking-vessels, out of which the soldiers of the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room, you will see upon the mantel-piece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the Apollo Medicus—a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and who endued the springs with all their healing powers. The beautiful face of the god once so venerated, now claims no more respect (except as a piece of antiquity) than the bronze letter-weight that stands beside it!

To return, however, to the history of the city: after the departure of the Romans, and during the early part of that bloody struggle which took place between the Britons, and the Saxons whom they had invited over to their assistance, *Aquæ Solis* remained in comparative

peace. In the year 493, however, the city was besieged by a Saxon army, under Ella and his three sons, when there doubted King Arthur came to its assistance, and defeated the invaders with terrible slaughter. Again, in the year 520, this legendary hero evinced his prowess by defeating Cedric and his powerful army on the scene of his former victories, killing with his own hand, it is said, no less than four hundred and forty Saxons! After such sharp work as this, his famous brand, Excalibar, must have deserved a thorough grind. As King Arthur without doubt carried his round table among his baggage, who shall say that he did not set it up in the rescued city, and that the voices of Lancelot du Lake and of the other redoubted knights, did not make ring again its ancient walls?

The Saxons, in the year 577, became masters of the city and the neighbouring country, and the Latin name of *Aquæ Solis*, or Waters of the Sun, was changed to the homely, but more appropriate, *Bat* Bathun, or Hot Baths. During the Saxon period there can be no doubt that the hot springs were carefully attended to; as the tepid bath was considered by our ancestors as an absolute necessary of life. The succeeding history of the city, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, might be turned over without disadvantage. A place of no military strength, scarcely any event of importance occurred in it during the wars of succession of our early English kings; and during the great Rebellion it made but a sorry figure, the Royalist commandant giving up the place to the Parliamentarians in the most ignominious manner. He, according to the famous Prynne's representations in Parliament, "upon the approach only of two dragoons to one of the city gates, discharging their dragoons and setting some straw on fire before the gate, and the sight of twenty men brandishing their swords upon Beechen Cliff, presently sent out for a parley, and making conditions only for himself and his officers to march away with their bag and baggage, and live quietly at their own houses without molestation, valiantly quitted the city without the least assault. * * * The captain then leaping over the wall for haste, and running away into Wales for shelter, before any other forces appeared to summon this strong fortified city, leaves all the common souldiers and citizens to their enemies' mercy, who were thereupon imprisoned, pillaged, or fined."

If much prowess was not shown by the commandant of the city, however, the neighbouring hill of Lansdowne has found a place in history from the bloody battle that was fought upon it on the 5th of July, 1643, between the forces of Sir William Waller and those of the Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, in which both parties claimed the victory.

In this action Sir Arthur Hazelrig's *Regiment of Lobsters*, as they were called from being encased in iron plates, were first brought into service, and completely routed the king's horse, who fled through amazement at such a terrible-looking foe. The Cornish musqueteers, under Sir Beville Granville, managed to

retrieve the day, with the loss of their gallant commander, however, who was slain in their impetuous charge. To commemorate his loss, a monument was erected to his memory, in 1720, by the Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, on the very spot upon which he fell. This monument is handsomely built of freestone, and on its north tablet is the following inscription, written by Cartwright, in the laudatory style of his day:

"When now th' incensed rebels proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam,
When undeserved success urged on their force,
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Granville must step in; then Granville stood,
And with himself opposed and checked the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought; so fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire.
His courage work'd like flames, east heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all; so far example can.
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did fall,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all;
His soul, the while, retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell!
But the devoted stand, enraged the more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, swore not to yield.
Each sought an honour'd grave, and gain'd the field.
Thus he being fallen, his actions fought anew,
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew."

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Bath, in common with Bristol and many other places in the west of England, was the seat of an extensive woollen trade; but during the Stuart period these manufactures declined, and the city became by degrees a place of resort for health-seekers.

Pepys visited the city in 1668, and leaves us the following account of it in his Diary:—"Having dined very well, 10s., we came before night to the Bath; when I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the Baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping." Pepys, however, only saw the fair outside of things. Wood, the famous architect, takes us behind the scenes, and shows us domestic Bath up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The boards of the dining-rooms," he tells us, "and most other floors, in the houses of Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small beer*, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs, were all of freestone; and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or

at best with chene, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made; and such as were of linen consisted only of corded dimity or coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters, and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash-windows." The city seems to have stood still at this point for a century at least; for between the years 1592 and 1692, it had only increased by seventeen houses!

MODERN BATH.

From such an abject condition as we have described, the city was destined to be raised to the highest degree of magnificence, and to be made the resort of the 'quality' of the land by the genius of two men—Beau Nash and Wood. Those individuals might be said to have supplied the very soul and body of modern Bath: the former by the elegant social life he infused into it; and the latter, by his superb reconstruction of its buildings.

To Richard Nash, however, Bath must mainly attribute the rapidity with which it sprang from an insignificant place, into the focus of fashionable life, and the most 'pleasurable' city in the kingdom. His genius for trifles, his taste, and his shrewdness, serving him better than more profound abilities would have done in erecting a kingdom of his own, and in governing it in so absolute a manner as he did. Nash commenced life in the army, but speedily becoming tired of the profession he turned to the law,—that is, he entered his name on the books at the Temple, and spent his time as a man about town; and his genius for gay life, and his love of intrigue, soon led him into the society of the young bloods of the day. It was a mystery to all his acquaintances, however, how he managed to support the various extravagances he was led into, as he was known to be without fortune. In these days we should look for the secret sources of income of such a person in the columns of the broad sheet, or in the poetical epistles of a puffing tailor; but Nash seems to have been suspected of a much more direct method of replenishing his exhausted purse. His friends, indeed, charged him with procuring money by robbery on the highway! We might guess the state of society when such an accusation could even suggest itself. Nash, full of indignation, replied to the charge, and cleared his honour (!) by handing round to his accusers a *billet doux* he had just received, enclosing a large sum of money. Having, for some reason or other, got sick of the law, as he had done of his Majesty's service; not, we apprehend, because he "found his mind superior to both," as Dr. Oliver, one of his fulsome eulogists, absurdly hath it, but most probably, that his inclinations suited neither. In a lucky hour he retired to Bath, and there found a pathway to fame

which he would have never reached by the study of 'Coke upon Littleton.'

The condition of the city upon the advent of the Beau, which took place about 1703, was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular talent. Its accommodations were most contemptible: its houses and public places lacked those elegances and amusements which are calculated to attract those who seek for passing pleasure, or are mainly desirous to kill *ennui*. The only place where the amusement of the dance could be enjoyed was upon the bowling-green, where a fiddle and a hautboy formed the whole band; the only promenade was a grove of sycamore trees. Of the varied appliances of the gaming-table Bath was then innocent; but the chairmen were so rude, that no respectable female durst pass along the street unprotected, in the evening. The Pump-house was without a director; "and," says Goldsmith, in his 'Life of Nash,' "to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age (we believe it was Dr. Radcliffe) conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of its waters. It was from a resentment of some affront he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, *he would cast a toad in the spring.*"

Nash, at this auspicious moment for his fortune, arrived at Bath, and made a hit at once by assuring the people that he would charm away the poison, as the venom of the tarantula was charmed—by music. He only asked for a band of performers, to make the Doctor's toad perfectly harmless. His proposition was at once agreed to, and the Pump-room immediately received the benefit, by attracting a full and fashionable company; and the spirit of the man so gained their goodwill, that he was speedily voted Master of the Ceremonies—or King of Bath.

Nash commenced his reign by repairing the roads of the city,—a strange duty for a master of the ceremonies to discharge, but one which speaks volumes as to the condition of the thoroughfares at the beginning of the last century. The company, which had hitherto been obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game, were, under his direction, accommodated with a handsome Assembly-room—the first ever erected in the city. He now set about composing a code of laws for his new subjects; and the conditions he drew up for the observance of a polite society were doubtless intended to smack of wit; but we must confess that, viewed in this light, they fully justified his own admission, that the pen was his torpedo,—when ever he grasped it, it benumbed his faculties. This composition, which was hung up in a conspicuous place in the Pump-room, strongly savours of the Beau's idiosyncrasies.

Rules to be observed at Bath.

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or

desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his tickets for the balls to any but gentlemen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlewomen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill-manners; and that none do it for the future—except such as respect none but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

9. That the young ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the *Hare-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandals be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company;—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

N.B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.

Goldsmith says of these rules, rather sneeringly (if his fine nature might be considered capable of a sneer), "were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation."

The public balls, now under his management, were conducted with the greatest decorum. They commenced at six, and concluded at eleven: this rule he maintained so rigidly, that the Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more after his authoritative finger had given the signal for the band to withdraw, was refused, with the remark that his laws were like those of Lyeurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all authority. Nash had some difficulty in regulating the dress to be worn at the Assembly; but he went boldly to work, and chid even the most exalted in rank, when they departed from his rules. On one occasion he signified his dislike of the practice of wearing white aprons at the Assembly, by stripping the Duchess of Queensberry of one valued at five hundred guineas, and throwing it at the hinder benches, amongst the ladies' women. The duchess begged his Majesty's pardon, and made him a present of the obnoxious article of apparel,—to our



PORTRAIT OF NASH.

mind a rather keen method of retort. He found the gentlemen, however, not so easily controlled. He tried, in vain, for a long time, to prevent the wearing of swords, on the plea that they tore the ladies' dresses; but, in fact, to put a stop to the numerous duels which arose out of the intrigues of gallants, or disputes at the gaming-table. With a deep insight into human nature, Nash gave out that he wanted to hinder people from doing *what they had no mind to*. It was not, however, until an encounter took place, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded, that he succeeded in abolishing the use of the sword in the city of Bath; henceforward, whenever he heard of a challenge, he instantly had both parties placed under arrest.

The gentlemen's boots made the most determined stand against him. The country squires in those days, who must have been a brutal set,—we have a very good type of them, no doubt, in Squire Topchall, with whom Roderick Random had the famous drinking bout at Bath,—would come to the balls in their heavy boots. Nash tried all sorts of stratagems to shame them out of their boorishness, and, among others, he wrote a song in which the rhyme is about equal to the severity, as the reader will perceive:

Frontinella's Invitation to the Assembly.

"Come one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,
For there's the assembly this night;
None but servile fools
Mind manners and rules;
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.

"Come trollops and slatterns,
Cock'd hats and white aprons,
This best our modesty suits;
For why should not we
In dress be as free
As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?"

Finding that his verses told, he followed up his success by inventing a puppet-show, in which 'Punch' comes in, booted and spurred, in the character of a country squire. Upon going to bed with his wife, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots," replies Punch, "why, Madam, you might as well pull off my legs! I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them; and this piece of politeness is quite the thing in Bath." At last his wife gets so tired of him that she kicks him off the stage. There was some real point in this contrivance of Nash's, and the squires were soon shamed out of their boorishness. Sometimes, however, a gentleman, through ignorance or haste, would appear in the rooms in the forbidden boots; but Nash always made up to him, and bowing with much mock gravity, would tell him *that he had forgotten to bring his horse.*

Beau Nash, like other potentates, had his crown: the old German emperors funed and fretted under an iron diadem: the king of Bath wore a white hat, which he wished to be taken as an emblem of the purity of his mind! He might be considered to have reached the apogee of his reign between the years 1730-40. Within that time, Bath was honoured with the visits of two royal personages—the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, both of whom he managed to turn to account. Those who have visited Bath have doubtless been struck with the prevalence of obelisks in that city, the peculiarly mournful form of which seems to give a character to the place. The stranger who views them would little think that these monuments, which breathe such a solemn spirit, were the handiwork of such a frivolous specimen of humanity as the Beau: such, however, is the case. The obelisk in the Orange Grove was erected by him, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Orange to the city for the benefit of his health, in 1734. Nash, who appears to have combined a most ecstatic loyalty with a shrewd eye to the benefit of his little kingdom, was so overcome with the miraculousness of the Prince's recovery, that he immediately had this building erected, inscribing a seasonable puff upon . . . of the virtues of the Bath waters.

Again, in 1738, when the Prince of Wales visited Bath, Nash ran up another obelisk in Queen Square, and in order to make it all the more worthy of the personage it was dedicated to, he asked Pope to write its inscription. The poet's answer is a master-piece of irony: the monument he was pressed to dignify with his composition is not more cutting and severe in its outline, as the reader will perceive.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favours of his R. H., and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in

a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can." (Signed "A. POPE.") Nash, who doubtless took the very ambiguous compliment at the conclusion of the letter in its most favourable aspect, still pestered the poet until he got the inscription out of him, and a very ordinary affair it is, as might have been expected, from the writer's contempt of both Nash and his "R.H."

We cannot help regarding these obelisks as "standing advertisements" for the town; and Nash evidently used up the two princes in the same manner that Professor Holloway, of Ointment notoriety, does the Earl of Aldborough in the columns of the 'Times.'

But turn we again to the magnificence of Nash in his day of pride. Behold him going forth upon a progress to the colony of Tunbridge he has founded, in his post-chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, and French horns; and at the side of his equipage his famous running footman, Murphy, who thought nothing of going a message for his master to London in a day. Had not Bath reason to be proud of a king who kept such sumptuous state? It might be asked how Nash managed to support all this extravagance, as he received no remuneration in consideration of his office as Master of the Ceremonies. One word will explain all—*play* filled his overflowing purse.

If, under his auspices, the resources of the city for restoring health were fully developed, it cannot be denied that he fostered the vices that ruined the mind; and thousands that came hither to recruit the body did not leave it until they were morally ruined.

Hazard, lansquenet, and loo, were the milder forms of excitement in which the ladies joined; and, according to Anstey, who lashes the folly of the day in his famous 'New Bath Guide,' had a pretty way of their own of cheating:

"Industrious creatures! that make it a rule
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool:
So they win to be sure; yet I very much wonder
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;
For up comes a man on a sudden slapdash,
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash;
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.

The sterner sex indulged in more desperate games, and an incredible deal of money was lost to the sharps who made the city their head-quarters during the dead metropolitan season. To such a height was gambling carried, that at last the Government interfered, and by Act of Parliament suppressed all the *games* of chance of the day. Public gaming thus being checked, the whole source of Nash's income was cut off at once. He managed to recover it, however, for a time, but

with a total loss of all honour, and a great portion of that consideration with which his Bath subjects had hitherto treated him. He received this fall through entering into a confederation with the keepers of a new game, called 'E.O.,' set up on purpose to evade the law, a certain portion of the profits of which he pocketed, in consideration of the company he drew to it. Poor Nash was not a bit more corrupt than the mass of society at the time; but his position made it necessary for that society to turn its back upon him to save its own honour! The moral condition of Bath about the middle of last the century, was, we confess, at the lowest ebb, and its intellectual life was melancholy indeed. One forcible contrast will perhaps show the depravity of the period better than a thousand words.

In the year 1760, subscription-rooms were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day the number of subscribers for prayers was *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. This circumstance occasioned the following lines at the time:

"The Church and Rooms the other day
Open'd their books for Prayer and Play:
The Priest got *twelve*, Hoyle *sixty-seven*;
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!"

Not only in the universal love of gambling was the vice of the period exhibited, but in the shameless intrigues which were carried on, but which Beau Nash—we must do him the justice to say—exerted all his influence to put a stop to. He was the Marplot of Bath; in fact, whenever a clandestine marriage was on the tapis, and as far as lay in his power, he acted as the conscientious guardian of those young ladies of fortune around whom the swindlers of the place constantly gathered. His manner of warning parents was sometimes *brusque* enough. On one occasion he highly offended a lady of fortune at the Assembly-room, by telling her *she had better go home*: this speech he continued to repeat to her; and at last, piqued and offended, she did go home, and there discovered the meaning of his apparently rude advice in a coach and six at the door, which some sharper had provided to carry off her daughter. As for the manner in which the company got through the day, a description of it is melancholy enough. The bath occupied the morning; the noon was spent (by the young) in making-believe to drink the waters in the Pump-room, but really in flirting, according to the ingenuous Miss Jenny of Anstey's poem, who admits that the springs she never tastes, but that her chief delight is

"Near the Pump to take my stand,
With a nosegay in my hand,
And to hear the Captain say,
'How d'ye do, dear Miss, to-day?'"

whilst the old tabbies

"Come to the Pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all at once, while the music is playing:
'Your servant, Miss Fitchet:' 'Good morning, Miss Stote';
'My dear lady Riggledam, how is your throat?"

'Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrawl
'Last night, to attend at your ladyship's call;
'But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball.'
—'O Fitchet!—don't ask me—good Heavens preserve!
'I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve:
'Half dead all the night, I protest—I declare—
'My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?
'You'll come to the rooms; all the world will be there!"

Out of such materials as these Nash managed to construct that social life which made Bath so famous in the last century, and which led to its material reconstruction by the genius of the architect Wood.

We have before dwelt upon the insignificant appearance of the city at the beginning of the eighteenth century: at that time, it contained but two houses fit to receive any personages of condition; but before its close it was one of the most splendidly-built places in Europe. In the few minutes' breathing-time which is allowed at Bath, in the rapid rush from London to the West, the traveller has, from the platform of the railway-station, a splendid view of the city. The foreground he sees filled with spires of churches—the Abbey sitting like a mother in the midst; the back-ground closed in by the Lansdowne hills, up which terrace and crescent climb, until they appear almost to kiss the sky. Amid this splendid scene, however, he singles out one mass of buildings immediately beneath his eye, which stands with an air of great dignity, and seems to carry with it recollections of bygone glory. The North and South Parade, which we allude to, was one of the earliest works of Wood. Its broad and ample terraces,—where now but a few invalids catch the warmth of the sunny South, or breathe the bracing air of the Downs; in the time of Nash, and still later, was the resort of all the fashion of the land. What a sidling of hoops, a clapping of delicate red-heeled shoes, a glistening of sword-hilts, a raising of cocked hats, and a display of black solitaires, and patches *à la Grecque*, was there once here,—of which a dusty death has long swallowed up all! Wood commenced these buildings about the year 1730; and soon after, Queen Square, with its very marked and noble style of architecture, the Circus, and a crowd of other elegant buildings, which we shall notice hereafter, followed, displacing meaner erections, spreading far out into the then country, and supplying that architectural magnificence which the wealth and fashion now filling the city demanded.

Nash died in 1761, and for some time no dispute as to the succession arose; but in 1769, a civil war took place, in consequence of two Masters of the Ceremonies being elected. The partisans of the rival monarchs, among whom the ladies were most prominent, actually came to blows in the Pump-room, whose walls witnessed the most extraordinary scene that perhaps ever took place in a polite assembly. Imagine, good reader, a crowd of fashionables of the present day falling to pulling noses, and tearing caps and dresses! Yet such deeds took place among the 'mode' in Bath, not seventy years ago:

"Fair nymphs achieve illustrious feats,
Off fly their tuckers, caps, and *têtes* ;
Pins and pomatum strew the room,
Emitting many a strange perfume ;
Each tender form is strangely batter'd,
And odd things here and there are scatter'd.
In heaps confused the heroines lie,
With horrid shrieks they pierce the sky :
Their charms are lost in scratches, scars,
Sad emblems of domestic wars !"

And it was not until *the Riot Act had been read three times*, that the fury of the combatants was appeased !

The social condition of Bath, which we have been mainly following, continued pretty much the same as Nash left it, until the end of the last century ; from that period, however, to the present time, a marked change has slowly been taking place in it. The public life of the city has gradually subsided, and is now pretty well extinct. The gambling spirit of old times has degenerated into shilling whist at the Wednesday night card-assemblies ; and the public balls, those magnificent reunions which, in the old time, under Nash, always commenced with a minuet danced by the highest people of 'quality' present, although still well attended, yet shine with a diminished lustre. Bath, in fact, from a place of resort for the valetudinarian, and for the pleasure-seeker during the winter season, has become a resident city of 80,000 inhabitants, in which the domestic life has gradually encroached upon the public life that once distinguished it. Private parties have taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the subscription-balls, and friendly visits between families have emptied the Pump-room of much of that crush of fashion and galaxy of beauty which once trod its floors, when the city was a nest of lodging-houses, and the inhabitants a set of loungers, or a flock of incurables, who only visited it to air themselves in the eyes of the genteel world, or to wash themselves out with the mineral waters before making their final exit.

Another reason why the public amusements of the place have fallen off so of late years is to be found in the religious spirit which has developed itself. The modern history of Bath is but an amplification of the life of many of its fine ladies of old : beginning their career with all kinds of dissipation, progressing amid scenes of scandal and intrigue, and ending by becoming a devotee : what changes the individual underwent within the human pan society has repeated during the flight of a century and a half.

As one passes along the streets and looks into the booksellers' windows, the ascendancy of the evangelical church-party in the city is manifest by the portraits of young clergymen everywhere meeting the eye, and the multitudes of religious books, with 'third,' or 'fourth,' edition of the 'tenth,' 'twentieth,' or 'thirtieth' thousand inscribed upon their title-pages.

Many of the publications issued in Bath, when in the heyday of its fame, were lewd and gross in the extreme : we ourselves have seen many volumes which any Holywell Street publisher of the present time would

be prosecuted for attempting to vend, so grossly indecent were they : yet in those days they were perused openly by maid, wife, and widow,—and doubtless without raising a blush upon the hardened cuticle of the eighteenth century. Without being too pharisaical, the city might compare her present with her past moral condition with much complacency. The tone of manners is immeasurably purer, and the life more moral ; than it was in times of old.

THE HOT BATHS.

The Medicinal Baths of this city, so famous in the time of the Romans, appear to have lost all their attractions about the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly owing to the breaking-up of the monastery, in the prior and monks of which they were vested. So little were these baths known throughout the kingdom, and so few did they attract to their healing waters, that Dr. Turner, who wrote a treatise upon the 'Properties of the Baths of England,' in 1562, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, says, that it was only after visiting the baths of Italy and Germany, "*that I hard tel that there was a natural bathe within your father's dukedome :*" and farther on, he denounces the "nigardishe illiberallite" of the rich men of England, for not bettering and amending them. "I have not hearde," he tells us, "that anye rich man hath spent upon these noble bathes, one grote these twenty years." The Doctor's reproaches do not seem to have had much effect, for we find that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the most extraordinary disorder existed in them. The baths, we are told, were like so many bear-gardens, and as for modesty, it was a thing which had no existence in them. *The custom of both sexes bathing together in a perfect state of nature* existed even a century before. Bishop Beckyngton having endeavoured, in 1449, to remedy the evil by issuing a mandate forbidding men and women to bathe together without "decent clothing ;" his efforts, however, did not prove of much effect, for in 1646 we find the scandal grown so great, that the corporation was obliged to interfere and enforce the wearing of bathing-clothes.

The filthy condition of the bath was almost as bad as the morals of the bathers : "dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures, were hurled over the rails into the water, while people were bathing in it." By the rigid enforcement of by-laws the corporation amended the nuisance, and the good effect of their interference was seen in the crowds of people who flocked to the city from different parts of England, both for the purpose of bathing and drinking the waters. Pepys, who visited the city in 1668, and of course pried into the baths, did not think them particularly clean, in consequence of the great resort to them. His gossiping sketch is full of interest : "13th (June) Saturday, up at four o'clock, being, by appointment, called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by-and-by, though we designed to have





BRIDGE AND RAILWAY.

done before company came, much company came; very fine ladies; and the manners pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour; and by-and-by comes music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere: 5s."

What an amiable picture this! the Clerk of the Acts (an officer filling the post of a modern Secretary to the Admiralty), his wife, and male and female servants, all dipping into one bath together! Somehow or other, the social liberty of those days of despotism was greater than that which exists at present, notwithstanding our free institutions. Fancy a fine lady of 1848 treating her waiting-maid on the like equal terms.

The fashion of ladies and gentlemen appearing in

the same bath continued down to the present century. Anstey has a fling at the custom in his satirical poem:

"Oh! 't was pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water like so many spaniels:
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter;
'T was a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks;
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl,
In a great smoking kettle, as big as our hall;
And to-day, many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd, by command of an able physician!"

The bath for a long time was a fashionable amusement for the ladies. A foreign traveller, who visited England towards the end of the last century, speaking of those in this city, says, "In the morning the young lady is brought in a close-chair, dressed in her bathing-clothes, to the Cross Bath. Then the music plays her in the water, and the women who attend her present her with a *little floating-dish like a basin*, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and of late a snuff-box is added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide; if otherwise, by herself; and having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home." The while the lady thus amused herself with her little floating-dish, she was well

aware of being "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for the gallery of the bath was generally the resort of young gentlemen who ogled the fair to their heart's content. There is a story told of a gentleman once looking at his wife while she was bathing in the King's Bath, and who was so charmed with her increase of beauty that he could not help complimenting her upon it, which a king of Bath hearing, he instantly took him by the heels and hurled him over the rails into the water—by way of marking, we suppose, his sense of the impropriety and *mauvais ton* of admiring one's own partner.

The public baths of the city are four in number—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Cross Bath. The King's Bath is the largest and most important of them all, and royalty has on many occasions disported in its waters. A remarkable circumstance is related to have occurred in it while Queen Ann, consort of James I., was bathing here. A flame of fire, it is said, ascended to the top of the water, spread itself into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened her Majesty that she immediately departed for the New Bath, close at hand; which ever afterwards went by the name of the Queen's Bath. Another circumstance, still more singular in connection with it, is mentioned by Stukeley in his 'Itinerarum.' "It is remarkable," says he, "that at the cleansing of the springs, when they set down a new pump, they constantly found great quantities of hazelnuts, as in many other places among subterraneous timber." The comment of this old author upon the circumstance is, however, a thousand times more strange than the thing itself. "These," he adds, "I doubt not to be the remains of the famous and universal Deluge, which the Hebrew historian tells us was in autumn; Providence by that means securing the revival of the vegetable world." (!)

The dimensions of this Bath are 65 feet wide by 40 broad, and it contains 364 tons of water; the heat at the springhead is 116° of Fahrenheit. In the centre of the Bath there is a statue of the favourite Bladud, and the bather stands astonished as he reads the following inscription in copper upon it:

BLADUD,

Son of Lud Hudibras,

Eighth king of the Britons from Brute:

A great philosopher and mathematician,

Bred at Athens,

And recorded the first discoverer and founder of these baths,
Eight hundred and sixty-three years before Christ;

That is,

Two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years

To the present year,

One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

In connection with the King's Bath is a spacious tepid Swimming Bath, designed by that true artist and master of the classic style of architecture, Decimus Burton. The Cross Bath has of late years been converted into a Tepid, Plunging, and Swimming Bath, the price of admission to which brings it within the

means of the "great unwashed." The temperature of the water is about 95°. The Hot Bath is so named from the great heat of its springs, the thermometer standing in it as high as 116°: a temperature so great that it seems almost to scald the skin upon the first immersion. In addition to these public baths (which belong to the Corporation), there are a number of private bathing-establishments, fitted up with every elegance and improvement that the present day has suggested. There are also the Abbey Baths, likewise very commodious, and situated upon the site of the old Roman Thermæ. In 1833, an analysis was made, by the Oxford professor of chemistry, of the gas emitted by the waters, and he found that within the twenty-four hours 222 cubic feet was given off, which contained a variable quantity; viz., from 4½ to 13 per cent. of the whole; and the rest consisted of 96 per cent. of nitrogen, and 4 per cent. of oxygen. The learned professor, we are also told, drew the inference so comfortable to Bathonians, that their city owes its hot springs to the action of a volcano immediately beneath it!

This is a mere conjecture, however, as philosophers are still entirely in the dark as to the causes of the internal heat of the globe. The old Bathonians had an opinion of their own on the subject: they attribute the springs themselves to the Royal necromancer, Bladud; and their composition, and the origin of their heat, is set forth in rhyme, which, five centuries ago, was held to be very good reason: we quote the following lines as far as they bear upon the subject:

"Two tunne ther beth of bras,
And other two maked of glas;
Seven salts there beth inne,
And other thing maked with ginne;
Quick brimstone in them also,
With wild fire maked thereto.
Sal Gemme and Sal Petre,
Sal Amonak then is eke;
Sal Alford and Sal Alkine,
Sal Gemme is mingled with brine;
Sal Conim and Sal Abmetre bright,
That borneth both day and night.
All this is in the tunne ido,
And other things many mo,
All borneth both night and day,
That never quench it we may.
In your well springs the tounes laggeth,
As all the philosophers us saggeth.
The hete within, the water without,
Maketh it hot all about."

This, translated into modern English, means that the redoubtable Bladud buried deeply in the earth at Bath two tons of burning brass and two of glass,—the latter of which contained a composition of seven salts, brimstone and wildfire, which precious composition being set potwise over the four springs, fermented, and thus caused that great heat which now exists, and is to last for ever! Modern chemists would like to be able to produce perpetual heat on the same terms; it would be finding a motive power at a very cheap rate

—indeed it would solve the problem of perpetual motion without more ado.

The waters are reported to be beneficial in *all* chronic distempers, with the exception of those arising from diseased lungs, or from hæmorrhage and inflammation. Gout, stone, rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and bilious obstruction (this accounts, we suppose, for the multitudes of liverless old Indians to be found in Bath;) and cutaneous diseases are said to be benefited by the use of these springs, whether administered externally or internally. A collection of all the treatises which have been written upon the efficacy of the Bath waters would make a very decent-sized library, as in former times such works were the means by which young physicians introduced themselves to practice. It is not a little amusing to look over the more antique of these productions, published in the days of Brobdignagian type, oceans of margin and rude initial letters, and observe how the old practitioners managed to hide their real ignorance of internal complaints by generalizing them under such appellations as “the grosser humours of the body,” or “the vapours which arise to the brain,” and which these waters were to drive forth. We do not wonder at Dr. Radcliffe’s threat “to cast a toad into the spring,” when we consider the outrageous manner in which their waters were quacked by the physicians of a past generation.

A WALK THROUGH BATH.

The high level at which the Great Western Railway passes through the suburbs enables the traveller to take in a very comprehensive view of the city. It lies before him almost like an Ordnance map, a very dirty corner of which he crosses; for however handsome the all-prevalent free-stone is in appearance in buildings of any pretension to architectural effect, yet when employed in the meaner buildings of the artisans it has a very grim and mean appearance, quite melancholy to witness. Across a perfect nest of courts and alleys, the traveller, as we have before said, is hurried, and he cannot witness the wretched poverty at his feet without bitterly contrasting it with the palace-like erections of the Lansdowne Hill-side.

If we approach Bath by way of the old bridge which crosses the Avon, we shall gain a juster knowledge of the city than by any other entrance. This bridge, in old times, was quite sufficient for all the traffic which passed over it; but with railroads a new epoch has commenced, and its ancient piers are now made to carry a wooden roadway overhanging on either side. A little higher up the stream, the railroad crosses the river by a skew-bridge, in which Brunel seems to have courted a difficulty merely to vanquish it. As the eye wanders over the complication of iron girders and ponderous beams of which it is composed, it assumes an aspect of daring power, that seems to typify the dauntless spirit of the present age as contrasted with the old bridge which slowly creeps across the river on five cumbersome arches. (Cut, p. 337.) Southgate Street, which in the

old coaching time resounded throughout the day with the rattle of the stages and mails running between London and the West, gives the stranger no idea of the beauty of the modern town. The gable ends of the houses, the country-town like character of the shops, and the appearance of the inhabitants, presents another world to that which exhibits itself in Milsome Street.

As we proceed along Stall Street, architectural beauties begin to unfold themselves. The Pump-room, the crescent-shaped Piazza which commences Bath Street, the King’s Bath, and the Colonnade, through which the beautiful west-front of the Abbey is seen, furnish a number of effects all charming in themselves. At this spot the genius of Bath still seems to linger: the chairmen hang about, reminding one of old times, and the lounge, too, seems to love it. The Pump-room, which was built upon the site of the old one, in 1796, presents, in combination with its two wings, the King’s Bath and the Colonnade, a very beautiful appearance. Its interior, which is 60 feet long by 56 wide, is noble-looking and elegant. The band, long famous for its performance of ancient music, still attracts much company on Saturday—the fashionable day of the season.

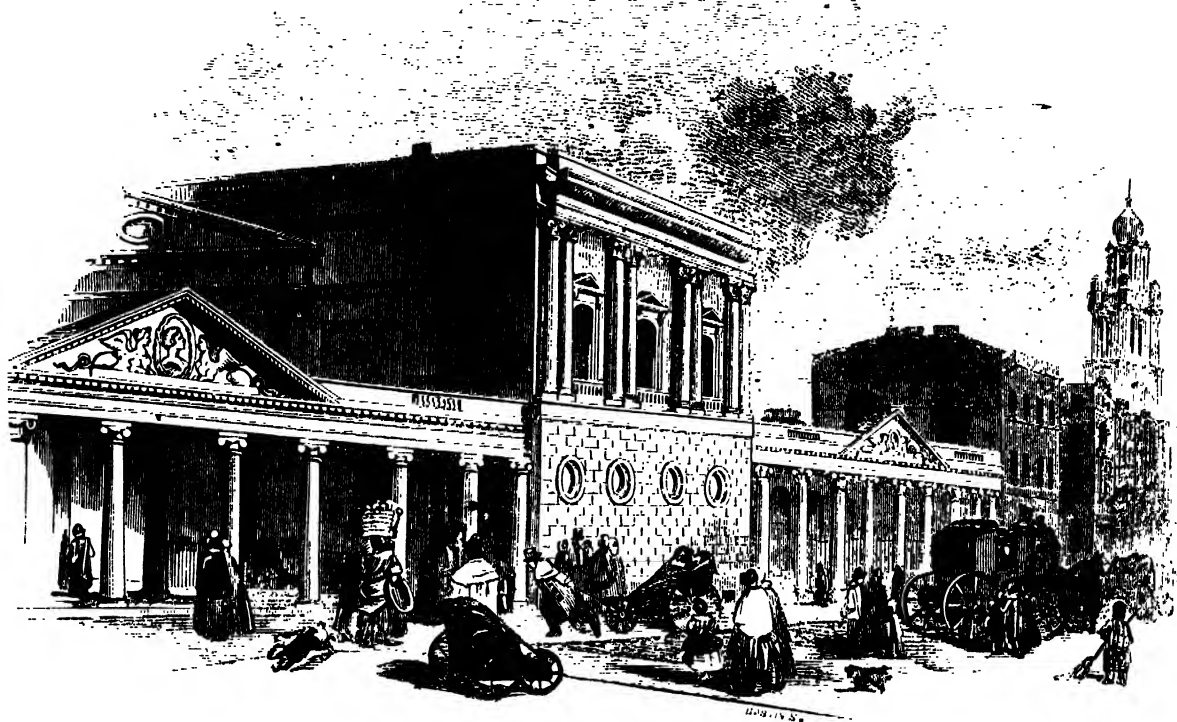
At the bottom of the room a statue of Nash used to stand, between two busts of Newton and Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, let fly an epigram upon the incongruousness of the juxtaposition; the last stanza of which is biting enough:

“The statue placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and *wit* are little seen,
But folly at full length.”

This keen shaft had the effect of separating the trio; the poet and the philosopher have been banished, and the Beau now holds an undivided reign, not exactly over the scene of his former triumphs—for that vanished with the old room—but still over the spot where the genius of the city still dwells.

The modern rooms have few associations. Old Queen Charlotte, when she visited Bath, in 1817, held her morning levees here, at which the chief company of the city and neighbourhood were presented to her. Madame D’Arblay, in her interesting ‘Diary,’ gives us an affecting picture of the presentation of her husband to her Majesty, and of the exhaustion of the sufferer, who was in the last stage of disease, when the interview was over. The old king was to have accompanied the queen on this visit, and three houses had been taken for them in the Royal Crescent; but just as he had arranged for the excursion he was afflicted with blindness, and then, as Madame D’Arblay says, he would not come; “for what,” said he, “was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it.”

It was whilst her Majesty was sojourning in this city that the melancholy news arrived of the death of the Princess Charlotte, which event hurried her off to Windsor; but she did not much love her Royal grandchild, and three weeks saw her again drinking the Bath waters.



KING'S BATH AND PUMP-ROOM.

The waters issue from the mouth of a marble serpent, situated on one side of the room, where the poor valetudinarians gather to quaff out of glasses tinctured, by the medicinal qualities of the water, a deep yellow colour. During the season a fee is demanded of strangers who visit the room while the band is playing, but at all other times it is open as a public promenade.

As we leave the Pump-room, our footsteps are naturally led towards the Abbey Church, the richly-embellished west-front of which the eye wanders over with delight. There was a monastery situated here at a very early date, and a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which was elevated into a bishopric in 1090, and granted to John de Villola, bishop of Wells, for the purpose of enlarging that see; and the two Abbey Churches and dioceses have ever since remained united under the same episcopal head. This building having fallen into decay, the present church was commenced in 1495, by Oliver King, bishop of the diocese, who, it is asserted, was prompted to the good work by a vision he beheld in his sleep, wherein he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. This dream the prelate construed into a command from Heaven to restore the Cathedral Church; which he immediately set about, but did not live to see it completed. (Cut, No. 4.)

Viewed from beneath the Pump-room Colonnade,

and amid the bustle of Stall Street, this poetical idea of the ascent and descent of angels upon the ladder, sculptured in enduring stone on each side of the great west window, seems to realize some Scripture dream of one's youth, and to lead one back to those days when the white-robed angels, with the brightness of the celestial mansions still surrounding them, descended upon earth and formed a link between the Eternal and his earthly creatures. We fear all our praise must be confined to the effect of the west front, as the general design of the building is not beautiful, neither are the details particularly elegant. It was the last abbey built in England, and with it Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, as a really living style, might be said to have died. Like the religion with which it grew up, it had become so debased that its destruction was inevitable. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the Abbey was entirely stripped, by Henry's Commissioners, of the lead, glass, iron, and timber that it contained, and reduced, in fact, to its naked walls; in which condition it remained until 1606, when it was restored by Bishop Montague, and converted into a parochial church. The Bathonians, with a singular notion of the beauties of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, pride themselves upon the lightness of the interior of its edifice, which, from its being lit by the enormous number of fifty-two windows, is styled 'The Lantern of England.' The mid-day glare that meets

the eye in the nave, certainly warrants them in giving it this appellation; but they should not deceive themselves with the idea that this is a beauty. The early architects, whose aim seems to have been to produce that "dim religious light" which gives such solemnity to our York and Westminsters, would indeed smile, could they witness the manner in which that simple daylight effect is praised, which they used all their marvellous art to modify and subdue. The Church is crowded with cheap marble-slabs, which give it the most meagre appearance; nay, almost turn it into a marble-mason's shop. Among the multitude of urns, sarcophaguses, weeping willows, and the like mediocre emblems of grief, scarcely more than half a dozen monuments deserve a better fate than to be ground up into marble dust; and yet we can almost forgive them their existence, for the sake of the following capital epigram to which they have given rise:

"These walls adorn'd with monument and bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

Nash, who was buried here with great pomp, has a monument with an inscription, in which the visitor is requested to consign to his remains "one grateful tear;" what for we know not, as the Beau, during the latter part of his life, at least, was little better than a "hell-keeper." A more interesting monument is that of Quin, the actor, which consists of a finely-carved head and bust of the deceased, in marble. Quin contested for a short time the palm with Garrick, as a tragic actor, but was soon driven from the stage by that genius; when he retired to Bath with a handsome annuity, and lived there many years the prince of good fellows, and the sayer of good things. *Don mots* were not the only invention of his brain: he seasoned his viands as well as his conversation, and his Blood-Sauce was a famous condiment among his friends. As he grew feeble, he used to be wheeled along the South Parade, where, as he basked in the sun, he would declare "that Bath was the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." Garrick, who saw him off the great stage of life, as well as off that of London, wrote his epitaph; but it is a poor hybrid affair. Dryden has one of his beautiful mortuary inscriptions to Mary Frampton, which is quite delightful to read after the mass of affected and strained lines which everywhere meet the eye. So exquisite is this epitaph that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"Below this humble monument is laid
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid:
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd!
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;
And she would lose, if at the latter day,
One atom should be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,
So faultless was the frame,—as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul,
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
And like a picture shown, in glass anneal'd,
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,
Too piercing, also, to be sustain'd by sight.

Each thought was visible that roll'd within,—
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide:
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies—
For marriage, though it sullies not—it dyes!

High though her wit yet humble was her mind,
As if she could not or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,
That when arrived she scarce had more to know;
But only to refresh the former hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer print:
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer;
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'T was wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose!
A female softness with a manly mind,
A daughter dutious, and a sister kind,
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd!"

Another interesting monument is that to the memory of Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General. On the tomb lies the effigy of the knight in armour, in a mourning attitude by his wife's side, and two children in the like position. The old sextoness, who shows you the lions of the Abbey, draws your attention to a fracture in the knight's face, which, she informs you, was made by James II., who passing through the church, and happening to spy Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword, and knocked off its nose. But unfortunately for this very pretty tale, Pepys spoils it, for he inspected the Abbey on his visit to Bath in 1668—long enough before James was king; and, as he tells us, "looked over the monuments, when, among others, Dr. Venner, and Pelling, and a lady of Sir W. Waller's; he lying *with his face broken*." Warner, in his History of the city, gives another story respecting James and the Abbey, which is perhaps true. It seems certain that shortly after his succession to the throne, he visited and made some stay in Bath; and that, among his other attendants, he brought with him his confessor and friend, Father Huddleston, the Jesuit. As the tale goes, this friar, by James's orders, went to the Abbey and exhibited on the altar all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; and then wrathfully denounced all heretics, at the same time exhorting them to an immediate change from the errors of Protestantism, to the true faith from which this country had apostatised. Among the number of his listeners was Kenn, then bishop of the diocese, and the consistent and firm supporter of the Reformed religion. Fired with indignation at this open display of hatred to his faith and to the established religion of the land, the bishop, as soon as Huddleston had concluded his sermon, mounted a stone pulpit which then stood in the body of the church, and desiring the departing congregation to remain for a little while, he preached an extempore sermon in answer to Huddleston, exposing his fallacies and displaying the errors of his church and the absurdity of its ceremonies in a strain

of such fervid eloquence as astonished his congregation and confounded Huddleston and the Royal bigot. Such is the tale as it goes; but it does seem rather strange that a Romish priest should be allowed to play such pranks in a cathedral of the Established Church, and in the very presence of its bishop. There are some monuments by Bacon and Chantrey in the church, but nothing very striking; and Bishop Montague, who repaired the building, has an imposing tomb in the fashion of James the First's time. Prior Bird's Chapel is the architectural gem of the building, the delicate tracery of which has lately been restored. The roof of the nave is formed of lath-and-plaster work, and in a style which comes, we suppose, under what is called 'Modern Gothic,' which includes anything that a master mason might imagine. The roof of the choir, however, is as beautiful as that of the nave is common. Those who have seen that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster will have seen this; for they are both of the same age and style. The clustered pillars spreading out into a fan-like tracery, which covers the roof. Two long galleries totally deface the appearance of the choir. We wonder that in this age of restorations, when it is the fashion to rail at churchwarden barbarity, they have not been removed. The exterior of the building was repaired in 1833 (a period anterior to that in which most of the intelligent revivals have taken place), or rather botched in a most disgraceful manner. The pinnacles on the tower are such gross absurdities, that their having been allowed to remain astonishes us. Returning again into Stall Street, the main artery of the city, a short walk up Union Street brings us into Bond Street—a locality which reminds one of the West end of London, from the elegance of the merchandise in the shops and the general metropolitan air of the place. This paved court (for it has only a footway for passengers) is but the ante-chamber to what might be justly called the pulse of modern Bath—Milsom Street. This promenade is one of the most, if not *the* most, elegant and pleasant streets in the kingdom; not so long as Regent Street in the metropolis, or Sackville Street of Dublin, yet just the length to form a pleasant promenade. Its architecture, too, is noble and cheerful, and its shops are crowded with elegant novelties. Milsom Street is, in fact, the fashionable lounge of the city, and in the season the scene it presents more resembles the walk in Kensington Gardens than anything else that we know of. To the ladies it must be pleasant indeed; for here they mingle the two great joys of female life—flirting and shopping: when tired of their beaux they can drop in at the milliner's, when, fitted with a charming bonnet, they can issue forth again and smile gaily to the "How do's" that shower upon them from the mob of fine gentlemen who seek

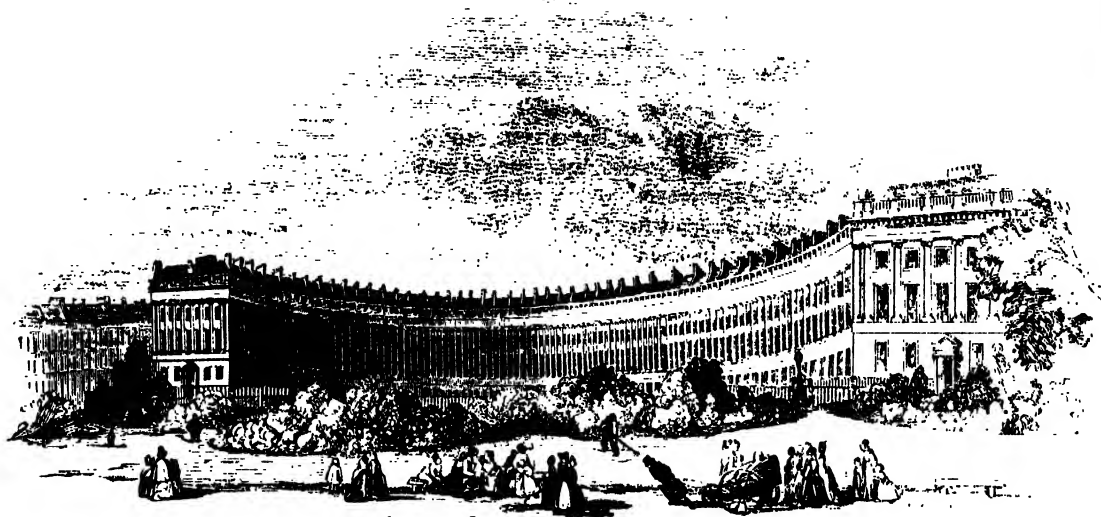
"renown
By walking up in order to walk down."

The street being situated upon a slight ascent, a full view of its bright scenes is gained from either extremity.

The tone of a city can generally be ascertained from the character of its shops: in Milsom Street we see at once that Bath is entirely a place of 'genteel' resort and independent residents. The perfumers, milliners, tailors, printsellers, circulating libraries, &c., which wholly occupy the principal streets, proclaim it a city of easy and elegant life.

From Milsom Street we might either climb the ascent of Belmont and Belvedere (two very fine ranges of houses), until we reach Lansdowne Crescent, which circles the fair forehead of the city, or by turning off to the left along Bennet Street, enter the Circus, which might be called her zone: choosing the latter way, let us pause for a moment at what might, at the present time even, be considered the chief attraction of Bath—the Assembly-room. This magnificent building was erected by Wood the younger, in 1771, several years after the death of Nash; consequently, none of the associations connected with him and his days are to be sought within its walls. The Assembly-room over which he reigned stood upon the site of the Literary Institution: it was destroyed by fire in 1810. When both buildings were in existence, they were presided over by distinct masters of the ceremonies, and were distinguished by being called the Upper and Lower Rooms. We question if the metropolis can boast so noble a suite of apartments as the Upper Rooms. The Ball-room is 106 feet long by 42 wide, and is finished in that elegant yet solid manner that prevailed towards the latter end of the last century. The Master of the Ceremonies receives the company in an octagon of 48 feet in diameter, and vaulted at a great height. The walls are surrounded with portraits of defunct kings of Bath, among whom Nash, with his white hat, stands conspicuous; but the artistic eye is more attracted by one of Gainsborough's lifelike heads. This artist was driven from London by the competition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was all the fashion of the day, and something more; yet we question whether his noble *manner* was after all as true a thing as the fine nature of his less successful competitor. Gainsborough, like Quin, retired to Bath from his rival, and lived and painted here for some time.

The Octagon-room and another, 70 feet in length by 27 feet in width, are devoted to cards. A guinea is the sum paid for the season Subscription Balls, and five shillings extra to the Card Assembly; and sixpence each is all the charge for tea. Moderate prices these, for admittance to one of the most polite assemblies in the kingdom. "Nobodies," however, must not expect to mingle with the "somebodies" of high life on such easy terms. Certain rules are drawn up, by which all retail traders, article clerks of the city, theatrical and other public performers, are excluded from its saloons. The Master of the Ceremonies goes on the principle, we suppose, of Dickens's barber, who refuses to shave a coal-heaver, remarking, "we must draw the line somewhere: we stops at bakers." It must be confessed, however, that the term "public performers" is rather a



ROYAL CRESCENT.

vague one, as it might equally apply to the India-rubber men, who perform in our quiet streets, or to the Lord Chancellor, or Chief Justice of the kingdom. It must be, moreover, a difficult task for the Master of the Ceremonies, with all his fine eye for a gentleman, to distinguish the difference between a Piccadilly retailer and a Leadenhall Street merchant, disguised as they both might be in the well-built clothes of a Stultz or a Buckmaster; and we have no doubt that, with all the care taken to let none but aristocratic particles escape through the official sieve,

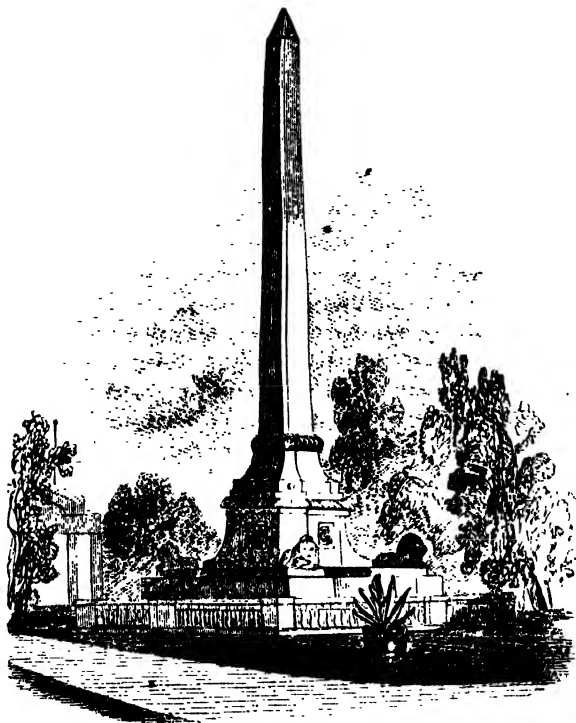
“Even here, amid the crowds you view,
’Tis sometimes difficult to tell who’s who.”

This class feeling was carried at one time even into the theatre, where no trader was allowed to sit in the dress circle!

The Circus, to which Bennet Street forms an avenue, as its name denotes, is a circular pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground, and erected in the Roman style of architecture; the principal stories being divided by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. There is something, we confess, gloomy in the effect of this mass of buildings; indeed, we must plead guilty to a certain feeling of oppression whilst traversing the more architectural portions of Bath: whether it is from the colour of the stone, darkened by age, and the uniformity of tone and style that prevails, we know not, but all the buildings have a haughty exclusive look, and appear to hold themselves aloof from the spectators; they seem, in fact, as exclusive as their possessors, and amid all their grandeur we wish for a sight of the pleasant jumble of Park Lane, where the houses are like faces—no two alike. Leaving the Circus by way of Brook Street, we come at once upon the really magnificent Royal Crescent, also built by Wood the younger. This is infinitely the most magnificent pile of buildings in Bath; indeed we know of nothing finer

in England; and its first appearance gives the reader that sensation that a fine work of Art or Nature always effects. Viewing it as we do from Brook Street, its grandly sweeping curve impresses itself once and for ever upon the mind. Few buildings have the advantage of such a site as the Crescent, situated as it is upon a gentle slope, and the ground in front quite open for a considerable distance; the Royal Avenue to the Victoria Park, in fact, forming its very picturesque foreground.

Turn we now into the Royal Avenue—no formal



VICTORIA COLUMN.

row of trees, or broad gravel walk, as its name seems to imply, but a winding drive through plantations and shrubberies, in the centre of which *another* obelisk has been erected, called the Victoria Column. (Cut, p. 343.) This drive, of more than half a mile in extent, opens into the Victoria Park, lately formed out of the Town Common. The plantations have not yet grown up, consequently it has a cold naked appearance, which time alone can remedy. The scenery around the Park, however, makes up for the rawness incident to all newly laid-out grounds: few public promenades can command so fine a prospect, and fewer still such an architectural effect as the Royal Crescent. A colossal head of Jupiter, from the chisel of a self-taught sculptor of Bath, ornaments one portion of the Park. It is upwards of seven feet in height, and is esteemed by the citizens as a great work of art. It has certainly merit, but we fear the fact of its author being a "self-taught" native artist exaggerates its merits in the eyes of Bathonians: works of art must be judged purely on their own merits. We cannot leave the Park without noticing the two sphinxes over the gateway, the donors of which having had the very questionable taste to make the fact known to the world in Egyptian letters as large as a sign-board. There is a Botanical and Horticultural Garden in the Park, in which the floral exhibitions of the city are held.

Returning again to the Abbey Church, and proceeding along High Street, instead of turning off, as we have done, into the more aristocratic portions of the town, we come to the seat of civic dignity, the Guildhall, an exceedingly fine Roman building, in the centre of trading Bath: an architectural screen on either hand forms portions of the market, by which we suppose the builder meant to imply that the corporation takes especially under its wings the good things of this life. Bath has, from a very early period, possessed certain municipal privileges; but its government by a mayor and corporation dates from the time of Elizabeth, when, by Royal Charter, Bath was declared a city in itself. The Corporation, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had the privilege of returning to Parliament the two members for the city: the inhabitants at large having no voice at all in the matter. This extraordinary state of things was one of those cases, like that of Old Sarum, which tended as much as anything to pass this important measure. The fact of twenty-six persons thus monopolising the rights of the citizens of such an important place as Bath, can scarcely be believed by the rising generation; but give a body of men a privilege, and however unjust it might be, they soon come to confound it with a right, and are astonished at those it oppresses attempting to destroy it.

In the days before the Municipal Reform Act fell like a blight upon the close corporations of the kingdom, the civic authorities, like their Bristol brethren, were famous for taking care of the "body-corporate" in more ways than one, as the length of their kitchen-range, and the size and magnificence of their banquet-rooms, can now testify to. In consequence of the

exclusion of the citizens from *the* Assembly-room, they are in the habit of holding their balls in these fine apartments, which certainly rivals the others in magnificence, if the company be not altogether so select. Turning off on the right hand, down Bridge Street, we cross the Avon by means of the Pulteney Bridge, which carries on its strong arches a line of houses on either side of the roadway, the river being thus entirely hidden from view. The prospect, as we proceed up Great Pulteney Street, is one of the sights of Bath. It resembles Portland Place, London, in width and architectural effect; but it is a full third longer than that street, and it is terminated by the very handsome Sidney Hotel, which, besides serving its ordinary purposes, forms a noble entrance to the Sidney Gardens, —a place of great resort to the citizens of Bath and Bristol: it was, indeed, for a long time the Vauxhall of the two cities, pyrotechnic exhibitions taking place here nearly every week. Having been planted above half a century, the trees have grown up to a stately altitude, and assume all the wild luxuriance of a forest. A thousand beautiful effects meet the eye at every turn, and one cannot help contrasting the charming effect of these gardens with the trim, cold, bare appearance of the Victoria Park. For some time past, however, it has been a melancholy solitude: no gay lamps now hang between the trees:

"Glitt'ring like fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The pathways are deserted, the flower-beds neglected, and the arbours rotting; and the whole domain looks forgotten and abandoned, with the exception of two lines of life which traverse it in the shape of the Kennet and Avon Canal, and the Great Western Railway. Handsome terraces skirt and overhang the iron-way, and ornamental bridges span it, whilst the Canal forms quite a piece of ornamental water to the Gardens, adorned as its margin is with weeping-willows. Standing between these two great arteries of the west, the Past and the Present seem pictured to us at a view. Along the Canal comes a barge, "The Sylph of 70 tons"—for it is a curious fact that the heavier the tonnage and appearance of these vessels, the lighter and more aerial is the name given to them—a string of horses, or perhaps men, towing it slowly along. It moves so gently that the ripples scarce curve from its bows; the helmsman moves the helm sleepily with his jutting hip, the blue smoke from the little cabin creeps upwards in an almost perpendicular thread, and the whole seems a type of the easy-going world that is departing. Then on a sudden a rumble is heard in the distance, where the traffic-brightened rails, like lines of light, vanish in a point; a speck of black is seen: it *grows up* to us in a moment, rushes past, and we stand gazing at a long thread of white cloud, painted distinctly against the green background of trees; and ere it has broken up and drifted into fantastic fragments, the train, with its long freight of thousands, is lost in the mist of the distance:



PULTENEY BRIDGE, FROM THE BATHWICK WEIR.

"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new ;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

Not in vain the distance beacons : forward, forward, let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change."

However much the material aspect of the world might alter, the emotions of the heart never do ; and we read with as much delight the love-tales of times long past as those of our own immediate day. Along these garden-walks, Sheridan once rambled with his beloved, and the grotto is pointed out in which they used to sit. The lover has himself left a rather maudlin poem, addressed to the spot, which commences in the following very limp and dishevelled manner :

"Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree ;
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own ;
And willow, *thy damps are refreshing to me.*
In this is the grotto where Delia reclined,
As late I in secret her confidence sought ;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught,"
&c. &c. &c.

The lady of his love was the beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath. She was of a musical family, and was herself so accomplished a public singer, that she was called "the syren and angel of the Bath concerts." From the description left of the tender sweetness of her face, we cannot help thinking of that exquisite head, so full of sentiment and beauty, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Dulwich Gallery, known as "A Portrait of a Gentleman." The original was a Linley, a young musician, and doubtless of the same family as the lady Sheridan wooed in these Gardens, and afterwards married.

Returning along Great Pulteney Street, we cannot help noticing that it stands, as it were, still in the country. At every opening, on either side, we see meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the public walk to Henrietta Street is quite park-like in appearance. This fine street was constructed at the latter end of the last century, and was intended as the main thoroughfare of an entirely new neighbourhood on the east side of the river ; but the plan was never carried out, and the "New Town," as it is called, consists of the trunk of Great Pulteney Street, and a few streets leading out of it, or lying like great blocks in its immediate vicinity. It remains for some future speculator to fill up the vast original sketch, and to render the New Town the most splendid portion of the city.

If we return to High Street, and proceed on through Northgate Street, we have a full view of St. Michael's Church, which is by far the best of the modern ecclesiastical structures of the city. It is built in the fork, between Broad Street and Walcot Street : an excellent position, as far as effect goes. The style is that prevalent in Salisbury Cathedral. The most beautiful portion of the building is the pierced spire, which rises



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

to a considerable height, and forms one of the most interesting features of the city, when viewed from the railway. This spire is wrought in the most elaborate manner, and only requires time to soften its present sharpness to make it perfect. (Cut, p. 327.) The new tower of St. James's Church, built in the Italian style, and surmounted with an elegant lantern, is another very prominent object, as you enter Stall Street ; indeed, it forms many graceful combinations from different points of view.

The most ambitious-looking of all the modern ecclesiastical erections in Bath is St. Stephen's Church, situated upon the top of Lansdowne Hill. It has been built within the last few years, but its architect does not seem to have felt the influence of that revival of the pure Gothic which has lately taken place. (Engraving.)

There are no churches of any antiquity in Bath, the Abbey itself not dating earlier than the fifteenth century; but at the top of Holloway, the straggling suburb that climbs the Beechen Cliff, there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, that was founded in the twelfth century, and repaired and enlarged of late years. The city is, in fact, remarkably wanting in early English remains of any kind. Bellet's Hospital, in Beau Street, founded by Lord Cecil, in James the First's time, and devoted to the use of poor persons using the medicinal-baths and waters of the city, is, perhaps the most interesting old building in Bath; and its low appearance, and pompously-carved porch, which rises as high as the roof itself, is singular enough, as we look upon it suddenly from out the great modern thoroughfare of Stall Street. Beside it rises the regular façade of the Bath United Hospital: a handsome classic building, and no doubt replete with every modern convenience; but still it lacks entirely that old familiar, sociable, *indigenous* look which characterize its uncouth little neighbour's appearance. Still more interesting specimens of antiquity are the remains of the ancient Walls of the city, yet to be seen in the Upper Borough Walls, nearly opposite the General Hospital, and in the Grove at the back of the Market. Its most perfectly-preserved portion is in Boatstall Lane, where the wall is complete even to the battlements; the eye has to carefully trace it out, however, as it is incorporated with the fronts of the houses built upon it. The three great epoch of the city's, nay, of the country's, history, are written on this wall in enduring characters of stone. Its foundation is formed by the old Roman fortifications which originally protected the city, and secured a foreign supremacy. The walls themselves (Saxon and early English), speak of the second period of brute force, when they served the double purpose of a stronghold against invaders, and a bulwark against the external foe during an age of civic strife. The row of houses which now surmounts them—each one an "Englishman's Castle"—is the expression of the final triumph of law and order. We wish we could also say that the scene immediately below them speaks of the conquests of sanatory science; but, unfortunately, it is quite the contrary: slaughter-houses flourish in all their disgusting filth, and we much question if so much blood was to have been seen here even after the destructive battle in which King Arthur is said to have slain 450 Saxons with his own hand, as now pollutes the very centre of a city especially devoted to health.

The Literary and Scientific Institution, (Cut p. 329,) built upon the site of the Lower Assembly-rooms, is a very commodious and convenient edifice, containing a lecture-room, library, reading-room, and a range of vaults which contain the Roman Antiquities before mentioned. There is also a museum stored with a collection of minerals, and a series of geological specimens; showing the stratification of the entire South Coast of our island. The Conchological Exhibition is also worthy of inspection. But the chief attractions to the stranger are the classical remains of antiquity, which are

alone sufficient to draw those who take an interest in such things to Bath, for no Institution in England is so rich as this one in those architectural remains and pieces of sculpture, which are the most perfect tracks left by the Roman Colonists of their magnificence, whilst sojourning in this island. As building goes on, and excavations are made, the Collection is continually increasing. The last, and not the least interesting, specimen of Roman remains found, was the entire ground-plan of a villa, exposed, a few miles from Bath, during the construction of the Great Western Railway. A fine specimen of tessellated pavement was removed from it to the Institution; where it now remains, and, together with the other antiquities, is politely shown to strangers by the officers of the establishment.

Among the Charitable Institutions of Bath, the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most useful is Partis's College, a very handsome pile of Grecian buildings, on Newbridge Hill, a little way out of the city, and well seen from the railway. Here, by the will of the founder, thirty reduced ladies, ten of whom must be the widows or daughters of clergymen, are provided for. The Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. There is a presence about the building which always strikes the stranger in his rambles about the city. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and we suppose the Beau, in its erection, considered that he should expiate the crime of passing a life in foolishness and utter vanity. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons,—in fact as King he could dip into his subjects pockets, with almost as much impunity as other monarchs, and the sums he collected for this Institution were accordingly great. An anecdote is told of the art with which he managed to make indifferent people "bleed," that is worth repeating. Whilst in Wiltshire's Rooms (a celebrated gambling-house of the day) one morning, collecting money for the hospital, a lady entered who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold!" said the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace! madam," replied Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam: sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash!" at length broke out the lady, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits: Lord, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die doing good; and if you do it will be

better for you," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, she bade him stand further *for an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him* (this, it appears, was the wit of the last century). But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her: "Come," said she, "I will be friends with you though you are a fool, and to let you see that I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your Charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name, nor the sum shall be mentioned." Until very lately it was a condition of the hospital that no inhabitant of Bath should participate in its benefits. This absurd law has been very properly abolished. The United Hospital, which we have already spoken of, contains in itself the old City Dispensary, Infirmary, and Casualty Hospital. There are also several alms-houses and charity-schools in the city. The Grammar-school is, however, a very small establishment to supply the educational wants of such a large city as Bath, only ten boys being provided with a gratuitous classical education. We have now traced the principal streets of Bath, and noticed its more remarkable buildings and institutions, and shall conclude with a word or two about the Theatre, the life of which seems sadly on the wane. These boards once developed the talent of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Brunton, and that of Incedon, Henderson, Edwin, and Elliston. Indeed, together with the Bristol stage, which was generally under the same management, it sent up to the metropolitan boards a greater number of eminent actors than any city in the kingdom; now, we fear, the supply of talent is entirely stopped, and the tone of the society of the city keeps away the citizens from its doors. "The New Theatre Royal," as it is called, has a handsome classic front, and its interior is excellently arranged, and very elegant in appearance: indeed, few provincial buildings of its kind can vie with it either in beauty or the excellence with which it is constructed as regards sight and sound.

THE RIVER AVON AND ITS BRIDGES.

The river which traverses the city in a winding direction, from east to west, has certainly something to complain of in the manner in which it is treated in its passage. The river God, who disports himself in the tolerably clear stream skirted by the Bathwick meadows, must, we are sure, both hold his nose and shut his eyes, or dive, or execute some other manœuvre, to escape the unpleasant odour and prospect which would otherwise meet him on his way through Bath. It would be somewhat unfair to reprove the citizens for allowing the public sewers to discharge into the stream, when great and opulent London, the centre of the sanitary movement, does the same thing; but the evil is not to be viewed by the metropolitan error, for the Thames is at least a swiftly running river, contain-

ing a vast body of water, while the Avon is little better than a canal, for its sluggish stream is impeded at about every other mile of its length, between a spot high above Bath down to Bristol, with lock-gates and weirs. The consequence is, that all the filth which flows into it is merely deposited at the bottom, and there generates noxious gases at "its own sweet will." We must confess that we do not envy the fair naiads of the stream (if they have not all been scared long ago), the difficulty they must have in picking their way along the bottom of the river. We wonder again why the Bathonians allow the banks on either side of the old bridge, the chief entrance to the city, to be lumbered with such ruinous buildings as skirt the Lower Bristol Road, and the mean cottages to be seen on every hand. The stranger would look for a promenade beside the river of such a city as Bath as a matter of course; but he finds instead every condition unfavourable to health and disgusting to the senses. But we are only at the beginning of our knowledge of the great science of Hygiene, and are wrong to expect Bathonians to understand it better than their neighbours.

The river is spanned by a number of bridges, which differ widely in their character. The highest up the stream is a pretty little toy suspension-bridge, at the back of Grosvenor Place; then comes the Bathwick bridge, connecting the London Road and the parish of Walcot, the general appearance of which is solid and ornate. The next we arrive at is the gloomy structure which carries Bridge Street on its broad back. There is something quite terrible in the appearance of this bridge, viewed from the weir in front of the Bathwick mill. The three dark arches, through which scarce any light is seen, and the sombre character of the tall houses which form the back of the Grove, and rise in all the gloomy manner of one of Dante's creation, is contrasted with the long, ghost-like, white line of foaming water which rushes over the dam, and completes a picture which stamps itself on the mind for ever. An old dramatist would instantly seize upon it for the scene of some imaginary horror. (Engraving.) After dwelling upon its strangely tragic appearance, the light effect of the North Parade Bridge seems to relieve the mind like a vaudeville after a heavy melo-drama. The span of this elegant structure is 108 feet, and its whole effect is pretty. The two railroad bridges come next, then the old bridge, and, lower down the river, towards the village of Twerton, there are two more on the suspension principle. We question if any city in England is spanned by so many roadways as Bath. The village of Twerton is well worth a visit, as in this place still lingers the old manufacture of the place, in the shape of an immense woollen factory, which turns out a vast amount of the still celebrated West of England cloth.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF BATH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

For those associations, of which Bath has most reason to be proud, we must sweep the horizon. To

the north-west, stands the solitary tower, on Lansdowne, built by that great and magnificent genius Beckford; to the south-east, where Coomb Down rises four hundred feet above the vale, Prior Park rears its long and splendid façade. This mansion, once the seat of Ralph Allen, Esquire—the Allworthy of Fielding's novel of 'Tom Jones,'—is now erected into a Roman Catholic College. To get to it we must cross the Old Bridge—having in our face the bold acclivity of Beechen Cliff, which rises to several hundred feet in height, and seems to hang with its woody summit directly over the city—and proceed for some little distance along the left bank of the Avon, until we turn up the lovely Vale of Lyncomb. This beautifully wooded valley is studded with cottage ornées and handsome residences, and is evidently a favourite spot with those who desire a mild and sheltered situation. At length our footsteps are arrested by a couple of gates, forming the entrance respectively to the New Bath Abbey Cemetery, and to the Catholic College of Prior Park. If we scale the greater height, we shall soon find ourselves in front of the latter building. Prior Park was erected in 1743, by Mr. Allen, who was originally a clerk in the Bath Post-office; but having luckily been enabled to give General Wade some intimation of a wagon-load of arms coming to the town for the use of the Pretender's adherents during the rising of 1715, he was rewarded by the Government, at the recommendation of that officer, with the situation of Postmaster of the city. Whilst in this trust he got the Government to adopt an ingenious plan of his for the multiplication of cross posts, by which the revenue was vastly increased, and the proposer, who formed the department, was rendered independent.

The Post-office seems to have been mainly indebted to Bathonians for the improvements which have been made in its management; for the first revolution which took place in the speed with which letters were transmitted was brought about by another of her sons, Mr. Palmer, who originated the plan of despatching the letter-bags by mail-coaches, and who was rewarded for his idea by the post of surveyor and controller of the Post-office, and by a grant of £50,000. But to return to Prior Park and its builder, between whom and Pope an intimacy had sprung up, occasioned by Allen's admiration of the letters of the poet, published in 1734. Pope, who loved "to fall in pleasant places," if his lines did not, was a constant visitor to the palatial residence of his friend, and to this day a walk in the neighbourhood is known as 'Pope's Walk.' It was to his worthy host that his first compliment is paid which has passed into so common a quotation:

"Let humble Allen with ingenuous shame
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It was originally written, "Let low-born Allen," &c.; but the best of us have a vein of pride lurking about our hearts, and Pope did not exactly please his friend by this allusion to his early life, and, at the suggestion of Warburton, he substituted the phrase as it at present

stands. The way in which the Bishop became acquainted with Allen is a singular instance of the manner in which a whole life—nay, the destinies of a family,—might be decided by an accident. It is related that whilst Pope was on a visit at Prior Park he was handed a letter, the reading of which seemed to give him some perplexity; and his host inquiring the cause, was informed that a Lincolnshire clergyman had written him word that he would be with him at Twickenham in a few days. Mr. Allen suggested that the friends could as well meet at Prior Park as on the banks of the Thames; and the result was, that Warburton arrived, and in process of time married Allen's niece, became, through his influence, Bishop of Gloucester, and ultimately inherited Prior Park and a large portion of his estates. Pope, we must confess, did not behave towards Allen with very much delicacy, for he actually brought down to his house his mistress, Martha Blount; but his friend even bore this insult with temper: a coldness, however, took place between the lady and Mrs. Allen, as might have been expected. The only wonder is, that her visit should have been allowed; but that such was the case might be seen, from Allen's conversations with Pope on the subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, which appear in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Warburton took up his residence here after Allen's death, and from this place issued the major part of that divine's controversial works. In 1829, Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Western district, purchased Prior Park, and converted it into a college for the instruction of youth. For this purpose he enlarged the building by adding two very extensive wings to the original fabric; and the whole façade has now a very noble appearance. The gardens were remodelled by the same tasteful hand, and the interior enriched with statues and paintings, which the vicar had brought from Italy. A theatre and an observatory were also added to the building, and such was the magnificence to which the whole establishment had attained under Dr. Baines's guidance, that a few years ago the place was the lion of the neighbourhood. A very disastrous fire took place, however, in 1836, which entirely consumed the interior of the centre, or old portion of the building erected by Allen, and property to the amount of £18,000 was destroyed. This loss, together with the death of Dr. Baines, in 1843, seems to have reduced the fortunes of the place, and now visitors are not so easily allowed admittance; the present head of the establishment not wishing, it is said, to expose the reduced fortunes of the place.

We have not many particulars of Fielding's connection with Prior Park, but there is no doubt that he laid the early scenes of 'Tom Jones' at this place. The novelist must have been a bit of a courtier as well as the Bishop; for his portrait of Allworthy drew from the original a present of £500. A description of Mr. Allen's grounds and the distant landscape is given in 'Tom Jones,' which, as one of the old guide-books says, "allowing for the introduction of an imaginary sea, distant island, and ruined abbey, is tolerably cor-

rect!" The objects the imaginative painter has introduced into his landscape are evidently drawn from some high point near neighbouring Clifton, where the features of a river and sea, and a distant island, lie before the spectator. Fielding might have copied faithfully, however, the prospect from Coomb Down; for if he had no ocean-prospect to terminate his view, the city, with its picturesque spires, and its noble buildings was there to supply the scene with a moral life far more attractive than a monotonous expanse of ocean. Allen, independently of his patronage of men of letters and his abundant benevolence, might be considered as having been a very important agent in the construction of modern Bath. It was he that opened the vast quarries of oolite or freestone upon Coomb Down, from which, as from a womb, the splendid city at its side sprang forth. This quarry is well worth a visit in itself. The great oolite formation in which it works is 130 feet in thickness, and the blocks taken out are sometimes of an enormous size. The roof of this quarry is supported by numerous lofty pillars and arches, through which the subterranean passages extend a considerable distance. A tram-road, on an inclined plane, conveys the stone to the Avon, whence it is shipped in barges to all parts of the kingdom—its hardness and durability making it a favourite material with builders.

The view from the top of Coomb Down is very extensive. Salisbury Plain stretches across on the left; and, on sunny days, the White Horse cut, on Westbury Hill side, is very distinctly seen. Claverton Down, which rises to an equal height with Coomb Down, is not very far distant, and on it stands Sham Castle, the mere shell of a fortress-like building, erected by Allen to diversify the landscape.

Returning by the way we came, through Lyncomb Valley, the Abbey Cemetery must claim our attention for a few minutes. A more beautiful spot for the purpose it is devoted to could not have been chosen, and the most has been made of the natural beauties of the ground by the art of Loudon, who laid it out. There are not as yet very many monuments, for the Cemetery was only formed in 1813. The remains of Mr. Beckford were interred here in 1844, but his body has lately been removed to its resting-place within his own grounds on Lansdowne. When the workmen were making the roadway to the chapel in this Cemetery, they discovered three stone coffins containing skeletons, together with another skeleton, and two Roman coins, one of Carausius, the other of Constantine. A monument has been erected over these coffins, the presence of which prove that the spot must have been a place of burial at a very early period.

A person walking over the ground cannot help remarking the number of Indian officers among the dead. Every third tombstone, almost, rises resplendent to the merits of some lieutenant-colonel or major-general in the Bombay or Madras armies. "Bath must indeed be a great place for bad livers," are we should think the unconscious words that arise in most people's minds who visit it.

There is an air about all cemeteries of insincerity: the grief is too gilded—the sentiments too strained—by which survivors attempt to keep alive the memory of those buried in them. The churches in such places are but pretty toy-buildings, to which neither veneration nor respect attaches. The Saxon edifice in this Cemetery is particularly wanting in dignity. Looking, the other day, from this spot, down the vale towards the antique little church at Widecomb, over which old Time has been for ages festooning the ivy, we could not help contrasting in our mind the country churchyard and church with the genteel cemeteries of modern growth. The church was only a few hundred yards distance, and we walked towards it, expecting to have a ramble among its "forgotten graves," but found the hatch shut and locked; so instead of musing among the silent tombs—a privilege which should not be denied any man; for to close "God's acre" is to fasten down a leaf of that great book of mortality which all of us are the better for sometimes reading—we were perforce obliged to take a survey of the impounded dead over the low churchyard wall, and soon saw that none but the *elite* of the departed were here buried. The whole place wore an air of mouldering exclusiveness, which a distant view of the picturesque little tower did not lead us to expect. More lieutenant-colonels and major-generals of the East India Company's service have here their glorious deeds blazoned forth on urn and slab, and we turned away with a full persuasion that Bath was the natural resting-place of that class of individuals, the type of which Ingoldsby has given to us in his 'Legend of Hamilton Tighe,' as follows:

"There is an old yellow Admiral living at Bath,
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath;
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.
That old yellow Admiral goes to the Rooms,
And he plays long whist, and he frets and he fumes."
 &c. &c. &c.

The portrait is undeniable; we meet the original at every turn in the more aristocratic portions of the city, and we have seen by the obituaries in the churchyards and cemeteries that they make Bath their last long home.

We must mount again to the hill-top to seek the retreat of genius. Beckford's Tower, to which we bend our steps, stands on the brow of Lansdowne Hill; full eight hundred feet above the level of the city. Our way is along Belmont and Belvedere, toiling painfully up the steep, but everywhere meeting with signs of the aristocratic nature of the quarter we are traversing. At length we reach Lansdowne Crescent, one of the highest buildings in the city, and only second to the Royal Crescent in beauty. Mr. Beckford used to occupy two houses here, one of which formed the corner of a wing detached from the main building by a narrow roadway. In order to form a communication between the two, he threw an arch across, of good proportions and simple form; and in this Siamese residence lived the great

recluse,—a puzzle, nay almost a fear, to the good citizens of Bath. His retreat was a kind of Blue Beard chamber, of which all kinds of mysterious reports were spread. Mr. Beckford had a dwarf, who served as porter to his habitation; this unit the good gossips multiplied into a dozen, and gave each some weird employment. The proud, reserved nature of Beckford aided the mysterious awe in which everything belonging to him was held. Toned as his mind was so far above that of the fribbles who constitute the *ton* of Bath, and despising as he did their petty conventionalities and common-places, he neither sought their company nor would permit their vulgar curiosity to intrude upon himself. A few artists and literary men, in consequence, formed his only society, and the only times in which he was seen in public was when he dashed along the thoroughfares on his white Arabian. To those with whom he did choose to associate, however, his affability was extreme, and his conversation one of the most charming things in the world. His residence was the repository of the rarest works of art; but it was in his tower on the hill that he realized all his Eastern dreams. Here, too, he walled himself up from the rest of the world, and played the great Caliph to perfection. The Lansdowne Tower is so conspicuous an object, that every one who has travelled the Great Western road must have seen its exterior; yet very few of late years gained admittance to its interior, or into the charmed circle of its grounds. When it was first erected, Mr. Beckford allowed persons freely into it; but he afterwards shut it up almost entirely. This elegant building (of which we have given a Cut) is, at the base, constructed like an Italian villa, upon which rises a campanile, and this in its turn is crowned with a Grecian Lantern. The interior of the tower was a precious jewel-house,—cabinets of ebony, inlaid with lapis lazuli, onyx and agates, vases of verd, antique pieces of statuary, and the rarest pictures of the first masters, adorned its walls and chambers. At one time the value of these works of art was not less than £100,000; but an attempt having been made to break into the tower, the more precious portions of its contents were taken to his residence.

The Lantern was the favourite room of Mr. Beckford, he had so constructed it that each window formed a frame to some splendid natural landscape; the view from the west opening is especially beautiful. The river Avon winds along the valley like a thread of silver, and in the distance the mountains of Wales rear their purple heads. In the middle distance runs a line of hills that used to displease Mr. Beckford by the monotonous appearance of its outline, and the manner in which he proposed to remedy this defect shows the originality and daring character of his mind. He endeavoured to buy the highest of the range, with the idea of planting it with firs, so as to have made it resemble Rembrandt's famous etching of "The Three Trees." A person to whom he related this extraordinary idea of copying in nature a grand effort of art, objected that the trees would require some time

to grow; Beckford replied, "*that he should put up cast iron ones, then, until they did!*"

This notion of "making up" Nature after the manner of some favourite painters effects was carried out by him in his own garden to a considerable degree. He converted an old quarry into a charming, half-cultivated scene, reminding one of a picture by Polemberg. Cype and Paul Potter he reproduced in his little meadow, spotted with his favourite cows; and the more gloomy spots of his shrubbery brought N. Poussin to mind, with his classic melancholy landscapes.

A rapid effect was a thing which Beckford delighted in. He used to chuckle over the sudden change he made one winter in the appearance of a considerable portion of Lansdowne Hill, by planting a vast quantity of trees. "The Bristol folks," said he, "who travel the Lower Road, seeing trees upon Lansdowne, where none appeared before, rub their eyes—they can't believe their sight." Mr. Beckford died in 1844, almost suddenly. His last note, summoning his beloved daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, is very touching; it contains only these three words—"Come, quick! quick!" His remains were deposited in the monument he had constructed for himself, (which visitors must have remembered to have seen, during his lifetime, standing amid the Shrubbery, just under the tower, and close to the little tomb he had erected to his dog "Tiny,") and transferred to the Bath Abbey Cemetery. This removal was contrary to his instructions, and as it proved to be the decree of fate; for upon the property being sold, it fell into the hands of a person who determined to make it a place of public amusement: but the Duchess of Hamilton could not brook this desecration of the spot she held sacred; the grounds were accordingly repurchased by her, and presented to the Rector of Walcot as a Cemetery; the first person who was buried here being its late owner, and in the very spot he had chosen for himself. His tomb, formed of red granite, simple and massive in effect, seems like, what it is, an expression of his own mind.

On each end of the mausoleum is this inscription:

WILLIAM BECKFORD, Esq., late of Fonthill, Wilts,
died May, 2nd, 1844, aged 84.

Beneath this, at one end, is a quotation from 'Vathek':

"Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven—hope!"

and on the other, the following lines from a prayer composed by himself:

"Eternal power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of Thy bright essence on my dying hour."

It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful cemetery than these grounds make, and Bath can boast, without fear of denial, of two of the most beautiful resting-places for the dead in the kingdom.

We have not mentioned any literary associations when speaking of Lansdowne, but personal recollections of the author of 'Vathek,' and the not less celebrated

'Letters from Portugal,' which we give on the authority of a paper in 'The New Monthly,' some years since, written by those who knew him, cannot be without deep interest. We do not know, indeed, whether the associations that cling to Lansdowne are not more pleasant than those attaching to Prior Park. The former building certainly bears the impress of a stranger individuality.

The only other direction in which we can look for any literary associations connected with Bath, is to the beautiful suburb of Batheaston; but these we are afraid are only bastard ones. Sir John and Lady Miller (the lions of the neighbourhood) had, it appears, purchased while on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), an antique vase found at Frescati in 1759: this was brought home and placed in their villa at Batheaston, which was now converted into a temple of Apollo; the Lady being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighbouring city "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," every Thursday and Friday. Here the company were ushered into a room where they found the old Etruscan vase was placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with sprigs of laurel; and as each gentleman or lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made of some original composition in verse: at first merely of what the French term *bouts rimes* or rhyming terminations, which had been filled up by the candidates for poetical fame; but afterwards of short papers on particular subjects given out the preceding week. The assembly having all contributed their *morceaux*, a lady was selected from the circle who, dipping her fair hand into the vase, drew the papers out haphazard as they occurred, and gave them to a gentleman to read aloud. This process being concluded, a select committee was named to determine upon the merits of the poems and adjudge the prizes; these retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions—the blushing authors of which, when they had identified their compositions, were presented by the high-priestess, the lady of the mansion, with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the plaudits of the company. The most sensible part of the gala, a genteel collation, concluded the business. This attic pastime continued for several years; till the wicked wit of an unknown wag having contaminated the purity of the urn by some licentious and satirical composition, to the extreme horror of the ladies assembled to hear the productions recited, and the equal chagrin of the host and hostess, who expected the usual weekly tribute of adulatory compliment: the sacred vessel was henceforth closed, and the meetings were discontinued for ever. Such is the account given of this nanby-pamby affair, by Warner the Bath historian; and we should scarcely have thought it worth our while to repeat it, still less to place the silly actors in it beside those bright literary lights whose memories still illumine the horizon of the city, but that these proceedings show the tone of the literary spirit which

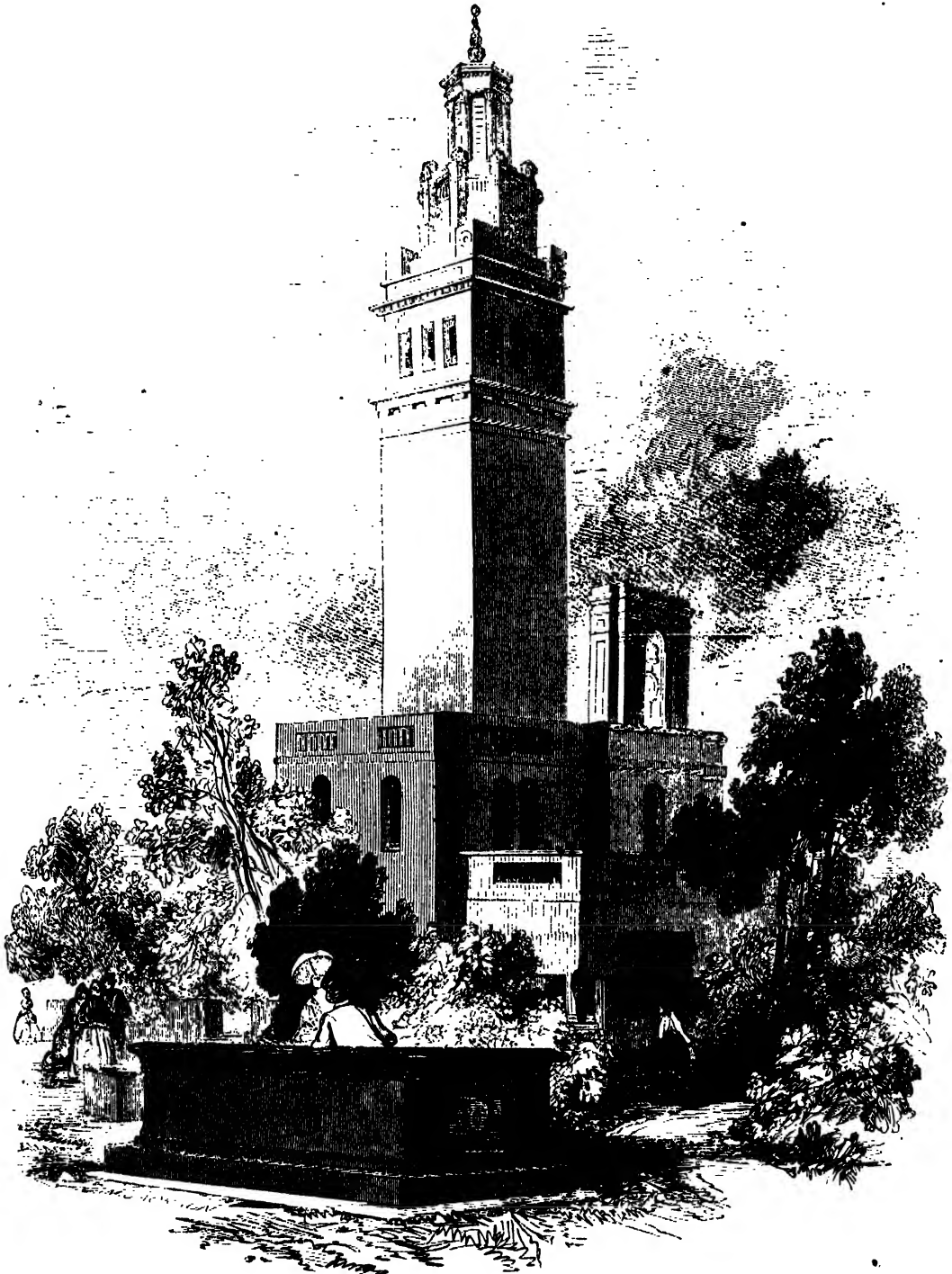
pervaded the upper-classes towards the end of the last century, when scribbling poetry of the Della Cruscan school was all the rage, and which Gifford so unmercifully lashed in his 'Baviad and Mæviad.' Mrs. Piozzi, who, when Mr. Thrale was the friend and intimate of Johnson, joined the Della Cruscans, when on a visit to Italy, with her husband, and was one of the most active contributors to the 'Florence Miscellany,' but this was long after the break-up of the Batheaston poetasters. Mrs. Piozzi died in Bath at a very advanced age, in 1821, writing love verses almost up to the day of her dissolution. Bath can at the present moment, however, boast of the residence of a true poet, and one of the most delicate, graceful, and original prose writers of the age, in the gifted Walter Savage Landor. In artists also the city has not been wanting. Barker has made himself a name as a landscape painter, and Gainsborough, although not a Bathonian, yet lived many years here and sketched much from its surrounding scenery. The celebrated Wick Rocks in the neighbourhood was one of his favourite haunts and supplied his portfolio with numberless sketches.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE CITY.

It is now as common to inquire respecting the sanitary condition of a town, as of the health of a person. Necessity forces us to deal with man in the aggregate as well as with the individual. Sir Henry De la Beche's report of the condition of the city is a rather favourable one, and doubtless from the situation of a greater portion of it, the city should be eminently healthy. The buildings on Lansdowne Hill, for instance, are based on the inferior oolite sands which, together with the rapidly sloping nature of the ground, renders them dry and healthy in the extreme. Other portions, again, of the city, are constructed on marl and limestone foundations, which make them tolerably wholesome. The lowest parts of Bath, however, such as Great Pulteney Street, Bathwick, and the neighbourhoods bordering the river, stand entirely on alluvial ground, composed of clay, which naturally causes damp, and produces disease. Great Pulteney Street is, however, protected in a measure from this evil by the deep vaulting on which the houses are erected. The number of deaths, in proportion to the population, is fewer than in most towns; but we scarcely think the public health is so good as it might be, when we consider the natural advantages of the place as regards drainage and the free currents of air which circulate through the valley in which it lies. It might be said that the average length of life in the city is lowered by the number of invalids who come here merely to die; but this is, we think, quite balanced by the vast proportion of persons it contains who live in comfortable circumstances, and many of whom attain to a great age. Bath, it must be remembered, has no manufactures, and does not, therefore, breed up on its bosom a class of persons who are peculiarly open to the attacks of disease: that there is a vast amount of squalor in the lower parts of the

town there can be no doubt, but it does not amount, we think, to that existing in many other places. When we consider all these favourable circumstances, then we can only account for the public health not being still more favourable than it is, by an insufficient system of drainage, and by the very bad plan of allowing the public sewers to empty themselves into the almost stagnant river. A remedy to the evil can scarcely be looked for, we suppose, until some well-devised plan

of collecting the refuse of towns and applying it to agricultural purposes has been arrived at. One very singular fact is elicited by the population returns, and that is the preponderance of females over males in the city. By the census of 1841, this excess was no less than 8,546! So that Bath is the last place in the world for a managing mother with a large family of daughters to come to.



LANSDOWNE TOWER.

DEVON AND CORNWALL.



TORQUAY.

AND now Westward ho! for those grand old counties through whose portals modern civilization was first ushered by the enterprising commercial spirit of the ancient Greeks and Phœnicians, and whose ports sent forth the conquering spirits of the Drake, Raleighs, and Cavendishes, to become the terrors of the Spanish Main, and humble the pride of the haughty conquerors of the new world.

There are few districts of THE LAND WE LIVE IN possessing greater fertility than West Somerset—the

country through which we are now rushing with *express* haste; but until we pass Exeter and reach the sea-board there is little of the picturesque to distinguish the district. The Queenstock hills extending from Taunton to the Bristol Channel, the Pouldens, near Bridgewater, and a continuation of the Mendip hills, extending from Frome to the coast, are the principal hills. But the great charm of Devonshire is its coast scenery and its mild genial climate; on the south somewhat relaxing, but on the north coast magnificent in its scenery, as well as bracing, and indented with bays; coast and inlets where the mere pleasure-seeker may roam, or where the marine naturalist may revel in dark pools and hollows full of sea-weeds and zoophytes.

Whilst we have made pretty wide excursions in search of whatever is beautiful or impressive in town or country—whatever might interest the lover of Nature, the curious in antiquity, or the inquirer into commercial or manufacturing greatness or prosperity;—wandering to the extremest north, and south, and east of England, and extending our researches even into Scotland and Wales, the distant west has been almost wholly neglected by us. Neither Cornwall nor Devonshire, though both counties are full of attractions, has contributed a leaf to our Sketch-book.

We propose now to make some amends for our past inattention to the charms of Devonian.—

"And is it thus," interrupts some impatient reader, "that you follow the rule you propounded only a month or two back, when you quoted old Burton to the effect that writings, as well as dishes, ought to be seasonable? Is this the season to go rambling, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque—for I presume Devonian's charms are chiefly of that order?"

Good reader, you are a townsman, (fair reader, we do not suppose you would ask such a question,) or you would not imagine that beautiful Nature is not charming in every season. But we are not going to lead any one on an unseasonable journey. We are about to visit several picturesque and several beautiful spots; but, as you will find, we are going to do so at the very properest time. We intend to lead you on a tour of inspection through the winter watering-places of the southern coast of Devon: and if you think a visit to them at this time of the year unseasonable, why—we say it with all respect—you know very little of the subject of this present paper; and there is consequently so much the more need that you should attentively peruse it. Such desirable places are these Devonshire coast towns for a winter visit—or residence, if you can afford it—that not only ought Englishmen to flock to them (as they very prudently do); but Italians themselves would find their advantage in coming hither every winter, where, at the worst, that keen season seems to be "merely a languid spring," and

"The chilling blasts forget their freezing power."

"From November to February," says a writer on the climate of Italy, "I would recommend an Italian

to repair to one of the Devonshire watering-places, if he could possess himself of Fortunatus' cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey:" and he proceeds to set forth the superiority of our coast towns. The quotation is made at second hand (a practice we always reprobate and seldom indulge in); and as the author's name is not given by our authority, we can neither verify the passage, nor add the weight that his name would doubtless give: but

"Well fare his heart that book that wrote,"

say we. He has said a big word in honour of Devon, and deserves all praise from Devonians and Devonian writers therefore: but when he said it had he not forgotten the drizzle,—sempiternal, ubiquitous, close-wrapping, penetrative "Devonshire drizzle?"

We fear he had; for in truth that drizzle is a great damper of one's enthusiasm for a Devonshire winter. It is very well to say, as the natives do, that the drizzle is almost always succeeded by sunshine; but the visitor almost always finds that the sunshine is where he is not, and the drizzle where he is: that the drizzle—thicker and more piercing than a Cumberland, or even a Scotch mist, and as hard to see through as a city fog,—is all around him, wrapping him as in hydropathic blankets, and drawing a sort of duffle-gray curtain before the scenery. However, let us button our coats about us, and start on our journey; we shall find opportunity hereafter to discuss more at leisure both the comforts and discomforts of the climate.

EXETER.

But before we proceed to the coast we must visit the capital of Devon and of the west. Exeter is built upon the summit and sides of a hill, which rises pretty steeply from the left bank of the river Exe. Thomas Fuller thus describes the Exeter of his day: "It is of a circular (and therefore most capable) form, sited on the top of a hill, having an easy ascent on every side thereunto. This conduceth much to the cleanness of this city; Nature being the chief scavenger thereof, so that the rain that falleth there falleth thence by the declivity of the place. The houses stand sideways backward into their yards, and only endways forward, with their gables towards the street. The city, therefore, is greater in content than appearance, being bigger than it presenteth itself to passengers through the same." This was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and though the city has altered a good deal since then, it yet, in the middle of the nineteenth, retains sufficient traces of its former features to authenticate the portrait of careful Thomas. It is no longer of a circular form, yet it will be readily seen to have (as Dr. Johnson says of the Highland huts) "some tendency to circularity." The native topographers still dwell with complacency on the cleanliness of their city, promoted, as they say, by its declivitous situation. They speak too daintily to call dame Nature their chief scavenger; and the stranger whose senses

are annoyed by the unsavoury odours and uncleanly sights which far too frequently greet them in the lower parts of the city, is half inclined to fancy that Nature herself has grown ashamed or tired of the occupation imposed upon her. In soberest phrase, the upper and better parts of the city (and they are the greater portion) are clean, pleasant, and healthy; but there are places down by the river that are dirty, wretched, and unwholesome, and that would not long be suffered to remain as they are if they attracted the attention of the authorities as forcibly and as painfully as they do that of the visitor who ventures to perambulate them. Official returns prove satisfactorily that Exeter is, on the whole, above the average of large towns in regard to its healthiness: and there can be little doubt that it would occupy a still more creditable position if some reformation were effected in these lower regions.

Exeter is an ancient city: whether it be as ancient as some who have written concerning it opine, we will not take upon us to affirm or deny. That it existed before Rome was founded may or may not be the fact. If, indeed, it was a city some time before the mighty King Brute laid the first stone of Troynovantum, (which, the reader may remember, was afterwards named *Caer Lud*, in honour of its second founder the renowned *Lud-Hudibras*, and is now known as London)—as that event happened some two centuries and a half before *Romulus* saw the twelve vultures fly over the *Palatine hill*, it is pretty clear that Exeter is of far greater antiquity than Rome; and of antiquity at least as respectable. For historians place the story of *Romulus* in the class of legends, as well as that of *Brute*; we need not, therefore, complain if the early history of Exeter range in the same category, or wonder if its origin be for ever lost in the darkness of oblivion.

Coming, then, to authentic history, we find that Exeter was a British city, and was known as *Caer-wisc*. In the two great Roman Itineraries it is called *Isca Dumnoniorum*; it was the chief town of the *Dumnonii*, or people of Devonshire and Cornwall. By the Saxons it was called *Exanceaster*, whence the present name is derived with less alteration than usually happens in the lapse of so many centuries. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is written *Exonia*. The name is derived from its position—*Caer-wisc* is the City on the *Wisc*. The Romans called the river the *Isca*; from which the Saxon form *Exa* is evidently only an adaptation to Saxon organs of speech: *ceaster* is the usual Saxon corruption of the Latin *castra*.

Having so sufficiently described its site, illustrated its origin, and accounted for its name, it is imperative upon us to glance at its history—and only glance; for to tell it at length, and as it ought to be told—that is, to relate its regal, military, corporate, and ecclesiastical story; the changes it has witnessed, the sieges it has suffered, and the deeds, worthy and unworthy, that have been performed within it and without it; the glory it has gained and the wrongs it has endured; and all the fortunes and misfortunes of city and citizens, would take up the remainder, not alone of this paper,

but of the volume—and perhaps half-a-dozen more volumes—of this our book. And we find, moreover, that we are already running into unusual and dangerous amplitude of style; we will therefore pull up abruptly, and jog on the remainder of our journey at a safer and more sober pace.

The early history of Exeter is dignified by the defeat of the Danes there, in 877, by the great *Alfred*, who compelled them to surrender the city, which they had seized, and agree to leave the kingdom. Fifty years later, the Cornwall men (in those days a wild and turbulent race) were driven out of Exeter by *Athelstan*, who is regarded by Exonians as the founder of the present city. "When he had cleansed this city by purging it of its contaminated race," says *William of Malmesbury*, "he fortified it with towers and surrounded it with a wall of squared stone. And, though the barren and unfruitful soil can scarcely produce indifferent oats, and frequently only the empty husk without the grain [*Devonshire farmers manage to get a very different sort of crop from the vicinity of the city in these days*], yet owing to the magnificence of the city, the opulence of its inhabitants, and the constant resort of strangers, every kind of merchandize is here so abundant that nothing is wanting which can conduce to human comfort. Many noble traces of him are to be seen in that city, as well as in the neighbouring district." *Malmesbury* wrote early in the twelfth century, and probably described the Exeter of his own day: it might very fairly describe the Exeter of ours. It is a favourite notion of the local antiquaries, that there are still, as when *Malmesbury* wrote, some, though not many, traces of *Athelstan* to be seen in their city. If the city flourished under the protection of *Athelstan*, it was less fortunate under his successors. More than once it was plundered by the Danes; but prosperity returned to it, its prosperity being probably a good deal advanced by its being made the seat of an episcopal see in the place of *Crediton*, by *Edward the Confessor*.

Exeter was one of the great towns that refused to submit to the Norman Conqueror. *William* did not direct his steps to the west of England till the year after the battle of *Hastings*; when he had effectually secured the quiet of the metropolitan and southern counties. The mother of *Harold* had fled to Exeter with all the wealth she could secure, and her followers and the citizens vowed to resist to the last. They renewed and added to the fortifications; increased the strength of the garrison; hired the seamen, who were with their ships in the port, to assist in the defence of the city: and endeavoured to rouse the country around to resist the march of the Conqueror. When *William* summoned the city to surrender, they replied to him by a coarse action, which the crafty king, who sought all along to give a colouring of religion to his enterprise, declared was an affront to the Deity which he would avenge; and when a portion of the walls fell down (probably owing to the running of a mine) he called on his army to observe the hand of the Almighty.

Several of the chief citizens went to the king to ask for a truce, which he granted, keeping some of their number as hostages for its observance. When the remainder returned to the city, however, the inhabitants refused to agree to the terms, and prepared to renew the fight. William now directed one of the hostages to be brought close to the walls, where he caused his eyes to be torn out. The inhabitants fought resolutely, but the wall being thrown down, the city was taken after a siege of eighteen days, though not without considerable loss to the victor. Even then the fall of the city was, according to the Saxon Chronicle, partly the result of treachery: "The citizens surrendered their city because the thanes had betrayed them." Harold's mother, Githa, and many of the wives of the citizens had escaped before the surrender: they went, according to the same authority, "to the Steep Holmes, and there abode some time; and afterwards went from thence over sea to St. Omer's." The Domesday Survey shows that forty-eight houses were destroyed in this siege: the king however dealt leniently with the people.

In order to hold the inhabitants in check for the future, William built a large and strong castle, which, from the red colour of the hill on which it was erected, he called Rougemont:—a name, the reader of Shakspeare will remember, which long after caused Richard III. to start:

"When last I was at Exeter,
The Mayor, in courtesy, show'd me the Castle,
And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond."*

Rich. III., Act IV., sc. 2.

William gave the charge of the castle to Baudoin (or Baldwin) de Brionne, the husband of his niece Albrina, whom he created governor of Devon, and bestowed upon him twenty houses in Exeter, and a hundred and fifty-nine manors in this part of the country. The castle is believed to have been erected on the site of a much older one. It remained in the hands of the descendants of Baudoin till the reign of Henry III., who took the keeping of it into his own control. In the war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Exeter embraced the cause of the empress. The castle was strengthened and garrisoned for her by the earl of Devon; and when the king came in person with his army before the city, the inhabitants refused to allow him to enter. The siege lasted for above two months, and the citizens at length yielded rather to the force of hunger than of arms. Matilda remained so great a favourite in Exeter that a festival was for some centuries annually kept in commemoration of her.

We ought perhaps to note here in passing that the

* Fuller very reasonably suggests that the wizard, as he styles the Irish bard, or Satan through him, must have "either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desiring to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard (a guilty conscience will be frightened with little) mistook the word," when the Mayor pronounced it.

city received its first charter from Henry I.; and that John Lackland, in the year 1200, empowered it to elect a mayor and two bailiffs.

The royal visits it received in these earlier days may be passed over—though that of Richard III. be amongst them; and the Black Prince, on his triumphant return from Poitiers, stayed here some days; and Edward I. came hither especially to investigate the particulars of the murder of Walter de Lechlade, the precentor, who was killed on his way from early prayers, when, for their negligence or complicity, in permitting the murderer to escape, the king caused the mayor and the gate porter to be hung. We may also pass over all its sieges and adventures down to the reign of Henry VII., when one occurs that must be mentioned.

It is that of the unhappy impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who here made his first and most unlucky trial at arms. Hall gives so curious an account of Perkin Warbeck's siege of Exeter, that it may be worth while to quote a portion of it. The first thing after Perkin's landing in Cornwall, says Hall, his councillors advised him to make himself master of some strong walled towns and fortresses, wherein he might entrench himself till his army had sufficiently augmented for him to meet that which might be sent against him. "When he and his council were fully resolved on this point and conclusion, they in good order went straight to Exeter, which was the next city that he could approach to, and besieged it; and because he lacked ordnance to make a battery to raze and deface the walls, he studied all the ways possible how to break and infringe the gates; and what with casting of stones, heaving with iron bars, and kindling of fire under the gates, he omitted nothing which could be devised for the furtherance of his ungracious purpose. The citizens perceiving their town to be environed with enemies and like to be inflamed, began at the first to be sore abashed, and let certain messengers by cords down over the wall, which should certify the king of all their necessity and trouble. But after that, taking to them lusty hearts and manly courages, they determined to repulse fire by fire; and caused faggots to be brought to the inward part of the ports and posterns, and set them all on fire, to the intent that the fire being inflamed on both sides of the gates, might as well exclude their enemies from entering, as include the citizens from running or flying out; and that they in the mean season might make trenches and rampires to defend their enemies instead of gates and bulwarks. Thus all the doings and attempts of the rebellious people had evil success in their first enterprize: and thus by fire the city was preserved from flame and burning. Then Perkin being of very necessity compelled to leave the gates, assaulted the town in divers weak and unfortified places, and set up ladders, attempting to climb over the walls and to take the city, thinking surely to compel the citizens either by fear or lack of succour to render themselves and yield the town. But the citizens, nothing so minded, so courageously, like valiant champions, defended the walls, that



they slew above two hundred of his seditious soldiers at this assault. As soon as the messengers of Exeter came to the king's presence and showed their instructions, he hastened with his host toward Exeter with as much haste as the gravity of the cause did require and expostulate When Perkin with his lewd captains saw that the city of Exeter was so well fortified both with men and munitions, and of them in manner impregnable, fearing the sequel of this matter, he departed from Exeter with his lousy army to the next great town called Taunton, and there the twentieth day of September he mustered his men as though he were ready to fight, but his number was sore diminished. For when the poor and needy people saw the great defence which was made at Exeter, and that no men of honour nor yet of honesty drew to him, contrary to the promise and assurance made by him and his councillors to them at the beginning, they withdrew themselves by sundry secret companies from him, in providing their own safeguard. Which thing when Perkin perceived, he put small trust and less confidence in the remnant of his army, as afterwards did appear, because the most part of his soldiers were harnessed on the right arm and naked all the body, and never exercised in war nor martial feats but only with the spade and shovel."

From Taunton, as will be recollected, Perkin took the earliest opportunity to make his escape to a sanctuary; and his army speedily dispersed. "And so," continues the old Chronicler, "the king, being a conqueror without manslaughter or effusion of Christian blood, rode triumphantly into the city of Exeter, and there not only lauded and praised the citizens of Exeter, but also rendered to them his most hearty thanks, as well for their duty done as for their valiantness. And there also he afflicted and put in execution divers Cornishmen which were the authors and stirrers up of this new insurrection and false conspiracy." To mark his sense of the service the city had rendered him, the king presented his own sword to the mayor, and also a cap of maintenance; and directed that they should be carried before him on all occasions of ceremony, in perpetual remembrance of the valour and loyalty of the citizens.

This was not the last occasion on which it successfully withstood a siege. When, in 1549, in consequence of the recent religious changes, occurred what was long remembered as "the Devonshire Commotion," the city was for two months encompassed by the insurgents; and the inhabitants, who resolutely refused to yield, were reduced to the greatest extremities before the siege was raised by a royal army under Lord Russell. It was in reference to these stout defences of the citizens that Elizabeth gave the city its motto, *Semper fidelis*. It but indifferently supported its loyal character during the "Great Rebellion." On the breaking out of the contest between Charles and the Parliament, the city was occupied by the Earl of Stamford for the Parliament. After the defeat of Stamford in May, 1643, Exeter opened its gates to Prince Maurice, and it continued to be held for the king till April, 1646, when it was

taken after a smart siege by Fairfax. This was the last of its warlike adventures. The Parliament caused the castle to be dismantled and the fortifications to be rendered useless. While the city was occupied by the royalist troops, Queen Henrietta gave birth here to a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans; whose portrait, presented to the city by her brother Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

Three days after his landing at Torbay, the Prince of Orange made a rather pompous entry into Exeter. The following account of the order of the ceremonial, as quoted in one of the guide-books, would contrast rather curiously with that of a military entry of the present day:—"The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders' steeds, completely clothed in armour; two hundred negroes, in attendance on the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beaver's skins, in black armour, and with broad swords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger in a complete suit of armour, with white ostrich-feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards, armed with fuses; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie; the rest of the army brought up the rear; they had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

William's reception in Exeter was rather cold. "The prince," says Bishop Burnet, who accompanied him, "made haste to Exeter, where he stayed ten days, both for refreshing his troops, and for giving the country time to show their affections. But the clergy and magistrates of Exeter were very fearful and very backward. The bishop and the dean ran away. And the clergy stood off, though they were sent for, and very gently spoke to by the Prince. . . . We stayed a week at Exeter before any gentlemen of the city came about the prince. Every day some person of condition came from other parts."

We will only mention one other royal visit to Exeter: that of George III. and his queen, in 1789; and which is now chiefly noteworthy on account of Dr. Walcot, who never lost an opportunity of lampooning that monarch, having celebrated it in a burlesque rhyme, entitled 'The Royal Visit to Exeter, by John Ploughshare.' Walcot was a native of Devonshire; and the verses are written in the Devonshire dialect, of which they are considered a very tolerable example. Two or three stanzas will show its quality, and the nature of Devonshire speech—now losing a little of its rudeness, at least in this part of the county:

"Leek bullocks sting'd by applecranes
Currantin it about the lances,
Vokes this way drev'd and that;

Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin :
Zom in the mucks and pellum sprawlin ;
Leek pancakes all so flat.

Well : in a come King George to town,
With duat and sweat as nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke ;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin,
So mad seem'd all the voke.

Now down long Vore Street did they come,
Zom hollowin, and screechin zom :
Now trudg'd they to the Dean's.

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r,
Zom wey crapp'd wigs, and zom wey hair,
The royal voke jo ken ;
When Meyster May'r upon my word,
Poked to the King a gert long sword,
Which he poked back agen."

The description of the remainder of the ceremony, with a notice of the royal doings and sayings (some of it in sufficiently uncourtierlike style), may be found in its proper place. Peter Pindar has also two or three other poems in the Devonshire dialect, which may be found in his works by those who are curious in such matters.

Exeter, as has been said, is built on a rather steep though not very lofty hill, a circumstance that adds as much to its pleasantness as its salubrity. Leland, writing from personal examination, in the reign of Henry VIII., says: "The town is a good mile and more in compass, and is right strongly walled and maintained. There be divers fair towers in the town wall, betwixt the south and the west gates. As the walls have been newly made, so have the old towers decayed. There be four gates in the town, by the name of East, West, North, and South. The East and the West Gates be now the fairest, and of one fashion of building. The South Gate hath been the strongest. There be divers fair streets in Exeter; but the High Street, that goeth from the West to the East Gate, is the fairest."

Leland's half-complaining observation might be extended to the whole city—"As *buildings* have been newly made, so have the old places decayed." The Exeter of the present day is very different from that which Leland saw. The city has extended its boundaries till it has come to be about a mile and three quarters long, and above a mile broad, where widest and longest. Not only are the forts decayed and gone, but the gates also: the last of them, the South Gate, was removed in 1810. The walls may be traced: and some portions of them remain. Part of the walls of the castle are also standing, but of the building itself only a fragment is left. This is a gateway of Norman date, and is no doubt the chief entrance of the original Rougemont. It stands on the north side of the city, and should be visited. Little of the original architecture is discernible, it being almost wholly covered with

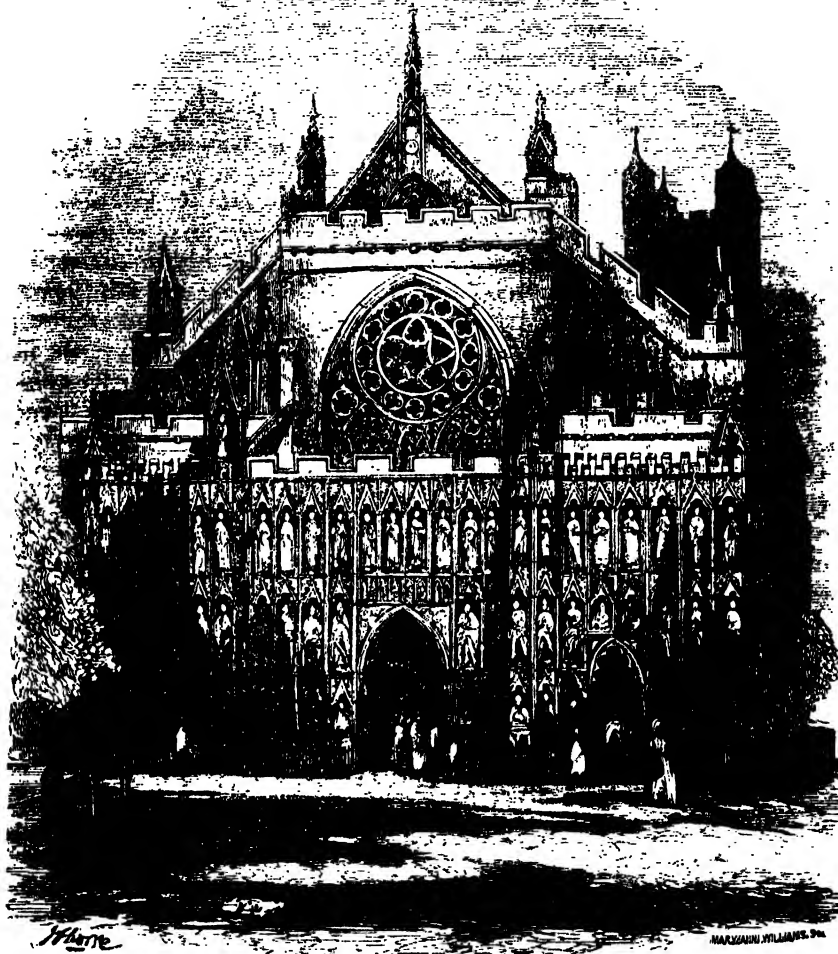
ivy: with its ivy cloak it forms a rather picturesque object. The site of the castle is occupied by the Sessions'-House—quite a common-place building; the large open space in front is used for holding election, county, and other meetings. From the ramparts may be obtained some very good views of the city; and the contemplative visitor may, as he paces them, appropriately ponder the changes that time has wrought in the whole way of life and habits of thought, as well in the material objects he sees about him.

The city hardly retains so much of the character or antiquity as might be expected. You may pass from end to end of the long High Street and Fore Street, and hardly have the attention attracted by any very remarkable feature; and equally so, from one extremity to the other, of North and South Streets. Still there are appearances of antiquity, and if it had not been necessary, from time to time, to alter and improve the houses, it is easy to see that the city would be a picturesque one. When the gables of the houses, which are set towards the streets, were ornamented, and the upper stories hung forwards, it must have been eminently so. But the narrowness of the streets, of course, made it advisable to remove the projecting stories where the old houses remain; and in the 'smartening' process which all have more or less undergone, nearly all the rich decorations of the old gables have been removed or hidden, and they have been made as smooth, and plain, and mean, as the modern houses on either side of them. Something has been done, too, to lessen the steepness of the streets—a very useful alteration, but certainly not an ornamental one. The deep hollow, for example, between North Street and St. David's Hill, has been spanned by a viaduct, the 'Iron Bridge,' whereby the passengers are brought about on a level with the first floors of the unhappy-looking houses: and when the new bridge was constructed at the end of Fore Street, the opportunity was taken of lessening in a similar way the steepness of the road. Still, if it be not remarkably picturesque, the city is pleasant and apparently prosperous; and there yet remain enough relics of antiquity within it to amuse the vacant hours and reward the researches of the visitor who is of an antiquarian turn, even apart from its noble cathedral.

But the Cathedral (Engraving), is of course the chief object of attraction, and indeed, is the only really attractive building in the city. Though inferior in size and grandeur to a few other of our cathedrals, it is one of the finest of the second class, and in some respects it is unique. The oldest part of the present edifice was erected early in the twelfth century; but the main portion is more recent. In 1112, William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and whom the monarch had created third bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of a new cathedral: he died before the works were very far advanced, and their progress was probably interrupted by the dissensions in the reign of Stephen. The part which had been finished suffered considerable injury during the siege



EXETER CATHEDRAL.



WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

of Exeter by that king. The Cathedral was not completed till near the close of the century. A century later the building began to appear too small, or not sufficiently splendid for the see: and Bishop Peter Quivil determined to erect a new cathedral, on a much grander scale. He only lived to construct the Lady Chapel, but his successors steadily continued the good work, till the whole was completed, as it now appears, by Bishop Brantyngham in 1380. The only parts of Warlewast's cathedral which were retained in the new one are the two towers, which were made to serve for the transepts.

Nothing, scarcely, can exceed the beauty of many parts of Exeter Cathedral; but as a whole, perhaps it is not so satisfactory. Though erected in the golden age of English ecclesiastical architecture, and, with the exception of the massive Norman towers, tolerably uniform in style, the exterior is heavy, and comparatively unimposing in its general effect. The unusual position of the towers only renders the want of some

grand and lofty central feature the more apparent: and the want is equally felt whether the building be viewed from the Cathedral yard, or the suburbs of the city. The designer, if one may venture to say so, seems to have been a man of *confined* talent. Capable of contriving smaller features of almost faultless excellence, he might have designed an exquisite chapel; but wanting the happy imaginative daring of genius, he was unequal to the task of constructing a sublime cathedral. The aggregation of many beautiful parts is insufficient to produce a grand whole.

The objection may be a mistaken one; but we believe it is pretty generally felt that Exeter Cathedral is far less impressive than would be expected from an examination of its multitudinous beautiful details. The stranger especially feels this; for the parts are so fine, that those who are in the frequent habit of seeing them become insensible to any failure in the general effect. Until within these few years the Cathedral was a good deal hidden by mean buildings: these have been in a

great measure removed, and the exterior can now be tolerably well seen.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, but the arms are very short, the transepts being formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building, including the Lady Chapel, is 408 feet: the towers are 145 feet high. The towers are Norman, square, and similar in size, and also in general appearance; their surfaces being covered with blank arcades and other Norman ornaments, but they differ in the details. The remainder of the Cathedral is of what is known as the Decorated style of English architecture; and the numerous windows, with their flowing tracery, are among the finest examples of that rich style. Between the windows are bold flying buttresses, with crocketed pinnacles. The roof, which is of very high pitch, is crowned by a *fleur-de-lis* ridge ornament—the only one of our cathedrals that retains that decoration.

But the most striking portion of the exterior is unquestionably the west front. Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and the feelings. The chief entrance to the Cathedral was by the western door, and consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art. In most of our cathedrals the western end is more elaborately decorated than any other part: but no other is so much enriched as the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though two or three are more generally admired. The form and general appearance of this front will be best understood by the engraving (Cut, p. 359). It consists of three stories: the basement is a screen, with a central doorway, and one of smaller size on each side. The entire surface of this screen is occupied by canopied niches, in each of which is a statue. The second story, which recedes somewhat, is formed by the west wall of the nave, and contains the large and noble west window, the arch of which is entirely filled with the richest flowing tracery. On each side are decorated arcades. The wall is supported by two very bold flying buttresses. The upper story, which recedes somewhat behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and has a window smaller than the other, but similar in character. The arrangement, as has been often remarked, is unusual in English cathedrals, but common in those of France: indeed, the whole building has a good deal of a Continental character. The statues and ornamental work of the west front had become considerably dilapidated, but the authorities have carefully restored them; and this magnificent façade—one of the very finest in England—is now in a nearly perfect condition.

The interior of the Cathedral is far more imposing than the exterior. As you enter, the long range of clustered columns with the open arches above them; the noble series of windows in the clerestories; and the splendid vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, combine to produce a most powerful and impressive effect. But the effect would be amazingly improved were the organ to be removed from its present position. The magnificent vista would

then be unbroken, and the large and beautiful east window would appear at the end of it: the majestic interior, in short, would be seen as its designers intended it to be seen. The place which the organ occupies in so many of our cathedrals is alike unaccordant with good taste and religious feeling. When these cathedrals were erected, the screen which separates the nave from the choir bore upon it a lofty rood: it was placed there with a religious purpose, as a part of the system of the ecclesiastics, to address the imagination and the feelings through the eye as well as the ear. The worshipper, on passing through the portals of the noble western end of the Cathedral, saw stretching before him a long array of glorious architecture, the walls and the roof resplendent with skilfully-arranged colour and gilding, and the "dim religious light" streaming through numerous storied windows: while raised far aloft, in the midst of all, and occupying the most prominent position, was the emblem of his faith—so placed as not to interfere with the grand architectural effect, but to unite with it, and assist in deepening its solemnity of character. At the Reformation the cross was removed: but a century elapsed before its place came to be commonly occupied by the organ. The rood screen was selected for the purpose, probably, merely because it was the situation that most readily offered itself for so bulky an instrument. There was no religious feeling in the matter; and there was no architectural taste then in existence to be offended by such an anomalous introduction. Its tolerance during the last century is not to be wondered at,—one could hardly have wondered had the statues of Jupiter and Venus been placed on either side of it; but now that there is a purer and better feeling abroad as to propriety of character in church appliances, it is surely time that the organ should be relegated to a more obscure position. Regarding alone the religious character of the edifice, it cannot be desirable that, upon entering it, the organ should be the first object upon which the attention rests: and, as a matter of taste and artistic effect, its position is even more reprehensible. From either nave or choir it destroys the grand vista, and entirely obscures the noble terminal window; while from every part it forces the eye to rest on an object inconsistent with the venerable Gothic structure, and ungraceful and incongruous in itself. The organ of Exeter Cathedral may be, as is asserted, one of the largest and finest instruments in the country; but that is no reason why it should not be removed to a less important and conspicuous position, as has already been done with excellent results in some other of our cathedrals.

Both nave and choir will command and repay attentive examination. In general character they are alike, with, of course, those differences which their different purposes require. The clustered columns, the windows, and the roof, are remarkably fine examples of their several kinds: the roof is one of the largest and handsomest vaulted stone roofs of the Decorated period in existence. Very little of the original stained glass

remains in the windows. Like all other "idolatrous pictures and images," it suffered grievously from puritanic wrath. While Exeter was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, the Cathedral called into exercise no small share of their zeal. Many of the things which they spared speak as loudly as those they destroyed of their fervour and diligence. But they spared some things which they could hardly be expected to spare; among others, the glass in the great east window was left uninjured, and it yet remains in good preservation. We cannot stay to point out the many points of interest in the nave: a peculiarity will be noticed on its north side in the curious 'Minstrel's Gallery,' which projects from the clerestory, and is ornamented with well-executed figures of angels playing on musical instruments.

The choir is in itself the most complete and most striking part of the interior. Its most singular feature is the Bishop's Throne, a richly-carved oak structure, a pyramid of open tracery, rising to an elevation of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here, about 1470: it escaped the puritanic axe through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the surrender of the city. The pulpit and the stalls are also of superior character. The screen which divides the nave and choir, itself of graceful design and workmanship, is especially noteworthy for a series of very early and rude paintings on the panels. They represent a complete cycle of scriptural subjects, from the Creation to the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As pictures they are of no value; but they are curious as specimens of the state of the art in England at the time they were painted.

The chapels are numerous, and some of them very beautiful: the open screens which separate them from the body of the cathedral are in several instances of exquisite beauty and delicacy. These chapels mostly contain monuments, which are in themselves of considerable interest. Indeed the monuments in Exeter Cathedral are much above the ordinary rank; and they are of all times, from the thirteenth century down to the present. We can only mention two or three. One of noticeable character represents Bishop Stapledon, who erected the choir in which his tomb is placed: opposite to it is another, of a knight in armour, believed to be Sir Richard Stapledon, the brother of the bishop; they were both executed in Cheapside, by the populace, in 1356. In the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene—the very beautiful screen of which deserves especial notice—is a splendid monument of Bishop Stafford, who died in 1419. In the beautiful Gabriel Chapel, which was built by Bishop Brownscombe, who died in 1280, may be seen the very elegant tomb of its founder; and also two monuments by the greatest of recent English sculptors. One, a mural monument with several figures, in memory of General Simcoe (who died in 1806), is by Flaxman, but it is not a favourable specimen of his ability: there is little of poetic character in the design, and no refinement of form or execution. The other is Chantrey's statue of Northcote. The old

painter is represented seated in a thoughtful attitude, with his palette hanging carelessly on his thumb: he appears to be sitting in reflective mood before his easel, and has much of that tranquil contemplative character Chantrey could sometimes so felicitously unite with marked individuality.

The stranger should not fail to ascend the north tower of the cathedral, for the sake of the very fine view of the city he will obtain from its summit. Perhaps a better notion of its topography can be obtained from this tower than elsewhere: and the suburbs are also seen to advantage: the view is of exceeding beauty, southwards down the valley of the Exe, where

"Amidst luxuriant scenes, with conscious pride,
Voluptuous Isca winds her silver tide,"

to her confluence with the ocean.

In this north tower is the great bell, whose voice warns the citizens of the flight of time. It is one of the largest bells in the kingdom, being some four or five hundred pounds heavier than the famous Great Tom of Lincoln, and only inferior in weight and tongue to Oxford Tom. The biographer of 'The Doctor,' says, "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. . . . Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey was mistaken as to there being only two such bells; our bell has a christian name, and, curious enough, it is Peter Bell. Of course it was not so named in honour of Mr. Wordsworth: it received its appellation in honour of a certain bishop who died centuries before the waggoner was dreamed of. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in the kingdom.

The Chapter House of a cathedral is generally worth seeing. As the ordinary place of meeting for the transaction of the business of the society, and also the apartment in which the members of the monastery daily assembled to hear a chapter of the order read (whence its name), it was usually made an important feature in the general design. The Chapter House of Exeter Cathedral is not so fine as some others, and it is oblong instead of being polygonal as is usually the case; but it is a very handsome structure. It is of later date than the cathedral, having been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century: the windows are good of their kind; the roof is of oak in richly ornamented panels. It is now fitted up as a library. The Bishop's Palace, close by, is not a very remarkable building, but from the very pleasant gardens parts of the cathedral are seen in picturesque combinations and to considerable advantage. During the Commonwealth the Bishop's Palace was let to a sugar-refiner; vestiges of whose pans and troughs were remaining when the palace was repaired in 1821. The cathedral cloisters were entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth.

There are nineteen churches in Exeter: before the Commonwealth there were, it is said, thirty-two. Fuller, writing immediately after the Restoration, says,

"As for parish churches in this city, at my return thither this year, I found them fewer than I left them at my departure thence fifteen years ago. But the demolishers of them can give the clearest account how the plucking down of churches conduceth to the setting up of religion. Besides, I understand that thirteen churches were exposed to sale by the public crier, and bought by well-affected persons, who preserved them from destruction." None of the existing churches will stay the feet of the stranger. The older churches are for the most part small, mean, and uninteresting; the modern ones are of almost invariable mediocrity. St. Sidwells (of unenviable fame), and Allhallows are the most noticeable of the recent churches. Of the old ones, that of St. Mary Major, in the cathedral yard, has some details that will interest the archæologist; and that of St. Mary Arches contains some ancient monuments.

Nor is Exeter more fortunate in its other public buildings than in its churches. The Guildhall (whose hoary-looking portico is so prominent a feature in the High Street) is the only one that is not modern. The hall itself is rather a fine room; it is tolerably spacious; the walls are covered with carved oak, and it has a very good open timber roof. On the walls are several portraits, chiefly of corporate dignitaries; but there are also portraits of the Princess Henrietta, and of General Monk, by Sir Peter Lely; of George II., and Lord Camden. The modern buildings are numerous, as may be supposed, in a cathedral city which, with its suburbs, at the last census contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a populous and flourishing district; but none of these buildings are of any general interest, and none of them can be said to add much to the beauty of the city. A list of them will be found in the guide-books which will serve to direct the visitor who is curious in such matters to those that are in their several ways of most interest: here a mere enumeration of them would be useless and tiresome.

Exeter formerly carried on a very large manufacture of woollens: at one time, according to Defoe, it was "so exceeding great, all the women inhabitants may be supposed to be thoroughly employed in spinning yarn for it." The manufacture was very great even when Fuller wrote, for he observes, "Clothing is plied in this city with great industry and judgment. It is hardly to be believed what credible persons attest for truth, that the return for serges alone in this city amounteth weekly (even now, when trading, though not dead, is sick) to three thousand pounds, not to ascend to a higher proportion." In 1765 the annual value of the exports of woollens from Exeter was estimated at above a million. Towards the close of the century the manufacture began to decay; and it is now quite insignificant. There is, however, a considerable commerce; the import and export trade being both actively pursued. The ship canal, by means of which this trade is carried on, was one of the earliest constructed in this kingdom. It was first formed in 1544; the several parishes contributing towards its cost

a portion of their communion plate. This canal, which at first extended only to Countess' Weir, two miles from Exeter, was afterwards deepened and considerably improved; but it only permitted the ascent of small vessels till 1827, when it was entirely reformed and carried some miles lower; an extensive wet-dock was at the same time constructed at its termination near the city. By means of these improvements, which cost about £125,000, vessels of 400 tons burden can reach the city dock. The city does not appear to have suffered permanently from the loss of its woollen trade. New houses have been built on every side, and plenty are now building. In some of the pleasanter spots in the suburbs, villages, of the class of residences that builders now-a-days call 'villas,' have sprung up, much as such 'villa' villages have risen round London. Mount Radford has a showy and we hope flourishing crop of this kind: and it is as pleasant a place for such a purpose as any we know in the vicinity of any great town. The streets of the city, too, display a goodly number of handsomely fitted, and well stored shops; and a busy crowd daily throngs the thoroughfares. The facilities afforded by the matchless railway have no doubt contributed greatly to stimulate the activity of the citizens.

We must not quit Exeter without referring to its walks, on which the inhabitants very justly pride themselves. The chief of these is the Northernhay, "the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter." It lies along the summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the castle wall. The grounds are neatly laid out and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which are well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. From Friar's Walk and the parade in front of Collumpton Terrace, on the south side of the city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the outside of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Peansylvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects; perhaps the city and surrounding country are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by the Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the scenery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing: while the weirs that here and there are met with add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on the east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac monks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains: but the stranger will not regret the stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath alongside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season,—especially of such as "go a-junketing" to the neighbouring villages. There are some very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that direction: it was from one of these spots that the sketch for our steel engraving was made.

Had we time, it might be worth while to lead the

reader to some of the villages around Exeter: several of them are worth wandering to. The pretty village of Heavitree, about a mile east of Exeter, was the birth-place of "Judicious Hooker." Alphington, on the south, has a fine church in a picturesque situation, and is moreover a noticeable place in itself. But we must proceed on our main journey. We have named a few things, the remainder must go unnamed:

"These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,
Were weary work;"

as sweetly singeth Master John Dryden in his 'Hind and Panther.' We will on.

SIDMOUTH.

Secure the box-seat of the Sidmouth stage, and you will have a right pleasant afternoon trot over the hills to Sidmouth. There is a delightful alternation of scenery along the road, and you travel at a pace that allows you to have a fair gaze at some such magnificent views as you will not wish to hurry away from. You will also pass through three or four pretty and very countrified little villages. And "though last not least" in our esteem, the delightful sea breezes that you will meet in riding over the hills will so refresh and invigorate the inner man, that you will arrive at the journey's end in prime order to do most excellent justice to the good fare of mine host of the 'York,' the 'Marine,' or the 'London'—or wherever else you may choose to stay at. This is a main charm of stage-coach travelling: it is a grand thing (as they would say in the north) to be able to do the 194 miles between London and Exeter in four hours and a half; and no one who has travelled by that best of all express-trains was ever heard to complain of the journey. But for real enjoyment, this two hours' ride over the fifteen miles of hilly road, by the good old stage, is worth a dozen of it—that is, of course, supposing there be fair weather to enjoy it in.

The situation of Sidmouth is very well described in 'The Route-book of Devon,' in a passage we quote for the sake of recommending the book to all who travel in that county: the notices generally are brief, clear, and accurate,—qualities most valuable in such a work:

"The beach of Sidmouth is situated nearly in the centre of one of those hollows or curves, of which there are many formed within the vast bay of Devon and Dorset, extending from the Isle of Portland, on the east, to Start Point, on the west. At each end of the curve, east and west, rise two immense hills, about 100 feet high, running north and south, forming a deep valley between. Along the bottom of this valley lies the town, with a considerable part of its front presented towards the sea. On the slopes, or sides of the valley, extending a mile or two inland, are the suburbs, studded with villas, cottages ornées, and every description of marine residence, with which builders of this kind of

dwelling indulge their taste in erecting. These two hills, Salcombe and Peak, continue their range of protection to the town, one on the east and the other on the west, till Harpford and Beacon hills, on the one side, and Penhill on the other, take up its defence on the north-west and north. Sidmouth by these hills is sheltered from every quarter, except the south, which is open to the sea, and may be considered as completely protected from all cold winds; for those from the south are seldom or never cold or piercing in Devonshire. 'Snow,' says Dr. Mogridge, in his descriptive sketch of this place 'is seldom witnessed; and in very severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige—not a flake will remain in this warm and secluded vale.'"

The little town lying thus snugly embayed, with the lofty hills rising behind and on either side of it, looks, from the beach, as pretty and pleasant a dwelling-place as the visitor can desire for a short month or two. We can very well imagine that it had a more picturesque, though a ruder appearance, when none of the smart houses that front the sea and are scattered about the hill sides, had been erected; and instead of the regular line of the long sea-wall, there was a rugged bank of sand and shingle, and the place itself was only known as "one of the specialst fisher towns of the shire." When the fashion began to prevail of resorting annually to the sea-side, Sidmouth was one of the earliest places to perceive the advantage of preparing a comfortable resting-place for these birds of passage. The little town has, with transient fluctuations, gone on in a steady course of prosperity, and is now a very complete place for its size. It has good houses of different grades; good inns, baths, libraries; subscription, billiard, and assembly-rooms; very respectable shops; and the streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. The sea-wall, erected at a heavy cost a few years back, forms an excellent and very pleasant promenade. Indeed, all the recent alterations and improvements in the town have been made with a view to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors: and it would seem with success. Sidmouth has a late summer season; and perhaps this is its best season, as it is undeniably its pleasantest. But it is also a good deal resorted to in the winter; and it is one of the most agreeable little winter watering-places along this coast. The town is well-sheltered, the site cheerful, the air balmy and genial, and there are most enjoyable walks, both for the robust and the invalid; while, as we have seen, provision has been made for home and in-door delectation: a very necessary provision, certainly, in this moist climate.

The buildings in Sidmouth are not of any architectural importance or interest. The old church is but of very ordinary description; and for the new one there is not much more to be said. Several of the private houses are rather pretty; and one of them, a large thatched cottage-ornée, "a cottage of gentility," is one of the chief lions of Sidmouth. Attached to it are extensive and well-filled conservatories, an aviary,



CHIT ROCK.

and a collection of animals; and it contains in its ample rooms a vast variety of all those numerous costly articles which fall under the general designation of articles of vertu. The proper name of the house is 'Knowle Cottage;' but it is popularly known, at least in Sidmouth, as 'The Little Fonthill.' Permission to see it is readily granted; and "the rooms are thrown open to the public every Monday during the months of August and September."

Sidmouth, we have said, has beautiful walks. The beach will, probably, for a while content the visitor: the cliffs curve round in an easy sweep, and form a picturesque little bay, closed at each extremity by lofty headlands. On a bright calm day, when the sea lies tranquilly at rest, gladdening and glittering in the sunshine, the little bay is a very picture of gentleness and beauty; but when there is rough weather abroad, and dark clouds hang heavily upon the hill tops, the waves roll in with a broad majestic sweep that seems to give quite a new and grander character to the scene; and the bold and broken cliffs themselves appear to assume a wilder and more rugged aspect. The cliffs along this part of the coast are of red marl and sandstone; and as the sea beats strongly against them, they are worn into deep hollows, and in many instances portions become quite separated from the parent cliff. One of these detached masses, of considerable size, stands out at some distance in the sea, at the western extremity of this bay. Chit Rock (Engraving), as it is called, is one of the notabilities of Sidmouth.

But the visitor will soon wish to extend his walks

beyond the narrow limits of Sidmouth beach; and in almost every direction he will find rambles of a nature to tempt and to repay his curiosity. Along the summits of the cliffs he will obtain glorious views over the wide ocean, and not a few pleasant inland prospects. The hills farther away from the sea command views of vast extent and surpassing beauty; and along the valleys and gentle slopes there are simple pastoral scenes, and green shady lanes, and quiet field-paths, with here and there a solitary cottage, or a little social gathering of cottages, such as it does the heart good to look upon.

Nor must it be supposed that these pleasant strolls are not to be enjoyed in the winter season; as the winter visitant will find, if he venture abroad—and happily most do so venture, though they limit their ramblings far more than they ought. The trees, which impart so much beauty and life to the landscape, are leafless and silent; the streamlets are swollen and turbid; the voices of the innumerable birds that in summer send their glad music from every spray, are mute: but the fields and hill-sides are still verdant; the banks and hedges have yet a pleasant show of flowers and herbage; mosses and lichens of gem-like richness cover the trunks and branches of the trees, the thatches, and the palings; evergreen shrubs and trees are frequent; and no Devonshire lane, or cove, or dell, is without a pretty numerous colony of birds of one kind or another: while withal the air is often deliciously balmy, genial, and serene. Indeed a stroll along the lanes around Sidmouth—and the remark is more or less

applicable to all the towns and villages along this coast to which our winter visitants repair—has, on a fine winter's day, a charm entirely its own; and often the more grateful from its unexpected vernal cheerfulness. And this vernal character happily here lasts throughout the winter. Frosts are seldom severe, and almost always transient; snow hardly ever falls in the valleys, and never lies long on the ground.

"Lovely Devon! where shall man,
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh
His eye with scenes more beautiful than adorn
Thy fields of matchless verdure?"

"This is all very pretty, Mr. Writer; but the drizzle—what about the drizzle?"—Yes, good reader, to be sure there is the drizzle; one can't escape from that; but, let us accost yonder countryman, who is resting on his long-handled spade there, and whose form and features show that he has been exposed to Devonshire weather for many a year,—and see what he will say about it.

"More rain!"—"E'es, zur—a little dirzzell!"

"And does it always drizzle in this part of the country?"—"Whoy no: i'dreecans zumtimes."

"Well, does it always rain when it doesn't drizzle?"—"They do zay, I believe, that i'dreecans here if i'dreecans anywhere; and, for zartin, we've a girt deal of it; but it be vine enough between whiles."

There, good reader, you have the truth of the matter: there is rain here, and there is drizzle; but there are delicious intervals, and fortunate is he who is able and willing to avail himself of them:

—————"How soft the breeze
That from the warm south comes! how sweet to feel
The gale Favonian, too, that o'er the cheek
Breathes health and life!"

Carrington—'Banks of the Tamar.'

But we must wander, this fine winter morning, down one of the lanes—or rather, slightly notice two or three things that are noteworthy in them. The lanes of Devonshire are usually exceedingly good examples of English country lanes; and those in this neighbourhood are among the choicest in the county. The continual undulation of surface brings into view a never-failing variety of distant scenery, which blends in the most pleasing manner with the peculiarly picturesque features of the lanes themselves; now showing between the distant elms merely a few upland meadows, where Devon's "matchless verdure" gleams under the glancing sunbeam with a brilliant emerald hue, such as is only seen elsewhere on a few of the brightest days of spring; and close beside lies another field of bare red earth, with a labourer or two busily at work upon it: presently there opens a wide and cheerful valley, winding far away among receding hills: here, a few groups of cottages are seen along the margin of the streamlet, and on the slopes houses of more ambitious character are pretty plentifully besprinkled; and again some new turn brings in the sparkling sea to add a new charm and more powerful interest to the picture. It must be

confessed, however, that Devonshire farmers and road-makers do their best to conceal as much of all this as possible. They are people of most anti-picturesque propensities: the road-makers seem to rejoice in 'deep cuttings,'—the farmers take especial delight in high banks: so that, between the two, the poor pedestrian fares often but sadly. Wherever they can contrive to shut out a wide prospect, or a sunny peep, or a picturesque nook, these good people are sure to do it: they won't let you see more of their country than they can help. There appears to be an unaccountable perversity in this matter. You ascend some piece of upland lane, that promises to bring you to an opening between the hills, whence you may have a rich prospect, when, on reaching the spot, you find the road sunk,—or a mud-bank, some six or eight feet high, with a tall hedge on the top of such impenetrable closeness as to bid defiance even to a hedger. Yet there is some compensation in these banks: for the most part they are covered, although it be winter, with a luxuriant crop of graceful ferns, of ivy, and of periwinkles, and an innumerable variety of light green herbage; while primroses are not scarce even at Christmas, and there is sure to be an early and plentiful supply of violets. The soil in this part of Devonshire is of a deep and rather bright red, and the delicate ferns, and the grass and leaves, and flowers, form with it a singularly vivid contrast. Hardly a bit of old broken bank is there in one of these lanes that does not form a little picture. However, it is the numerous and varied close picturesque nooks, where human interest mingles with the natural and rustic features, that are the chief charm of these lanes. The rural occupations and those who are employed in them; the road-side houses, and the country carts and country folk who are seen about them; the humble cottages that lie just out of the lane, and the goodwife and children who are in constant motion about the open doors, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure. Nothing is there more picturesque, in its way, than an old Devonshire cob cottage, with its huge overhanging thatch, and all its various accompaniments, animate and inanimate! We should attempt to sketch one, had it not already been done infinitely better than we could do it; and as it only could be done by an observant resident, who, with frequent and leisurely opportunity joined the requisite skill to copy its most characteristic features.

"A Devonshire cottage," says Mrs. Bray, in her 'Tamar and Tavy,' "if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are gray, and if not whitewashed (which they too often are), abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch; and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose, mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the delight of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement of hollyhocks, &c.,

has a bed or two of flowers before the house, of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder—that most useful of all domestic trees—are seen near the entrance; and more than once have I stopped to observe the eagerness and the delight with which the children amuse themselves in chasing a butterfly from flower to flower."

The cottage here described belongs to the other end of the county, but it is equally true of those in this part,—with this difference, that instead of being constructed of stone they are here mostly built of cob; and consequently, a cottage of the Tudor age is here a rarity. Of course the reader knows what cob—'Devonshire cob'—is? If not, we must tell him that it is merely the common clay, or marl, mixed with straw, &c., which is trodden for a long time by horses, till it forms a very tenacious material, and is the ordinary material used for buildings of inexpensive character where stone is not abundant. Like the stone cottages, these are generally whitewashed, and invariably thatched—perhaps we ought to say were, for some few of recent date are slated. The common boundary walls are constructed of cob, as well as the walls of houses, and the stranger is often a little surprised to see a deep and neatly made pent-house thatch surmounting such a wall. When well thatched, a well made cob boundary-wall will hardly need repairing once in a generation: and a good cob wall, whether of house or yard, will last a century.

We intended to lead the reader to three or four of the pleasant spots in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth; along the lanes to the pretty village of Sidford, to Sidbury castle, and on to Penhill; to the top of Salcombe Hill, where is a magnificent prospect, extending, it is said, over from thirty to forty miles of a rich and fertile and very beautiful country, and seaward far as the eye can reach; to one or two of the quiet out-of-the-way corners, where the little Sid, the river (or, as old Risdon calls it, riveret), to which Sidmouth owes its name, with the hollow along which it hurries, "singing its quiet tune," makes pleasant miniature pictures:—by the way, there is an exceedingly pretty peep up the Sid vale from the beach: we intended to visit these and one or two other places, but we must leave them and pursue our journey. Some Miss Mitford of this coast should explore the less-known localities, and give us a volume of country sketches after the fashion of that lady's 'Village.'

EXMOUTH.

The onward road lies along the summit of the cliffs, past Chit Rock. From High Peak there are good sea views; and from Peak Hill others of surprising extent and wondrous beauty, over the Haldon Hills as well as seaward. The road must be followed a little inland to Otterton, which lies two or three miles from the sea; and where is the last bridge over the Otter. The way is extremely pleasant, but we need not stay to describe it. Otterton itself is a noticeable place: it is a long

straggling village of poor-looking, whitewashed, thatched cob cottages, with a farm-house or two, a couple of inns, and a few shops. Through the middle of the street runs a little feeder of the Otter, a rattling brook, which adds a good deal to the picturesqueness of the place. On one side is a green, with trees around it. The church stands on a hill at the end of the village. All the houses are rude, unadorned, and old-fashioned; and if it were not for two or three shops that look rather modern, the stranger might fancy he had fallen upon a little secluded country town that had not changed for a century.

Otterton was at one time a village of some small local importance. John Lackland founded a priory here, subject to the monastery of St. Michael, in Normandy. There were to be four monks who were to celebrate the regular religious services; and also to distribute bread weekly among the poor, to the amount of sixteen shillings—a tolerable sum in those days. In succeeding ages the monastery received additional benefactions, and the superior had enlarged rights. Lysons, quoting from the Ledger Book of the priory in 'Chapple's Collections,' says that, "The prior of Otterton had the right of pre-emption of fish in all his ports, and the choice of the best fish,"—a very useful privilege against fast days; the next right is of more questionable value—"The prior claimed also every porpoise caught in the fisheries, giving twelve pence and a loaf of white bread to every sailor, and twice as much to the master; also the half of all dolphins,"—choosing no doubt the head and shoulders when only one was caught. At the suppression of alien monasteries, the priory was transferred to Sion Abbey; at the general spoliation it was re-transferred, part to the royal pocket, and part to some worthy layman. The priory stood on the hill by the church, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House—a building worth examining. The church itself, too, is a noteworthy one. It is a large irregular and very ancient pile, with the tower at the east end. In the churchyard is a grove of yew-trees. The church stands on a steep cliff, and with the old house by its side and the trees about it, and the broad river washing the base of the hill, looks from the opposite bank unusually striking. The Otter is here a good-sized stream, and the scenery along it is very picturesque. The banks are bluff and bold, rising from the river in bare red cliffs, making with the neighbouring round-topped hills numerous pretty pictures.

On the other side of the river is the village of Budleigh, only noticeable on account of its containing Hayes, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. Hayes was at the time held on lease by Raleigh's father; the proprietor of it being "one Duke." Raleigh cherished to middle age a strong attachment to his birth-place, and made an effort to purchase it about the time he was rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign. A letter (dated July 26th, 1584), is printed in his works, which he addressed to Duke, expressing his desire to possess the house—"because, for the natural disposition he had to it, having been born in that house he

would rather seat himself there than anywhere else." But his application was refused, Duke, it is affirmed, saying, "he did not choose to have so great a man for so near a neighbour." The Dukes for generations kept the letter pasted on a board, as a "kind of curiosity." The house (of course not in its original condition) is now a farm-house.

By the mouth of the Otter is the hamlet of Budleigh Salterton; which within these few years has grown into some repute as a quiet retired watering-place—a sort of country appendix to Exmouth: and where were only two or three mud hovels belonging to the fishermen, is now a thriving and smart little town, having its three or four streets of shops and lodging-houses; its baths and libraries; its hotel, and even 'commercial inn;' and often a goodly number of genteel visitants. The streamlet that runs through the main street, with the plain wooden bridges that cross it, cause the place yet to retain something of its old rusticity. The cliffs along the sea here, and still more by Otter Point, on the other side of the Otter, are very lofty and very precipitous. The scenery about the shore we need hardly say is such as often exercises the pencils of the visitants. Ladram Bay is particularly celebrated, and in the summer season is one of the most attractive spots in this vicinity. The rocks are there worn into the wildest shapes, and there are caverns that are an object to ramble after: a sail to Ladram Bay is a favourite summer diversion.

From Budleigh Salterton there is a foot-path along the top of the cliffs and by by-ways to Exmouth, passing over Knoll Hill and through the quiet out-of-the-way village of Littleham; this is a pleasant way, but there is one which, though a good deal further, is more exhilarating to the stout pedestrian, round by the headland of Orcomb; or there is the ordinary road by Withecomb—from which some pleasant detours may be made, among others to the little ruined sanctuary of St. John's in the Wilderness.

Exmouth is so called from its position by the mouth of the Exe. Leland styles it "a fisher townlet a little within the haven mouth." And a "fisher townlet" it remained for a very longwhile afterwards. "In truth," says Polwhele, writing towards the close of last century, "it was no other than an inconsiderable fishing-town, till one of the judges of the circuit, in a very infirm state of health, went thither to bathe, and received great benefit from the place. This happened about a century ago, which brought Exmouth into repute, first with the people of Exeter, and gradually with the whole county—I might add, indeed, the whole island; since Exmouth is not only the oldest, but, in general, the best frequented watering-place in Devonshire."

That judge was evidently a good judge; and it was a fortunate thing for Exmouth to be tried by him. The townspeople ought in gratitude to erect his statue in the choicest part of the town.

Exmouth was not, however, always a mere fisher townlet. In the reign of John it is said to have been

one of the chief ports on this coast; and to have contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen as its proportion of the fleet which Edward III. despatched, in 1347, against Calais. On the other hand, it does not now maintain the high position it once held among the watering-places of Devonshire: it is no longer the first. It may not have decreased in popularity or attraction, but it has not increased. It has almost stood still while Torquay has rapidly advanced: and to Torquay it must now yield the precedence.

The Old Town was built along the foot of the hill and by the river side. "The sea at this time covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-western part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike-road from Exeter." The New Town—that which is chiefly inhabited by visitants—is on the hill-side and summit. Exmouth is not in itself a parish: but lies chiefly within the parish of Littleham. "The manor of Littleham and Exmouth," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has been since the Dissolution in the family of the Rolles; and the late Lord Rolle and his present surviving relict have been great and generous patrons to this town. The fine and capacious church, built in 1824, and the market-house in 1830; the plantations and walks under the Beacon; the sea-wall just completed; in short nearly all the public improvements carried out within these few years, with the exception of those executed by the late Mr. R. Webber, have been at their suggestion and expense."

Exmouth is well furnished with the various means and appliances that contribute to the requirements and pleasures of sea-side visitants. It has a good bathing-place on the beach, and baths in addition; libraries, assembly and subscription-rooms; hotels and lodging-houses of all sizes and with every aspect; public walks; good shops, and a good market; a church and several chapels. None of the buildings are such as to command much attention as works of art, but they are convenient and serviceable. The sea-wall is an important and a substantial work. It is some 1,800 feet long; and in addition to its primary purpose, it forms an excellent promenade and drive. The walks in and immediately around the town are of a superior character. Several within the town afford noble prospects. That in front of Louisa Terrace commands a view that is in very few towns equalled either for extent or beauty. Nearly the same may be said of Trefusis Terrace, and some other terraces of equally pleasant site, and unpleasant name. The Beacon Hill is very judiciously laid out as a public ground, with beds of flowers, evergreens, and ornamental shrubs. About the walks are placed rustic seats, and occasionally arbours. The views from different parts of Beacon Hill are remarkably good, and altogether it is a very agreeable spot and admirably suited for the purpose to which it has been applied.

From the town there stretches a long sand-bank far into the river. A little lower down the stream another

sand-bank, called the Warren, extends from the opposite side for two miles across the estuary. Just by the first sand-bank there is also an island, about mid-stream, called Shelley Sand; and outside the Warren, where the Exe disembogues itself into the sea, a similar but larger accumulation has formed, which is known as the Pole Sand. By these means the river is contracted within a very narrow winding channel where it enters the sea, although just above the Shelley Sand it had been a mile and a half across. The natural harbour thus formed withinside the sand-banks is called the Bight; and is an anchorage for vessels waiting for wind or tide to enable them to ascend the river, or work out from it and pursue their voyage.

The appearance of the river by Exmouth is very much that of a good-sized lake; and the town has a rather pleasing appearance in consequence. From the sands, Exmouth looks somewhat formal, but from the river it improves very much. The long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base, the sand with its fishing-boats and larger craft, and the broad sheet of water in front with the shipping riding at anchor upon it, compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture. But the finest view of the town—the view which exhibits best and most gracefully its peculiarities—is obtained on a bright clear day, at full tide, from the slopes on the opposite side of the river by Star Cross. The town rises on the hill-side in successive tiers of white houses, whose every-day character is lost by distance. On the heights, on either hand, are sprinkled numerous gay villas, each half embowered in its little plantation. Behind are the summits of loftier hills, clad in aerial tints. The broad blue lake, as it appears to be, repeats the various forms and hues in softened and tremulous lines; while a light skiff, or a deep-laden ship, sailing slowly along, imparts life and vigour to the whole scene. Exmouth has many attractive short walks in its vicinity; and many long ones also—but we must leave them all to the visitor's own exploration, and once more set forward on our journey.

From a note published by Polwhele, in his 'History of Devonshire,' we get a curious peep at the chief watering-place of Devon, towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is part of a letter written, he says, "to the author, about fifteen years ago, (*i.e.* about 1780) by a friend at Exmouth." "The village is a very pretty one, and composed for the most part of cot houses, neat and clean, consisting of four or five rooms, which are generally let at a guinea a week. . . . Exmouth boasts no public rooms or assemblies, save one card assembly, in an inconvenient apartment at one of the inns, on Monday evenings. The company meet at half-after five, and break up at ten—they play at shilling whist, or twopenny quadrille. We have very few young people here, and no diversions—no *belles dames* amusing to the unmarried, but some *bel-dames* unamusing to the married. Walking on a hill, which commands a view of the ocean, and bathing,

with a visit or two, serve to pass away the morning—and tea-drinking the evening." How Exmouth would be horrified by such a description of its resources now!

DAWLISH.

From Exmouth there is a ferry to Star Cross, where there is a station of the South Devon Railway. It has been proposed to have steam-boats ply at regular hours, instead of the present sailing and row-boats, which are rather trying to the tender nerves of holiday-folks when the south-westerly wind causes a bit of a swell in the river. The alteration would, no doubt, be of some advantage to the town, though of little to the boatmen.

Star Cross is one of the many small villages that have profited by the growth of migratory habits, and the tendency of the different migratory tribes to wend towards the Devonshire coast in their periodic flights. Star Cross was a small fishing village, whither a few Exeter epicures used occasionally to come to eat, at their native home, the oysters and shell-fish, which are said to have a peculiarly good flavour when taken fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe: now, though still a small place, it has its season, and its seasonable visitors, and professes to hold out some especial advantages. Be these as they may, it is said to be a thriving little place. Lying along the Exe, it is a cheerful and pleasant, though quiet village: there is an excellent landing-pier, formed by the Railway Company; and it would not be surprising if, in some of the turns of fashion, this till recently obscure and out-of-the-way village were to become a bustling second-rate summer resort.

When here, the visitor should go on to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. In Norman times Powderham belonged to the Bohuns, by a female descendant of whom it was carried by marriage, about the middle of the fourteenth century, to Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. The Courtenays possessed vast estates in this county: many of them have passed away long since, but Powderham has remained to the present day in their possession; and as was said, it is now the seat of the chief of the Courtenays. Gibbon, in his great work, the reader will remember, breaks off from the history of the Greek empire into a very long "digression on the origin and singular fortune of the house of Courtenay;" which, he thinks, "the purple of three emperors, who have reigned at Constantinople, will authorise or excuse." He follows the fortunes of the three principal branches, and shows how only the Courtenays of England "have survived the revolutions of eight hundred years;" the race of the ancient Greek emperors remaining in a "lineal descendant of Hugh, the first Earl of Devon, a younger branch of the Courtenays, who have been seated at Powderham Castle above four hundred years, from the reign of Edward the Third to the present hour." And he winds up the story with these philosophical reflections: "The Courtenays still retain the plaintive motto, [*Ubi lapsus! Quod feci?*] which asserts the innocence and deplores



TEIGNMOUTH.

the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings: in the long series of the Courtenay annals the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain be inclined to envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity and the defence of their capital."—(*'Decline and Fall,'* c. lxi.)

We too, it will be seen, have here "ample room and verge enough" for the indulgence of historical digression and moral reflection; and also—the house itself being one of the lions of the locality—for the display of antiquarian lore and critical acumen. But the reader need not fear: we are too compassionate of him to run a race after that fashion. We will just look round the park, and again jog on in our old, safe, steady, continuous amble.

Very little is left of the ancient Castle; or rather, what is left of the old castle has been transformed into a modern mansion, and very little appearance of antiquity remains. Admission to Powderham Park is readily granted, upon application. It is of great extent, and very picturesque in itself: the grounds stretch for a considerable distance along the Exe, and far up the hills to the north-east. From various parts there are views of great beauty; but one spot—the highest point—where a Prospect-tower is erected, is one of the most celebrated in this "land of the matchless view," as a native poet styles it. In one direction is the valley of the Exe, with the river winding through it to Exeter, where the city with the Cathedral forms the centre of the picture, and the hills beyond make a noble background. Southwards is the estuary of the Exe, with the town of Exmouth; and beyond all, the English Channel. Again, there is a grand view over the Haldon Hills; and in an opposite direction there is a rich prospect, backed by the Ottery Range.

The Courtenays appear to have had another seat in the adjoining parish of Exminster—"a great manor-house where the Earls of Devon resided, and where William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born," says the historian of the family. There was certainly a ruined mansion here when Leland wrote: he says, "Exminster is a pretty townlet, where be the ruins of a manor-place embattled in the front. I trow it belonged to the Marquis of Exeter." Only the name of it—"the Court House"—remains now. Exminster is a pretty townlet. It lies along the riverside, and has much of that level gentle kind of beauty we are accustomed to associate with the Flemish or Dutch landscapes. Its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along,—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuyp would have loved to paint or Bloomfield to describe. Its low situation, however, gives it in moist weather rather an aguish look; and,

if we may believe Risdon, it once was aguish. He says, "Exminster, so called of its site upon the river Exe, lieth so low, that the inhabitants are much subject to agues, through the ill-vapours and fogs." But that was written two hundred years ago, and it may have changed since then. We have not heard any complaints against its healthiness. Indeed, Risdon himself makes mention of a person, living in this or the next parish, whose longevity gives a very different idea of its salubrity:—"There some time lived in this parish one Stone, who was of so hard a grit, that he lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years." A tough old Stone that!

Adjoining Powderham is a quiet retired village, named Kenton, which is worth strolling to, as well on account of the beauty of its situation and the surrounding scenery, as of the picturesqueness of the village, and the superior character of the village church. Kenton was once, it is affirmed, a market-town, and a place of some trade. The Church bears all the appearance of having belonged to a more important place than the present village: it is large and handsome, and will delight the antiquary and the admirer of village churches. The inside is equally worthy of examination with the exterior. Of the numerous statues of saints that once adorned both the interior and exterior, many have been destroyed; but several still remain. On the screen, which is a remarkably fine one, is a series of painted figures of saints and prophets.

While here we may mention the half-decayed town of Topsham, about a couple of miles higher up the river, on the other side, just by the confluence of the Clist with the Exe, where the latter river suddenly increases in width from a quarter of a mile to three-quarters. Topsham was once the port town of Exeter, and a full sharer in the ancient prosperity of that city. When the ship-canal was formed it was no longer necessary for large vessels to load and unload at Topsham, which gradually lost much of its trade and importance in consequence: it however had a considerable commerce of its own; its share in the Newfoundland trade is said to have been larger than that of any other place except London. There is yet some export and coasting trade; but the chief employment is in ship-building and its dependent manufactures. It has a population of about four thousand souls. Of late there has arisen a desire on the part of the inhabitants to render it attractive to strangers, who may prefer to take up their temporary abode at a little distance inland rather than on the coast; and many improvements have recently been made in consequence.

Topsham is placed in a very pleasant situation—stretching for a mile or more along the east bank of the river, where it widens into the appearance of a lake, or an arm of the sea. The town consists of one main street, a mile in length, at the bottom of which is the quay. The older part is irregularly built, and the houses are mostly mean: but many houses of a better class have been erected within the last few years. These are so situated as to command very fine views of the

estuary of the Exe with the rich scenery of its banks, and the sea beyond. The Strand is well planted with elms, and would form an agreeable walk in itself; but of course its value is greatly increased by the beautiful scenery which is beheld from it. The church stands near the middle of the town, on a high cliff which rises abruptly from the river. It is an old building, but there is nothing to notice in its architecture. Inside the church are two monuments, by Chantrey: one is to the memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; the other of his son Colonel Duckworth, who was killed at the battle of Albuera. The church-yard affords wide and rich prospects both up and down the river, and over the surrounding country. A good deal that is picturesque will be met with about the crazy-looking town itself; and some amusement will be found in watching the employments of the townsmen.

Although we mention Topsham here, it will be most conveniently visited—and it is worth visiting—from Exeter. It is only three miles distance from that city, and omnibuses are frequently running—if the stranger does not like so long a walk. We have thus, after a long ramble, returned almost to our starting-place: but we have not yet got to our journey's end; and we now retrace our way to the sea-side. But we need not walk. It is a delicious sail down the Exe, from Topsham to the Warren. The scenery along the banks is of the finest kind of broad placid river scenery. The noble woods of Powderham, running down to the water, dignify and adorn the right bank; to which the villages of Powderham and Star Cross add considerable variety. The lofty tower of the Railway-station is a noticeable feature here; and the passage of a train along the brink of the river imparts to it an air of novelty. On the left bank is the very pretty village of Lymptone—a retired little place, which folks who think Exmouth too gay or town-like, yet wish to reside near it, are very fond of. The stroll to Lymptone and by the neighbouring heights, is one of the most favourite with the Exmouth residents. Continuing the sail down the river, Exmouth soon becomes the chief feature; then the long wild sandbanks engage the attention, till the broad ocean comes into full view. We may land at the little hillock, which bears the tempting name of Mount Pleasant: in truth a pleasant spot enough, and in high repute with Exeter Cockneys, who are wont in the summer-time to recreate in the tea-gardens of the inn on its summit.

From Mount Pleasant there is a pleasant way along the summit of the cliffs to Dawlish: but there is also another, which we shall take, along their base.

The cliff on this west side of the Exe are lofty and precipitous. During westerly gales the sea beats against them with considerable force, whence, being of a rather soft red sandstone, they have become pierced and worn in a strange wild manner. A shattered breakwater of massive stone stands an evidence of the power of the waves. The appearance of the rocks at this Langstone Cliff is at all times highly picturesque; but when the westering sun brightens the projecting

masses into an intense golden red, and casts the hollow, into a deeper gloom, while the heaving billow breaks against the base in snowy spray, the effect becomes exceedingly grand and impressive.

Through this projecting point of Langstone Cliff the railway passes, in a deep cutting. It soon emerges, and pursues its course along the base of the cliffs to Dawlish. Alongside, for the whole distance—about a mile and a half—a strong sea-wall has been built, the top of which forms an admirable and very favourite walk. It was a bold venture to carry the line in such close proximity to the sea, along so exposed a shore. Hitherto, however, it has received no injury. But the sea-wall has not escaped without damage: in the stormy weather of this last winter the sea forced a way through it in two or three places. As soon as the waves had effected an entrance at the base, they drove through with irresistible fury, forcing out the stones from the top and making a clean breach that way; but we believe in no case did they break through the inner wall to the line. In those parts which experience has shown to be most exposed, measures have been taken to withstand the fury of the waves: and we may hope that the skill and daring of the engineer will be successful.

Dawlish is situated nearly midway between the mouths of the Exe and the Teign, in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south. The town itself lies along a valley which extends westward from the sea: whence, according to Polwhele, its name—*Dol* is signifying a fruitful mead on a river's side; a very pleasant derivation, though a rather too fanciful one. A certain Dr. Downman, who many years ago wrote an epic, entitled 'Infaney,' and who wished to celebrate therein the curative qualities of Dawlish, seems to have had some misgivings whether the barbarous sound of its name ought not to render it inadmissible in so sublime a song: but happily for the place he resolved otherwise, and Dawlish is handed down to posterity in "immortal verse." He concludes his Fourth Book with this apostrophe:

"O Dawlish! though unclassie be thy name,
By every Muse ensuing, should from thy tide,
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,
From the cerulean bosom of the deep
(As Aphrodite rose of old) appear
Health's blooming goddess, and benignant smile
On her true votary; not Cythera's fane,
Nor Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved
On Delos erst, Apollo's natal soil,
However warm enthusiastic youth
Dwelt on those seats enamour'd, shall to me
Be half so dear."

And he promises that if Dawlish's "pure encircling waves," besides exhibiting to him this poetic vision, will only restore the timid virgin's bloom, health to the child, and "with the sound, firm-judging mind, imagination, arrayed in her once glowing vest," to the man,

he will continue, despite its unclassic name, to sing the praises of the happy town :

"To thee my lyre
Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green
Long, long unnoticed, in their haunts retired.
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand.
Thy tow'ring cliffs, nor the small babbling brook,
Whose shallow current laves thy thistled vale."

We are convinced now that *we* have not keen poetic eyes. We have in vain looked on the cerulean bosom of the deep, for the blooming goddess to appear. Once indeed we fancied we were about to behold her rise, as Aphrodite rose of old, when lo ! as poor *Slender* found his *Ann Page*, "she was a great lubberly boy." Polwhele was afraid (some fifty years ago) that "the conclusion of this description may ere long be attributed to fancy ; as a canal, cut through the vale, hath destroyed the natural beauties of the rivulet." Certainly the little stream, whether it be called babbling brook, or rivulet, or canal, is sufficiently unpoetical now. But there is something to remind one of Dr. Downman's description : if there be no thistles in the vale there are plenty of donkeys.

At the commencement of the present century, Dawlish was in the transition state from a humble fishing village to a genteel watering-place. "In general," says a writer about that time, "the houses are low cottages, some tiled, the greater number thatched. On Dawlish Strand there is a handsome row of new buildings, twelve in number. Other commodious houses have lately been erected nearer the water." Dawlish gradually grew into notice and favour, as this coast became better known ; and it has now, for some years past, taken a high rank among the smaller watering-places of Devonshire. At the last census it contained above three thousand inhabitants.

For the invalid, and those who need or desire a warm winter abode, yet wish for a less gay neighbourhood than Torquay, Dawlish has great attractions : and it is in equal estimation as a summer sea-side residence. The valley along which the town is built is well sheltered on all sides, except the seaward ; and the temperature is said by Dr. Shapter, and others who have paid particular attention to the climate of the coast of Devon, to be warmer and more equable than any other of the winter watering-places, except Torquay ; and some doctors will hardly except it. Here, as well as elsewhere on this coast, the myrtle, the hydrangea, and many another tender plant, grows and blooms freely in the open air. And the situation is as pleasant as the temperature is mild and genial. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, across which several bridges are thrown ; on either side of the stream is a greensward, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept so as at all times to be an agreeable warm parade. The houses and shops are built on both sides of the valley ; a few villa residences are on the

slopes of the hills ; and along the strand and by the Teignmouth road are hotels, public rooms, and terraces, and detached residences chiefly appropriated to the uses of the visitants.

The public buildings are convenient, but not remarkable. The old church of Dawlish, at the western extremity of the town, was a very ancient pile and of some architectural interest. It was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down about five-and-twenty years ago, and the present edifice erected in its place. Inside the church are two monuments, by Flaxman ; they are both to the memory of ladies ; but they are not to be classed high among the productions of the great sculptor. The South Devon Railway forms a noticeable feature of Dawlish. The line is carried, partly on a viaduct, between the town and the sea. When the formation of the railway was first proposed, it was warmly resisted by the inhabitants, who anticipated that it would destroy the character of the town as a quiet retreat. Such, however, has not been the result. The Railway Company constructed their works so as not to interfere with, but rather increase, the convenience of the visitor ; and their buildings are of an ornamental kind. The noble sea-wall affords a new and excellent promenade. The viaduct is both novel and pleasing in appearance. The method of traction originally adopted on this line, was the unfortunate Atmospheric System. As on the Croydon Railway it has been abandoned, and the locomotive has taken its place ; but the engine-houses remain. One of these was erected at Dawlish, and it is greatly to be desired that some use may be found for it, as, though not more ornamental than was appropriate for the purpose to which it was to be applied, it is really a good-looking building. It is in the Italian style, the campanile serving to carry off the smoke. The material of which it is constructed is the red limestone, or Devonshire marble as it is called ; and its appearance ought to be a lesson to the Devonshire builders. Almost all the houses of a first or second-rate character in this part of the county are built of this stone ; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has been thought proper to cover the surface with composition. No material could be more suitable or more in keeping with the general character of the scenery than this red limestone, and none less pleasing than the paltry imitative white stucco. The Devonshire marble is beautifully veined and admits of a high polish—it is really surprising that architects have not, in some of the costly residences erected along this coast, tried the effect of introducing the polished stone in the ornamental parts, while the general surface was formed of the rough blocks. The cost of working may be a sufficient objection to the polished stone ; but to cover it in any case with the offensive plaster is most grievous.

The cliffs on the west of Dawlish have been strangely pierced and riven by the violence of the sea. Many huge lumps of rock stand out quite detached from the parent cliff. (Cut No. 4.) The same thing occurs elsewhere, as we have already had occasion to mention,



ROCKS AT DAWLISH.

and as we shall see in places we have yet to visit. But nowhere else within the limits of our present journey do they assume so fantastic an appearance as between Dawlish and Teignmouth. When the waves surround them at high tide and beat against the cliffs, these rocks and the coast generally are remarkably picturesque and striking.

It would be improper to quit Dawlish without mentioning the many beautiful walks that it possesses. Some extend up the valley, affording delicious shady strolls in the summer, and sheltered sunny ones in the winter. Those along the higher grounds are varied and agreeable, and command often wide and diversified prospects. The sea-views are numerous, and very good. Indeed, both the active and the feeble may find delightful walks of various kinds, and well adapted to their respective powers. Altogether Dawlish will be enjoyed by those who seek a quiet, retired, but not unsocial or dull watering-place.

TEIGNMOUTH.

Along the coast from Dawlish to Teignmouth there is a continual alternation of tall cliffs and deep depressions. The rocks are bold and striking, and the sail between the towns is a right pleasant one. To walk the distance, you must follow the road to Country House, a little inn, somewhat more than a mile from Dawlish, when you may turn down a rough, green, rocky lane, known as Smuggler's Lane, which leads to the beach by the Parson and Clerk. The cliffs here are rugged and wild. Two of the most noticeable of the many detached fragments bear the trivial names of the Parson and Clerk, from some supposed resemblance to those functionaries. The Parson is, of course, of most

capacious rotundity; the Clerk is sparer: he might have been more appropriately named the Curate. The railway here emerges from a tunnel: it is protected, as before, by a sea-wall, which forms a wide and level road almost to Teignmouth. From the Parson Rock the view of Teignmouth, and the bay in which it lies, with the distant headland, is very fine. The seaward prospect from the sea-wall is excellent. There is a footpath along the brow of the lofty cliff under which the railway runs, from which there is a very commanding view over the ocean.

Teignmouth lies near the centre of the wide bay formed by the high land of Orcomb on the north, and Hope's Ness on the south. Its name marks its position by the mouth of the river Teign. The town is divided, for parochial and other purposes, into East and West Teignmouth, but there is no actual separation between them. East Teignmouth is the part that is built near the sea at the eastern end of the Den: West Teignmouth lies along the east bank of the river. (Engraving.)

Camden, Leland, and other of our older antiquaries, have asserted that Teignmouth is the place where the Danes first landed in England: but there can be no doubt whatever that they are mistaken, and that the Tynmouth of the Saxon Chroniclers is Tynemouth, in Northumberland. Teignmouth seems to have been at an early period a place of some trade. There was then no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. Before the reign of Henry VIII. the river showed signs of silting-up, and sand had begun to accumulate in the harbour. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign to amend the harbour; in the

preamble of which it is stated that formerly vessels of 800 tons burden could enter the port at low water.

If we may believe Bishop Burnet, Teignmouth had sunk into a very wretched state towards the end of the seventeenth century. After the defeat of the combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head, in 1690, the French fleet sailed direct to Torbay, where it lay for some days. "But before they sailed," says the bishop, (*Hist. of his own Times*, v. ii. p. 54,) "they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, that happened to belong to a papist: they burnt it, and a few fisher-boats that belonged to it; but the inhabitants got away; and as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships: the French published this in their Gazettes with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town, that had many ships, with some men-of-war in port: this both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the nation against them; for every town on the coast saw what they must expect, if the French should prevail."

But the townsmen's own account of the affair is not exactly like this. They addressed a memorial to the King; and a Brief was issued on their behalf, which enabled them to raise money for the restoration of the town. From the statement set forth in the Brief, it is plain that Burnet underrated the importance of the place, which was anything but 'a miserable village.' The statement is interesting, as an authentic representation of such an occurrence made immediately afterwards: and it is worth quoting farther, as an evidence of the way in which the zealous bishop colours his notices of matters of which he was not an actual witness. The Brief of the townsmen must of course have been well known to the bishop.

This address "Sheweth,—That on the 13th day of July last (1690), about four of the clock in the morning, the French fleet, then riding in Torbay, where all the forces of our county of Devon were drawn up to oppose their landing; several of their galleys drew off from their fleet, and made towards a weak unfortified place, called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of Torbay, and coming very near, and having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near 200 great shot therein, to drive away the poor inhabitants, they landed about 700 of their men, and began to fire and plunder the towns of East and West Teignmouth, which consist of about 300 houses; and in the space of three hours ransacked and plundered the said towns, and a village called Shaldon, lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. And to add sacrilege to their robbery and violence, they in a barbarous manner entered the two churches of the said towns, and in the most unchristian manner tore the Bibles and Common Prayer-books in pieces, scattering the leaves thereof about the streets, broke down the pulpits, overthrew the Communion-tables, together with many other marks of a barbarous and enraged cruelty. And such

goods and merchandises as they could not, or durst not, stay to carry away, for fear of our forces, which were marching to oppose them, they spoilt and destroyed, killing very many cattle and hogs, which they left dead in the streets. And the said towns of East and West Teignmouth and Shaldon, being in great part maintained by fishing, and their boats, nets, and other fishing-craft being plundered and consumed in the common flames, the poor inhabitants are not only deprived of their subsistence and maintenance, but put out of a condition to retrieve their losses by their future industry; the whole loss and damage of the said poor inhabitants, sustained by such an unusual accident, amounting to about £11,000, as appeared to our justices, not only by the oaths of many poor sufferers, but also of many skilful and experienced workmen who viewed the same, and have taken an estimate thereof; which loss hath reduced many poor inhabitants, therefore, to a very sad and deplorable condition."—(*Lyson's May. Brit.*, vi., 491.)

The money required was raised, and the town was restored.

Teignmouth is now a busy and thriving town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is largely carried on, and there is a considerable import and export trade. It is the port for shipping the Haytor granite, which is brought down the Teign from the quarries, and the fine clay which is brought from Kingsteignton. The inhabitants are also largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. There is besides a good coasting trade, so that the haven is commonly a bustling scene. The entrance to the river is impeded by a sand bar. The main sand-bank is elevated far above high-water mark; but the narrow channel by which the river escapes into the sea has a depth of water of about fifteen feet at high tide, permitting, therefore, the passage of vessels of considerable burden; and the harbour, though there are several large shoals, is tolerably commodious. The continuation of the sand-bank, called the Den, between the sea and the town, was once a part of the town. Leland says, "At the west side of the town is a piece of sandy ground, called the Dene, whereon hath been not many years since divers houses and wine-cellar." The Den is now laid out as a public promenade; near the western end of it a small lighthouse has been erected.

Teignmouth is not wholly dependent on its shipping. It is one of the largest and most frequented watering-places on the coast, yielding only to Torquay, and, perhaps, to Exmouth. According to Lysons, "Teignmouth appears to have become fashionable, and to have increased in buildings about the middle of last century." Unlike the other leading watering-places on the Devon coast, Teignmouth is not a winter resort. It has only what in watering-place phraseology is termed 'a summer season,' which of course includes the autumn.

The streets of Teignmouth have more the appearance of belonging to a trading town than a town of pleasure. They are mostly narrow and irregular, and the houses are far from showy. Facing the sea, however, there



ANSTIS' COVE.

are good houses and terraces of the ordinary watering-place species. There are in the town and opposite the sea the usual public buildings, baths, and hotels. The showiest building in Teignmouth is the Public Rooms, which stands in the centre of the Crescent fronting the Den; it is a large structure, with an Ionic pediment, and a Doric colonnade. It contains a spacious ball-room, billiard and reading-rooms, and all the other rooms usual in such an edifice. The lighthouse is plain, but substantial; it is intended to warn vessels off the sand, and, by the aid of a light fixed on a house on the Den, to guide them in entering the river. There are two churches in Teignmouth, both comparatively recent, and positively ugly. Probably it would be hard to find another town that has only two churches, and both so ill-favoured. East Teignmouth Church is a singular building: it is said to be intended as an example of the Saxon style,—if so, it is a very bad example. The interior is described as being “warm and comfortable;” matters that are no doubt appreciated on a Sunday morning. West Teignmouth Church has no redeeming quality. In form it is an octagon, with a queer tower at one of the angles. The interior might raise a doubt whether the design was not taken from a riding-circus, to which use it might, with a little alteration of the pit and gallery, be readily converted.

The glory of Teignmouth is its promenade,—unrivalled on this coast, and not to be easily surpassed elsewhere. The Den was a wide, uneven, unsightly sandy waste, lying between the sea and the town, and extending from East Teignmouth to the river. This waste it at length entered into the imagination of the towns-

people might as well be applied to some use: accordingly it was levelled, the centre was laid down with turf, and around it was carried an excellent carriage-drive; while between this and the beach a broad walk was formed, extending above half a mile along the sea-side. Thus, what had hitherto been a deformity became not merely an ornament, but one of the most valuable additions which could have been made to the town. Within the last year the sea-wall of the railway has prolonged this walk for more than a mile farther. The people of Teignmouth are justly proud of the Den. The cove, within which Teignmouth lies, is a very beautiful one: the broad blue ocean, which in all its wondrous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels constantly passing to and fro; occasionally, one and another ship is seen working in or out of the harbour, unless it be when the curl of the waves over the bar at low water indicates the hidden danger; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself would possess great attractions for the gay folks who visit these towns, as a parade wherewith to take their daily exercise, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. The Den appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant cliffs. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. Half the town seems sometimes to be assembled on the Den, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

The country about Teignmouth is of uncommon beauty: in every direction there are pleasant and attractive walks. From the hills, which rise far aloft

behind the town, the prospects of mingled sea and land are deservedly famous. But the sketch we have already given in speaking of the walks in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, must suffice as a sort of general description of the characteristics of Devonshire scenery; and here, as in other places, we must be content with a mere reference. It would be improper, however, not to speak particularly of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for aquatic excursions. The boats and boatmen of the town are celebrated; and the visitor will find a sail along the coast towards Babbicombe, or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. There is a regatta at Teignmouth every season, which is famed all through these parts.

The Teign, although not so romantic in its lower course as the Dart, has much of loveliness and something of majesty. As you ascend it the valley opens in a series of exquisite reaches; the banks at one moment descend to the edge of the water in gentle wooded slopes, and presently rise in abrupt cliffs; while ever and again is seen on the hill sides, or in some sheltered vale, a cottage, or a little collection of cottages:

"Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats;
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,
Like separated stars with clouds between."

Wordsworth.

To some one or other of these quiet, retired places, parties are often made for a summer holiday. Combe and Coombeinteignhead Cellars, are especial favourites with those who love to go junketting. Devonshire, the reader no doubt knows, is famous for two delicious preparations of milk—junkets and clotted cream. They are imitated in other countries, but in Devonshire only are they to be had in perfection. The junket, which is made by mixing spirits and spices with cream prepared in a particular manner, is properly a summer dish; but the cream is for every season. Cobbett, in the pleasantest and healthiest of his books, the '*Rural Rides*,' relates how, on halting on a dreary day at an inn in Sussex, and finding to his sorrow there was no bacon in the house, he at once resolved to proceed again on his journey, though the night was drawing on and it was pouring of rain:—the want of bacon, he says, making him fearful as to all other comforts. And he was right. He knew the country well; and he knew, therefore, that the lack of bacon in a Sussex inn was a sure symptom of ill housekeeping. In Devonshire the test is a different one. Here the rambler may be certain, if he be not served with clotted cream to his breakfast, there must be something amiss; and he will do well at once to shift his quarters.

Mrs. Bray very properly extols the junkets and cream of her favourite Devonshire: and she adds a good illustration of their excellence. After speaking of the references made to them in old authors, she says that she one day observed to an old dame, of whose cream she had just been partaking in her dairy, and who had explained her method of preparing it, "that

she little thought of how ancient date was the custom of preparing the rich scalded cream in the manner she was describing to me. 'Ancient!' she exclaimed: "I'se warrant he's as old as Adam; for all the best things in the world were to be had in Paradise. And," adds our fair authoress, "I must admit, if all the best things in the world were really to be found in Paradise, our cream might certainly there claim a place." Let the reader try it at breakfast next time he is in Devonshire, and he will be of the same opinion.

If it be not thought worth while to hire a boat for a sail up the river, there are market-boats which ply daily between Teignmouth and Newton, that carry passengers for a trifling fare, in which a place can be taken; and the scenery of the river may be well enjoyed from them. Just above the town the Teign is crossed by a bridge, which was erected about twenty years ago, and which is said to be the longest bridge in England. The roadway is supported on iron trusses, which form some four or five-and-thirty arches. Over the main channel there is a swing-bridge, which opens so as to permit the passage of ships up the river. This bridge is another of the pleasant walks of Teignmouth. At low water there is on either side a muddy swamp, but at high tide the view from the bridge up the river is very beautiful, especially at sunset. The richly-wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side, and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque: and it is still finer and more rememberable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river,—which appears like a lake closed in by the sand-bank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow.

TORQUAY.

On leaving Teignmouth we may cross the river by the bridge and look at Ringmoor, or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon, which both from its fishery and as a watering-place may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. The Torquay road lies along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much enclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent. But more striking combinations of sea and land are to be found nearer the edge of the cliffs. Teignmouth, with the coast beyond, is seen here to great advantage. (Engraving.) The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. A larger one, Babbicombe Bay, is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which

seemed to grow out of the rough rocky banks : now there are numerous goodly villas with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill-sides ; hotels have been built, and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement ;—a poor compensation for the old, uncultivated, native wildness that has vanished before it.

St. Mary Church, just above Babbicombe Bay, has also altered with the changing times. From a quiet country village, it has grown into a place of some resort, and houses fitted for the reception of wealthy visitors have been built and are building on every side. There is not much to notice in the village. The church is a plain building of various dates, and not uninteresting to the architectural antiquary. It stands on an elevated site, and the tall tower serves as a land-mark for a long distance. In the church-yard may be seen a pair of stocks and a whipping-post in excellent preservation. While at St. Mary's the stranger will do well to visit Mr. Woody's marble works : the show-rooms, which are open to him, contain a wonderful variety of the Devonshire marbles, wrought into chimney-pieces and various articles of use or ornament. Some of the specimens are very beautiful.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Exeter : a large and handsome building of recent erection, in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation in one of the very finest parts of this coast ; and the terraces and towers must afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the Bishop's palace is Anstis Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. (Cut, p. 374.) It is a deep indentation in the cliffs, where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On either hand the little bay is bounded by bold wild rocks. On the left a bare headland juts out into the sea, which has worn it, though of hardest marble, into three or four rugged peaks. On the right, the craggy sides of the lofty hill are covered thick with wild copse and herbage, while from among the loose fragments of rock project stunted oak, and birch, and ash trees, their trunks overgrown with mosses and lichens, and encompassed with tangled heaps of trailing plants. The waves roll heavily into the narrow cove, and dash into snowy foam against the marble rocks and upon the raised beach. A lovely spot it is as a lonely wanderer or a social party could desire for a summer-day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble, which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbicombe Bay. While here, Kent's Hole, a cavern famous for the fossil remains which have been discovered in it, and so well known from the descriptions of Dr. Buckland and other geologists, may be visited, if permission has been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. The cavern is said to be 600 feet in length, and it has several chambers and winding passages. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the floor is covered by a slippery coating of stalagmite : the place is very curious, but has little of the impressiveness of the caverns of Yorkshire and the Peak. At Tor-wood,

close by, are a few picturesque fragments of a building that once belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey ; was afterwards a seat of the Earl of Londonderry ; and then a farmhouse.

Nearly all the way from Teignmouth the stranger will have observed, not without surprise, the number of large and expensive residences that have been recently erected on almost every available (and many an unpromising) spot. Many appear to have been begun without a proper reckoning of the cost, and are standing in an unfinished state ; many that are finished are ' to let,' but more are occupied. As Torquay is approached, the number rapidly increases, until on the skirts of the town there appears, as it has been appropriately termed, "a forest of villas." What old Fuller calls "the plague of building," seems to have alighted here in its strongest form. But whatever may be the case further off, it is said that a villa of the best kind is hardly ever completed and furnished in the immediate vicinity of the town before a tenant is found ready to secure it.

No other watering-place in England has risen so rapidly into importance as Torquay. Leland indicates its existence without mentioning its name. Speaking of Torbay he says, "There is a pier and succour for fisher-boats in the bottom by Torre priory." What it was in the middle of the sixteenth century it remained, with little alteration, to the end of the eighteenth. "The living generation," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has seen the site where now stand stately buildings, handsome shops, and a noble pier, with a busy population of 8000 souls, occupied by a few miserable-looking fishing-huts, and some loose stones jutting out from the shore, as a sort of anchorage or protection for the wretched craft of its inhabitants." The same work suggests a reason, in addition to the causes that have led to its unrivalled popularity, for the remarkable increase of houses :—"The increase of buildings and houses here has been, perhaps, greater than in any other town—[watering-place is meant : Bickenhead and other commercial and manufacturing towns have, of course, increased to a much greater extent]—in the kingdom. This, in a great measure, may be attributed, in addition to its beauty of situation and salubrity of climate, to the natural advantages it possesses for building. The whole district being nearly one large marble quarry, the renter or possessor of a few feet square has only to dig for his basement story, and the material, with the exception of a little timber, which is landed before his door, for the completion of his superstructure, is found."

Torquay lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble Torbay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides except the south, where it is open to the sea. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, which rise steeply from the bosom of the bay. Thus happily placed, the town enjoys almost all the amenities of a more southern clime : the temperature is mild and equable, beyond perhaps that of any other part of the island. In winter the air is

warm and balmy; while in summer the heat is tempered by the gentle sea breezes; and it is said to be less humid than any other spot on the coast of Devon. It suffers only from the south-western gales, and they serve to clear and purify the atmosphere. Dr. (now Sir J.) Clarke, in his celebrated work on 'Climate,' gives it the first place among English towns as a residence for those whose health requires a warm winter abode; and his decision at once confirmed and widely extended the popularity it had already attained. He says, "The general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than the other places, and almost entirely free from fogs. This drier state of the atmosphere probably arises, in part, from the limestone rocks, which are confined to the neighbourhood of this place, and partly from its position between the two streams, the Dart and the Teign, by which the rain is in some degree attracted. Torquay is also remarkably protected from the north-east winds, the great evil of our spring climate. It is likewise sheltered from the north-west. This protection from winds extends also over a very considerable tract of beautiful country, abounding in every variety of landscape; so that there is scarcely a wind that blows from which the invalid will not be able to find a shelter for exercise, either on foot or horseback. In this respect Torquay is much superior to any other place we have noticed. . . . The selection will, I believe, lie among the following places, as winter or spring residences: Torquay, the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Hastings, and Clifton,—and perhaps in the generality of cases will deserve the preference in the order stated."

After such an encomium from one of the most celebrated physicians of the day, Torquay could not fail to obtain a large influx of visitors—and those of the class most desiderated. Torquay is now the most fashionable resort of the kind. It has both a summer and a winter season; and the commencement of the one follows close upon the termination of the other. Hither come invalids from every part of the kingdom in search of health, or in the hope of alleviating sickness: and hither also flock the idle, the wealthy, and the luxurious, in search of pleasure, or of novelty, or in the hope of somehow getting rid of the lingering hours.

A good deal of amusement, and some instruction, might be found in a sketch of the history of the wells, and the baths, and the watering-places of England; and there are abundant materials for the illustration of such a sketch in our lighter literature. It would be curious to compare the various ways in which, in successive generations, the votaries of fashion and of pleasure have sought to amuse themselves, under the pretence of seeking after health; and how variously health has been sought after by those who have really been in pursuit of it; and equally curious would it be to compare the appliances as well as the habits at such places. Torquay would probably be found to bear little more resemblance to Tonbridge-Wells or to Bath, to Harrogate, or Buxton, or Cheltenham, or any other of

our older towns of the same class, than it would to the baths of Germany, or the Italian cities of refuge.

Torquay has many buildings for the general convenience; but it has no public building that will attract attention on account of its importance or its architecture. There are subscription, reading, and assembly-rooms, first-rate hotels, a club-house, baths, and a museum; there are also three or four dispensaries and charitable institutions. But there are none of them noticeable buildings; the town wears altogether a domestic 'Belgravian' air: it is a town of terraces and villas. The pier is the chief public work: it is so constructed as to enclose a good though small tidal harbour; and it forms also a promenade. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The houses which the visitors occupy are built on the higher grounds; they rise in successive tiers along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. A new town of villas is stretching over Beacon Hill, and occupying the slopes that encircle Mead Foot Cove. All the new villa residences are more or less ambitious in their architecture; some of them are very elegant buildings. They are, of course, of different sizes, ranging from cottages to mansions. They are built of stone—till lately, in almost every instance covered with stucco. Some of very ornamental character have been recently erected with the limestone uncovered. There is no good public parade by the sea-side: the new road to Paignton is but an apology for one, though a magnificent parade might have been constructed there: a better situation could not be desired. Recently a piece of ground of about four acres, in the most fashionable part of Torquay—but at some distance from the sea—has been laid out as a public garden: and it is, of its kind, a right pleasant one. The walks are numerous within the limits of the town, which are pleasant in themselves, or afford pleasing prospects. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage: a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean.

The views from Beacon Hill are almost equally fine. Noble views of Torquay, and of the eastern end of Torbay, may be had from the Paignton Road, and from the meadows by Tor Abbey, and the knolls about Livermead (Cut, p. 353). We shall say nothing of the walks in the vicinity of Torquay; the people of Torquay do not walk there: but there are rides and drives all around, of a kind to charm the least admiring; and the whole heart of the country is so verdant that they are hardly less admirable in winter than at any other season.

The appearance of Torbay is so tempting, that we can hardly suppose the visitor, however little of a sailor, will be content without having a sail on it. He should do so, if only to see Torquay to most advantage. From the crowd of meaner buildings which encircle the harbour and extend along the sides of the cove, rise the streets and terraces of white houses, like an amphitheatre, tier

above tier. Behind these are receding hills, spotted at wider intervals with gay and luxurious villas, each in its own enclosure, and surrounded by dark green foliage. The picture is in itself a beautiful and a striking one—and it is the more impressive from the associations and feelings that arise on looking upon such a scene of wealth and refinement.

Torbay is one of the finest and most beautiful bays around the whole English coast. It is bounded on the north by a bold headland, which bears the elegant designation of Hope's Nose, and it sweeps round in a splendid curve to the lofty promontory of Berry Head, which forms its southern boundary. The distance between the two extremities is above four miles; the depth, in the centre of the bay, is about three miles and a half; the coast line is upwards of twelve miles. Within its ample bosom a navy might ride at anchor. Considerable fleets have lain within it. From its surface, the aspect of the bay is of surpassing beauty. On the northern side lies Torquay, beneath its sheltering hills: at the southern extremity is the busy town of Brixham, with its fleet of fishing-boats lying under the shelter of the bold promontory of Berry Head. Between these distant points are two or three villages with their church towers, and all along are scattered cottages or villas, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in bluff and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant and wooded slopes: and behind and above all stretches far away, as a lovely back-ground, a richly diversified and fertile country; while to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships, and yachts, and numerous trawls.

Let us go ashore again, and look at the two or three spots that lie along the bay. Adjoining Torquay are a few vestiges of an old monastery of the Premonstratensian order, and which, according to Dr. Oliver, ('Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon'), "was undoubtedly the richest priory belonging to that order in England." It was founded in the reign of Richard I., and it continued to flourish till the general destruction of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The priory stood in one of the most exquisite spots in this land of beauty; and its happily-chosen site is a testimony to the community of feeling among the monks with what Humboldt (in his 'Cosmos') "traces in the writings of the Christian Fathers of the Church,—the fine expression of a love of nature, nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage." The few fragments that remain of the old priory are in the gardens of the modern mansion which bears the name of Tor Abbey. They are almost entirely covered with ivy, and are so dilapidated that no judgment of the ancient architecture can be formed from them.

About the centre of Torbay lies the village of Paignton, once a place of some consequence, as its large old church testifies. The bishops of Exeter had formerly a seat here, some fragments of which are standing near the old church. Paignton's chief fame till within these

very few years arose from its cider and its cabbages! The country around Paignton is very fertile, and the cider-apple is largely cultivated. A great deal of cider is annually shipped from Paignton to London and other places. About ten years ago a pier was constructed, at which vessels of 200 tons burden can load and unload. Of late, Paignton has greatly increased in size and altered in character. Torquay has no good bathing-place; and since the construction of the new road, the residents there have availed themselves of the sands at Paignton, which are well adapted for bathing. At first a few, and afterwards a great many, visitors sought for houses or lodgings here. To accommodate them, a good number of convenient houses have been erected; and the place is growing fast in size as well as reputation. It is not at all unlikely that it will some day have its full share of popularity. Paignton has many advantages as a watering-place; it lies in a pleasant and picturesque spot, almost in the centre of the splendid bay, over which the uplands command the grandest prospects: the sands are good and well adapted for bathing. The lanes and walks around the town are the pleasantest and most picturesque in this neighbourhood. Though not so sheltered as Torquay, Paignton is by no means exposed; and if not quite so warm, the air is less relaxing.

Brixham, which lies at the southern extremity of the bay, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing-towns in England. About two hundred and fifty sail of vessels belong to the town, besides some fifty or sixty of the smaller fishing-boats. The extent of the fishing trade is enormous,—the largest, it is said, in England. In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants; and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra consequence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.

Brixham is a long, straggling, awkward, ungainly place. It stands in a picturesque position, and it looks picturesque at a distance. Not but what there are parts of it which, close at hand, are picturesque enough after a fashion. Down by the shore, Prout would make capital pictures of the shambling-houses, and the bluff weather-beaten hulls that are hauled on the beach or lie alongside the pier. The Upper Town, or Church-Brixham, is built on the south side of Berry Head; the Church is there, and the better houses are there also. The Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the business part of the town: the streets are narrow, dirty, and unfrequent,—a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell. There is here a Pier, which forms a tolerable tidal harbour. But the great increase in the trade (and Brixham is a port of some consequence apart from its fishery) has rendered the old harbour insufficient,

and a new Breakwater is now in course of construction, which will, it is expected, form a sufficient shelter for large merchant ships and frigates of war.

It was at Brixham Quay that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely into Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army. Burnet says the Prince's whole demeanour wore an unusual air of gaiety. While William was busily engaged in directing the military arrangements, the self-important Doctor stepped up to him and offered his service in any way he could be of use. "And what do you think of predestination now, Doctor?" was the Prince's reply. Dartmouth says he added a hint about studying the canons,—which Burnet

seems to have caught the drift of more accurately than of the question.

In the centre of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, in which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When William IV. visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

The fleet which brought William to England was not the last that has lain at Torbay. In the following year the French fleet, after having defeated the combined English and Dutch squadron, sailed into Torbay, and lay there for several days. The fleet of Earl St. Vincent made Torbay a principal station. The *Bellerophon*, with Bonaparte on board of it, was anchored off Brixham for some time. The fallen Emperor is said to have gazed over the bay with undisguised admiration: "What a beautiful country! how much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" was his exclamation.



BRIXHAM AND TORBAY.



THE SOUND, THE HOE, THE CITADEL, AND THE CATWATER,

Passing out of Tor Bay and proceeding round Berry Head and Forward Point, into Start Bay, the same bold rocky coast presents itself. Rounding Forward Bay is the entrance to Dartmouth; at first no entrance is visible, but on approaching the shore an opening appears between the rocks, about one hundred yards

broad; this opening increases until the port is entered, after a winding passage of about a mile and a half. Here is a most capacious haven, where a large fleet may be completely land-locked, and surrounded by a lofty coast nearly mast-high, but wooded down to the beach.

Pursuing our way southward, and rounding Start Point, passing Rolt Head and Stoke Point, we are in Plymouth Waters.

PLYMOUTH AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THE south-west corner of Devonshire is admirably suited for a great naval station. Few portions of our coasts equal it in the facilities offered for works of such a description. Plymouth Sound may be viewed as an estuary to the Tamar and the Plym. At any rate, we there find a noble expanse of water, sheltered in on the east, west, and north from winds and storms. As we approach the northern portion of this harbour or sound, we find it narrowed by the promontory of Mount Batten on the east, and the still bolder promontory of Mount Edgcumbe on the west. Arrived at the northern limit, where the citadel and Hoe of Plymouth form a termination to the Sound due northward, we find the inlet of the Catwater in the north-east, leading to the quays of Plymouth and to the River Plym; while in the north-west we have the remarkable passage or strait between Cremill Point and Mount Edgcumbe. Having passed through this strait, we come at once into the magnificent harbour of the Hamoaze, where a secure anchorage is found for whole fleets of men-of-war; here, too, are seen the extensive works of the Devonport Dockyard, Victualling-yard, Steam Dock, and other government establishments. Proceeding onwards towards Saltash, we come to the River Tamar, the lower portion of which is so broad as to form a harbour for three miles. The bays and inlets all around and within the Sound and the Hamoaze are so numerous, as to afford remarkable facilities for the construction of works connected with ship-building, fortifications, naval defence, and maritime commerce. Plymouth Sound, the Hoe, the Citadel, and the Catwater, are shown in our Cuts pages 380, 382.

But this nook of the county has other claims also to our attention. There are around it scenes of great loveliness and beauty. We may take our departure from the sea-margin, with its bustle of shipping and commerce, and in a few minutes find ourselves surrounded by all the attractions of rivers and valleys, and of a fruitful agricultural district. It is, too, within a short distance from the rich mining districts of Cornwall on the one hand, and the vast storehouse of granite at Dartmoor on the other.

It is our object in the present sheet to give a slight sketch not only of Plymouth and Devonport as maritime towns, but of some of the varied scenes by which those towns are surrounded: including a peep at one or two of the Cornish mines.

GENERAL SKETCH: LAND AND SEA.

Devonport has possessed the honours of a town for comparatively a few years only. Its original importance was due wholly to the existence of the Government ship-yard. Groups of houses for the workmen and the officers gradually grew up around the yard, and there formed a town or hamlet to which the name of Plymouth Dock was given; but so large did the population become, and so important the place generally, that it has within our own generation been made a distinct town, by the name of Devonport. A wide space once separated the two towns; but as in many other instances—well enough known to Londoners—bricks and mortar have nearly taken the place of the green grass.

As at present exhibited to our view, the entire metropolis of the south-west (if we may so term it) consists of five parts—Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, Stoke Damerel, and Morice Town; and these are separated or indented by those numerous inlets and bays which, as we before remarked, give so much maritime value to the whole district. Let us endeavour to sketch a map of the place; and to do this we will begin at the north-east corner of Plymouth Sound. Here we find a kind of estuary called the Catwater, into which the River Lara or Plym empties its waters, approaching it from the north-east. On the south-east of this river (which is generally called the Plym in its upper part, and the Lara, Laira, or Lairy, in its lower) near the mouth, are the quarries of Oreston, of which we shall have somewhat to say by-and-by: and on the north-west is an elevated peninsula called Catdown, which is connected with the Oreston side of the river by an elegant bridge. If Plymouth should ever extend much beyond its present limits on the south-east, Catdown will afford some fine sites for terraces and crescents; but as yet the hod and the trowel have not done much there. The peninsula of Catdown is bounded on the east and south-east by the Lara, on the south and south-west by the Catwater, and on the north-west by Sutton Pool. Once arrived at Sutton Pool, and we have no longer any doubt of our whereabouts. Plymouth and its quays and ships, sailors and boatmen, slop-sellers and marine store-dealers, warehouses and wharfs, public-houses and eating-houses, mud and dirt—all are before us. The busy part of Plymouth lies around Sutton Pool, which forms its harbour. Inland or northward extend long ranges of streets, forming the centre of the town; while at the south-west corner of Sutton Pool, where the entrances both to Sutton Pool and to the Catwater branch out of the Sound, is situated the commanding hill on which the citadel or fort is built. Alas for the hostile ship that should attempt to pass this citadel into either of the two inlets here named!

The citadel is bounded on the west by the fine wide open elevated expanse called the Hoe: and this again



PLYMOUTH SOUND, DRAKE'S ISLAND, AND THE BREAKWATER.

is bounded on the west by Mill Bay,—an inlet much wider than Sutton Pool. Northward of the Hoe and Mill Bay are the western portions of Plymouth, and the rapidly extending town or suburb of Stonehouse, which will ere long have filled up all the open space which once existed between Plymouth and Devonport. Mill Bay is bounded on the west by a very remarkable promontory, so bold and so elongated, and connected with Stonehouse by so narrow an isthmus, that one could almost imagine that it will one day be cut off into an island, by one of those freaks of wind and water which take such liberties with our coasts. This promontory is called Cremill Point or Devil's Point, and on it is built one of the finest of the Government establishments—the Royal William Victualling Yard. Rounding this promontory, we come to another inlet, Stonehouse Pool, which is the mouth of a shallow stream called Stonehouse Creek, or sometimes Mill Lake; when seen at low water it is anything but a beautiful lake, but at high water it winds gracefully between the towns, (Cut, No. 3.) Stonehouse Pool and Creek form a very decided division between Plymouth and Stonehouse on the one hand, and Devonport and Stoke on the other; and although there are two bridges, yet this water boundary will always point out the beginning and the end of the two pairs of towns. Crossing Stonehouse Pool, we arrive at the 'lines' or fortification of Devonport; and immediately

afterwards see before us Mount Wise—a rival to the Hoe in all that renders the latter attractive. Mount Wise is an elevated, gravelled, park-like spot; northward of it is Devonport town, north-west is the Dockyard, and south-west, across the strait or entrance to the Hamoaze, is the lovely Mount Edgecumbe. At Mutton Cove, a small inlet which bounds Mount Wise on the west, the coast line turns northward; and the dockyard, the gun wharf, the steam ferry station, and the vast new steam-dock at Keyham Point, may be considered as fronting the west. Stoke Damerel is an inland suburb, which is becoming more and more filled up with rows of houses: it lies north of Stonehouse and north-east of Devonport.

To sum up this sketch, we may consider the united towns as presenting, seaward, four projections or promontories, marked by the Catdown, the Hoe, Cremill Point, and Mount Wise; and separated by three inlets, Sutton Pool, Mill Bay, and Stonehouse Pool. Rows of houses now extend pretty nearly to the Lara; and if we allow this river to form the eastern limit, we have a length of three miles in a direct line westward to the Dockyard; while the breadth from Cremill Point to Higher Stoke may be a mile and a half. The Devonport extremity of the group of towns, as seen from Mount Edgecumbe, is sketched on pages 383, 398.

As a reader looks out for a table of contents to a



STONEHOUSE POOL, AND THE ROYAL WILLIAM VICTUALLING YARD.

new book, we must ask *our* reader to regard the above three paragraphs as a kind of table of contents to Plymouth and Devonport. Next, we have to see how the present state of things has grown up.

Plymouth, we are told, was originally inhabited by fishermen; and such was very probably the case. By the Saxons it was called Tamecorworth. After the Norman Conquest, it received the name of South Down, or Sutton; which name is still retained in Sutton Pool. In the time of Edward I. the northern part of the town, built on the land of the priory of Plympton, was called Sutton Prior; while the southern part, built on the estate of the Valletorts, was distinguished as Sutton Valletort. There appears also to have been a third portion called Sutton Ralph. In the reign of Henry II. it was, on the authority of Leland, "a mene thing as an inhabitation for fischars." The name of Plymouth (rightly named as being at the mouth of the Plym) was given to it about 1380. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the French cast many a wistful eye on Plymouth, and subjected it to repeated attacks. In 1338, 1350, 1377, 1400, and 1403, such attacks took place, in some of which the town suffered severely; especially on the last occasion, when six hundred houses were burned. Both sovereign and townsmen thought it full time to adopt some defensive measures; Henry VI. fortified and incorporated the town, although it is supposed to have been a

borough by prescription from an earlier date. The fortifications consisted of a wall, a square tower at the point where the citadel now stands, and forts extending along the shore to Mill Bay; and an Act of Parliament was passed, in 1512, for enlarging and strengthening the defences. On the dissolution of the monasteries, the lordship of the town and other immunities of the priory of Plympton were granted to the mayor and corporation of Plymouth. Sir Francis Drake, who was born not many miles from Plymouth, greatly befriended the town. By his influence with Queen Elizabeth, he obtained an Act of Parliament, empowering him to bring a leat or stream of water from Dartmoor, twenty-five miles distant, to a reservoir in the northern suburb of the town, whence an ample supply was furnished to the inhabitants. On the Ordnance map this stream, under the name of the Plymouth Leat, may be seen winding its way along from the hilly region towards the sea. It is difficult to imagine a greater boon to a town than this; for three centuries the leat has continued to furnish its supply, uncontaminated by town refuse. When we think and write and read about Sir Francis Drake, let us not forget the Plymouth Leat: like many other distinguished men, he is remembered more for his warlike than his peaceful acts.

The later history of Plymouth need not engage us long. With few exceptions it is a history of advance-

ment. We may here say that Stonehouse has a history of its own, but not an important one. Stonehouse was originally called Hippeston,—the name of a mansion first inhabited by Joel de Stonehouse, in the reign of Edward III. This is sometimes called East Stonehouse, to distinguish it from West Stonehouse, which once stood on the other side of the Hamoaze. During the civil wars, the men of Stonehouse and the men of Plymouth, for reasons which we cannot now assign, took different sides; the former defended the king: the Plymouth men sided with the Parliament, and underwent three sieges, all of which they successfully resisted. As the attention of Government became directed to that port, so did the elements of prosperity flow in upon it. Devonport may date its birth in the reign of William and Mary, when a naval station was established there, under the designation of Plymouth Dock, and land was purchased for the construction of docks and other works. It was first fortified in the reign of George II., and the fortifications were considerably enlarged in the next reign. In 1824 the royal permission was obtained for the assumption of the name of Devonport; and in 1832 another sprinkling of dignity showered upon it, in the shape of an elective franchise. Meanwhile Stonehouse had been gradually acquiring importance by the construction of Government buildings within its limits; such as the Royal Marine Barracks, the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military Hospital, and, more recently, the magnificent Victualling-yard on Cremill Point. Plymouth, too, continued to advance; but this advance was rather in a commercial than a warlike direction. Devonport lives by Government expenditure: Plymouth chiefly by mercantile expenditure.

THE DOCKYARD.

We will suppose the reader to do as most visitors do, run off to look at the Dockyard before attending much to the towns of Plymouth and Devonport: all the hotel keepers are alive to this thirst of curiosity; and whether located at the "London" or the "Royal" or elsewhere, you can have no difficulty in procuring the requisite card of admission—unless you unfortunately smack of the foreigner in complexion or accent, in which case a little more scruple is exhibited.

The Dockyard is a wide-spreading, self-contained establishment, extending nearly half a mile from north to south, by half as much from east to west. A lofty wall, with one single entrance-gate, bounds its whole extent on the land side. Entered within this gate, we see before us a wide open court, bounded on either side by buildings. One of the first of these buildings which we meet with is the chapel, the dockyard chapel, which has its chaplain and organist and other functionaries, and internal arrangements to accommodate the resident officers of the dockyard; while the free seats are open to all indiscriminately; for the dockyard gates are opened for this purpose on Sundays. The

chapel is large but simple, and calls for no particular comment. Near the entrance also are the Guard-house, the Pay-office, and a Dockyard Surgery.

To know what are the industrial arrangements of the yard, we must first know what work is done there. To build ships then; to build boats of all sizes; to fashion masts and yards and bowsprits for the ships; to spin and twist ropes; to cut and sew sails; to forge anchors and other heavy specimens of metal; and to fit together all these various portions of a ship—these are the labours of the dockyard. On these labours, and on others subsidiary to them, nearly 3,000 men and boys are employed. This force is classified in about forty divisions. When a Government inquiry was being conducted in 1848, the chief groups were ascertained to be filled up as follows:—Shipwrights, 894; Labourers, 519; Spinners, 235; Smiths, 211; Joiners, 198; Riggers, 208; and Sawyers, 132. There are two classes—*established* workmen and *hired* workmen; the first have a sort of claim on the continued support of the government; but the others have not. That the employment of such a force leads to the expenditure of a large amount of money in Devonport need hardly be said; the salaries of officers and superintendents amounted, in 1848, to £20,000; and the wages of workmen and labourers to about £130,000; and the navy estimates for 1850-1 give about the same figures. In these estimates there are enumerated seventeen chief officers, at salaries varying from £200 to £1,000 each; twenty-six clerks, at salaries from £80 to £450 each; and fifty foremen, &c., at salaries from £100 to £250 each.

The most important feature in the yard, is the assemblage of docks and slips in which the ships are built and repaired. There are six building slips for vessels of various dimensions; and five docks for fitting and repairing vessels, three for first-rates, and two for second-rates. The building slips are covered with immense roofs of sheet-iron, copper, or zinc, and beneath these roofs the huge fabrics of the ships rest in shelter, until they are dismissed from the shipwrights' hands. Devonport has not produced so many first-rate men-of-war as Portsmouth, but she still boasts a goodly list. There were twenty-seven war ships of various sizes built on these slips, in the twenty-one years from 1828 to 1848, among which were the *St. George* of 120 guns, the *Royal Adelaide* of 110 guns, and the *Albion* of 90 guns. It is impossible to stand under the projecting bow of one of these huge floating castles, as it stands in the building slip, without a feeling of astonishment: the vast quantity of wood employed, the bulky scantling of many of the beams, the art with which the shape of the timber is accommodated to the curve of the ship, the strength with which the timbers are made to hold together in spite of wind and waves, the calculation required to fit the interior for the reception of everything necessary for a complement of (perhaps) a thousand men, the process of transferring this monster to the surface of its united element by merely knocking away a few wedges, all combine to render a man-of-war "on the slips"



an object of great importance, not only nationally, but mechanically, commercially, scientifically.

The timber required in the construction of large war-vessels is enormous; and the quality is of so much importance, that no part of the Admiralty's duties in respect to the dockyards require more care than the provision and selection of timber. There were 6,000 loads of timber used in Devonport dockyard in 1847. In 1809 the Government agreed that timber from the Royal Forests should be supplied to the Admiralty for the Royal Navy at £5 per load, the current market price at that time being about £9; but in 1833 it was shown that the hauling, squaring, carriage, and purveying of the royal timber raised the actual charge to nearly double; to a price, in fact, far above the market price of timber. The result is that the Queen's own timber is too dear for the Queen's own ships: Alas for the "Commissioners of Woods and Forests"! The large consumption of timber renders it necessary to keep a reserve store so extensive that a sudden war would not find our dockyards unprepared; and the timber sheds show how orderly and systematically this great reserve is stored. The "conversion" of the timber is the selection of pieces fitted in quality and in shape to the various curvatures of a ship, and the process of sawing and otherwise shaping, are important preliminaries to the shipwrights' labours. A visitor may pick up much information on all these points, while being conducted round the yard; but he must make good use of his eyes and thoughts the while.

The dockyard contains rather combustible materials, and has not always escaped mischief. A fire occurred in 1840 which did much damage; besides burning, or injuring timbers, sheds, roofs, docks, and workshops, it destroyed two ships, the 'Talavera' and the 'Imogene,' and greatly injured a third, the 'Minden.' The whole loss was estimated at £80,000.

In looking at the large docks and slips in this yard, we cannot fail to encounter the immense New Dock now being formed, and which has been in formation several years. Explosions from time to time tell us that blasting is going on; and a glance at the vast cavity already made suffices to show that rock of great hardness is being excavated to a considerable depth. Unfortunately, "doctors disagree" in this as in many other government works. Some of the dockyard officials think one way, some of the Admiralty officials think another way, about the merits and demerits of this new dock; a large sum has been already spent; and the plans have been more than once changed to suit changing views at head quarters. It is not in fact a new dock, but a new basin, which, if constructed according to the original plan, would sweep away two of the old docks altogether. The estimate amounted to the enormous sum of £345,000. The works were commenced in 1840, and by 1848 upwards of £100,000 had been expended upon them. John Bull pays heavily, but he would pay more heartily if plans were better considered before works were commenced.

The longest buildings in the dockyard—as they are

indeed the longest in any manufacturing establishments—are the rope houses. There are two of these buildings, each 1,200 feet in length, one of them being built of stone, fire-proof. The largest of the works here conducted is the making of cables, of which the first-class are 100 fathoms in length by 25 inches in circumference. But the days of these monster hempen cables are nearly past; chain cables, of wrought iron, are used more and more extensively every year; and the rope house is occupied by the makers of smaller kinds of ropes. When an inventory of the stores in the Government yards was prepared in 1848, the number of chain cables was entered at 645, of which 165 (measuring 100 fathoms each) were for first, second, or third-class ships; a store this, which seems to show a tolerable provision in case of sudden exigencies. So important has the stock of chain-cables now become, that the Government has built in the Devonport dockyard, between 1844 and 1848, a chain-cable storehouse, which has cost nearly £40,000. If the reader is inclined to hear more of these yard stores, we may state that at the same time the stock of masts—those huge, tall, strait, ponderous timbers—was 533; and the stock of boats—known by the technical names of boats, barges, launches, pinnaces, yawls, cutters, jollyboats, dingies, and gigs—was 454. However, notwithstanding the substitution of iron for hemp in cables, so much hempen rope is used in various parts of a ship, that the annual consumption of hemp at Devonport dockyard is about 2,000 tons. When we are told by our commercial statisticians, that hemp rose from £25 per ton in 1792 to £118 per ton in 1808, we may understand how it would gladden the Government to be independent of continental supply in the event of war; our iron for chains we can find at home; but our hemp for rope is procured almost wholly from Russia.

The Rigging House is an extensive building. It is nearly 500 feet in length, and three stories high; it forms one side of a quadrangle, the area of which is entirely composed of stone and iron, and is called the combustible storehouse. But this, and several other buildings, including the mould-loft, where the plans for new ships are drawn out, are only shown to strangers under special circumstances.

The Smithery, the anchor smithery, is one of the lions of the yard; it is worth a visit even if the soot and smoke were thrice as dense as they are. Reader, to see Nasmyth's steam hammer at work, be content to earn the sight at the expense of a little personal inconvenience. Strange, indeed, is the picture. Flickering large fires on every side of you, in a vast and dimly-lighted building; steam-worked bellows urging the fires to their utmost degree of fierceness; columns of smoke floating and rolling about; masses of red-hot or white-hot metal being conveyed from one part of the building to another; shapeless fragments of iron being wrought into flat slabs, and flat slabs into anchors and other ironwork for shipping; thumping blows administered to the heated metal; swarthy

and brawny men moving about in the dusky space, their bodies thrown into relief by furnace fires behind them;—all form a scene which is not soon forgotten. The anchor forging is the chief feature. This manufacture has gone through three stages of history. First was the common forging process, in which several bars or rods of iron, brought to a white heat, were welded by the painful labours of a number of men, who stood round the heated mass in a circle, and applied blows with hammers which few but anchorsmiths could wield. Yet, though these hammers weighed nearly twenty pounds each, and though six or eight of them were wielded in rapid succession, it was slow work; it was almost a pity to see human strength so applied. Then came the second stage, the use of the *Hercules*. This *Hercules* was a ponderous mass of iron weighing six to eight cwt.; a strong rope was fixed to it, from which depended six or eight other ropes. As many men as there were ropes hauled up the mass of iron to the height of about eight feet, by means of pulling; and the ropes being then let go, the mass fell with great force on the heated shank of the anchor. Again it was lifted up, and again let fall; and the blows thus given were certainly much more effective than those of hammers. Next came the *Nasmyth*, which outdoes *Hercules* in all that that redoubtable instrument could do. The steam hammer is an enormous mass of iron, which carries its own steam-engine; or rather there is a small steam-engine cylinder suspended by tackle immediately over the heated anchor, and the piston of this cylinder is attached to the ram or mass of iron. The piston moves as rapidly as pistons of steam-engines usually do, and the ram is brought down with its thundering blows with a rapidity which exceeds all mere muscular action. The machinery, too, is governed by such exquisite contrivances, that the ram can be made to descend slowly or quickly, the whole distance or part of the distance, lightly or heavily. The superintendent of one of these machines seems to have a mysteriously inexhaustible supply of hazel nuts, which he places under the hammer as a means of showing to visitors how completely he has the monster under his command: with one blow a thick mass of iron is crushed almost to a sheet; with the next, after a little adjustment, it falls so gently as simply to crack the shell of a nut without crushing the kernel. It is as curious an exemplification of man's power over brute matter as may easily be met with. In the searching inquiries of the House of Commons' Committee on the Navy Estimates in 1848, and the voluminous Report consequent thereon (which has furnished us with many fragments of information not otherwise easily obtainable), it is stated that the value of an anchor, just before the introduction of the steam hammer, was £3 per cwt. for the largest anchors, and somewhat less for the smaller; this was made up of wages, 36s.; iron, 12s. 6d.; coals, 6s.; and the rest wear and tear of buildings and machinery. The largest anchors weigh about 95 cwt., or upwards of 10,000lbs. What the

saving is by the use of the steam hammer we have not heard, but there must certainly be a saving. Some of the dockyard officials, men of the "olden time," still entertain a little suspicion of this enormous interloper; but at this we need not wonder: it is well known that old seamen were the first to shake their heads at steam-boats, and the last to give them a friendly greeting. The Government stock of anchors in 1848 amounted to upwards of 2,400, of which 500 exceeded 70 cwt. each. Perhaps the peace advocates would say, "May we never want them!" but this would be downright heresy at the dockyards.

In the engineers' department, which is not shown to strangers with the same readiness as many other parts of the Devonport yard, a multiplicity of articles in metal are made. Iron is turned in lathes; iron surfaces are rendered smooth and level by planes; some are cut, some punched, some drilled; bolts and screws are cut, and other mechanical operations are carried on, whereby pieces of iron receive the various shapes requisite for the fittings of a ship. Then there is the sawing machinery, by which logs and planks are cut into shape with a precision and quickness truly remarkable. In all these processes—the anchor-making, the engineering, the mill-wright work, and the sawing—steam power is employed; and the shops are so arranged as to provide for each steam-engine quite as much work as it can perform.

The Mast-house and Basins exhibit to view a vast store of those long, straight, well-formed timbers—masts and yards. Some of them are kept in water, as the best means of preservation; others are stored in enormous covered sheds. The processes of building up a bulky mast with a number of separate pieces of timber laid side by side, and of encircling the mass with a red hot iron ring to bind the whole, are interesting, and sometimes come before the notice of a visitor as he rambles through the yard.

There are many parts of the yard which we cannot describe, because the ruling powers have placed limits upon that which the uninitiated are permitted to see; and even of that which is thrown open to the inspection of all, the variety and extent are such as almost to bewilder one. The store-houses for the boats, the sails, and the ropes; the wharf for the anchors; the houses for the officers and superintendents; the reservoirs of water—all have their points of interest.

In taking our round of the yard, we come to a spot which speaks much more of pleasure than of business. A neatly kept gravel path, winding between neatly kept beds, leads up to a sort of mound, on which is situated a pavilion. The mound is called King's Hill. King George III. visited it on one occasion; and he was so pleased with the prospect obtained over the yard from thence, that he requested it might be kept free from excavation and building. The wish has been attended to; and a small building has been constructed, in which a few trophies are kept: many others were destroyed by the fire in 1840.

THE GREAT STEAM DOCKS; THE GUN WHARF.

The reader we will suppose now to have quitted the Dockyard, and to have proceeded northward to a place called Keyham Point; where we have other dockyard doings to speak about.

In 1843 the Admiralty directed serious attention to the choice of a place in or near Devonport for the construction of a steam-factory—that is, a factory for the repair and fitting of war steamers. The North Corner, Mutton Cove, the Mast Pond, the Victualling Yard, the Ballast Pond, Drake's Island, Catwater, Mill Bay, Pat's Point—all were suggested as sites, and all examined. Several of the officers engaged in the examination agreed that Keyham Point, then called Moon Cove, was better fitted for the purpose than any of the above-named sites; and in 1844 the Admiralty determined on commencing the works. The spot is a sort of peninsula, having water on three sides, and a turnpike-road on the fourth; and there are circumstances of soil, subsoil, and level, which were deemed advantageous. The idea was, to have a steam-basin and factory half as large again as those at Woolwich; and this obviously rendered the selection of site a matter of much importance. A sum of about £8,000 was given by government for the land; and estimates were sent in, amounting to the enormous sum of more than a million and a quarter sterling, for the construction of basins, docks, wharfs, and factories, on an architectural plan prepared by Mr. Barry—that is, a plan for the buildings as such.

When these works were subjected to examination in 1848, there was much conflicting evidence as to the necessity for them at all, and as to the propriety of the plan on which they were being carried on. But too much money had been spent to render it desirable to change the plan. £132,000 had been expended on a cofferdam; and £262,000 on the south basin; and further estimates of money required were about £300,000 to finish the south basin and its docks, £220,000 for the north basin, £250,000 for the factories, and £50,000 for machinery to put into the factories. Enormous sums these, and such as ought to realise substantial national benefits to render them praiseworthy. The south basin will have 1,570 feet of quay or wharfage, and the north basin 2,210 feet, making together about three quarters of a mile length of quay.

Whatever they may one day be, the vastness of these works strikes with astonishment any one who goes over them at present. The area is immense; and every part of this area is filled with excavated cavities, sea-walls, wharf-walls, and other necessary concomitants to a series of basins and docks. We believe it is determined to finish the southern portion of the works first, but in such a way as to permit of the whole being finished according to the original plan, when deemed necessary. The hammer and the chisel, the steam-engine and the windlass, will be heard for many years yet, before these works are terminated;

when completed, it is intended that everything relating to the docking and repairing of the government steamers shall be carried on here. This steam-yard at Keyham Point will be much larger than those now existing at Portsmouth and Woolwich. Up to the spring of the present year (1850) the amount spent on the Keyham works had reached the sum of £633,000; and the sum asked by the Admiralty in the navy estimates of the current year, is £120,000. The works now in hand are the south basin and its docks, a portion of the north basin, and dock-buildings; but no factories.

One mark of haste in the planning of this yard was, that the site on which a powder-magazine now stands was taken possession of without previously deciding whither the magazine was to be removed. The quarrymen and the stone-masons set to work, and brought up their works almost to the walls of the magazine, before anything was definitely arranged. The magazine stands where the north basin is to be excavated. The truth is, that although the Admiralty and the Ordnance are equally the servants of her Majesty the Queen, they have all the executive formalities of unconnected establishments. The Admiralty rules the dockyard; the Ordnance rules the magazines. The Admiralty wanted the site of the magazine at Keyham; but the Ordnance must alone exercise control over a new one. The Admiralty urges the Ordnance to speed in the removal of the magazine; but the Ordnance replies "Wait a little; we have to find a new site." And a difficult task it has been to find a new site. Keyham magazine is tolerably distant from houses; but when the Ordnance sought about in other quarters for a new site, visions of catastrophes rose up in the minds of the inhabitants. Mount Batten was named; but Plymouth became horrified at the thought of being blown up. Mill Bay was then selected; but Stonehouse rose in arms and rebelled. At last, after much search, the Ordnance selected a spot named Bull Point, a promontory jutting out into the east side of the Hamoaze, some distance above Devonport. Here it has been determined to spend £100,000 in building a magazine to replace the one at Keyham, besides nearly £30,000 in purchasing the land on which the buildings are to be erected, and lines of defence or batteries constructed. Keyham steam-yard is beyond the limits of the existing defensive 'lines' of Devonport; but it is intended to extend those lines so as to embrace it; Bull Point, however, is far beyond the limits of the lines, and must have new fortifications of its own. Vast as the anticipated expense is for such a purpose, the Ordnance do not like the site so well as one nearer the Sound, or in the Sound. Colonel Oldfield, in his report to the Ordnance on this subject, said, in allusion to the choice of Mount Batten,—“The site is certainly a very convenient one, for its position between the Sound and Hamoaze, its facility of access, and the readiness with which the establishment might be cut off from external communication on the land side; but its proximity to the town of Plymouth, will, I

fear, be an impassable obstacle." So that, between the Admiralty, the Ordnance, and the inhabitants, the House of Commons will have a pretty round sum to provide for a new magazine. The demand for the present year's service is £20,000.

Powder magazines are not show places in the Government establishments; but a few words will explain the kind of connection between the Keyham magazine and the ships in the harbour. One of the duties attached to the officers at Keyham is the removal of gunpowder from men-of-war on arrival in the harbour. The admiral sends an order to the storekeeper to remove the powder from a ship about to enter the harbour, whether for refitting or to be paid off. The storekeeper despatches a powder-vessel to the Sound, which receives the powder in barrels from the ship. The powder is landed, deposited in the magazines, and inspected—each barrel and case of gunpowder, and each cartridge, separately. Such cartridges as are found serviceable are immediately re-packed and stored in the magazines; those which are defective are separated from the others, and broken up, the powder from them being sent to Kinterbury to be dried and proved. The number of filled flannel cartridges issued to a first rate ship of war is nearly 10,000, and requires about 800 metal-lined casks to contain them. When a ship is to be provided with her store of powder, a reversed process is adopted. The establishment at Kinterbury, here mentioned, is a gunpowder mill, situated two or three miles northward of Devonport, where powder and cartridges are examined and dried. The present magazine at Keyham is capable of containing 18,000 barrels of powder; the new establishment at Bull Point is planned for the enormous quantity of 40,000 barrels. At present there are floating magazines in the Hamoaze, besides the stores at Keyham; these magazines are worn-out men-of-war, containing thousands of barrels of powder, and millions of cartridges. The new works at Bull Point will render floating magazines unnecessary.

Between the dockyard and the steam yard is a third establishment independent of both the others, but yet closely related to them—the Gun-wharf. This occupies five acres of ground, which are appropriated to the reception of the guns belonging to men-of-war not in commission. In the open spaces between the store-houses are long ranges of cannon, all carefully marked, and huge pyramids of cannon-balls. In other places are gun-carriages, and all the requisite tackle for the management of these engines of destruction. In the upper stories of the building are the smartly arranged stores of smaller arms—muskets, bayonets, cutlasses, pistols, &c.—employed by seamen. All that ingenuity can effect to make such things look beautiful, is effected; they are arranged in circles, stars, diamonds, crowns, columns, wreaths; and they are polished up most industriously—death in its holiday dress. What the amount of ordnance stores kept in store by the Government may be, we do not know, but the value of these carefully prepared

implements is very great. It is said that the ordnance stores for an eighty-gun man-of-war, are valued as follows:—guns £3,200, carriages £990, small arms £890, gunpowder £1,500, shot and shell £1,200, powder-cases £1000, sundries £2900, making a total of nearly £12,000. The wear and tear of all these stores (exclusive of course of the powder, shot, and shells, actually consumed) is estimated at about three or four per cent. per annum.

MOUNT WISE; THE ROYAL WILLIAM VICTUALLING YARD.

Another and another Government establishment calls for our notice in this busy naval emporium. We trace our steps back from Keyham and the gun-wharf, past the Dockyard, to Mount Wise—a spot which yields only to Mount Edgecumbe among the many beautiful elevations in this neighbourhood. It is a hilly portion of the northern margin of the Sound, tolerably flat on the top, but commanding a view on all sides; and few spots can be better chosen to show the various scenes around the Sound and harbour. Northward the streets of Devonport bar out any very pleasant prospect, so we quickly turn the eye in another direction. Northwest lies the Dockyard; and beyond it the broad and beautiful Hamoaze, studded with the huge ships lying "in ordinary." To the south-west rises the graceful Mount Edgecumbe, with its fine old mansion, its luxuriant trees, and its many winding walks and paths. To the south-east lies the long crooked promontory of Cremill Point, quite as often called Devil's Point, with its extensive and imposing looking Victualling-Office; while over and beyond this we see the fortified post of Drake's Island, and still beyond this the long slender line of the Breakwater. Eastward the eye takes into the range of its view the elevations of the Hoe, the Citadel, Catdown, and Mount Batten. For a military parade on land, or a regatta on the Sound, Mount Wise is a right famous show-place; and when the sun is glittering on the broad expanse of the water beneath, and the white sails of the ships fluttering, the Devonport folks have reason to be proud of their Mount Wise. Devonport used to be the head quarters only of the naval government of the port, the military government being located in the citadel at Plymouth; but in 1725 the latter was transferred to Devonport; and Mount Wise has ever since contained the official residences of the lieutenant-governor of the garrison (the Government-house), and of the port-admiral. The Government-house and the admiral's house, are the two chief buildings on this mount, but there is also a laboratory belonging to the Ordnance; and a semaphore, by which signals are transmitted between the admiral's office and the guard-ship in the Hamoaze: the signals to be afterwards transmitted, as occasion may require, from the guard-ship to any other Government ship in the Hamoaze. There are two governing admirals at Devonport—the admiral of the port, and the admiral superintendent of the

Dockyard. The former has control over the whole of the ships in the harbour, and is the medium of communication between the Admiralty and those ships. The superintendent of the Dockyard has control only within the Yard; he may be an admiral, and is so at present: but he is sometimes a captain-superintendent.

We now come to the vast Victualling Yard on Cremill Point, (represented in Cut p. 383.) We approach it by a road leading along the neck or isthmus, and a large and handsome gate gives admission to the interior. Over the gateway is a colossal statue of William IV., in Portland stone, upwards of thirteen feet high: it is superior to many of our statues of greater notoriety. The interior we find to consist of large quadrangular ranges of substantial buildings, separated by open courts. A glance at these courts shows that the whole has been hewn out of the solid rock; and this forms one of the most marked features of the place. Cremill Point was a bold rocky promontory; and in order to obtain a level spot large enough for the buildings, a vast excavation was necessary. The pavement of the open courts consists of the rocky bed itself, hewn down to that level; the buildings also are constructed of stone; so that if any Government establishment in the neighbourhood has an air of durability about it, it is this. There was a Victualling Office at Plymouth for many years; but as it was found to be inefficient for its purpose, this new one was built. It has been an immense work. The cost has been little short of a million and a half sterling. Fifteen acres of surface have been brought into requisition, some recovered from the sea by sea walls and embankments, and the rest hewn from the solid rock. It is said that 300,000 tons of rock were removed.

Large as this expenditure appears, it is probable that the money was well laid out; for if the stores for the hardy seamen are better prepared and better secured thereby, a yearly saving must accrue. Be this as it may, the Victualling Yard is a highly interesting establishment. One quadrangular mass of buildings is devoted to the corn and baking department, another to the cooperage department, a third to miscellaneous stores of various descriptions. The actual machinery employed in the building consists of a corn-mill (capable of grinding 1000 bushels of corn in ten hours), with twenty-four pairs of millstones, worked by two steam engines; a bakery, worked by machinery, with twelve ovens; an oatmeal mill; and two wheat-drying mills. All the rest may be rather described as storehouse fittings than as machinery. The number of persons employed in the establishment is about 140; of whom about 20 are officers and clerks, about 30 hoymen, to manage the shipment and landing of the stores, and the rest artificers and servants of various kinds. About £10,000 per annum are expended in salaries and wages to those engaged at this establishment.

The most attractive part of the building to a stranger is the biscuit-baking establishment. The

white jackets and white caps of the bakers are "clean as a new pin;" and the rooms and machinery are cleaner and neater than any one could imagine who had never seen them. Beautiful indeed is this machinery. The corn is drawn up to an upper range of buildings, where millstones, worked by steam, speedily grind it into flour. This flour descends, through a shoot, into a kind of covered box, where a small stream of water is allowed to flow into it. Away it whirls, tossed and cut and mixed by machinery inside the box, until in a few minutes it becomes well compounded dough. Then a pair of ponderous rollers knead it most thoroughly; a machine stamps the thin layer of dough into the form of a batch of hexagonal biscuits; these biscuits are thrown into an oven; and very soon afterwards they are taken out—baked, after which they are thrown into bags and taken away to be stored. So rapid are all these operations, that the routine from the descent of the flour to the baking of the biscuit can be witnessed during the time allowed for each stranger to be present. Well has Mr. Grant earned the premium which he has received from Government for the invention of this machinery.

The commissariat department of the navy, like that of the army, is an important affair. To attend to all the personal wants of many thousands of men, to see that their food is sufficient in quantity and good in quality, to arrange all so that there shall be no waste and no confusion, require a well-organized plan. The following are mighty numbers; they represent the quantities of provisions requisite for one year's consumption, for a force of 35,000 seamen:

Biscuit . . .	13,000,000 lbs.
Spirits . . .	400,000 gallons.
Fresh Meat . . .	7,000,000 lbs.
Salt Meat . . .	4,000,000 lbs.
Vegetables . . .	3,500,000 lbs.
Sugar . . .	1,200,000 lbs.
Flour . . .	1,600,000 lbs.
Raisins . . .	270,000 lbs.
Suet . . .	130,000 lbs.
Peas . . .	180,000 gallons.
Cocoa . . .	800,000 lbs.
Tea . . .	200,000 lbs.

besides many smaller items. The salt meat is purchased in the salted state: the meat purchased in a fresh state is mostly salted by the Government. Biscuit, being almost the only bread used at sea, is of course the chief item; and it was a most important circumstance to devise machinery to make biscuit well, quickly, cheaply, and under the immediate control of the Government. With respect to meat, changes have occurred in the arrangements of the Devonport Victualling Yard. Salted meat is supplied by contract to a much larger extent than when the building was first constructed; and the slaughter-houses are proportionably less used. In the store-houses are rows of casks, chests, boxes, bags, and other packages, filled with the whole of the above-named items, and with vinegar, lemon-juice, drugs, and a multitude of other things—all labelled or marked

with scrupulous exactness. There is one important part of a ship's provisions concerning which new arrangements are about to be introduced. We will dwell a little upon it.

Measures are now in contemplation which may lead to a change in the allowance of spirits to the navy. In March of the present year the Admiralty appointed a committee of eleven flag-officers to inquire into "the expediency of reducing the daily ration of spirits, and the equivalent to be paid to the seamen for such reduction." One of the first paragraphs in the Report of this committee, is a striking one: "The concurrent testimony of all whom we have examined on the subject of drunkenness in the navy, proves the necessity of some remedial measures: and we consider the step now contemplated, with a view to its prevention, not only expedient, but imperatively called for, as well for the safety as the credit of Her Majesty's fleet." The committee examined about fifty witnesses, some of whom were seamen. The committee say—"The seamen, without one exception, admit in their evidence that drunkenness is the prevailing crime on board Her Majesty's ships; and they acknowledge with equal frankness, that drunkenness is the cause of almost every punishment." Down to the year 1821, the allowance was two gills of spirits per man per diem. In that year the Admiralty, with the sanction of many experienced officers, reduced the quantity to one gill per day; the evening service of grog being discontinued. In 1826, the old wine-measure was abolished, and the new imperial-measure established; this gave to the gill one-fifth more in quantity than before; and as it was deemed too much to serve out this larger gill at once, the custom of an evening allowance was renewed, with disastrous results, as the committee show. "Tea, introduced into the navy in 1824, as a part of the substitute for the diminished allowance of rum, is served at the same time as the evening grog; and men who prefer the tea, sell their allowance of grog to others of less temperate habits. This is one source of drunkenness." After due consideration the committee arrived at the following recommendations, which were forwarded to the Admiralty:—"That the daily rations of spirits be reduced to one half of that which they have been since 1826: the evening ration being withheld; that the spirits shall not be issued raw, but mixed with three times their quantity of water; that an allowance, omitted to be drawn on one day, shall not be drawn on any subsequent day; that admirals, captains, and ward-room officers, from their position and general feelings, would probably not require money-compensation for this lessening of the quantity of spirits allotted to them; that no allowance of spirits be made to midshipmen, masters' assistants, clerks' assistants, cadets, and boys; that mates, assistant-surgeons, second masters, midshipmen, masters' assistants, clerks, clerks' assistants, naval cadets, and boys, be awarded compensation for the withdrawal or the diminution (as the case may be) of the allowance, to the extent of the present savings' price;

that seamen and marines, by whom the change will be more felt than by any of the other classes, should receive an amount of compensation more than equal to the money-value of the spirit saved; and that any petty-officer or seaman may relinquish his remaining half of spirit, at pleasure, and receive its value in money, in addition to the larger compensation for the other half. The compensation to the seamen and marines would be 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per month. The committee estimate that these compensations, for the whole British navy, would amount to £55,000 per annum; that the value of the spirit saved would be £10,000 per annum; and that therefore the increased annual charge to the public would be £45,000—a cheap bargain, if it results in the higher moral and physical condition of the seamen generally.

THE HOE; THE CITADEL; THE HAMOAZE.

The Hoe and the Citadel, (represented in the Cut p. 380) belong to the Plymouth section of this important triple town. The Hoe, as we have before observed, is a hill which boldly overlooks Mill Bay and the Sound. Its surface is partly clothed in grass, partly strewn with loose stones, and partly laid out in gravel walks; but there are as yet very few houses on it. The Hoe is larger and higher than Mount Wise, and it reveals many points in the view out sea-ward which are not visible from the latter. The inhabitants of Plymouth are at the present time fighting a corporate battle against a wealthy proprietor, who has planned some terraces of fine houses on the Hoe; he naturally wishes to make the most of his land; they naturally wish to retain their beautiful Hoe in its present open state; and a correspondence has arisen out of these differences of view. A small number of houses might possibly be so built as to be an ornament rather than a detriment to the Hoe; but it is to be feared that if stone, brick, and timber be once admitted, these interlopers will know no reasonable limits. The eastern end of the Hoe is occupied by the Citadel. This is a regular fortification, with bastions and ravelins, curtains and horn-works, ditches and counter-scarps, covered-ways and palisades, parapets and ramparts, and all the other defensive arrangements common to such a place. It completely commands sea and land on all points of the compass, and is bristled with about a hundred and twenty cannon.

There are not many places in England which contain such a number of Government establishments as this. We have described a tolerable range of them already; but there are still several that call for a passing glance. We will go to the north of the three towns, near Higher Stoke, and look at the Block-house. This is a small but strong structure, situated in an enclosure on a piece of rising ground. It has ramparts, ditches, and a bridge, and is sufficiently elevated to command the whole of Devonport—and therefore to be very troublesome, unless in friendly hands. Devonport itself is completely girt on the

land side with fortifications, called the 'Lines.' These lines consist of wall, rampart, and fosse, with guard-houses at particular points, and three gates to give entrance to the town.

Situated not far distant from each other, in and near Stonehouse, are three large Government establishments—the Royal Naval Hospital, the Royal Military Hospital, and the Marine Barracks. Their names indicate how these buildings are occupied. The Naval Hospital was built about ninety years ago; it is a very large establishment, covering with the open grounds which belong to it, no less than twenty-four acres. The chief buildings are arranged on the four sides of a very large quadrangle; they have corridors running round them, and have every convenience for the reception of twelve hundred patients at a time. In days of peace, when arms and legs do not often come into contact with cannon-balls, this hospital is only in small part occupied. On the side of Stonehouse Creek, opposite to the Naval Hospital, is the Royal Military Hospital. This consists, instead of a quadrangle of buildings surrounding an open court, of four blocks or clusters of buildings, arranged in a line. The Royal Marine Barracks, situated on the isthmus which connects Cremill Point with Stonehouse, is like most other barracks; ranges of buildings surrounding the four sides of a gravelled parade-ground.

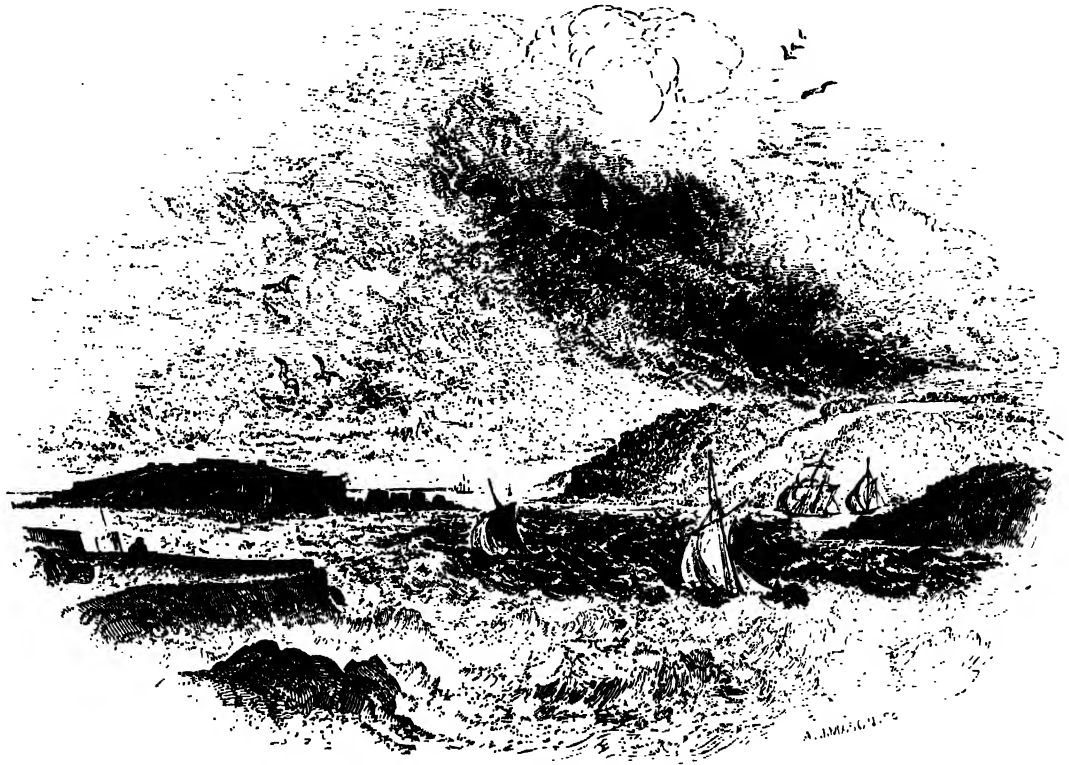
Let us now turn for a time from the land to the water—from the fixed to the floating property of the nation in these parts. And first of the Harbour or Hamoaze. This is in truth a fine expanse of water. A line of rock, only a short depth below the surface of low water, runs across from Cremill Point to Mount Edgecumbe, in such a way as to induce a belief that these were once connected, and that the Tamar has cut an outlet for itself in this part. Within the rocky line commences the Hamoaze, and thence up to Saltash, a distance of four or five miles, there is a wide sheet of water, in which a large number of fine ships of war are always lying "in ordinary." This lying in ordinary is a sort of figurative "putting on the shelf," till the vessel is wanted. The guns and ammunition are taken out, the masts and sails and rigging are removed, the sailors are paid off, the officers take their departure, and the huge floating mass is placed under the care of one particular officer and a handful of men who reside in it. This officer receives orders only from the admiral of the port, and is responsible to no one else. The old officers, who have perhaps lived and fought in the vessel for many a year, have now nothing to do with it; it lives only in their memory. Strange do these floating masses appear! They contain so few stores, and are thus so much lightened, that they rise to a great height above the water. Their long ranges of port-holes, their numerous cabin-windows at the stern, their stumpy mastless summits, their lifeless silence, their stern immovability—all tend to give them a remarkable appearance. The guard-ship is the sentinel over these sleeping giants. This guard-ship receives instructions from the port-admiral, by

means of the semaphore on Mount Wise, before alluded to, and is empowered to control all the ships in the harbour. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the guard-ship, or to some of the other ships in the harbour; and half an hour may be spent, not unprofitably, in seeing the ingenuity displayed in packing so many hundred human beings, with all that is required for their comfort, in one of these great floating receptacles. The number of ships laid up in ordinary in the Hamoaze has remained pretty constant for some years past; in 1817 they were as follows:—two of 120 guns each, one of 104, one of 92, four of 81, one of 80, four of 78, one of 76, four of 72, three of 50, four of 44, five of 42, two of 40, one of 36, three of 26, one of 24, two of 18, one of 14, one of 10, five packets, and eight small brigs, schooners, and cutters—making a total of fifty-four vessels; and we presume the number is about the same at present. But besides these fifty-four vessels in ordinary, there are always others, more or less in a fitted state: some just arrived and about to be paid off; some receiving their complement of men and stores for services on some foreign station; some waiting only for Admiralty orders that they may take their departure. It is a pleasant trip on a bright day to take a boat for a row up the Hamoaze towards Saltash, passing between and among the noble old hulks of the ships in ordinary. Carrington's lines here come to thought:

"We glide

Through lines of stately ships: and as we pass
The tale goes quickly round of glories old,
Of battles won in the great sea,—of chiefs
Whose daring flags triumphantly were borne
By this or that famed vessel. Noisels now
Is each forsaken structure; save when sounds
The listless keeper's foot, nought else invades
The deep impressive silence of those decks,
Where lately trod a thousand gallant men!"

We believe there is a sort of rough estimate that a man-of-war costs at the rate of about £1,000 per gun; that is, the complete ship costs as many thousands as it carries guns. But whether this includes the entire stores and provisions for the crew we cannot say; perhaps after all the estimate is merely a wild round sum. The following, however, is an exact estimate, founded on the Admiralty experience; that the daily expenses of a 36-gun frigate, carrying a complement of 330 men, are £61 17s. 5d.: viz., pay of officers and men, £26 3s. 2d.; provisions, £16 1s. 3d.; wear and tear of vessel, stores, clothing, &c., £22 13s. From a Parliamentary paper just published (May, 1850), it appears that there are at the present time among the ships in ordinary at the several Government dépôts, no fewer than seventy-two ships of war which have never been in commission; that is, have never seen any active service. Their ages vary from two to thirty-eight years. It appears strange—at least to one of the uninitiated class—that new ships should be built every year, while old ones remain in idleness



MOUNT EDGECUMBE, DRAKE'S ISLAND, AND PENLEE POINT.

Drake's Island, or as it is often called Nicholas Island, situated in the middle of the Sound, claims a word of notice. It is a small and moderately elevated island, occupied wholly as a fortified post. Its guns command every point of the horizon; so that a ship, before approaching the Hamoaze and the Dockyard on the west, or the Catwater and Plymouth on the east, must pass under the guns of this fortress. With Mount Edgecumbe on one side, Cremill Point on another, the Hoe on another, and Mount Batten on another, this small island presents a formidable defensive work.

THE BREAKWATER; THE EDDYSTONE.

But the Breakwater, now stretching out before us to the south, demands to be noticed. A truly great work is this; perhaps the greatest work of its kind in the world. It seems strange to spend a million and a half sterling in throwing huge stones into the sea; yet there can be no question that the money has been well laid out, because safety to hundreds of vessels has been secured thereby.

In order to understand the necessity for, and the nature of, this Breakwater, we must look a little closely at Plymouth Sound. This Sound is bounded on the east by a portion of the Devonshire coast, on the west by the Cornish coast, on the north by the towns of Devonport and Plymouth, and on the south by the

open sea. It is three miles across at the widest part, and about the same in depth. The coast on both sides, except at Cawsand Bay, which is on the Cornish side, is rocky and abrupt. The Hamoaze and the Catwater used to be exposed to the heavy sea which rolled into the Sound with gales from the south, and great damage was done at various times; hence it was conceived that if a great embankment were thrown across a portion of the entrance to the Sound, it would break the force of the sea, while ample room might be left at the two ends for vessels to enter and quit the Sound. In 1812 the works for such a breakwater were commenced, and for nearly forty years they have been continued. The expenditure has now reached within a fraction of £1,500,000, and there is still a little more work to be done to it.

The breakwater (represented in Cut p.382) may be thus described. It is a straight line of stonework, with two wings or arms inclined a little inwards towards the Sound. The straight portion is about 1,000 yards in length, and the two wings 350 yards each; making up the total length to about a mile. The width of the line of stonework at the bed of the sea varies from 300 to 400 feet; whereas it slopes so rapidly upwards that the breadth at high-water mark is only fifty feet. The top is a flat horizontal surface, elevated a small distance above the surface of the water. The total depth varies from forty to eighty feet. The mode of forming it was singular. Mr. Rennie formed the

plan, and carried it out in spite of all opposition and difficulties. This plan consisted in hurling into the sea masses of stone weighing from one ton to ten tons each, sufficiently heavy to resist the force of waves, tides, and currents. A promontory of compact close-grained marble, belonging to the Duke of Bedford, was purchased as a storehouse of materials for the sum of £10,000. This promontory is situated at the north-east corner of the Sound, at a place called Oreston, where the Plym joins the Catwater. Quarries were opened at this spot, and for many years the business of quarrying was carried on. When Baron Dupin was visiting the naval depôts of England, he was struck among other things by the magnitude of the operations at Oreston. He says, "The sight of these operations (which he had just described); those enormous masses of marble which the quarrymen strike with heavy strokes of their hammers; and those aerial roads of flying bridges which serve for the removal of the superstratum of earth; those lines of cranes all at work at the same moment; the trucks all in motion; the arrival and the loading and the departure of the vessels; all this forms one of the most imposing sights that can strike a friend of the great works of art. At fixed hours, the sound of a bell is heard, in order to announce the blasting of the quarry. The operations instantly cease on all sides, all becomes silence and solitude; this universal silence renders still more imposing the noise of the explosion, the splitting of the rocks, their ponderous fall, and the prolonged sound of the echoes." The huge blocks of marble, extricated from the quarries, were conveyed in trucks along iron railways to quays, where they were received in vessels built expressly for this purpose. On arriving over the line of the breakwater, a sort of trapdoor was opened in the vessel, and the load of stone fell into the sea, where it lay upon and among the stones previously thrown. Thus days, weeks, months, years, passed away while these Herculean works were being carried on. All the lower stones were left to settle as they might; but the upper layers consist of smooth masonry, better calculated to resist the action of waves. At the western end is a lighthouse, an elegant structure of granite, recently completed; it is about fifty-five feet high, by fourteen in diameter at the base; at the top is a large lantern, through which is exhibited a white light towards the north, and a red light towards the south.

Bravely has the breakwater done its work. In 1817 and in 1824 it was visited by storms which, had not the breakwater been there, would have brought awful destruction on the vessels within the harbour; as it was, some of the surface stones were loosened and washed away, but the main structure remained wholly uninjured. The value of the breakwater is wholly shown by negative results: ships are *not* now driven on shore within the Sound and Hamoaze; but this negative result has a very positive effect on the national resources, one for which we may thank the Admiralty and Sir John Rennie.

A still greater work than the breakwater looms out far in the distance to the south-west: greater, not in the amount of capital which it has cost, or the time consumed in its execution, or the quantity of material absorbed in its construction, but in the difficulties which the indomitable spirit of the engineer had to overcome. We of course allude to the Eddystone Lighthouse. When standing on the Hoe, and looking through a telescope of moderate power, the Eddystone can be just descried at a great distance, rearing its head towards the sky at the extreme verge of the horizon. It is too far distant to form an immediate subject of our present paper, yet it is too important to the interests of Plymouth and to seafaring men to be passed unnoticed.

In the midst of the British Channel, about twelve miles from Plymouth, is a rock which just emerges above the level of low-water, but is covered at high-water. On this Eddystone rock many a gallant ship, after perhaps a return from a distant and long-continued voyage, has been wrecked; and many a hardy seaman lost. To point out the locality of this hidden danger nothing but a lighthouse on the spot seemed available; but what a work—to construct a lighthouse on a rock in such a lonely and sea-beaten situation. A Mr. Winstanley, a man of great mechanical ingenuity, constructed a wooden lighthouse on this spot, just a century and a half ago; and it is a proof of no small skill that, in that age of comparatively little engineering talent, a lighthouse should be begun and completed on such a spot. But a storm swept away the whole on one fearful night, with all who were within it, including the bold constructor. Mr. Ruderford, who, like Winstanley, was an amateur engineer, was more fortunate than his predecessor: he built a lighthouse which stood from 1706 till 1755; and even then it was conquered not by storms but by fire. Mr. Smeaton, who speaks with great admiration of Ruderford's talent, was then applied to to build a more permanent structure; and the present Eddystone lighthouse was the result. The difficulties were enormous. The distance from the land is so great, the area of rock so small, and the washing of the sea so frequent, that the labours of the workmen were of a harassing kind. In order to secure the masonry, the granite rock was partially worked to form a foundation, and every stone was dovetailed into those beneath and around it in the most immoveable manner. The works were commenced in 1756, and course after course of masonry was built up; and the construction went on steadily, in spite of winds and waves, to its completion.

The Eddystone Lighthouse is really a beautiful object, on account of its form. It is a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, and gradually diminishing to the top, somewhat similar to the swelling trunk of a tree—indeed it is said that a tree-trunk suggested the idea of this form to Smeaton. The upper extremity is finished with a kind of cornice, and is terminated with a lantern, having a gallery around it with an iron balustrade.

The tower is furnished with a door and windows, and a staircase and ladders for ascending to the lantern, through the apartments of those who keep watch. The base is about twenty-seven feet in diameter; the diameter diminishes to twenty feet at the top of the solid masonry, and to fifteen feet just below the cornice. The height of the solid masonry is thirteen feet, of the cornice sixty-two feet, and of the top of the lantern, eighty-six feet.

A visit to the Eddystone is rather a rare exploit for holiday seekers. The distance is great, the sea often rough, and the hire of a sailing vessel necessary. Once now and then in the height of summer a steam boat trip is planned, to make the circuit of the Eddystone. The vessel which takes out supplies for the keepers is almost the only one which goes close and is moored to the lighthouse. As to the duties which devolve upon the keepers and the lonely life they lead, most readers have heard of them. Their mission is to point out to the mariner a hidden danger; and this mission is fulfilled by keeping all their lamps well lighted at night, and all their glasses scrupulously clean.

THE TOWNS AND THEIR BUILDINGS.

The towns of Devonport and Plymouth owe their importance so completely to the large number of Government establishments which they contain, and by which they are surrounded, that their interest is pretty well exhausted when those establishments have passed under review. Yet they have certain points of interest about them as towns; and we must take a ramble through them. We will begin at Devonport, and work on eastward towards Plymouth.

Devonport may be considered as a sort of jutting promontory; for it is considerably higher than Plymouth, and has water nearly two-thirds around it. On crossing the bridge over Stonehouse Creek, we ascend a moderately steep road to the 'lines' of Devonport, and having passed these lines, we enter the town. The main road leads north-westward to the centre of the town, where we find ourselves in streets which have very little attraction about them. Few of the Devonport streets are remarkable; and only one of them, Fore Street, contains any considerable number of good shops. Devonport is, in fact, not a wealthy place—far less so than Plymouth; much Government money is spent there, but there is little commerce of other kind; and the amount of capital, available for any schemes of general improvement, is but limited. Half-pay officers, dockyard officers, garrison officers, dockyard artificers, sailors are numerous; but no large fortunes are to be looked for among them.

But if the resources of Devonport are limited, so much the more credit to the town for building such a fine Post-office as that we see on entering the town. This building, lately erected in Fore Street, is an elegant structure, far above the standard of analogous buildings in towns of this size, and many degrees better than the Post-office of Plymouth. The architect, Mr. Wightwick, has to some extent imitated Sir John

Soane's fine architectural composition at the north-west corner of the Bank of England. Another recent building, or rather an enlargement of an old one, is the Mechanics' Institute, in Duke Street. The new front is an architectural design by Mr. Alfred Norman, of Devonport. It consists of a ground floor crowned by a complete Doric entablature; above which are two series of windows; and the elevation is terminated by a projecting bracketted cornice and eaves-roof. The façade has three windows in its width, the middle one of which on each floor consists of three openings. In the interior there is, upon the ground-floor, towards the street, a library 60 feet long by 15 feet high; the remainder of the floor is occupied by a class room and dwelling rooms. The whole of the upper floor in the new part of the building is occupied by the lecture hall, measuring 61 feet by 46, and 30 high, lighted on each side by six windows; this hall has an enriched frieze, cornice, and cove; and the ceiling is divided into compartments by carved beams.

At the west end of Ker Street, as represented in Cut p. 395, are three or four buildings which deserve a better locality; for though the street is quiet and well inhabited, it is not sufficiently a leading thoroughfare to show off the buildings to advantage. One of these buildings is the Town Hall; it presents a bold and chaste Doric elevation, and looks well when approached from the east. It contains a county meeting-room, 75 feet by 40, a watch-house, a temporary prison, and other offices. Another of this group of buildings is the Library and News Room, whose Egyptian front presents a marked though rather heavy appearance. Almost close to this is a chapel in the Saracenic style; or something between the Saracenic and the Hindoo; and close to this again is the Column, one of the few honorary testimonials which the two towns contain. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, 124 feet in height, erected in 1824, to commemorate the change in the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport. From the top of this column there is a charming view of the harbour, Mount Edgecumbe, and the surrounding objects.

Four of the names closely connected with the topography of Devonport—Damerel, Wise, Morice, and St. Aubyn—are those of four families who have held considerable properties in the neighbourhood. Devonport, although a large town, is not a parish of itself; it lies wholly in the parish of Stoke Damerel; and at the time of the Conquest, the whole of the present Devonport, Stoke, and Morice Town, were possessed by the Damerel family. By descent and marriage the manor came to the family of Wise, one of whom, Sir Thomas Wise, built a mansion on the elevation now known as Mount Wise. In 1667, the manor passed from the Wises to Sir William Morice, from whom Morice Town, near Keyham Steam Dock, was named. Lastly, the manor passed to the St. Aubyn family, by whom is at present possessed nearly the whole of the land which has not been purchased by Government. A very handsome range of buildings is either finished



TOWN-HALL AND LIBRARY, DEVONPORT.

or in course of construction on the high grounds to the east of Devonport, and an extensive range of barracks, on the most approved plan, is now building. These barracks are to cover a large extent of ground; they will be surrounded by lofty loop-holed walls, so that these united towns promise to become even more military than they have hitherto been. Another important improvement is in progress, namely, a railway-bridge over the Plym, in connection with the Devon and Cornwall railway. Of this structure the two piers are already built, and the bridge itself, with its accompanying railway, will probably be in operation in the year of grace 1856. There are also a number of good private streets and other signs of improvement; within

the lines of Devonport, there are some fine terraces and ranges of houses, and a few elegant single dwellings, in the northern and eastern suburbs of the town, in Morice Town, and Stoke.

The walk from Devonport to Stonehouse and Plymouth brings to notice one matter which the townsmen ought to get rid of as soon as may be—that is, the toll over Stonehouse Creek. On descending the road from Devonport to the Creek, a bridge presents the means of crossing, where a ferry used formerly to be. A bridge is certainly far superior to a ferry, but then there ought to be no toll. The intercourse between two such towns ought to be as intimate and close as possible, not checked even by a halfpenny toll. It is understood that the toll has paid for the bridge many times over; and it seems to indicate some want of public spirit that such a bridge should still remain the private property of the lords of the respective manors, the St. Aubyns on the one side and the Edgumbes on the other. However, our halfpenny paid, and this bridge crossed, we come into Stonehouse,—a flat, regular, quiet town, with few objects to attract the attention. The main artery of communication through the town from east to west, Union Street, is open, cheerful, and well built, and there are a few other good streets. The Government establishments, such as the Victualling Yard, the Marine Barracks, the Navy Hospital, &c., are the chief buildings in Stonehouse.

Plymouth, as we have before said, has more of the bustle of a town than either of the other members of the triad. Its Government establishments have been briefly described, and so has the Hoe. Mill Bay, on the west side of the Hoe, has a few manufacturing establishments on its shores, and works have been commenced for a series of commercial docks in the Bay; but the luckless history of the South Devon Railway has thrown a temporary mistrust on everything connected with it. Nature has, however, done so much at Mill Bay, by giving an admirable boundary to this deep inlet, that we may look for some bold engineering works on the spot at some time or other.

Plymouth presents such a maze of crooked streets, that it requires some art for a stranger to steer a course through it. As for a direct artery east and west, or north and south, through the town, that is out of the question. The streets are thoroughly independent of geometrical arrangement, and look as if they had been dropped in their places, each without much regard to its neighbours. They are packed together with great closeness in the centre and towards Sutton Pool; and those which lie nearest to the water have a Wapping smell, and a Wapping look, and Wapping associations of every kind. But as Plymouth is advancing onward in prosperity, it is evident that there must be suitable residences for the prosperous merchants. Such there are in various parts of the margin of the town: near the Hoe; northward towards Stoke and Tamerton; north-east on the Tavistock-road; and eastward towards the Plym. In

some of the best streets there are splendid shops, successfully vying with the plate-glass brilliances of the Metropolis.

There is a considerable variety among the public buildings of Plymouth. One of the most striking buildings is that which contains the Theatre at one end, and the Assembly-room, and the Royal Hotel, at the other; it is an elegant Ionic pile, 275 feet in length, which presents two fine fronts to view. It was built by the Corporation in 1811, at an expense of £60,000; and we presume the Corporation is paid by the rental of the different parts of it. The Athenæum, or building for the Plymouth Institution; the Public Library; the Freemasons' Hall; the Mechanics' Institute; the Natural History Society's Rooms; the Medical and Law Libraries; the Room of the Botanical and Horticultural Societies; the Commercial and the Mechanics' News Room—all indicate by their names that there is considerable activity in Plymouth in respect to science and literature. Commerce is represented by the Custom and Excise Offices, the Exchange, the Chamber of Commerce, the Post-office, the ample and well-supplied Market, and the maritime buildings of various kinds. The shipping arrangements, wholly unconnected with Government, are large and important. Large vessels are engaged in the American, Baltic, and Mediterranean trades. The number of vessels belonging to Plymouth is said to be nearly 400, of about 30,000 tons. The emigrant system has become now one of great importance to Plymouth. The number of ships which leave this port for Australia, carrying full loads of emigrants, is becoming larger and larger every year; and however short may be the time that these vessels remain in the port, their presence is sure to benefit the town commercially. There is an emigrant dépôt, near the eastern foot of the citadel, where a Government agent renders kindly services to those who are about to depart for foreign lands; and on a small quay or wharf near the dépôt, many a group of intending emigrants may be seen taking a turn in the open air, during their temporary sojourn at Plymouth. It is a scene not without its touching features; but it is gratifying to think that such persons are no longer abandoned, as they formerly were, to the sharking knaves who used to rob them under various pretences during their short stay at the shipping ports.

Steam navigation, too, has taken a certain footing at Plymouth. The Irish steamers always call here on their way to and from London; and there is, in addition, steam communication with Liverpool, Falmouth, Torquay, and the Channel Islands. Besides the quays and shipping arrangements in Sutton Pool, there is a pier on the east-side of Mill Bay, at which ships can land and receive passengers and goods at any state of the tide. Manufactures, too, are carried on to some considerable extent. Soap-works, starch-works, sugar refineries, spirit distilleries, breweries, &c., have all been established here since the termination of the war.

Antiquities we must not look for in these towns. St. Andrew's Church, in the centre of the town, is among the oldest of existing buildings but its interior has undergone great alterations. Of the churches and chapels, the hospitals and asylums of Plymouth, there are not many that would attract attention by their architectural beauty: their excellences must be sought for in other directions.

MOUNT BATTEN; MOUNT EDGEUMBE.

When we cross the Catwater and the Lara, we get beyond the limits of the three towns. Green fields and scanty houses point to a new neighbourhood. We have spoken more than once of the eastern side of Plymouth Sound being terminated northward by a jutting promontory called Mount Batten, which narrows the channel whereby the Catwater enters the Sound. This Mount Batten is a singular spot, and the way thither from Plymouth is not without interesting features. After crossing Catdown, a steep descent leads to the æstuary of the Plym or Lara, where this river expands into the Catwater; and at this part the whole edge of the Down is quarried away: a few houses here and there being occupied by quarrymen and boatmen. Crossing by the ferry to Oreston, and passing the large merchant vessels which are always lying at anchor there, we come to a spot whence the stone was obtained for the breakwater; and after a walk of about a mile, through a village of quarrymen and boatmen, and along some fields which occupy the neck or isthmus of the promontory, we come to Mount Batten. This elevation is surrounded by water on three-fourths of its circumference, and has a wild and rugged appearance. The Catwater, Catdown, Plymouth, the Citadel, the Hoe, Mill Bay, Cremill Point, Mount Edgecumbe, Drake's Island, the Sound, the Breakwater—all are visible from it. Our Steel Plate gives one of the views obtained from this height. On the top of Mount Batten is a tower, desolate and unused; whether it would remain desolate and unused if there were wars or rumours of wars, military engineers must determine; but the spot seems admirably fitted for defensive purposes of some kind or other.

As we advance along the eastern margin of the Lara towards the road which leads to Totness and Ashburton, a very beautiful stretch of country opens upon the view. A fine bridge has been built over the Lara. It was constructed in 1827 by Mr. Rendel; it is of cast-iron, about five hundred feet in length, with five arches, the centre one of which is a hundred feet span. The Earl of Morley built the bridge, and other parties built an embankment to connect this bridge with the level of the common roadway. This gives rise to the oddity of a twofold toll—one for the embankment, and one for the bridge. Advanced to the embanked portion, a toll-keeper civilly demands a modicum of copper from you; and having progressed a little farther, where the territories of the bridge succeed those of the embankment, another dribble has to flow from your pocket. Why on earth

should such a cumbrous system be kept up? The tolls in amount are humble enough; but why not compound or share in some way? It reminds one of the Customs' duties on the frontiers of the petty German principalities, before the formation of the German Customs' Union. However, strangers have no right to be captious, if the townsmen are content; so we walk over the bridge to Saltram. This is a beautiful mansion belonging to the Earl of Morley, surrounded by still more beautiful grounds. A liberal amount of permission to view the house and grounds is given by the noble proprietor; and many a pleasant picnic is made thither in the summer season, often by boat, from Mill Bay or Sutton Pool, to a water-side lodge at the margin of the grounds. The house contains a fine collection of pictures, rich in the works of the Italian masters; and there is also a small but choice cabinet of sculpture, including a Hebe by Canova. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with great taste.

There are many other pleasant spots in the immediate vicinity of Plymouth, on the east and north-east. One of these is Plymstock, on the road to Dartmouth; another is Plympton, on the Totness Road. Plympton was an ancient stannary and borough town, and formerly the baronial seat of the Earls of Devon. There are yet a few remains of the ancient castle, sufficient to give an idea of its magnificence when in its prime. The fosse, portions of the walls, and the artificial mound on which the keep was built, still remain; but all else is gone. Near the parish church of Plympton St. Mary, are a few remains of Plympton Priory, at one time among the richest in the county. Northward from this point, or following the course of the Plym for a short distance, we arrive at Boringdon House, where is deposited a valuable collection of works of art, open at certain times to visitors. The northern margin of Plymouth and Devonport contains also many spots which entice to a ramble. Lipson, Egg Buckland, Compton Gifford, Milcote, Weston Peverell, and St. Budeaux, are all villages around which picturesque scenes may be met with; so likewise are those which bear the odd names of Knackers' Knowl, and Penny-come-quick.

But Mount Edgecumbe (Cut, p. 400) is, *par excellence*, the most lovely spot in the immediate vicinity of the three towns. It is a gracefully formed hill, laid out in pleasure-grounds so as to command the finest views and to present the finest effect. Poets of all grades have been in raptures with it; and foreigners have said that no place in England deserves better to be compared with the loveliest scenes of Italy. Carrington says,

"Oh! when the breath
Of Spring is on thy renovated hill,—
When all the buds are leaping into leaf,
And the fair sheets of earlier foliage clothe
Anew thy waste of boughs,—delicious 'tis
To look on thy peninsula!"

And he then paints the more warmly-tinted scene which autumn presents.



DEVENPORT, FROM MOUNT EDGEUMBE.

But to our mind no pen can convey a proper estimate of the beauties of Mount Edgecumbe, which must be seen to be properly appreciated. Lord Mount Edgecumbe permits strangers to visit the grounds at all times, if accompanied by a guide, and his agents at Stonehouse have always one of these at hand to accompany the visitor. On one day in the week the grounds

are thrown open to the public, who have then the unrestricted enjoyment of these noble grounds; but this concession has not always met with the return it deserves. Trees have been damaged, and his Lordship's turkeys, of which he encourages a breed, which are kept almost in a state of nature, are sometimes treated as public property.

Mount Edgecumbe House, placed on the slope of the hill so as to be best seen from Devonport, was built in 1550; but it has undergone many alterations which have taken away somewhat of its Elizabethan character. The interior, as may be supposed, contains some splendid apartments; but it is not rich in paintings or works of art. The grounds are much more attractive than the mansion. The Italian garden, the Doric conservatory, the French garden, the cenotaph to the memory of the late Countess of Mount Edgecumbe, the English garden, the pavilion, the ruins of the block house, Thomson's seat, the amphitheatre, the temple of Milton, the Gothic ruin, the cottage, the great terrace, the archway, the zig-zag walks, the valley of Picklecombe, the Hoe Lake valley, the White Seat, have all been the objects of especial description in the local guide-books; of which that by Mr. H. E. Carrington, son of the Devonport poet, is a good deal superior to the general level of guide-books. It is said that when the Spanish Armada was about to visit England, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, admiral of the Spanish fleet, cast a longing eye on Mount Edgecumbe, and stipulated that it should come to his share in the anticipated spoliation of England. The don's taste is to be admired, though his aspirations proved to be hollow. As in many other similar places, the natural beauties of Edgecumbe are superior to the artificial. The pavilion, the temple of Milton, the artificial Gothic ruin, the artificial chapel ruin, might be dispensed with without much loss; but the beauty and grandeur of the Mount; its trees and verdure; and the glittering waters by which it is bounded on three-fourths of its circumference; these have been objects of admiration for many centuries, and will be probably for centuries to come.

THE RAILWAY.

We have hitherto kept within the limits of the three towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, or in their immediate vicinity. But it is part of our plan also to take a hasty glance at a belt of country situated somewhat farther distant; to notice, in fact, a few of the wild scenes of Dartmoor, and of the beauties of the rivers Tavy and Tamar; and to conduct the reader across the Tamar to one of the nearest of the Cornish mines. But first a word or two about the Railway, and the general course of the route between Plymouth and Exeter.

It is quite refreshing at times to take up some old book of touring or travelling, to remind us in what manner former generations of men got over the ground. Joseph Baretto, foreign secretary to the Royal Academy, made a journey from London to Falmouth, and thence to Italy, in 1760; and the narrative of his journey, in two portly quartos, affords us an amusing insight into the travelling arrangements ninety years ago. Unless we forget for a moment the present seven hours' whirl from London to Plymouth, we shall hardly be able to do justice to our friend Baretto.

He started from London on the 14th of August. He found himself in a coach with five other travellers; and the six formed a pleasant party: "three women on one side, and three men over against them." These were an elderly aunt and her two nieces, an English gentleman, a Scotch officer, and Baretto. The Scotchman talked largely about the nobility of Argyleshire; "but the Englishman and I," says Baretto, "employed our time to better purpose, chatting as fast as we could with the nieces, both modestly talkative and modestly pretty, yet the good aunt was not so deeply sunk into genealogy [with the Scotch officer] as her partner would have her; but turned to us from time to time, and encouraged her girls to be cheerful and sing songs, which they often did in such a manner as to please even an Italian. So agreeable a company I shall probably not find in the remainder of our journey; as it is but seldom that poor travellers are so lucky as to meet with such good-natured aunts, and with girls so pretty, so sprightly, and so obliging."

On the second day of their travelling they reached Salisbury; and as Baretto had heard of the cathedral, and wished to see it, he "alighted and ran like a fury through the town," admiring the market-place and the street canals (since arched over) in his way. On the third day they dined at Honiton, "where they make a good deal of that lace so much admired by Italian ladies, that goes with them by the name of *merletti d'Inghilterra*." This fact, of Honiton lace having been a favourite material in Italy ninety years ago, is a little bit of manufacturing history not without interest. Lace has been made at Honiton ever since; and many persons might make the same observation as Baretto does: "I wonder why lace is not made everywhere, as those who make it are neither philosophers nor conjurers, but poor ignorant women." There is such a thing as having a *name*, which determines many such matters. But to return. After dinner the Englishman and Baretto walked out of the town, "to stretch their legs," (imagine such a licence at Swindon or Wolverton) and to see the ducking-stool. The coach overtook them, and soon afterwards the damsels and their aunt alighted. "The separation seemed grievous to us all; we kissed and parted." He then gives a little of the philosophy of kissing, as comparing Italians with English; he thinks men kissing men, and women kissing women poor work; and promises to introduce the English custom when he gets back to his own country.

His coach went no farther than Exeter, in which town he spent a day. He states that the "houses are generally built in such a style of architecture, that Palladio would have hanged himself for vexation if he had seen them;" he heard a sermon in the cathedral against the vanity of fine-dressing, but did not think the Exonians looked smart enough to require the reproof; he comments on the fifty alto-relievo figures, with fifty broken noses, on the front of the cathedral; and he gives a line to the fine elevated walk, called the Northern Hay, "much frequented by women."



MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

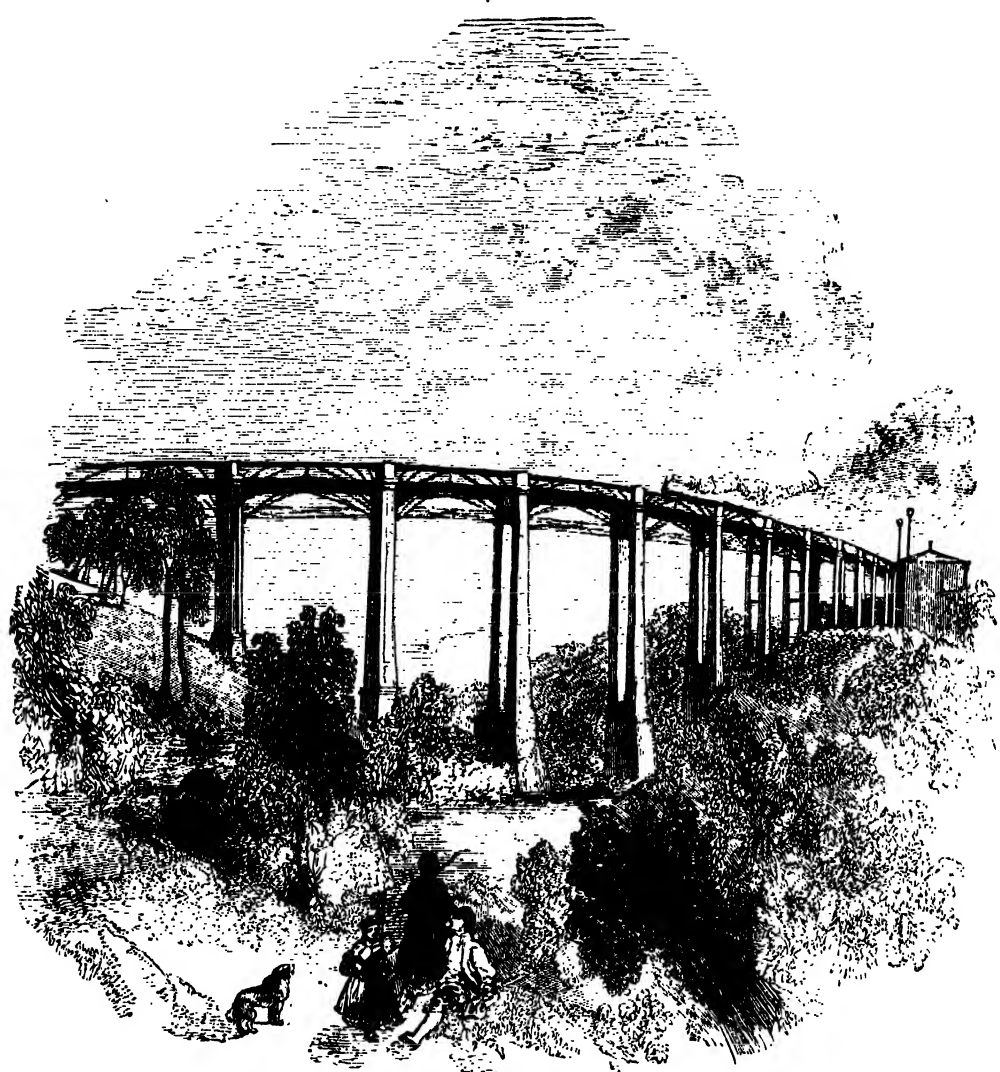
On the 18th, four days after leaving London, he sent on his trunk to Falmouth by wagon, and started for Plymouth by post-chaise, with the English gentleman as a travelling companion. He reached Plymouth on the same night, congratulating himself on retaining "a whole neck," so swift did he deem the journey.

When Mrs. Bray, in her delightful "Letters on the Tavy and the Tamar," comments on this tour of Baretta's, she compares it with the wonderful journey from London to Plymouth in twenty-seven hours, by the well-appointed mails. Her book is quite a modern one, and yet what a change. Take off the twenty from the seven-and-twenty, and we have the length of time which suffices for the matchless "Express" of the broad gauge. This express was noticed in a former paper (page 354), in which also a good deal of the country between Exeter and Plymouth is described. After the railway has passed Totness, it takes a western course to South Brent, and comes, at Ivy Bridge, to a junction with three turnpike-roads,—one to Exeter, one to Plymouth, and one to Tavistock. This is a very beautiful spot (Engraving, page 401), and the timber viaduct whereby the railway crosses a valley—at a great height and with a considerable curve—is among the best specimens of the railway picturesque (for there is such a thing, though artists and archæologists are slow to admit it) that we have met with.

The railway passes through an undulating country from Ivy Bridge to Plymouth, where there is some heavy cutting in hard rock; and it finally arrives at a station at Stonehouse, admirably situated in the centre of the three towns, and almost close to Mill Bay. An extension to the Hamoaze is authorised, but has not yet been commenced; it will not be wanted unless the Cornwall Railway be constructed with a railway floating bridge over the Hamoaze. It is grievous to think that this fine railway—for with all its atmospheric blunders, the South Devon is certainly a fine railway—should be in such a deplorable financial position as it is at the present time.

DARTMOOR; THE TAVY.

Dartmoor extends about thirty miles from north to south, and fourteen from east to west. It was made into a forest by King John; and Edward III. gave it to his son the Black Prince when he invested him with the title of Duke of Cornwall. It is a rugged region of somewhat above a hundred thousand acres, covered with bleak heights and lofty tors or hills, and presenting numerous circles of stones, cairns, and cromlechs. Its granite tors, consisting of piled masses of huge fragments, are perhaps its most striking features. The Dart, the Teign, the Tavy, the Plym, and many rivers of less note, take their rise in this wild region, where



IVY BRIDGE.

chasms and contorted rocks often give birth to waterfalls, sometimes presenting picturesque beauty, sometimes rude grandeur. Except in a few instances, Dartmoor is totally barren of trees. The soil is for the most part of a deep black colour, formed of decayed vegetable matter; fine pasture is yielded in summer; and at certain spots bog-peat furnishes a supply of fuel for the winter.

Of the few and scattered inhabitants of this wild district, Mrs. Bray, in one of her letters to Southey, gives a curious account. They are among the most primitive dwellers, perhaps, in our island; possessing characteristics of all its early dwellers. They are a hardy and inoffensive race; and at no distant period were looked upon as little better than savages—perhaps for want of being properly known. They are almost unintelligible to all except themselves; their speech being made up of such a singular mixture of British, Celtic, Saxon, Cornish, and other words. They often use sods in building their huts, which are

generally composed of loose stones, peat, and mud. "Imagine," says our authoress, "a hut, low and irregular, composed of the materials above-named, and covered with a straw roof, or one not unfrequently formed with green rushes, so that at a little distance it cannot be distinguished from the ground on which it stands. Near the hut there is often seen an outhouse or shed, for domestic purposes, or as a shelter for a cart, if the master of the tenement is rich enough to boast such a convenient relief to his labour in carrying home peat from the moor." But it is not often that he is so rich; he more frequently avails himself of the services of a poor, patient, shaggy-looking donkey, on whose back a *crook* conveys peat and a multitude of other things.

The moor was once a haunt for wolves and other wild animals; but these have long since been hunted down; and many of the moorlanders still claim a sort of vested right in the sod and peat, as a return for the services of their ancestors in this matter. The moor,

too, was once a haunt for bandits and robbers; but these in like manner have disappeared. The moor still is, however, what it has always been in the memory of man, a haunt for mists and showers and rains of all kinds and degrees of intensity. It sometimes rains a thick sort of Scotch drizzle for weeks together. The extremes of heat and cold are great; many a poor creature, missing the few paths in a misty winter's day, has been frozen to death; while on a cloudless July day, the heat is most oppressive, shade and shelter being so sparingly obtainable.

If the reader would know what the hand of man has effected in Dartmoor, in respect to cairns and other relics of antiquity, we would refer him to Mrs. Bray's volumes, where he will find all these matters treated in an agreeable way by one who well knew the district. Circles, cairns, cromlechs, rocking or logan stones, barrows, kistvaens or sepulchral stone cavities, obelisks, traces of very ancient stream tin works—all are here to be met with.

Dartmoor is an inexhaustible magazine of granite, which is used not only in the immediate neighbourhood, but is conveyed by railway down to the sea at Plymouth, where it is shipped in large quantities. If the marble were fairly quarried from the stores supplied by nature, all would be well; but the ancient druidical and other remains are treated in rather a ruthless way. "We may find in Dartmoor," says the lady writer, from whom we have lately quoted, "masses of granite, buried under the earth, and resting upon its surface—here lying close to the road, and there impeding the culture of its soil. Surely it would be better to serve the purposes of commerce from sources like these, than to despoil (as they are now doing) the summits of its eminences—of those very tors that give beauty and majesty to the desolation of the moor. The cairns, the obelisks, the circles, and the poor remains of British huts, might be permitted to last out their day, and to suffer from no other assaults than those which are inevitable—time and tempest." In another passage she says:—"I have often heard my father say, that there were stones enough in Dartmoor to build all the cities of Europe. I am almost afraid to mention it, lest the suggestion might be adopted."

It is among these wild scenes that the Tavy takes its rise, in a small spot called Cranmere Pool. The Dart and the Taw take their rise almost from the same spot. The Tavy passes between lofty tors to two villages, or small towns, called Peter Tavy and Mary Tavy, passing on its way through Tavy Cleave—a deep chasm through which the river flows with impetuous force. There is a joke prevalent in this vicinity, that on one occasion of a trial in which these villages were concerned, the judge gave them a personal, instead of a local meaning, and summoned Peter and Mary Tavy into court. Near Peter Tavy is a rustic mill, surrounded by scenery of such beauty, that artists of all ranks, from academicians to humble aspirants, have sketched it. The wheel and the splashing stream,

the thatched gable and the ivied walls of the mill, a little bridge crossing the stream opposite the cottage door, the cascade of water coming down from a shelving rock, the aged and picturesque firs over the mill, the cottages seen between the trees, a neighbouring church tower with Gothic pinnacles, the cottagers and children, the horses and ponies, the donkeys and pigs, the cocks and hens—we can imagine how a painter must love the spot.

The Tavy reaches Tavistock (named from it) while yet a small river. This very ancient town lies in a valley surrounded by hills, abundantly supplied with springs and rivulets, clothed with beautiful verdure, and studded with a luxuriant growth of trees. It could once boast of its abbey—a beautiful and majestic mass of buildings. This abbey was founded in the tenth century. Leland describes its church as having been a hundred and twenty-six yards in length, exclusive of a lady-chapel at the end; it had a groined chapter-house, containing thirty-six arched stalls. In 1539 the abbey, the borough, the town, the tithes, and the patronage of the vicarage—all became by patent the property of Lord John Russell, afterwards Duke of Bedford: in the Russell family these possessions still continue. The greater portion of the abbey was taken down in 1670, but fragments of it still remain, occupied in various ways; among these are the refectory, now used as a Unitarian Chapel; the Still House; Betsy Grimal's Tower; a gateway over a vaulted passage; and portions of the old battlemented walls: most of these fragments are rendered additionally picturesque by being wholly covered with ivy. Tavistock was once of far greater note than at present. A little woollen manufacture is still carried on, but with none of the celebrity which was once given to it by the 'Tavistock Kersey': this cloth used to command a high price in the London market.

Lidford or Lydford, with its cascade, its bridge, and its castle, is among the sweetest spots around Tavistock. Somewhat below the town, the river Lid forms a beautiful cascade, or rather a series of cascades, not remarkable for the height or the body of water, but for the picturesque scenes which bound it. Lidford Bridge, built over a very deep chasm, is noticeable for the suddenness with which the effect is produced; for a traveller comes almost upon the bridge before he is aware that either bridge or river is near him. Camden says that "the water is not to be seen, but only the murmur heard;" and Risdon says: "It maketh such a hideous noise, that, being only heard and not seen, it causeth a kind of fear to the passengers, seeming to them that look down to it a deep abyss, and may be numbered amongst the wonders of the kingdom." But when a certain or rather uncertain per centage of exaggeration is taken from these accounts, enough remains true to indicate the remarkable character of the spot. Many tales are associated with the history of the bridge; as of a suicide, whose horse refused to leap the parapet; a traveller who crossed the bridge on horseback in the dark, unaware that a chasm had just

before been rent in the bridge; and so forth. Lidford itself, though now merely a pretty little village, was once an important place, sending members to Parliament, coining money, and having a substantial castle. Within this castle (a few vestiges of which still remain) a court of justice was once held: the judgment-seat having been last occupied by one who is always named in England as having been the least worthy among judges—Jefferies. Browne, a Tavistock poet of the early part of the seventeenth century, gives the following picture of the judicial proceedings at the castle:

"I've oftimes heard of *Lidford law*,
Where in the morn they hang and draw,
And sit in judgment after."

Within the castle was the prison for offenders against the stannary; he gives the castle as bad a character as he had given to the Lidford law itself:

"To lie therein one night, 'tis guess'd,
'T were better to be stoned and press'd,
Or hang'd—now choose you whether."

One of the most beautiful scenes between the Tavy and the Tamar is that which is presented by the Morwell Rocks. A tolerably straight road of three miles leads from Tavistock on the Tavy to Newbridge on the Tamar; and just northward of the last named village, on the left or eastern bank of the Tamar, is a lovely assemblage of woods and downs, bearing the general name of Morwell. Through this scene the Duke of Bedford has cut a new road, so planned as to render accessible all the chief beauties of the place. The Duke's Road, as it is called, leads over the summits of all the loftiest portions of the rocks; and on every side are very varied combinations of wood, rock, down, valley, and verdure—the Tamar marking with its silvery thread a tortuous course between the rocks. About a quarter of a mile from Morwell Rocks is Old Morwell House; it was anciently the hunting seat of the abbots of Tavistock, in the days when abbots went hunting; but it is now a farm-house—so much of it, at least, as is left: and there are many venerable scraps of architecture about its ruins.

A little northward, but still in the immediate neighbourhood of Morwell, is Endsleigh Cottage—a very ducal cottage truly. The skill of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville was brought into requisition in its construction; and what with natural beauty and princely fortune, a result has been produced which gives to the word 'cottage' a meaning somewhat tantalising to folks to whom the stars have been less propitious. The walks and rides about it are so varied and pleasant that, independent of the cottage itself, it is quite a holiday place for visitor. The Duke has cut no less than forty miles of roads and paths around the grounds. The dairy and the alpine garden of Endsleigh are celebrated far and wide.

One of the most striking objects in this neighbourhood is Brent Tor, supposed to mean the Burnt Mountain. It has a conical shape, and its mass shows

indications of long-extinguished volcanic action. On its very summit is a tiny church, one of the smallest in England; it is only 37 feet by 15 wide; it consists of a single aisle, with an oak ceiling, and a peal of three bells. On a tablet is the inscription "And upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is not known when or by whom the church was built; but there is a tradition that it was erected by a merchant who, being overtaken by a storm at sea, vowed that, if preserved, he would build a church on the first land he might be permitted to see; Brent Tor was the first land he saw: he entered Plymouth Sound, and built the church soon afterwards.

The banks of the Tavy, from Tavistock to the junction with the Tamar, are full of interest. Cromdale, the birthplace of Sir Francis Drake; Buckland Abbey, the favourite residence of the great navigator; the valley of Grenofen; the junction of the Walkden with the Tavy—all are points for the artist to select. Of Buckland Abbey very little is left, although a few relics of Drake are preserved; the building has been almost rebuilt in modern times.

THE TAMAR; THE FLOATING BRIDGE.

The Tamar flows down southward almost from the promontory of Hartland Point in the Bristol Channel. It follows a moderately direct route, accompanied in a good part of its course to Launceston by the Bude Canal, and receiving a few small rivers in its way. After passing Endsleigh the Tamar becomes more tortuous in its course; and this circumstance gives rise to those bends which form so important a feature in river scenery. It is at Morwellham, where the Tavistock Canal joins the Tamar, that the finest part of the river begins; this canal is short, but its engineering is of a bold character, owing to the varied levels of the country through which it has been formed. Most of the valuable minerals worked near Tavistock are brought down to the Tamar by this canal, and thence to Plymouth Sound.

From Morwellham to Cothel there is so deep a bend in the Tamar, as to afford numberless picturesque scenes: now a pretty headland, now a deeply embayed recess; here a bald and bold rocky height, there a gentle slope clothed with trees or verdure to the summit. Harewood, the house and grounds of Sir William Trelawny, occupies a charming spot here; and the pretty village of Calstock, with its church standing on the summit of a high hill overlooking the Tamar, is well situated.

The finest spot in this neighbourhood, perhaps, is Cothel House, owned by the noble proprietor of Mount Edgecumbe. The building is composed chiefly of granite and was erected by Sir Richard Edgecumbe in the reign of Henry VII.; it presents somewhat the appearance of a feudal castle, with its embattled walls and massive archways. On passing through the bold gateways we find ourselves in a large quadrangular

court, surrounded by buildings. The hall is in true baronial style, decked with implements of war, spoils of hunting, and armorial bearings; while the various state apartments are kept up as nearly as may be in accordance with their original character, with tapestry and massive old furniture. In one of the rooms, Charles II. passed several nights. At some short distance from the house, on the banks of the Tamar, is a small Gothic chapel, the history of which is given by Carew as follows:—"Sir Richard Edgecumbe was driven to hide himself in those his thick woods, which overlook the river, at that time being suspected of favouring the Earl of Richmond's party against King Richard the Third; he was hotly pursued and narrowly searched for, which extremity taught him a sudden policy—to put a stone in his cap, and tumble the same into the water, while these rangers were fast at his heels; who looking down after the noise, and seeing his cap swimming thereon, supposed that he had desperately drowned himself, gave over their further hunting, and left him liberty to shift away, and ship over into Brittany;—for a grateful remembrance of which delivery he afterwards builded in the place of his lurking a chapel." The mansion of Cothele is far more interesting than that of Mount Edgecumbe; and the grounds are only a little less beautiful.

A little lower down the Tamar, the Gothic pinnacles of Pentillie Castle meet the view; but this will not stand the test of examination: it is a modern castle, built in our own days, and therefore, however correct as an imitation, must be regarded as a pretender—no rightful claimant to our regard. We do not live in times when battlemented private houses are wanted; and we must content ourselves with admiring the grounds of Pentillie, but not the castle. Between Cothele and Pentillie is the loveliest part of the Tamar; there are few spots even on the Wye to excel it. Still farther down, the mansions of Moditonham and Maristow, and the villages of Cargreen, Botus, Fleming, Beer Ferris, Warleigh, Tamerton, and St. Budeaux, give diversity to the banks of the river. At Saltash the river suddenly contracts to a width much less than that which it has maintained below the junction of the Tavy; and at this point a ferry is established. Saltash is an ancient borough-town; and the corporation still possess considerable privileges in respect to the Hamoaze and the Sound. Some of the buildings in Saltash are very ancient; and the steep slope of the street towards the river, gives to the town considerable boldness of effect.

Below Saltash, the Tamar widens to such magnificent dimensions, that we may consider the Hamoaze or harbour to commence here. The eastern or Devonshire side of the Hamoaze is not marked by many attractive spots; but the western or Cornwall side has many deep inlets, bounded by scenes of great freshness and beauty. The largest of these inlets is called the Lynher, or St. Germain's Creek, up which many boating parties take a trip in the proper season. Among the many objects within a short distance of this

side of the Hamoaze, are Trematon Castle, Anthony House, Shillingham House, the domain of Ince, the old church of St. Germain's, and Port Eliot House. Trematon Castle is supposed to have some Roman work about it; at any rate it is exceedingly ancient, and was one of the former seats of the Earls of Cornwall. The massive embattled circular wall; the donjon keep on a lofty mound; the ivy-covered walls of the keep; the three stone arches of the gateway, and the square tower over the gateway—all point this out as a worthy specimen of Cornish feudal architecture. Anthony House, Shillingham House, and Port Eliot House, are modern mansions. In the midst of the Lynher is a small island called Beggar's Island, which tradition connects with the history of the notorious Bamfylde Moore Carew. The domain of Ince was garrisoned by the Royalists during the civil war, and was taken by the Parliamentarians. St. Germain's, once an influential borough, but now a very small and unimportant place, contains one of the oldest churches in the west of England. It is said to have been built by King Athelstan; by which we must understand probably that the present structure succeeded one erected by that Saxon monarch. It was once the cathedral of the western diocese; but on the removal of the seat of the bishopric to Exeter, the manor was divided between the bishop and the prior of the convent of St. Germain's. The most interesting features of the old church are the Norman doorways at the entrance, and the western towers.

Towards the lower part of the Hamoaze, just before reaching the dockyard of Devonport, we encounter the Steam Ferry Bridge—a curious and ingenious arrangement, due to the skill of Mr. Rendel. More than half a century ago a ferry was established over the Hamoaze at this spot, from New Passage to Torpoint; but in 1843 this was superseded by the twin-steamboat. As the Hamoaze is half a mile wide at high water, no fixed structure was permissible; while on the other hand the strong tide and current rendered it desirable to have some kind of check to the lateral disturbance of a steamboat. On a subsequent page the reader will find a description of a similar steam bridge at Portsmouth, constructed after this at the Hamoaze. The same description, in its main characters, will apply to both. Mails, stage-coaches, omnibuses, market-carts, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, peeps, peasants—all float over by its means, and mayhap at the same time; and a more easy, more economical, and less dangerous mode of crossing a wide estuary, we can hardly conceive.

CARADON MINES; THE CHEESEWRING.

If we had promised ourselves, or the reader, anything like an extensive tour in Cornwall, our limited space would look sadly. But it is only a trip across the Hamoaze, to visit one of the nearest of the copper-mines of that interesting county, that we shall attempt.



THE CHEESEWRING.

Devonshire is itself by no means without its mineral riches. Were it not for its more famed neighbour Cornwall, it would present important claims to attention. Dartmoor abounds in lodes or veins of copper and tin. Several of the tin lodes have been productive from time immemorial. It is said that grains of gold used in former times to be occasionally met with in the Dartmoor streams; and that it was not uncommon for the miner to carry in his pocket a quill in which to deposit them. There are met with, in particular spots, remains which some of the Devonshire archaeologists do not scruple to affirm are the last vestiges of Phœnician smelting-houses; the Moorlanders call them Jews' houses; and in one of them, near the source of the Dart, was found in 1832 a block of smelted tin, supposed (if the Phœnician theory be correct) to be the most ancient in existence. One of the most celebrated of the Dartmoor mines is Huel Friendship, near Mary Tavy; its riches are copper ores, and fine steam-worked machinery has been applied to their extraction. Near Calstock, on the Cornish side of the Tamar, is the 'Gunnis Lake Mine;' near Brent Tor, a manganese mine; near Beer, silver and lead mines; near Buckland, the 'Virtuous Lady's' mine; and many others are strewn over the wide expanse of the moor. It was related a few years ago, on the authority of Mr. Pearce, a surgeon of Tavistock, that the superstition of the *divining rod* has not yet died out from among the Dartmoor miners. This divining rod is a means whereby, through the *occuli* powers of some unmentionable spirit, the existence of metallic veins can be predicted or discovered. Some thinkers, preserving a middle state

between scepticism and credulity, advance an opinion that there really may be some kind of magnetic influence developed, when a pointed rod is directed towards a mass of buried metal; but be this as it may, in 1829 a 'dowser,' or diviner, was brought from the west of Cornwall to Stickelpath, near Oakhampton, by a party of mining adventurers, for the purpose of determining whether there was a rich lode beneath. His auguries were favourable; but, unfortunately, they failed of realisation.

When we have crossed the Tamar into Cornwall, the copper and tin treasures become exhibited more abundantly. From Callington in the east, to St. Just in the west, the copper and tin mines are spotted nearly all over the county. Let us take one of the nearest mines to Devonshire, that of South Caradon, and see what is going on there.

The steam floating bridge carries us across the Hamoaze from New Passage to Tor Point, and we thus set foot on Cornwall. Tor Point has nothing to attract; but when we get beyond the limits of the village, towards the west, some very pretty scenery speedily presents itself, deriving its chief charms from the deep inlets on the west bank of the Tamar. Sometimes the road winds along close to the beach; sometimes it takes a higher level and sweeps round the brow of a hill at a considerable elevation. The road passes through a few villages; and at a distance of eighteen miles from Devonport we find ourselves in Liskeard, an old-fashioned town which was once a place of considerable importance. It once had its castle, of which the site only now remains; it had once, too, its nunnery of the sisters of St. Clare, but this has

been converted into dwelling-houses. Altogether, Liskeard is not a place that we could willingly devote much time to. All its present importance depends on its vicinity to the mines, of which those of Caradon are the chief. Southward, the country declines gradually to the sea at East and West Looe; eastward a distance of eight or ten miles brings us to Callington, itself the centre of a mining district; westward we have the high road leading to Bodmin and Lostwithiel. But it is in a northern direction that the points of interest lie with which we have to do; and thither the reader will accompany us.

Immediately northward of Liskeard the ground begins to rise, until we reach the vast granite quarries of the Cheesewring, and the copper mines of Caradon. Villages are few and far between, but some of them are remarkable. St. Neots, four or five miles from Liskeard, contains one of the finest parish churches in Cornwall; it was built of granite, about the year 1480, and its nave, arches, its windows, and its carved roof, are all elegant. It is said to occupy the site of a monastery which existed so far back as the time of Edward the Confessor.

A railway leads upwards from the sea-side at Looe, past Liskeard to Caradon and the Cheesewring, serving as a means of conveyance for the copper of the one and the granite of the other. This railway has no locomotives: horse traction in some parts, and rope-traction in others, suffice; but still it is a very good specimen of a mining railway; and as we ascend the slope of the hills by its means, we obtain a commanding view over the neighbouring country, which exhibits granite summits in every direction. Caradon comes into view first, and after we have passed this, the railway takes us on towards the Cheesewring.

This Cheesewring is in every respect a singular spot. It is a granite hill of considerable elevation, with a summit as wild as can well be conceived. Huge fragments of granite are strewn about in every direction—sharp and shapeless. It is the same with Kilmarth Tor, Sharp Point Tor, and the Cheesewring: all near each other. The most reasonable conjectures respecting these rude clusters is, that they were used in some way as Druidical temples: but that their formation and position are due to natural causes. The hills being rocky, and the storms of ages having washed the earth from their crevices on the summit, have left them to stand alone, piled up into fantastic shapes. Besides many other singular groups, the one which has given the name of Cheesewring to the granite hill on which it stands, is shown in Cut p. 405. It is about twenty-four feet high; and seems to have presented itself to the eyes of the Moorlanders as if a number of cheeses had been placed one on another. Some of the stones overhang the base many feet. There are first three or four stones resting one on another; then one of smaller size: then one of enormous dimensions, ten or twelve feet in diameter; and three or four other large masses above it. It is difficult at first to reconcile us to the idea of this being a

natural arrangement; but as this granite is of the earliest and hardest kind, and as we know the power of air and water in gradually crumbling all except the excessively hard rocks, the theory becomes credible.

The clink of the quarryman's tools is almost the only sound heard in this wild region. The eastern slope of the hill has been extensively quarried, and fragments of granite are scattered far and wide. The stone is of beautiful texture, and glitters brightly in the sunshine. It is curious to see how the quarrymen separate huge blocks. Three or four of them stand in a row, each provided with a long sharp-pointed pick. With these picks they make holes, an inch or two in depth in the surface of the stone; this is done by a long continued series of blows, the men following with their blows in exact succession, so as to keep up a musical rhythmical ringing, by the contact of the hard steel with the hard granite: each pick yields its own musical note. When several holes are thus made in a row, a few inches apart, strong thick nails or wedges are forcibly driven in by means of heavy hammers; and in a few minutes a fissure is formed along the line of holes, extending down to the bottom of the layer into which the granite naturally divides; for there are horizontal planes of cleavage which greatly facilitate the separation of the granite into blocks and slabs.

But to return to Caradon. There are two lotty hills, West and South Caradon, between which a small stream flows into a deep and beautiful valley. In the depth of this valley, and on the slopes and summits of the two hills, are the banks of the Caradon Mines; and a singular scene it presents. The buildings are scattered about in all directions; the stream is diverted so as to supply water-power to the works; and the 'above-ground' workpeople are speckling the scene here and there. The women and girls have such a love for bright red and yellow handkerchiefs, shawls, and gowns, that their dresses give quite a liveliness to the picture. True, it is not pleasant to see females hammering lumps of ore, and grubbing about in a stooping posture among stones and dirt; but if lots of finery can make amends, here we certainly find it.

THE MINES AND THE MINERS.

As far as a few short paragraphs can explain the mode of working these mines, we will attempt it. The copper ore extends beneath the valley from side to side, and is richest at the deepest part. There are several lodes or veins of ore; and the shafts for descending to them are situated on the hill side. In some districts of Cornwall there are improved modes of descending the mines; but at Caradon the old and fatiguing method by a succession of nearly vertical ladders is adopted: a method which almost baffles the courage and endurance of a stranger visitor. The underground works consist of numerous excavated passages, vertical, horizontal, and inclined; some for getting access to the lodes, some for wheeling out and

drawing up the ore, and some for pumping out water from the mine. The miner's tools are such as will enable him to penetrate the hardest rock—the gad, the pick, the sledge-hammer, the borer, the claying-bar, the needle, the scraper, the tamping-bar, the shovel—these are his chief tools, together with the cartridge tool for blasting with powder. His powder-horn, fusees, slow-match, kibble or corve, and wheelbarrow, complete his apparatus. When, by the observation of the mining engineer, it is pretty well known where copper may be found, the miner perforates the granite or other hard stony mass, in various directions, until he arrives at the lode. Those who dig all the shafts and galleries are called *tut-workers*; those who extract the ore are styled *tributers*. The *tut-workers* are paid so much a cubic-fathom for the rock which they excavate, according to agreement, which is based on the hardness of the rock and the depth of the working. The *tributers* are paid by a certain share of the ore which is raised; many of them club together to form a working gang; they thoroughly examine the work to be done, and agree with the proprietor as to what share of the produce they will be content with, in payment for the whole labour of bringing the ore to light. Sometimes when the lode turns out worse than they expected, the money value of their share is miserably inadequate to the labour bestowed; but sometimes it is so rich, that their earnings become much larger than those of any other body of operatives in the kingdom. This system gives wonderful acuteness both to the proprietors and to miners; because it is to the interest of both parties to obtain as exact a knowledge as possible of the true richness of the lode to be worked. Many well-wishers to the working-classes have asked whether something like this *tributer* system might not be introduced in other branches of industry: its effect on the Cornish miner is generally considered to be beneficial.

The ore is dug out of the vein in any sizes which it may happen to attain, and is brought up to the surface in baskets. At the surface or above-ground works, various processes are carried on for bringing the ore to as clean and fine a state as possible. It presents a somewhat brassy hue, being composed of a small per centage of copper with a great variety of earths in mixture. No heat is employed in any of the surface operations, so that nothing like smelting is carried on. The ore is broken, first by hammers and then by stampers worked by water power; it is sorted into different qualities; it is thoroughly washed, to free it from all earthy impurities which water can remove. Men, women, boys, and girls, are all employed in this work. Children of four or five years of age have tact enough to separate the small bits of ore into heaps of different qualities; women break the ore; boys sift and wash it; while men undertake the work which requires either greater strength or greater skill. The agreement between the proprietor and the *tributers* is so strictly understood, that disputes seldom occur. Most of the boys and girls are employed and

paid by the *tributers*, as their undertaking is to bring the ore into a certain saleable state: and most of the portable working tools are provided by them; the heavier works and the fixed machinery being furnished by the proprietors.

The mode of disposing of the copper ore is curious. Almost the whole product of the county is purchased by six or eight firms, whose operations are on a scale of great magnitude. These firms have for the most part smelting-works near Swansea in South Wales. Cornwall yields no coal, and it would be too costly to bring coals from Wales to smelt the ore. Instead, therefore, of bringing the coals to the ore, they take the ore to the coals; and it is thus that almost every fragment of Cornish copper ore is smelted in Wales. There are four great outbursts of granite in Cornwall, which determine the localities of the great mining districts, and these again determine the market towns where the ore is sold. We may call these districts the Caradon, the St. Austell, the Redruth, and the Penzance districts. The principal markets for the copper ores are at Truro, Redruth, and Poole. There are certain days, called *ticketing days*, on which the agents from the several mines meet the agents from the eight or ten smelting firms; the ores are sampled and assayed, and the parties agree upon a price which depends on the richness of the ore. The ships belonging to the smelters convey the ore to Swansea, and bring back coals for the use of the steam-engines and for smelting tin. As the number of purchasers is limited, there is no great amount of competition. The quality varies so greatly that the price varies from £2 to £20 per ton. At about £5 per ton, the ore may contain say one-twelfth of its weight of pure copper. The arrangements on these *ticketing days* are so systematic that £20,000 worth of ore may be sold in an hour or two. The average quantity of copper ore sold at the Cornwall *ticketings* during the last sixteen years has been about 150,000 tons per annum; and the average price during that period has been somewhat under £6 per ton.

Cornwall was celebrated for its tin long before its copper ores were known; but now the copper is of far more commercial importance than the tin. There are, we believe, about seventy to eighty tin mines, and ninety or a hundred copper mines. A rough estimate has been made, which gives an average value to the tin raised of £400,000, and to copper of £900,000; but the quantity and the quality of the ores vary so greatly, that these estimates are of little importance. In the tin mines, the tin ore is found in lodes or veins, in horizontal layers, and in large isolated bunches; but the richest stores are in the *stream works*, as they are called; here the tin is found among the alluvial deposits from the hills, through which a stream generally takes its course. In a *stream-work* the soil is washed, and the ore taken from it; but in the lode or vein tin, the ore is subjected to processes very similar to those applied to copper ore. The tin ores raised in Cornwall are always reduced or smelted on the spot—

in accordance, we believe, with one of the peculiar stannary laws of that district. The vessels which transport the copper ore to Swansea, bring back coal for smelting the tin ore. The tin smelting works do not generally belong to the proprietors of the mines, but to other parties who purchase the ore from them. The assay, which is preliminary to the purchase, is very carefully managed: when several bags of ore, of nearly uniform quality, are taken to the smelting works a small sample is taken from each, and these samples after being blended together, are mixed with a little coal, and smelted in an assay-furnace: the ratio between the quantity of tin obtained, and the quantity of ore employed, determines the value of the ore. The purchase being completed, the smelting commences. *Vein-tin* is smelted by mixing it with culm, and placing it upon the highly heated hearth of a reverberating furnace, in which pit-coal is used as fuel; *Stream-tin* is smelted in a blast-furnace, called a blowing-house, wood charcoal being used as fuel. When the separation of the tin from the earthy impurities is effected, the molten metal is ladled into moulds, so as to form it into large blocks, or ingots. These ingots are not without admixture of small quantities of other metals and chemical substances, which the smelting has failed to remove; and the further process of *refining* is necessary to effect their removal, effected by a careful application of heat in a furnace differently shaped from the one before employed. After refining, the tin is poured into granite moulds, to form blocks weighing about three cwt. each. Until 1838 all these blocks were stamped, and a duty paid on them to the Duchy of Cornwall; but the mode of raising the duty being found inconvenient, an Act of Parliament was passed, whereby the duty was commuted for a perpetual annuity, equal to the average produce of the duty for ten years previous to the Act coming into operation. The market price of tin ore per ton is much greater than that of copper, arising in part from the much larger percentage of pure metal in the former than the latter; some of the tin ore of Cornwall contains more than half its weight of pure metal.

We have described the Caradon mine because it is not far distant from the scene which forms the subject of our present paper; and we might have stopped still nearer to Devonshire,—at Callington, to view a tin mine. But whoever would see the system of Cornish mining in perfection, should go farther westward. Around St Austell, around Camborne and Redruth, and around Penzance, the scene is most striking. Near Camborne and Redruth especially, the whole of the surface of the country is dotted with mining works and

miners' cottages, while underneath the ground is completely honeycombed. Mr. Redding ('Cornwall in the Nineteenth Century') says, "Upon emerging from the bowels of the earth, the miner goes into the changing-house, a place appointed for the purpose, washes, and takes off his woollen working dress; then, if the mine was not deep, and his labour too great, on repairing to his cottage he cultivates his acre or two of ground, which he obtains on lease upon easy terms from the heathy downs, for three lives, at a few shillings rent. There by degrees he has contrived to build a small cottage, often a good part of it with his own hand, the stone costing him nothing; or it may be he has only taken land for the growth of potatoes, to cultivate which he pares and turns the ground, and rents a cottage at fifty or sixty shillings a year, with a right of turf fuel, which he cuts and prepares himself. Many miners have tolerable gardens, and some are able to do their own carpentry work, and near the coast others are expert fishermen."

Some of the mines are truly grand undertakings. The Consolidated Mines, the largest of the Cornish group, employ upwards of 3,000 persons. One of its engines pumps water from a direct depth of 1,600 feet; the weight of the pumping apparatus alone being upwards of 500 tons; the pump-rod is 1740 feet long; and it raises about 2,000,000 gallons of water in a week, from a depth equal to five times the height of St. Paul's. These are indeed wonders to marvel at! The Consolidated and the United Mines, both belonging to one company, are stated to have used the following vast quantities of materials in a year: coals, 15,270 tons; candles, 162,141 lbs.; gunpowder, 82,000 lbs.; leather for straps, &c., 13,493 lbs.; pick and shovel handles, 16,698 dozens. Sir Charles Lemon has estimated that in the whole of the Cornish mines, £13,000 worth of gunpowder is used annually; that the timber employed in the underground works equals the growth of 140 square miles of Norwegian forest; and that 37,000,000 tons of water are raised annually from the depths of the mines. The mines in the western half of the county are the oldest, and, taken in the aggregate, are far the richest; but the eastern mines of Fowey Consols, Par Consols, and Caradon, are comparatively recent, and very rich.

Here we conclude. Between the Tavy on the north, and the Eddystone on the south; between Ivy Bridge on the east, and Caradon and the Cheesewring on the west,—Plymouth possesses a multitude of interesting spots, which may be included or not among its environs according to the meaning which we may choose to give to that word. A good Rambler always makes his "environs" wider than a bad one.

WEYMOUTH AND PORTLAND.



PORTLAND ISLAND.

We may return from our western tour by railway through Exeter and Bristol, or—the weather being favourable—a trip by sea, either to Southampton or Portsmouth, offers a right pleasant excursion from Plymouth, calling at Dartmouth and Torquay. For this voyage the British and Irish Steam Company's boats give an opportunity every Monday and Friday. The Isle of Portland, at which the steamers also touch, is about four miles in length and one and a-half in breadth at the widest part. It is one continued bed of freestone, four hundred and fifty-eight feet above the level of the sea, the cliffs on the west side being the

most lofty. This part of the Island is known as the Bill of Portland, and is the most southerly point of the county of Dorset; from thence it takes a circuit of five or six miles to the northward, to the Chesil Bank, which connects the northern part of the Island with the mainland.

If we take Weymouth Bridge as a centre, and draw around it a circle of about eight miles radius, we shall find within that circle many striking contrasts. We shall have the thoughts drawn back to a period when the ancient Britons, or their priests, built mounds and earthworks, which—whether intended for defences, as some think, or rude temples, as others deem more probable—have remained to this day a marvel both to archaeologist and to peasant. We shall find the Roman period pictured to us, by the amphitheatre which has withstood all changes. We shall see, in the old town of Dorchester, evidence of a spot which has known Romans, Saxons, and Normans, in succession, and still remains one of our southern cities. We shall see how, in Weymouth, by a dexterous adaptation of natural advantages, a small fishing village has become a fashionable watering-place. We shall obtain, in the Isle of Portland, an epitome of certain remarkable geological changes, and a glance at the mode in which building-stones are obtained from the Quarries. We shall have proof how inviting a harbour Nature seems to have formed, between Portland and the main coast, and how splendid a haven of refuge this will become, when the projected Breakwater is completed. Lastly, we shall witness the strange sight of the bustling busy locomotive, rushing close past the Roman earthworks in one spot, and tunnelling beneath the British tumuli in another—a race, a contest, between time-enduring works and time-annihilating machines. All these features are to be met with in the circle whose limits are marked above.

Tracing out the district on a map, we shall find that Dorchester is about as far to the north, as the "Bill of Portland" is to the south, of the bridge which separates the town of Weymouth from its sister town of Melcombe Regis; while, westward and south-westward of Weymouth, is that most extraordinary ridge of pebbles, Chesil Bank, the like of which is scarcely to be met with in any other part of the world; and intermediate between these various points are the relics of antiquity to which allusion has been made.

This district has been lately thrown open to the gaze of Londoners and other strangers to the county, by the same kind of agency which is rendering similar service in so many quarters—a *Railway*. Until the Southampton and Dorchester line was opened, the mode of obtaining access to South Dorsetshire was not easy. Southampton and Salisbury were the two nearest railway termini; and a long coach ride was necessary from either of those towns to Dorchester and Weymouth. But now, we measure the distance by hours, not miles; and Dorsetshire will be a better known county than it has ever yet been.

When turmoil marked the whole railway proceedings

of the country, and when everybody seemed to wish to make railways from everywhere to everywhere else, two schemes were started for Dorchester and Weymouth: the one proceeding in a south-western direction from Salisbury, and the other nearly in a westerly direction from Southampton. The latter received the sanction of the legislature; and a few months back the line was opened. This new medium of communication between the east and the west starts from Southampton, where a junction with the older or London line has been effected; and after passing by a tunnel under some of the high ground northward of the town, it reaches the low, muddy, uninteresting banks of the northern part of Southampton Water, along which it passes to Millbrook and Redbridge. Every railway traveller feels that the sooner he quits this region the better, for it is "stale, flat, and unprofitable;" but almost immediately on losing sight of this upper end of the Southampton Water, we find ourselves in the New Forest, a district presenting much more that is striking and interesting. The railway follows a very tortuous course, near Ashurst, Lyndhurst, Brockenhurst, Burley, to Ringwood, where it is about eight miles distant from Christchurch on the south, and six miles from Fordingbridge on the north. Throughout the greater part of the distance, from Ashurst to Ringwood, we have the New Forest on the right and left of us; sometimes a line has been cut, just wide enough to admit the railway, through a dense mass of trees; while at other spots the trees are more distant; but, in both cases, towns and villages are few and far between.

On our railway run towards Dorchester, after having quitted the New Forest, we very soon enter Dorsetshire, two or three miles westward of Ringwood, and proceed south-west towards Wimborne Minster. This town takes its name from the fine old Minster, or Collegiate Church, which has withstood the storms of many centuries, and is one of the most venerable of our ecclesiastical antiquities. Farther south-westward, again, we come to a singular intermixture of land and water near Poole. If we look at a map of the eastern part of Dorset, we find a bold and deep inlet of the sea, between Christchurch and Purbeck Isle. This deep inlet, which has a very narrow entrance between two projecting points of land, with the island of Brownsea, facing the entrance, forms Poole Harbour, a large and valuable receptacle for shipping. On the north side of this harbour, close to the town of Poole, is the narrow entrance of another and still more deeply embayed sheet of water, Holes Bay. Farther to the west, another narrow passage gives entrance from Poole Harbour to Wareham Harbour. This last-named harbour extends at its south-western end nearly to the town of Wareham; while on its northern shore is another bay or inlet extending nearly to Lytchet Minster. Were it not for a sand-bar near the external mouth of Poole Harbour, this series of land-locked bays and harbours would be exceedingly valuable to shipping. The Railway Company, wishing to approach

as near as practicable to the towns of Poole and Wareham, resolved to carry their line right across one of the innermost of these bays. The bay is too shallow to be of much service to boats, and was on that account more readily crossed by the railway works. The engineer has selected the narrowest part of the bay, and the works appear to have been tolerably easy; yet it has an odd effect to the railway traveller, who finds himself lifted but a few feet from a wide expanse of water.

After sending off a branch to Poole, two or three miles in length, and passing close to Wareham, the railway changes its course, and proceeds pretty nearly in a western direction to Dorchester, through a country somewhat bare of attraction. A barrier of hills extends uninterruptedly from Corfe Castle to Bridport, shutting out the sea from the view of the railway traveller. On approaching Dorchester, we find the town on the right or north, and the ancient Roman amphitheatre on the left, or south, of the station. It is said that, had it not been for the urgent remonstrance of some who deserve to be honoured for their zeal, this amphitheatre would have fallen a victim to the railway excavators; but that the engineer contrived that his works should pass the spot without damaging it. Had it been otherwise we should, indeed, have thought that the country was to be handed over to a new barbarism. How strange does it appear, to stand on the edge of this amphitheatre, and look down upon the hissing, sporting, steaming locomotive! Turn the face to the south, and we see an oval spot of ground, as utterly free from all buildings and signs of industry as it could have been when the Romans formed it: turn to the north, and we see one of the latest stages and advancements of civilization—a railway-station with all its appurtenances.

This amphitheatre differed from most of those constructed by the Romans. It was customary to erect a lofty stone or brick structure, such as the Colosseum at Rome, for the exhibition of the gladiators and competitors; but this one at Dorchester is a mere earth-work. It is an oval, about 218 feet in its longest diameter, by 163 in the shorter. There is a central area, sunk somewhat below the level of the surrounding plain; while the sides or rim of the oval basin, formed of solid chalk, are elevated about thirty feet above it. The entrance is at the north-east end of the oval, opposite to which is a kind of staircase, or sloping pathway, ascending to the top of the superstructure, having beneath what appears to have been a cave, or subterraneous apartment. Commencing near the entrance, and gradually ascending on each side till it attains the middle row of seats, whence it declines to the opposite end of the oval, is a passage or terrace, more nearly of a circular form than the higher superstructure which bounds it. On the top of (what were once) the rows of seats is a terrace, about twelve feet broad, divided from the seats by a parapet. Between this upper terrace and the middle terrace were rows of seats, excavated in the chalk, and appropriated to the humbler spectators; while below the middle ter-

race were the seats for persons of higher rank; and on a *podium*, or broad platform, immediately contiguous to the arena, were the seats for the senators and nobles. The dimensions given above are those of the arena itself: the external boundary, very nearly circular in form, measures about 340 feet each way; and from the great thickness of the rampart or edge, on the east and west sides, it is conjectured that there may have been in those parts dens for the reception of the wild beasts.

It is computed, from an estimate of the area and the form of the enclosure, that 12,000 persons could have been seated to witness the sports and contests going on in the interior. Dr. Stukeley thought that the amphitheatre was formed by order and in the time of Titus; but there is no sufficient evidence to settle this point. Whatever may have been the date of its construction, it seems to have escaped any subsequent adaptation to other purposes, if we except a partial and rude tillage of the interior area. At the present time both the area itself, and the sloping sides of the boundary, are covered with long, rank, coarse grass. The last and most strange and saddening purpose, so far as is recorded, to which this amphitheatre has been appropriated, occurred in 1705, when a woman was first strangled and then burned, by judicial sentence, in this arena, before an assemblage of ten thousand persons. She was convicted of the murder of her husband, but maintained to her dying breath innocence of the charge.

Leaving this amphitheatre and its associations, and rambling a little to the north, we come to the town of Dorchester; to the inhabitants of which town the amphitheatre forms a pleasant country spot, diversified, under the new order of things, by all the excitement incident to the vicinity of a railway-station and its world of bustle.

Dorchester is one of those nice comely old towns, with a goodly avenue running through them from north to south, and another from east to west: the two meeting in the centre of the town, near the Town-hall, the principal church, and other buildings. These four approaches to Dorchester are among the finest kind of our public roads, lined with trees on both sides to a great distance from the town, and thereby forming lines of communication which catch the eye from afar, when the roads themselves would not otherwise be visible. That Dorchester is a city of high antiquity there are many proofs to be adduced. It is believed to have been a settlement of the ancient Britons, under the name of *Dunium*, the capital of the *Durotiges*. None of our antiquaries venture to surmise much as to the origin or history or institutions of these *Durotiges*; but Mr. Savage, in his 'History of Dorchester,' dwells at some length on an invasion of this county by the Celts from Gaul, many centuries before the Christian era; and, indeed, many of the singular earth-works and ditches still existing in Dorset and Wilts, such as Wansdyke, Woodyates, Coombsditch, &c., are believed by some writers to have been fortifications during the Celtic wars in those counties. But to come

down to periods when a little more of the light of history can be thrown on such matters. The conquest of Dorchester was reckoned an important one by the Romans; the town was fortified by them, and they made an excellent road right through it. In 1841, a beautiful piece of Roman tessellated pavement was discovered in a garden; and numerous other specimens, as well as small bronze figures, and coins of Antoninus, Vespasian, Constantine, Julian, Theodosius, Marcus Aurelius, and Valerian, have been discovered.

In later times Dorchester was much devastated during the wars between the Saxons and the Danes; and the barrows and tumuli, which are so numerous in this vicinity, are by some writers believed to be the burying-places of those slain in these contests. During the last thousand years, from the Danish times to our own, Dorchester has shared pretty fairly in the various commotions, changes, and advancements that have marked other towns in the south of England. It had, at one time, a rich priory. It had also a castle, the governors of which were notable men in the times of King John and Henry III. It took a very resolute part against Charles I. during the civil war; and it was the scene of some of Judge Jeffries' worst acts of cruelty, later in the same century.

The approach to the centre of Dorchester from the railway is not that by which the stage coaches used to reach the same point. The station is almost exactly southward of the town; and a portion of the Roman road from Weymouth to Dorchester has to be traversed in getting to the inhabited streets of the latter. There are not many streets, but such as there are—are mostly long, quiet, and clean. There is a slight declivity towards the river Frome on the north; and from the banks of this river many beautiful views are to be obtained. Not among the least pleasing of the features of Dorchester are the fine walks surrounding the town on the south, east, and west, and following the line of the ancient Roman wall; being planted with lime, chesnut, and sycamore trees, they have most of the beauty of park avenues. The buildings of the town are not so numerous or so interesting as to demand a long gaze from the rambler. St. Peter's Church is certainly the most venerable: its turretted and battlemented tower, and its effigies of warriors and nobles, bespeak for it a respectable antiquity. The other churches and chapels are modern, and so are the various municipal buildings. Truth to tell, Dorchester is not a very lively or bustling place: the manufacture of broadcloth and serges, once possessed by it, has entirely decayed—the West Riding of Yorkshire has eclipsed the south-west counties in all such matters. No other manufacture has sprung up to supply its place—unless we may speak of the manufacture of *mutton*; the sheep reared on the extensive pastures in the neighbourhood are extremely numerous.

The amphitheatre is not the only remarkable ancient earthwork in the immediate vicinity of Dorchester. At the western margin of the town, and approached by one of the pretty avenues before alluded to, is Pound-

bury, an ancient enclosure, bordered by the river Frome on the north. The area of ground here enclosed is larger than the amphitheatre. It is above a thousand feet long from east to west, and upwards of four hundred from north to south. The ground on which it stands is elevated, and it is bounded by a raised barrier or earthwork. Hence have arisen two opinions; the one, that a hill was cut down to the present level; the other, that a boundary of earthwork was erected on a slightly elevated plot of ground. The form of the enclosure is an irregular oblong, with a rounding off at the south-east and south-west angles. The principal entrance is from the east, through a breach or opening in the boundary. There are three other similar, but smaller, openings, in different parts of the enclosure. Near the south-west corner is a small round hillock, rising above the general level of the place. The whole place, including boundary, hillock, and enclosed space, is clothed with verdure, and seems to have been unchanged for ages.

What is this Poundbury? That the Dorsetshire antiquaries should have set about solving this question, is no matter for wonder; whether they have succeeded, is another matter. The prevailing opinion seems to be, that this was a place of public meeting in the time of the Britons, where the chieftain or leader harangued the people: he, standing on the hillock, or rostrum, and they, standing on the flat arena around. This is, however, by no means, the only explanation offered of its use and object. Dr. Stukeley supposed it to be a camp made by Vespasian, when he was employed in the conquest of the Belgæ; and the hillock before spoken of, instead of being a rostrum, was a tumulus. Coker, Camden, and Speed, prefer to consider it as a Danish work, raised by Sweno of Denmark, when he besieged Dorchester in 1002. The Britons, the Romans, and the Danes, have therefore to settle their disputed claim to the structure as best they may.

When we start from Dorchester, on the way to Weymouth, we have still further proof that Britons, or Romans, or both, have left memorials of their industry, in roads, barrows, and fortified holds. There seems no doubt whatever that the high road between the two towns is of Roman formation. It proceeds, in the Roman manner, nearly straight from the one town to the other. The hills are a little lowered, the valleys are a little filled up, so as to render the road passable for vehicles. Yet the ascents are often severe, especially on either side of the hilly ridge (South Downs) which intersects Dorsetshire from east to west.

The time is not far distant, when this route will be traversed by railway. The Dorchester and Weymouth portion of the Wilts, Somerset, and Weymouth Railway is rapidly progressing; and when this is completed we may expect—as takes place elsewhere—that the present coach intercourse between the two towns will nearly cease. As matters are at present, we see, while travelling by coach, the nearly finished railway eastward of us in one part; then a range of hills through which a tunnel is being bored; then a gallery carried

beneath the road on which we are riding; then another tunnel through a hill; then a sudden leap of the railway over the turnpike-road, arising from a combined curve and descent of the latter; then a huge embankment over a valley; and so on. The two arteries of communication go on in mutual rivalry, each leaping over the other in turn; but we may pretty well judge which will be the victor by and bye. The Rail will beat the Road, as it usually does. It is worth while, before the new order of things comes into force, to take an 'outside' stage ride from Dorchester to Weymouth, were it only to see the countless barrows or tumuli, which speckle the country all around.

These extraordinary memorials of a past age are more numerous in Dorset and Wilts than in any other English counties. That such barrows or mounds of earth are *tumuli*, or sepulchral monuments, seems to be now generally admitted. Most of the barrows which meet the eye on either side of the road between Dorchester and Weymouth are gently rounded eminences, nearly circular in plan, and very regular in outline, as seen marked out in relief against the sky in the horizon. The South Downs, or range of hills extending across the southern part of the county from east to west, are particularly rich in such objects. The barrows are clothed with verdure, which give provender to large numbers of sheep. It is perceptible at a glance that the district is more pasturage than arable.

Very soon after the traveller leaves Dorchester, and before he has advanced many hundred yards on the Roman road to Weymouth, his eye is attracted on the right to an extraordinary elevation, much larger, in every sense of the word, than any of the barrows. A pathway leads across some open fields towards this object; and as we approach near the spot, the large area and great height of the earthen structure become more and more perceptible. We come to a sloping ascent; having mounted to the top of this, we find ourselves on the edge of a kind of ring or basin, within which is another ring; by descending to a level nearly equal with the outer ground, and then ascending a still greater number of feet, we reach the second ring; within which is to be seen a third ring, separated, as before, by a depressed vallum or ditch from the former. This is *Maiden Castle*, or, as some antiquaries designate it, the *Mew Dun*, or Great Hill.

Maiden Castle is a very extensive earthwork—probably one of the most extensive in England. It consists of a double (in some places treble) ditch and rampart, of which the inner ones are very deep and high. The form is oval; and there are two entrances, one to the east, and the other to the west. The ditches and ramparts are very much accumulated near these entrances; for there are five alternations of them at the east end, and six at the west. The ends of all these ramparts lap over each other, or extend rather beyond the actual points of junction, so as to make the entrances very winding and intricate. There seems to have been an entrance on the south side, in the middle

of which the ramparts are low, and almost discontinued. The area of the whole structure is divided in the middle by a low ditch, drawn across it from north to south. Near the south entrance is the mouth of a cave, which the country people used to think extended underground to Dorchester; but there is no evidence in favour of this opinion. The entire area covered by the whole enclosure is about a hundred and sixty acres, extending to the limit of the outer rampart; while the area of the interior plain, within all the ramparts and ditches, is rather less than fifty acres. The size of this huge mass may be guessed from its circumference, which is considerably more than a mile. The innermost ridge on the north and south is in some places as much as sixty feet high from the adjacent ditch; and so steep, that the ascent is no easy matter.

The topographers of Dorset are not so well agreed about the authorship and purpose of this Maiden Castle, as about the neighbouring barrows. Hutchins, in his history of the county, claims for it the title of a Roman Camp, and the summer station, or *Castra Æstiva*, of the neighbouring city of Dorchester. He says, that "Curious persons have traced out the particular uses of each part. The western part, facing the prætorium, or general's tent, was for the foot, and could not contain less than three legions, or about eighteen hundred men. The eastern part, behind the prætorium, was for the horses and carriages. Between both, on each side of the prætorium, were placed the tribunes and other officers."

But this view is stoutly combatted by others. An anonymous topographer of the district says:—"The prevailing impression has hitherto been, that this was a Roman camp; but it is really surprising that such an opinion could ever have been entertained by any one conversant with antiquities. A Roman camp, of which there are so many specimens still extant in Britain, and one within a mile or two of Dorchester itself, so that all may see them, was a mere enclosure of lines marking the boundaries of the area required for the encampment, and capable of being guarded by sentinels at their posts; but without any of the successive ridges, high central area, and labyrinthine entrances, seen at this spot. My own impression is, that the whole mass was originally a natural hill—a *Mew Dun*; and that its commanding height over the surrounding country, and its steep acclivity on all sides round, first suggested to the Britons of early times, before the Roman invasion, or thereabouts, the idea of converting it into a strong-hold. The labour of doing this would not be great, if we suppose the upper area to have been levelled, the ditches between the successive ridges to have been excavated, and the soil removed to the surrounding plain; and no art would be required to effect this. But the labour would have been immense, if, as some suppose, the whole hill were of artificial formation, and the ridges heaped up by the soil moved from the plain. The former process is more easy of supposition, is more conformable to its

original name, *Mew Dun*, and more in harmony with its present appearance, as well as with the firmness and compactness of the ridges themselves, which are more like masses of the original chalky soil, than like loose heaps of earth thrown up into their present form."

Without venturing an opinion on the disputed point concerning the origin of the name of Maiden Castle, whether *Mew Dun*, or *Mai Dun*, or *Mad Dun*, or *Muridunum*; without settling whether, as Stukely thinks, it must be dated from the time of the later emperors, or, as Hutchins supposes it, be of earlier Roman work, or, as the writer just quoted will have it, the Britons are to receive the honour—we must certainly support the view that the whole mass is an excavated and trimmed hill, and not a superstructure of earth built up on the plain.

Weymouth at length comes into view on our route for Dorchester; and from this point we have no more to do with British strong-holds and barrows, or Roman camps and amphitheatres.

Weymouth is rather peculiarly situated, with respect to the sea, the mainland, and the Isle of Portland. There is a deep semicircular bend of the sea, called Portland Roads, the inner portion of which constitutes Weymouth Bay. A little tongue of land projects between these two, on which the old town of Weymouth is situated. North of this town is a little inlet or strait, giving access to a larger expanse called the Backwater; which Backwater runs up northward in such a way as nearly to cut off a long, narrow strip of ground from the mainland. On this narrow strip of ground is built the town of Melcombe Regis, which, with Weymouth Proper, forms the borough of Weymouth. Weymouth the humble—the *fishing* town—is properly called by its name; but Weymouth the fashionable—the *bathing* town—is, in fact, Melcombe Regis, and not properly Weymouth at all. The two are separated by the narrow strait before alluded to, over which is built a bridge. The mode in which Portland is connected with these two towns will come under our notice by and by.

There are some faint indications that Weymouth existed in the time of the Saxons; but we may make a sudden leap to the reign of Henry VIII., without passing over much that need draw our attention with respect to the town. Leland described it as follows:—"The tounlet of Waymouth lyeth strait agayn Milton, on the other side of the Haven; and at this place the trajectus is by a bote and a rope, bent over the haven; so that in the ferybote they use no ores. There runneth up, by the right hand of the haven, a great arm of the sea; and scant a mil above the haven mouth, on the shore of this arme, is a right goodlie warlyke castel made, having one open Barbecane. This arm runneth up farther a mil, as in a bay, to a point of land, where a trajectus is unto Portland, by a long causey of peble and sand." This "causey of peble and sand" is the singular Chesil Bank, described further on. About a hundred years later, Weymouth was described by John Coker, whose account is in manuscript in the Bodleian

Library. "The river Way passing thence," says Coker, "names little villages, and then falls into the sea at Weymouth, opposite to which, on the other banke, stands Melcombe, an ancient borough, between whom and Waymouth arose great controversy, both enjoying like privileges, and both challenging the particular immunities of the Haven, which lyeth in the very bosom of them; each of them having taken the overthrow of the other, but not resting by that, continually commenced new suits. At length, having wearied the lords of the council and other courts with their contentious importunities, by the advice of that wise councillor, William Cecil, Lord Treasurer of England, they were, by an Act of Parliament, incorporated in one body, governed by one mayor, and aldermen, his assistants. Immediately on which they conjoined themselves together by that fair bridge of timber which we see; yet still they send, either of them, two burgesses to parliament. Both these towns have certainly risen from the convenience of the harbour, and from small beginnings; for neither of them, till late time, had a parish church. These towns, now united, gain well by traffick into Newfoundland, where they had eighty ships and barks, as also by a nearer cut into France, opposite to them, whence they return laden with wines, cloths, and divers other useful commodities, with which they furnish the country."

The admirable position of Weymouth and its Bay was a sure forerunner of commercial and naval transactions; accordingly we find that, so far back as the reign of Edward III., the quota of men and ships furnished by Weymouth for the King's wars much larger than that of many ports which have since risen into importance. In those wars, attempts were several times made to burn Weymouth. As a means of strengthening the district as one of the national defences, Henry VIII. built Sandsfoot Castle, a fort standing about a mile south-west of the town, on a high cliff nearly opposite Portland Castle. In a charter granted to the two towns by James I., they are described as "great and famous ports, and of great strength and force to defend the country, and also exercising merchandizing, and having much importance in and upon the seas, by reason of which a great number of mariners are constantly employed and nourished."

The rise of other ports seems to have brought about a decline in the prosperity of these twin towns; for we do not find them occupying so important a position in the next few generations. Weymouth had been one of the places for the wool-staple; but this became changed; and the trade to Newfoundland, which had been of much importance to Weymouth, became shared by Poole and other ports.

The shore of Weymouth Bay is low, and extends two miles south towards the towns of Melcombe Regis and Weymouth; here the cliffs recommence, and extend a mile farther south, to Sandsfoot Castle, from whence a low shore extends for about two miles south-



WEYMOUTH.

east to Portland Castle, on the Isle of Portland. The bay between the Isle of Portland and Weymouth forms Portland Road. Like all the bays on this, as well as the Devon coast, Weymouth is a favourite resort of the marine naturalist; the shelter afforded by the headlands seems to have attractions for the objects of his

researches which are not met with on the eastern coast. The recovery by Weymouth of some of its lost distinction, about eighty years ago, was a matter brought about by pleasure, and not by business. A Mr. Allen, who visited Weymouth as an invalid, and who could not find any bathing-machine in the town, had

one constructed for his own use; having received much benefit during his visit, his recommendation soon brought others in pursuit of the same object, and the usual accommodations of a watering-place were soon provided. Circumstances afterwards arose to confirm the tide of fashion which began to set in towards Weymouth. In 1780 the (then) Duke of Gloucester visited the town, and afterwards built a residence there. In 1789 George III. paid his first visit; and from that time Weymouth became a very favourite resort for the Royal Family. The inhabitants made a capital improvement in their town, which has ever since contributed largely to its beauty. On the spot of land which intervenes between the Bay and the Backwater, a considerable extent used to be a mere receptacle for rubbish; but the inhabitants cleared away this rubbish, and formed a fine esplanade half a mile long by thirty feet wide, and following, to some extent, the general contour of the Bay. This being done, terraces and assembly-rooms, bath-rooms and reading-rooms, and all the other features of a watering-place, speedily sprang up; and Weymouth took its place among the autumnal pleasure-spots.

It is almost wholly in Melcombe Regis that these changes have occurred. Weymouth itself still remains a fishing and shipping town, having its centre of operations on both banks of the strait which divides it from Melcombe.

Almost immediately on entering Melcombe from the north, the fine expanse of sand around the Bay meets the eye. These sands shelve or descend so gradually, that the water is not more than knee-deep at a distance of three hundred feet from the shore. There is at the same time such a hardness, smoothness, and compactness of the sand, that horses and carriages may be driven close to the water's edge. The semicircular bay, with St. Alban's Head in the distance, and Portland Isle towards the south-west, lies on the east of the Esplanade; while terraces of fine houses lie on the west. So narrow is the neck of land on which these terraces and the Esplanade have been formed, that there is no room for anything else; the backs of the houses being almost contiguous to the Backwater. Advancing further south, the spit of land expands like the broad end of a wedge, so as to give room for two or three parallel lines of street. The farther southward we come, the more bustling and sea-faring is the appearance of the town; until at length, on the north side of the strait separating the two towns, everything has a port-like appearance. Melcombe is thus a sort of elongated triangle, having the dwellings of pleasure-seekers in the northern or narrow part, and those of traffic-seekers in the southern or wide part.

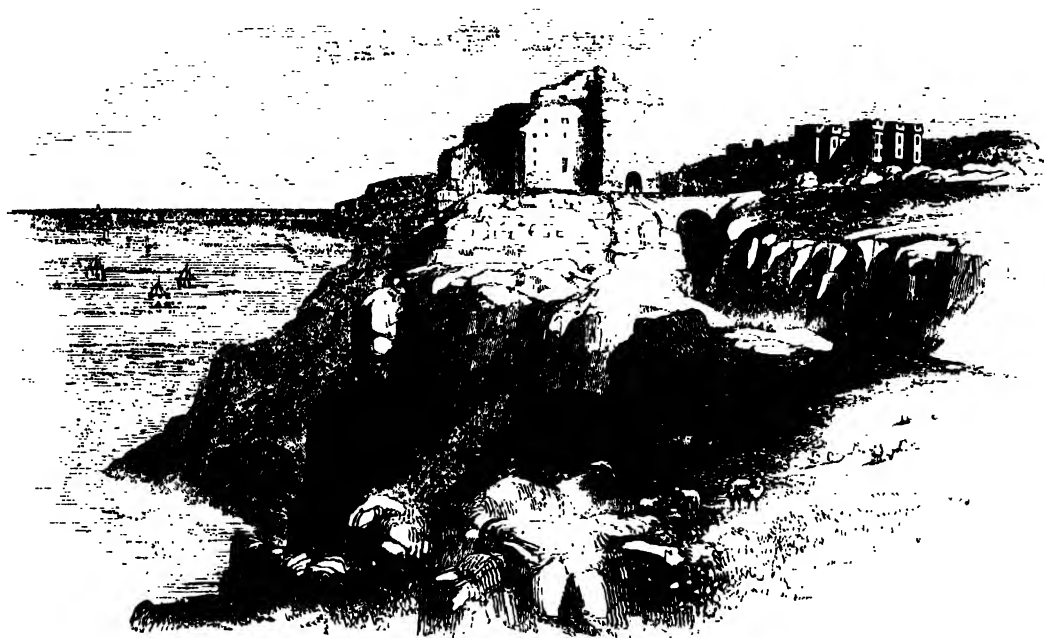
The Esplanade has a raised platform of masonry, which runs along in front of the houses as a terrace, distinct from the Esplanade or carriage-way; and in one part of it there is a monument in commemoration of George III. With respect to the town itself, its churches and chapels, its Masonic Hall, its Guildhall, its public libraries, its medical and charitable institu-

tions—they call for no particular remark. At the south-eastern extremity of the town, or what we may call the east corner of the broad end of the wedge, is a pier, which juts out towards the east, and serves as a point of embarkation and debarkation for boats and small sailing vessels.

Leaving Melcombe, we cross the bridge which forms the only means of connexion between it and Weymouth. The "faire bridge of timber" which formerly united the two, suffered the usual dilapidations by age, and had to be replaced by one more substantial. In 1598 Queen Elizabeth granted some advantages to the corporation, for the better maintenance of the old bridge; but during the troubles in the reign of Charles I., it went to decay, and was rebuilt in 1712, and again in 1741 the structure was renewed, at the cost of the representatives of the borough. In 1770 the bridge again required rebuilding; and it was erected seventy yards westward of its former position.

The town of Weymouth contains scarcely any striking buildings, good streets, or objects of attraction: the inhabitants being chiefly occupied in ministering, in various ways, to the wants of the more aristocratic folks on the other side of the water. Yet is there one beautiful spot, at any rate—the *Nothe*. This is a remarkable promontory, jutting out into the Bay, and commanding a fine view over Weymouth Bay to the north-east, and over Portland Roads to the south-east; while the Isle of Portland itself lies stretched out in full view towards the south. All shipping which enters the Backwater, or go up to the busy part of the two towns near the bridge, must pass between this promontory and the pier at Melcombe. The Post-office packets for Guernsey and Jersey used to make Weymouth their point of arrival and departure; Revenue-cruisers are stationed near the spot; yachts frequently visit Weymouth from Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Isle of Wight; and coasters frequently enter the Bay. For the guidance of these several vessels, lights are erected on the lofty and prominent points.

There is a very remarkable walk along the shore of Portland Roads, from the projecting Nothe to the channel which severs Portland from the main land. The route is towards the south-west, along the edge of a moderately lofty cliff or bluff, clothed with verdure, on which sheep and cattle graze. Here, keeping Portland in view all the way, we ramble along the pleasant eminence to Sandsfort Castle, about halfway between Weymouth and Portland. There is also a coach-road from Weymouth to near this spot. Sandsfort Castle is now a complete ruin, standing almost close to the sea. This castle is of small dimensions. The body or main portion is a right-angled parallelogram, its greater length running from north to south. At its north end was a tower, on which were the arms of England supported by a wivern and a unicorn. The north part seems to have been the governor's apartment, and is all vaulted. Near its south end there is a lower building, said to have been the gun-room: this being broader than the other part of the edifice,



BOW-AND-ARROW CASTLE.

forms flanks, which defend its east and west sides, and on the south part is semicircular: in former times there was a platform for cannon. On the east and west sides there are embrasures for guns, and below them two tiers of loop-holes for small arms—the lowest almost level with the ground. The north part is nearly destroyed, but the remains of an arch or gateway show that the entrance was on that side. The whole edifice seems to have been cased with squared stones; the walls were thick and lofty; and the buildings, though small, were not inelegant. The north, east, and south sides were, at a small distance, surrounded by a deep ditch and earthen rampart, through which, on the east part, was a gate faced with stone, part of which is still remaining.

From Sandsfort Castle to Portland Bridge, a distance of rather more than a mile, there is one of the finest expanse of sand anywhere to be met with along our coasts. These sands, at low-water, are a quarter of a mile in width. The fineness, equality, and smoothness of these sands render them a delightful place either for walking or riding, almost immediately after the recession of the tide. Pedestrians, horsemen, carriages—all move over them so noiselessly, and they are reflected in the still moist and smooth surface of the sand so correctly, that one can scarcely imagine them moving on terra-firma. Many of the humbler classes of inhabitants take these sands in their route from Weymouth to Portland, or *vice versa*, as being more pleasant and expeditious than the coach-road.

The Smallmouth Sands terminate southward, in the immediate vicinity of the narrow creek which separates Weymouth—or, in truth, the mainland—from Portland. Across this creek there used formerly to be no

medium of communication but by the tow-boat, mentioned by Leland—"The trajectus is by a bote and a rope bent over the haven, so that yn the fery-bote they use no oars." In later times the means of transit was by a row-boat, which ferried across the creek to and fro. It is only within the last few years that a bridge has been thrown across. This bridge is of timber, and is of unusual length for such a structure; but as the water is shallow, and as it is not necessary to provide for the passage of vessels higher up, there has been no great difficulty in laying the foundation of the bridge. A small toll is demanded from all passers, whether riding or on foot. This is the only land-communication between the mainland and Portland; although Portland, as we shall presently see, is not, in the strictest sense of the word, an island.

When we stand on this bridge, and look onward from its southern extremity, the view is a remarkable one. The island of Portland is marked out pretty plainly, rising to a considerable height above the level of the water, and presenting its scarped cliffs boldly towards the harbour or roadstead. But westward of the island, the eye is caught by a long, dull, horizontal, dreary line, unmarked by trees, or grass, or houses, or people, and rising some thirty or forty feet above the level of the water. This line marks the extraordinary *Chesil Bank*—the pebbly ridge which unites the island with the mainland. Portland has been oddly compared to a "breast of mutton hanging by a string." If we admit the simile, then the *Chesil Bank* is the string; and a pretty long string it is too, extending considerably more than a dozen miles. But as this ridge of pebbles is evidently a secondary feature in the district, formed after the island itself, and totally

differing in character from the island, it may be well to postpone any description of it until we have rambled and talked over the island.

Portland is evidently connected with some great geological change or changes; for not only is the stratum of stone which has given it its celebrity a remarkable one, but there are evidences of intermediate strata, that could only have arisen from some grand changes in the earth's crust. Sir Gideon Mantell, whose works on the Geology of the Southern Counties of England are in such high repute, has made Portland the theme of a vast and highly scientific conception, involving the whole of the shores on both sides of the English Channel. In his Treatise on the Geology of the South-east of England, he examined in detail the stratification of Portland; and then, by comparing it with other stratifications elsewhere, he arrives inductively at a general view of the whole district at a remote but unknown era. The following is Sir Gideon's account of the subject:—

In the Island of Portland, the limestone employed for building constitutes the uppermost division of the oolite system, a kind of stratum containing marine organic remains only. On these oolitic strata are placed deposits of a totally different character. Immediately on the uppermost marine stratum, (which abounds in *ammonites*, *terebræ*, *trigonia*, and other marine shells,) is a bed of limestone, much resembling in appearance some of the tertiary lacustrine limestones. Upon this stratum is what appears to have been an ancient vegetable soil; it is of a dark-brown colour, containing a large proportion of earthy lignite, and, like the modern soil on the surface of the island, many water-worn stones. This layer is called the *dirt-bed* by the quarrymen; and in and upon it are a great number of silicified trunks of coniferous trees, and plants allied to the recent species of *cyceas* and *zamia*. Many of the stems of the trees, as well as the plants, are still erect, as if petrified while growing undisturbed in their native forest; the former having their roots in the soil, and their trunks extending into the superincumbent strata of limestone. On one occasion, a large area of the surface of the *dirt-bed* having been cleared preparatory to its removal, for the purpose of extracting the building-stone from beneath; several stems, from two to three feet in height, were exposed, each standing erect in the centre of a mound or dome of earth, which had evidently accumulated around the base and roots of the trees; presenting an appearance as if the trees had been broken or torn off at a short distance from the ground. Portions of trunks and branches were seen, some lying on the surface, and others imbedded in the dirt-bed; many of these were nearly two feet in diameter, and the united fragments of one tree measured upwards of thirty feet in length. The silicified plants allied to the *cyceas* are found in the intervals between the trees, and several have been dug up from the dirt-bed that were standing erect, evidently upon the very spot on which they grew, and where they had remained undisturbed amidst all the

revolutions which had subsequently swept over the surface of the earth.

The dirt-bed extends through the north of the Isle of Portland, and traces of it have been observed in the coves at the west end of Purbeck; and a stratum, with bituminous matter and silicified wood, occurs in the cliffs of the Boulonnois, on the opposite coast of France, occupying the same relative situation with respect to the Purbeck and Portland formations. A similar bed has also been discovered in Buckinghamshire, and in the Vale of Wardour, proving that the presence of this remarkable stratum is coextensive with the junction of the Portland and Purbeck strata, as far as they have hitherto been examined. Above the dirt-bed are thin layers of limestone; the total thickness being about eight feet, into which the erect trunks extend; but no other traces of organic remains have been noticed in them. These limestone beds are covered by the modern vegetable soil, which scarcely exceeds in depth the ancient one just described; and instead of giving support, like the latter, to a tropical forest, can barely maintain a scanty vegetation, there being scarcely a tree or shrub on the whole island.

From these data, Sir Gideon Mantell formed the following theory of Portland Isle:—

There was, in the first place, in and about the region now occupied by the English Channel, an ocean or sea, on the bed of which gradually accumulated a deposition of oolitic strata, such as those composing the Portland limestone beds. We next find the bed of this sea gradually rising to the light of day, either by an upheaving force from beneath, or by some other agency; and on the dry ground thus produced, plants and animals began to appear, forming, by their growth and decay, that stratum of vegetable soil of which the Portland 'dirt-bed' is a part. We find this district again submerged beneath the waters; not, as before, beneath the salt-water of a sea, but beneath the fresh-water of some very large river-estuary. In this position, an alluvial soil, formed by the earthy and other materials brought down by the rivers, became gradually deposited, and formed those layers of which the Purbeck beds are a portion, above the dirt-bed of the Portland series. Lastly, some internal convulsion appears to have detached Portland from the rest of the mass, and protruded it upwards to a height of some hundreds of feet above the general level of the Purbeck beds. When, after many other changes and depositions, the district again became covered with water, forming the present English Channel, Portland stood out in the midst of it as an island: and so it has since remained.

We must now notice more particularly the size and form of Portland, and the arrangement of the strata composing its mass. The isle is about four miles long, and, in the widest part, nearly one and a half broad. The highest point in the island is 458 feet above the level of the sea. The cliffs on the western side are very lofty; but those at the point or Bill of Portland are not more than twenty or thirty feet high. There

is sufficient depth of vegetable soil to render the island tolerably productive, but not sufficiently so for the entire sustenance of the inhabitants, who obtain much of their provisions from Weymouth. Water is rather scarce; there are no rivers on the island; and the necessary supply is obtained from springs and wells, which yield a small quantity of good water.

The arrangement of the different layers in the island, according to the description read before the Geological Society by Mr. Webster, is as follows:—Immediately under the soil, which seldom exceeds a foot in depth, is a series of thin beds, all together about three feet thick, called *slate* by the quarrymen, which split readily into layers from half an inch to an inch in thickness. They consist of limestone, of a dull yellowish colour, extremely compact, and nearly without shells. Below this is another mass of calcareous stone, considerably softer, and of a lighter colour than the preceding: it is divided into two by a slaty bed, the upper being called *alish*, and the lower the *soft burr*. The latter stands upon a bed, about one foot thick, consisting of a dark brown substance, and containing much earthy lignite, and numerous fossil trunks of trees: this is the *dirt-bed* before noticed. The bed below this is called the *top-cap*, and varies considerably in its structure: some parts of it are entirely compact; in other places it contains compact parts imbedded in a softer rock; and in others, again, it is slightly cellular. The next bed is called the *school-cap*, and is of a very remarkable structure: it consists of a compact limestone, extremely cellular; the cavities being almost filled with groups of crystals of carbonate of lime. Under the school-cap is a layer called *chert*, composed of about six inches thickness of flint, containing imbedded shells and oolitic grains. The bed below this is the first which is worked for building-stone: it is called *roach*. This bed, which varies greatly in thickness, is entirely oolitic limestone, and yields some of the largest and best blocks for architectural and engineering purposes. The next layer, called the *rubbly-bed*, contains innumerable impressions of shells, which somewhat detract from its solidity, and render it useful only for filling in thick walls and foundations. Below the rubbly-bed is another layer of excellent stone, harder than the roach, and about six feet thick. At greater depths the stone loses its solidity and fitness for building purposes, and has but little commercial value.

It will thus be seen that the treasure for which the quarrymen seek, the good Portland stone, is imbedded in the midst of a vast mass of strata, some above and some below it; and we shall see, from the description about to be given, that the labour of removing the superincumbent mass of useless stone forms no inconsiderable a portion of the whole labour bestowed in the quarries. Quarries seem to have existed for some centuries; at all events, it is known that Portland stone was employed by Inigo Jones in building the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, in the time of James I. It is said to have obtained the name of *freestone*, from the ease and freedom with which it could be cut in any

direction, without respect to granular or fibrous structure. Sir Christopher Wren used Portland stone very largely, not only for the building of St. Paul's Cathedral, but also for the numerous other works on which he was engaged. When Smeaton was preparing for the construction of the Eddystone Lighthouse, he visited many stone-quarries, with a view to determine the qualities of various kinds of stone available for his purpose. Among others, he visited the Portland quarries: the description of which, as given in his 'Narrative of the Building of the Eddystone Lighthouse,' is interesting, as presenting a picture of the quarries ninety years ago.

The manner of quarrying the stone at the present day does not differ much from that described by Smeaton. It is very laborious work, and requires a muscular race of men for its due performance. We must first remember, that the earth and stone which have to be dug away, before the good stone can be reached, is more than thirty feet in thickness; and it is evident, that, unless the market value of the good stone covered the expense of the removal of this load of obstacle, the practical working of the quarries would cease. The mode of apportioning the proceeds between master and men is peculiar. Portland being a part of the ancient demesne lands, the quarries are held by the sovereign as lord of the manor, and let out to proprietors under various forms of tenure. They are not, however, all of them let out in this manner; for, of the total number of nearly a hundred quarries, a small number are worked by the Crown: the rest being worked by about half a dozen proprietors or lessees. These lessees pay a nominal rent per acre, and a real rent of two shillings per ton for all the stone raised and shipped. The immediate management of the quarries is in the hands of stewards or agents, at fixed salaries. Under them are several 'masters' or foremen, who take charge of a certain number of men, and whose pay is between that of a steward and a quarryman. The quarry itself is usually worked by a company of six men and two boys, whose pay in all cases depends on the quantity of good stone wrought or 'won,' in a given time, at a certain stipulated wages per ton. This being the condition, it follows that no money is earned by the quarryman until the thirty feet of rubbish and bad stone have been removed; and this removal, in the case of a new quarry, is said to occupy a space of *three years* with the labours of *six men and two boys*! The men must, therefore, either have a little store of accumulated earnings by them, or they must have money advanced on account by their employers, to support them until the good and merchantable stone is brought to light. The real arrangement is said to be as follows:—Ten shillings per ton is fixed by common consent, as the average price paid to the quarrymen for their labour; and this is supposed to include the value of all the preliminary work. The money thus earned is placed to the credit of the quarrymen; and at the end of six months an account is made out, and a balance determined. During the interval,

the agents or stewards open chandler's shops, from whence the men can purchase their provisions, on the credit of their forthcoming account. The average wages of a quarryman are set down at about twelve shillings a-week, if at full work; but there are many drawbacks from this sum. If it rain before nine in the morning, no work is to be done that day; if the wind be high, the dust in the quarries is so dangerous to his eyes, that he has to leave work; if the markets are dull, his labours are restricted to four days a week; if a burial occur in the island, he is expected, by immemorial usage, to refrain from work during the rest of the day; if accidents occur, which are very probable, expenses of one kind or another follow—so that the real earnings are not supposed to reach ten shillings a week, on an average.

Without entering minutely into the processes described by Smeaton, it may be interesting to trace the history of a block of stone till it leaves the island. First, the layers of surface-soil and rubbish are dug up, and carried in strong iron-bound barrows, to be thrown over the fallow fields in the neighbourhood. Some of the next layers are then broken up and removed, by picks and wedges, and carted away from the quarry, either to be thrown over the cliffs into the sea, or to be piled up in large mounds at a distance. When the roach is attained, the labour becomes more arduous, on account of the thickness and hardness of the mass. This is usually separated into blocks by blasting, in the following way:—A hole, nearly five feet in depth, by three inches in width, is drilled in the rock, vertically; this is filled at the bottom to the height of two or three inches with gunpowder, tightly rammed, and connected with a train on the outside; the train is fired, and an explosion follows, which splits the stone for several yards around into perpendicular rents and fissures. The masses included between these rents sometimes weigh as much as fifty tons; and yet the quarrymen manage to detach them from their places. This is done by means of screw-jacks, which are pressed against the mass of stone in convenient positions, and worked by winches. The labour is immense and long continued, to move the block one single inch; and when, as often happens, it has to be moved by similar means, over a rough and crooked road, to a distance of a hundred yards, one can with difficulty conceive that the stone beneath can repay the quarrymen for such exhausting toil.

But when the good stone is reached the cutting is performed in a more systematic manner. It would not do to have rents and fissures in all directions: the rents must be symmetrical and rectangular with respect to each other. There are, however, many natural fissures, called 'gullies,' which separate the mass into smaller pieces; and these pieces are loosened and removed by means of wedges, picks, levers, jacks, &c. As each one is removed, its shape and size are carefully considered, and the men decide among themselves what purpose in building it is best fitted for, without any considerable waste of material: whether

a pier, a shaft, a baluster, and so on. Having come to a decision, the quarrymen drag the mass of stone to a convenient spot, where it is brought by the action of the kevel, and other instruments, to a rough approximation to the required form. The block is then measured, weighed, and marked, and finally lifted on a stone cart, having solid wooden wheels, such as are to be seen in Spain and Morocco. Several horses are yoked to the cart, and the stone is dragged to a particular spot, where a railway declines to the edge of the sea. The railway belongs to a distinct proprietor or company, and is employed by all the quarry lessees to bring the stones down to the place of shipment.

This descending railway is in some parts a remarkable one. It winds round in a circuitous form, in order to break the abruptness of the descent; and in certain parts it descends one straight path of uniform declivity, by chains and drums. If the block of stone on its cart were allowed to descend at its own speed, it would acquire a tremendous velocity before it reached the bottom, and would precipitate stone, cart and all into the sea. But there is a chain fastened to this cart at one end, and to a string of empty carts at the other; and by being worked over large drums or rollers, the chain pulls up the empty carts while it lowers the filled ones. At the place of shipment, near the Chesil Bank, a large number of vessels, from 50 to 150 tons burden, congregate to convey the stone to its various places of destination. It is said that nearly fifty thousand tons of stone are annually carried away from the island.

In the Annual Report, for 1845, of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, under whose control much of the Crown property is placed, there is an entry relating to the leasing of certain rights at Portland. The property granted was said to be 'The Demesne Lands and Quarries,' containing 307 acres, 17 perches; they were granted to John William Barrington Browne and Richard Seward Wardell; the term for which the grant was made was 28½ years, from Oct. 10, 1845; the estimated annual value was £133 17s. 9d. for the demesne lands, and an average of £687 1s. 2½d. for the quarries; the rent reserved in the lease was £133 17s. 9d., and a royalty of two shillings per ton of stone raised from the quarries, not to be less than £800 per annum. Under the preceding lease, the annual rentals had been rather larger, but the royalty or per centage was smaller.

In 1839, a Commission of scientific men was appointed, to investigate the qualities of various kinds of stone available for the building of the New Houses of Parliament. The Commissioners visited nearly all the quarries in the kingdom: those of Portland being among the number. In the Report which the Commissioners presented to Government, the following points of information were given concerning the Portland quarries and the stone thence procured. Several different quarries are mentioned by name; such as Trade Quarry, King Barrow, East End Quarry, Vern Street Quarry, Castles Quarry, Waycroft Quarries,

Maggott Quarry, Goslings Quarry, Grove Quarry, and Red Croft Quarry. The stone is designated 'oolitic' carbonate of lime, with numerous fragments of shells. The weight of the stone in its ordinary state, per cubic foot, varies from about 126lbs. to 184lbs. The entire depth or thickness of workable, available stone is stated at from 7 to 16 feet in different parts. The colour is 'whitish brown;' the blocks may be procured of 'any practicable size;' the price of the block stone at the quarry per cubic foot is 1s. 4½d.; the charge, when delivered safely in London, all expenses paid, per cubic foot, 2s. 3d. The Commissioners state that the present rate of working at Portland is about one acre of the good workable stone per annum, and that there are 2000 acres yet unworked; so that the present rate of supply can be kept up for 2000 years. We name St. Paul's Cathedral, various London churches built during the reign of Queen Anne, Goldsmith's Hall, the Reform Club House, and other modern buildings, as having been constructed of Portland stone. Concerning the oolitic limestone generally, the Commissioners remark in their Report:—"Of buildings constructed of oolitic and other limestones, we may notice the church of Byland Abbey, of the twelfth century, as being in an almost perfect state of preservation. Sandysfoot (Sandsfort) Castle, near Weymouth, constructed of Portland oolite in the time of Henry the Eighth, is an example of that material, in excellent condition; a few decomposed stones used in the interior (and which are exceptions to this fact) being from another oolite in the immediate vicinity of the castle. Bow and Arrow Castle, and the neighbouring ruins of a church of the fourteenth century, in the island of Portland, also afford instances of the Portland oolite in perfect condition. The new church in the island, built in 1766, of a variety of the Portland stone termed 'roach,' is in an excellent state throughout, even to the preservation of the marks of the chisel."

We have thus taken a survey of the Isle of Portland, in two points of view: first, as a geological phenomenon, connected in all probability with a vast series of changes in the early periods of the earth's history; and then, as a field of commercial enterprise, in connection with the working of the stone quarries. It may next be interesting to take a topographical ramble over the island, to see the villages and the buildings, the productions and the people.

In taking the trip from Weymouth to Portland, there are three courses open for the visitor. He must trudge it on foot, or hire a vehicle expressly for the journey, or sail thither in a vessel across the harbour. Stage coaches or omnibuses there are none. Most of the inhabitants of the island are of a humble class, and probably could not afford to pay for the luxury of riding. It is a right pleasant and by no means an expensive sail, from the quay at Weymouth to the stone-shipping wharf at Portland. A small sailing-vessel makes the trip twice a day in each direction, charging sixpence to each passenger. If we approach

the island by this route, a curved road leads to the village next to the Chesil Bank; or we may at once clamber the hill by the side of the railway incline, see the huge blocks of stone roll downwards by our side, and finally place ourselves on the spot where a kind of railway-station contains all the requisite fittings for the work to be done.

On leaving Weymouth by the road leading to the bridge, and crossing the creek, we arrive—not exactly at the island itself—but at the narrow ridge of Chesil Bank, along the side of which a road is carried. This road leads to Fortune's Well, the first village arrived at, joined to and almost forming part of another village or hamlet, named Chesilton, or sometimes Chiswell. In this double, but still very small village, is a house—perhaps we ought to say *the* house—of entertainment for the island—the 'Portland Arms.' It is an honour treasured up in the memories of the inhabitants, that George the Third used occasionally to visit Portland while sojourning at Weymouth; that on such occasions his Majesty used to grace the 'Portland Arms' with his presence; that the landlady of the house used to make a particular kind of pudding, of which her royal guest was very fond, and for which he used to ask whenever he visited the island; and that the good lady bequeathed to her daughter the recipe for making this highly-honoured pudding.

One of the first objects seen on reaching the island is Portland Castle. It is so placed with respect to the opposite castle of Sandsfort, that the two together command the roadstead. The castle was built by Henry VIII., after his return from the interview with Francis I. at the 'field of the cloth of gold,' in 1520. Scarcely anything of importance occurred with respect to its history until the civil war, if we except the placing in it of a small garrison by Queen Elizabeth, during the alarm occasioned by the threatened Spanish Armada. The castle was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1643, who brought thither a large amount of valuable property, which they had seized at Wardour Castle. This property, and the castle also, were recovered soon after, by the following *ruse*:—A gentleman, furnished with Parliamentary colours, and sixty men, proceeded towards the castle, and with the haste and appearance as if flying from an enemy, called out to the guard that he was bringing a supply of men, but that he was pursued by the Earl of Carnarvon, who was, according to design, close upon his rear. Upon this, the gates were instantly opened, and the castle taken. After the civil war the castle ceased to be a place of much importance. In late years it has been the residence of a private gentleman, who holds a magistracy and a trusteeship in connection with the royal quarries.

In exploring the island, a very steep road leads up from the village of Fortune's Well to the higher level; so steep, indeed, that it is with great difficulty vehicles can make the ascent. When the summit is attained, a very extensive view meets the eye from Torbay in the west, nearly to the Isle of Wight in the east. From

the main road, near the edge of the cliffs, a number of by-paths lead to the quarries, any one of which will lead the ramblor to the excavated spots where quarrying is still going on, or where deserted quarries lie. In the remoter parts of the island, the scene is often diversified by the rude wildness of the cliff scenery; there being, in many points, rocks varying from one to three hundred feet in height, severed by some disruptive force from the body of the island, and separated by chasms running far inland. In other spots there are land-slips, where stone is quarried under very perilous circumstances, and whence the huge blocks are hurled over the cliffs, to the beach below. These rugged cliffs, the sheep on the scanty downs, and the gulls hovering about the cliffs, form almost the only objects that meet the eye in this walk.

Near the southern extremity of the island are two lighthouses, on different levels: the one built in 1789, and the other in 1817. The reflector of the lower light is 130 feet above the level of the sea; that of the upper is 197 feet. These two lighthouses are invaluable to the mariner; for, in the immediate vicinity of Portland, there are points of meeting of opposite currents, which give rise to two dangerous obstacles—a sort of whirlpool, called the ‘Race,’ and a sandbank, called the ‘Shambles.’ Near these lighthouses the sea has worn away large caverns in the face of the cliffs, all of which have received names from the islanders, and many of which are connected with legendary tales of sprites and sea-monsters. The coast varies in its character from one half-mile to another: presenting in one part a low range of sterile, craggy rocks; in another part a lower coast, with patches of green and garden ground; and in a third, a gradual ascent to the same kind of lofty cliffs as those before met with.

Pennsylvania Castle is one of the few buildings met with in a tour of the island. It was built in recent times by Mr. Penn, who was at that time governor of the Isle of Portland, and who was a lineal descendant of the great William Penn. The ‘Castle’ is an unassuming comfortable mansion, around which the proprietor has contrived to rear a tolerable plantation of trees—almost a solitary example in the island. At a very short distance from this lies Rufus Castle, or Bow and Arrow Castle (for it is known by both names). This is the most venerable piece of antiquity in the island: it is but a relic, yet it carries us back to the reign of Stephen. The castle is situated three hundred feet above the level of the sea, on a perpendicular cliff, split into various fanciful shapes. It has been so far kept from utter decay as to be used as a residence, and fitted up within with the requisite comforts, though presenting externally a wild and time-worn appearance. (Cut. p. 417.) The view from the vicinity of this building is most varied and extensive; and on the surface of an undercliff, situated far beneath, many pretty little patches of garden are visible.

From Bow and Arrow Castle the walk along the cliffs is often of a rugged character, and it leads to a lofty conical mound, called Vern Hill, which serves

the islanders as a common, affording pasturage for cows. From this hill, on account of the vapours rising from the neighbouring sea at particular seasons of the year, the whole of the lower ground of the island may occasionally be seen enveloped in clouds, as if about to be shut out from view by a fleecy covering, while the hill and the adjacent heights remain in bright daylight and clear atmosphere.

This brings us pretty nearly back to the spot from whence we started, at the junction of the island with the Chesil Bank. The reader may now very fairly ask, “What is the Chesil Bank?” We have been treating hitherto of the “breast of mutton;” and a few words of description must follow concerning the “string” by which it is suspended from the mainland.

All the best authorities agree that Portland was really an island in remote ages; but at some period, the determination of which baffles geologists as well as antiquaries, it became united to the mainland by one of the most extraordinary ridges of pebbles in Europe. In all probability the formation of this ridge was a very gradual one. From its commencement at the Isle of Portland, it extends in a remarkably straight line north-west for many miles, not joining the shore at the part nearest to Portland, but running parallel to the coast, from which it is separated by a narrow arm of the sea, called the ‘Swannery Fleet;’ this is the creek before alluded to, over which a bridge has been thrown within the last few years. The Swannery Fleet extends as far as Abbotsbury, ten miles from Portland. At this spot the Chesil Bank unites with the mainland, and runs along the shore nearly six miles farther, to the commencement of the cliffs at Burton Castle, not far from Bridport. The breadth of the Chesil Bank is, in some places, nearly a quarter of a mile, but commonly much less. The base is formed of a mound of blue clay, which is covered to a depth varying from four to six feet with a coating of smooth round pebbles, chiefly of white calcareous spar, but partly of quartz, chert, jasper, &c. The pebbles are so loose, that a horse’s legs sink between them almost knee-deep at every step, rendering travelling on them an impossibility. The Bank slopes on the one side towards the open sea, and on the other towards the narrow inlet intercepted by it. It is highest at the Portland end, and is there composed of pebbles as large as a hen’s egg; but they diminish in size towards the west so regularly, that it is said the smugglers who land in the night can judge where they are by examining the pebbles. At Abbotsbury the pebbles are little larger than horsebeans. Marine plants grow in patches along the edge of the bank, by the water-side. The pebbly covering is continually shifting; a north-east wind sometimes clears away the pebbles in parts, leaving the blue clay exposed, but the denuded spaces are covered again with pebbles by the heavy sea which the south-west wind brings up. The Swannery Fleet receives the waters of several rivulets, and runs into the open sea at its south-eastern extremity by a narrow channel, called

Small-Mouth. The Fleet is in some places half a mile broad, and has two or three bridges, or rather causeways, over it. At its north-western extremity it forms a swannery, whence it obtained its name, and where as many as seven thousand swans have, at some periods, been congregated.

The average height of the Chesil Bank is from fifty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. There can be no doubt, from the larger pebbles being at one end, and the smaller at the other, that the Bank must, in part at least, owe its formation to the gales from the south-west, which act against this part of the coast with great violence, and that the pebbles are washed up from the bottom of the sea. It is equally evident that the shape of the western side of Portland has much to do with the formation of the ridge. So terrific is the force with which the sea occasionally dashes up against this pebbly ridge, that, during a storm on the 23d of November, 1824, a vessel of 95 tons burden, laden with iron ordnance, was actually carried over the Bank by a tremendous sea, and safely lodged in the Swannery Fleet!

The inhabitants of the Isle of Portland present many points for our attention, different from those presented in the neighbouring district. They are, in truth, a remarkable race. Their money earnings being but small, they could scarcely keep their families from poverty, were there not other circumstances in their favour. It is a custom with them to rent an acre of land each, for which, and for seeds and collateral expenses, about £3 per annum is paid. Here the men spend their evenings and leisure hours, and cultivate a large portion of their food. Corn, potatoes, and other vegetables, gooseberries and other fruits, are reared by them. By economy, too, many of the men have saved money enough to buy a cow and some fowls; and as pasturage costs nothing, there is a supply of milk, cheese, butter, eggs, and poultry, at very little cost. The island produces mushrooms, water-cresses, the cuckoo-pint, and other plants, which the Portland housewife contrives to cook up into various economical dishes. Fish is plentiful all round the coast; and of that which is captured some is eaten by the Portlanders, while the rest is sold at Weymouth; so that a double benefit results. The quarrymen have to pay nothing for their fuel; their wives and daughters go out to harvest-work when opportunity offers; and the boys are employed as shepherds on the plains. By these various means, then, do the sturdy quarrymen contrive to eke out a living.

About ten years ago a very full account of the Portlanders was given in the *Penny Magazine*, by one who had mixed among them, and had studied their habits and character. Speaking of their personal appearance, this writer says:—"They are nobly formed, and come very nearly to the finest antique models of strength and beauty. In height they vary from five feet ten inches to six feet. Large bones, well-knit, and strongly-compacted muscles, confirmed in their united energies by the hardest labour, in a pure atmosphere,

give them a power so Herculean, that three hundred-weight is lifted by men of ordinary strength with ease. Their features are regularly and boldly developed; eyes black, but deprived of their due expression by the partial closure of the lids, caused by the glare of the stone; complexion, a bright ruddy orange; the hair dark and plentiful; and the general expression of the countenance mild and intelligent. Their usual summer costume on working-days is a slouched straw hat covered with canvass and painted black, a shirt with narrow blue stripes, and white canvass trowsers. On Sundays they add to these a sailor's short blue jacket, and look very like good-natured tars in their holiday trim." The females, in their Sunday attire, wear ample gowns; the hair, without curls, is simply parted over the forehead and tied up behind; and to protect the back of the neck from sun or rain, a large ornamented "curtain" or lappet descends from the hinder part of the bonnet.

The islanders are spoken of very favourably as to their moral characteristics. Sunday is strictly observed; and though there is a sort of magistrate on the island, his office is almost a sinecure. The author just quoted does not hesitate to designate the Portlanders as the most moral portion of the inhabitants of our country. His account of their habitations is as follows:—

"The houses are built to endure the local vicissitudes of the climate, and to meet the peculiar wants of the inhabitants, and are well contrived for those purposes. The walls are built of large blocks of the rougher sorts of stone; the chimneys of brick, and the roofs of broad, thin slabs of stone, but sometimes of slate or tile; in which cases, to protect the roof from being lifted by the wind, the edges are bound with a treble row of stone slabs. The form of the roof is usually that of a gable, with a considerable pitch; the doors have those comfortable appendages which, it is to be regretted, are now totally out of fashion in poor men's houses—deep and well-seated porches, with square or angular tops; these, together with the window-bars and borders, are kept neatly whitewashed, and give favourable testimony to the cleanliness of the inhabitants.

Before leaving our Weymouth and Portland friends, it may be well to speak of a project which is looked forward to by them as one of importance for the interests of the whole district—viz., the formation of a *Breakwater*. Our naval and commercial men have long wanted a safe roadstead, or harbour of refuge, somewhere in the vicinity of Portland; and the admirable form of the bay included between Portland, Weymouth, and Lulworth, early pointed it out as a fitting spot. As, however, the deep recesses of this bay are fully exposed to the north-east wind, without any protecting barrier to ward off its intensity, it is proposed to construct a breakwater, stretching out from the north-east extremity of Portland, and extending about half the distance from thence to the opposite coast, thereby leaving one-half the space as an en-

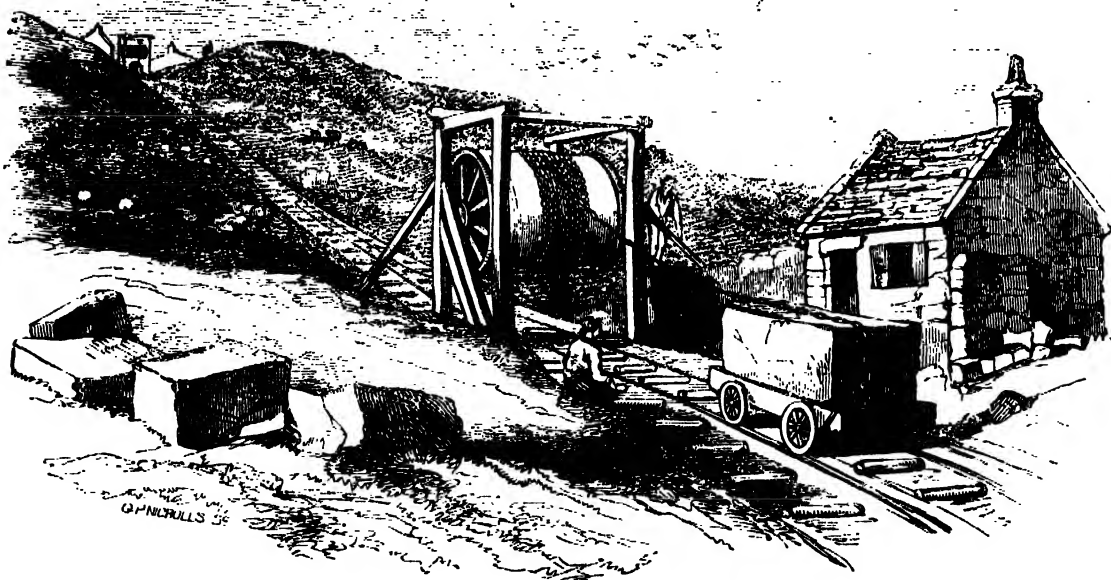
trance to the bay, and providing at the other half a defence to the shipping anchored within the bay.

As far back as 1794, a breakwater at this spot was suggested by Mr. Harvey, of Weymouth; and ever since that time the subject has been occasionally taken up, but never so actively as within the last two or three years. When the Crown appointed a Commission to inquire into the expediency of establishing harbours of refuge, in 1844, the peculiar position of Weymouth and Portland could not fail to attract attention, the island itself tending to give a sort of semicircular form to the portion of sea included within it. In the first place, the Commissioners directed Captain Sheringham to make a careful survey of Portland and Weymouth Roads (as these anchoring grounds are often called): this he did in May, 1844; and presented a chart and report, in which the soundings, the height of the tides, the direction of the tidal stream, the deposition of mud from the little river Wey, the nature of the gravelly or clayey bed, the accumulation of shingle, and all such matters as could influence the fitness of a harbour for its destined purpose, were considered and commented on. The commissioners then examined, at Weymouth, a number of persons conversant with the navigation of the district. Among other matters, the question was started, whether a breach about a hundred yards wide made in the Chesil Bank would serve as a south-western entrance into Portland Harbour; but the opinion seemed to be, that no permanence or stability could be looked for in such an enterprise: one witness

thought that a single violent gale would fill up the breach again—so strangely is this long string of shingle beach at the mercy of the waves! All the witnesses examined agreed that a breakwater extending north-eastward from the Isle of Portland would be of great value; some thought it ought to be two miles in length, some two and a half miles, some thought it ought to leave no opening near the island, while others thought that such opening would be convenient for the quarry ships—but all agreed as to the main points.

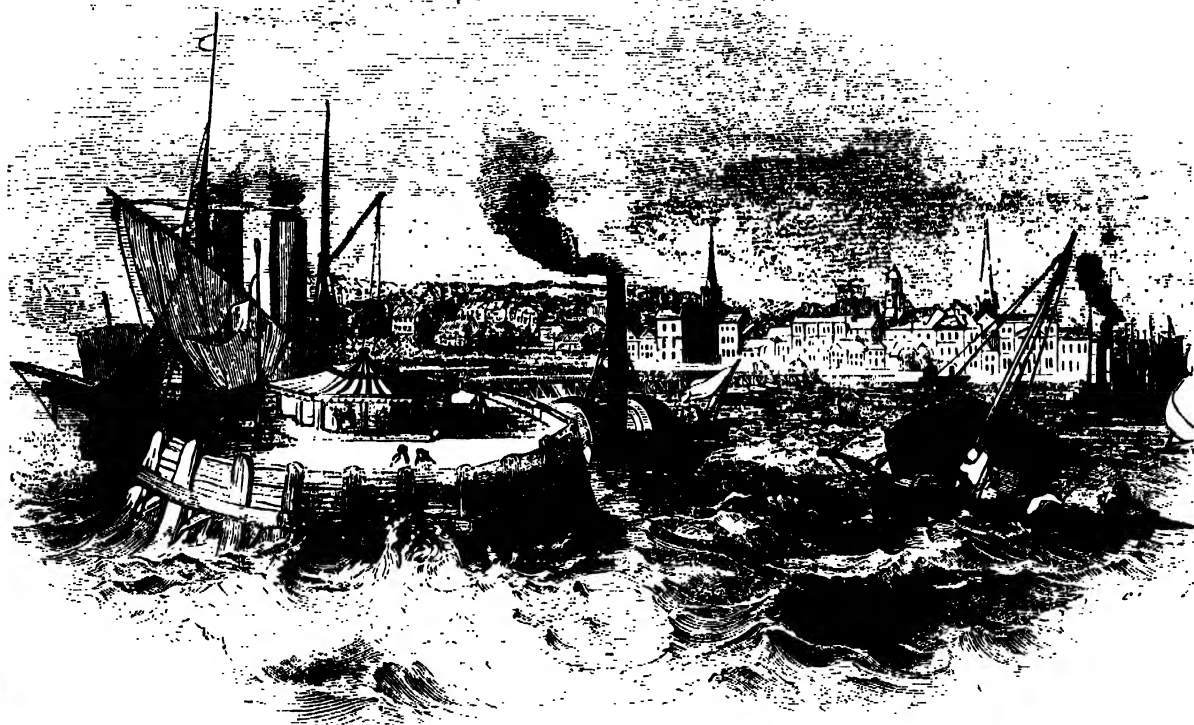
At the conclusion of this inquiry, the Commissioners recommended that Portland should be one of our great harbours of refuge: Dover, Seaford, and Harwich being three others. They suggested that a breakwater of masonry should be formed at Portland, at an expenditure of about £500,000. This amount would be utterly inadequate to the purpose in view, at any other part of the British coast; but Portland is most happily situated in this respect. The "cap-stone" from the quarries, which far exceeds the good building stone in quantity, has always been a burden and a trouble: no one has known where to throw it, or what to do with it. Now this stone is found to be admirably calculated for the purposes of a breakwater; and thus the engineers have at hand an abundant supply of material which at present has scarcely any commercial value at all.

The breakwater is to be constructed, and Weymouth and Portland will then present another point of interest to the tourist.



TRAM-ROAD FROM THE STONE QUARRY.

HAMPSHIRE AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



SOUTHAMPTON PIER.

Southampton is one of those few places which, after a gradual decay, has had the good fortune to spring into a renewed life and state of prosperity. This prosperity it owes to its excellent port, and to the general want of harbours on the south coast. Even as early as the time of King John the town had arrived at some little importance through this advantage, for the revenues of this place and Portsmouth were farmed by that monarch for the sum of £200 yearly; no insignificant sum in those days. At that time it had at its back the city of Winchester (then the second in wealth in the kingdom) and Salisbury. It was the noted point of export of wool for its own and the adjoining county; and it imported in return clarets and canaries for the fat abbots and other bountiful livers of that day. In the reign of Henry II. it became by royal charter an incorporated town, and long before that it had been walled, and defended by a ditch, filled every tide by the sea, and even without the fortified part, it appears that as early as 1334 Above Bar-street existed. In the middle ages it was used by our kings as the most convenient place

of embarkation for troops to France, and its banks have witnessed the departure of the brave Englishmen who won the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. As a proof of its importance under the Tudor dynasty, it supplied no less than 420 men fit to bear arms, at the time of the approach of the Spanish Armada; and in the year 1558 the port had eight ships above 100 tons, seven above 80, and forty-seven under 80,—a pretty respectable fleet for one port in that age. The Protestants, driven from the Netherlands by the persecution of the Duke of Alva, about the same time, settled at Southampton, where they introduced several kinds of cloth not before known in England; which contributed very greatly to the prosperity of the town. The first cause of decay was the great plague, which desolated the place in 1665. The people fled from the town in despair, and so deserted did it become, that the grass grew in its streets. Its commerce did not recover the blow for the next century and a half, and the decaying houses of the ancient merchants afforded a constant theme for the traveller to lament over.

During the late war several expeditions left its quay, which seemed to bear with them the ill-luck of the place. The Earl of Moira's army to Ostend, the troops in the expedition to Quiberon, and the ill-fated West Indian army of 1795, all embarked from Southampton; and were it not that the troops which gained such laurels in Egypt here took ship, we should have to balance the glowing successes of the troops which left its shores under the Edwards and Henries, by the unrelenting disasters of those under the commanders of George III.

The entrance to Southampton is by way of Above Bar-street, an exceedingly handsome thoroughfare, which of old lay without the walls. This street is full of handsome shops and hotels. It is separated from High-street, which is in a line with it by the Bar or North Gate of the town. This frowning old portal was erected at a very early date, some portions of it perhaps as early as the Conquest. Its northern point is in form "a sort of semi-octagon flanked with two lower semi-circular towers." The arch of entrance is highly pointed, and adorned with a profusion of mouldings, which now end abruptly, a part of the flanks of the arch having been cut away to enlarge the carriage-way, which was inconveniently narrow. In ancient times the corporation received a toll for goods and merchandise passing over the bridge (which here crossed the moat) at Bar Gate; and this was not given up until the year 1679.

The two buttresses which flank the arch of entrance are adorned with two rude painted figures, larger than life. One of these figures represents the famous Sir Bevis of Hamptoune, as Southampton was called of old, and the other a giant who attended him as his servant. This Sir Bevis, it appears from the very singular metrical romance from which we intend to quote largely, was the son of Sir Guy, who was treacherously murdered by his wife. This lady he had married against her will; it appears she was young, and he was getting in years; she liked late hours and balls; he, we imagine, liked regular hours, and objected to let his good spouse have the latch-key. Be that as it may, however, she took up with another knight, Sir Murdour, assassinated the lawful husband, and married her paramour. Sir Bevis, though very young, naturally remonstrated with her for the deed, which put her into a great rage:

"His mother his words understode,
And gave him a bufet on the hode;
To the ground he fell that was harme;
His mastyr toke him up by the arme.
Men called his mastyr Sir Sabere,
That childe was to him lyfe and dere;
For Sabere was Sir Guye's brother,
In England was none suche other
Home with the childe Sir Sabere went,
The lady then after him seint."

The lady commands Sir Sabere to murder him, and that knight pretends to do so, but spills the blood of a porker instead of the rich stream of his nephew. He habits him as a shepherd, and sends him to keep sheep

on the Downs above Southampton; whilst there he hears music and sees dancing in his father's castle below. This the young gentleman's hot temper cannot stand, so he rushes into the hall, and knocks down his father-in-law, and then makes his escape. His mother is too many for him, however, and he is sold as a slave, and carried into "Heathenesse." As most knights do, he manages to make the king's daughter fall in love with him:

"Josyan began Bevis for to love,
Over all things that was above;
When Bevis was xiii yere olde,
Knight ne squire was none so bolde,
That against Bevis durste ryde,
Ne with no weapon hym to abyde."

The boy was rather precocious it is true; the royal father, appreciating which, promises his child's hand on condition that he will turn Saracen; this he refuses to do, an argument ensues, which ends—as an Irish one generally does—in a fight, in which the doughty young knight kills sixty of the enemy, for which he is put in prison; but his good Josyan gets him released, and they depart from the father's court. They soon meet with grim lions, which he slays. They next meet a terrible giant, and a very ugly-looking fellow he must have been, according to his portrait:

"He was mighty and stronge,
He was full thirty feet longe;
He was brystled like a sowe,
A fote there was between every browe;
His lyppes were great and hanged asyde,
His eyes were hollow, his mouth was wyde;
He was lothely to loke ou,—
Lyker a devyl than a man."

We must arrest the story for a moment to protest against the likeness of the grim fellow on the Bar Gate. If the artist could not have managed a full-length of thirty feet, he should have put him sitting in a chair, anything rather than curtail him of his fair proportions as he has done. To proceed, however:

The knight managed, of course, to vanquish the giant (whose name was Ascapart) notwithstanding his inches. Sir Bevis, however, gives him his life, on condition that he will become his servant. We next find them come all the way as far as Cologne,—they did not know much of geography in those days, we suppose—and the bishop is baptising the trio:

"The Bishop crystened Josyan
That was whyte as any swan."

It required no small basin to baptise the giant it appears, and a tun of water was prepared for him. Ascapart not relishing such a douche bath, kicked and struggled, much to the merriment of the people. Thus endued with fresh courage, they meet a dragon, which Sir Bevis kills.

As he gets towards home, he collects an army to reconquer his territory from his cruel father-in-law Sir Murdour. The cruel father-in-law does the like to defend himself; "a terrific combat of two" follows;

the cruel father-in-law is taken prisoner, and is punished for his manifold wickedness after the following manner :

"Sir Bevis, without any let,
Made a cauldron on the fire be set,
Full of pitch and brimstone :
A worse death was never none.
When the cauldron boyled harde,
Murdour was caste in mydwarde.
That death died he seekerly
For the death of good Sir Guy."

This was bad enough, but the wicked wife also was to be disposed of. Hearing about her husband being boiled,—

"She stode above in a towre,
So wo she was for Sir Murdour;
Then she fell down and broke her necke;
I beshrew him that thereof doth recke."

And now, for the first time, the corporation of the town make their appearance, and of course present an address to the winning party, and induct him into his fair town and castle. Sir Bevis is of a roving disposition, however, and goes abroad; the nasty giant Ascapart takes advantage of his lord's absence, and runs away with his lady, just as she has been brought to bed of twins—a rather extraordinary proceeding on his part. Sir Sabere kills the giant, however, and rescues Josyan. Misfortunes never do come single, however, and Sir Bevis hears that King Edgar has "disherited" his heir; and now comes the most desperate achievement of the gallant knight. He determines to attack the king in his own capital, and he accordingly proceeds with a great army of Southampton knights to Putney :

"Bevis rode forth with little boost;
At Putneth he left his hoost;
That is from London miles thre.
And there he left hys companie,
And rode to London hymselfe,
No more with him but knyghts xii."

Much to the shame of the good burgers of the city, the knight and his twelve men kept them all at bay. It is clear they had not the Lumber Troop or the Honourable Artillery Company among them :

"He rode forth into Brede Street,
Many Lombards then gan he mete,
And assayed Bevis wonder fast,
On everi syde he downe them cast.
Sir Bevis had been in many a land,
And many a batayle had in hand;
Yet was he never so careful a man,
In no batayle as he was then.
Sir Bevis defended hym well ynough,
Many he felled and many he slough;
On every side down he them caste,
And pricked forth among them faste,
Till he came to the Chepe,
There he found many men of a hepe;
Then again began the fyght,
Between the city and the knyght."

The town was clearly getting too hot to hold even the doughty Sir Bevis; but at the very nick of time his two sons, Sir Myles and Sir Guy, came with ten thousand knights from Putney to his help, not in a monster train, but in "shippes." His horse Arundel takes to fighting also for his master, so with this double aid he speedily gains the victory :

"So harde they gan together mete,
That the blode run in every street;
So many men was ded,
That Cheapsyde was blode red.
For there was slayne, I understand,
The number of thirty thousande."

After the fight he goes home, to get a moment's rest with his wife :

"Josyan was never so fayne
As when she saw Sir Bevis agayne.
Sir Bevis toke Josyan full soone,
And to South Hampton came anon:
There he thought without fayle
To abyde the kynge batayle."

The king thought better of the matter, considering very wisely that a warrior who could fight a whole city, and whose horse took up the fight when he was tired, was not a person to be trifled with; so he makes a compromise with him, and gives his daughter to his son Sir Myles, who was made Earl of Cornwall.

Shortly after this the good Sir Bevis and his lady die, and at the same time the horse Arundel gives up the ghost. But we cannot resist giving the concluding verses, they are so good :

"Then waxed Josyan seke, and lave
And Bevis also, as I you saye.
Bishoppes and friars came to them blyve,
Bevis and Josyan for to shryve.
When Bevis and Josyan the good
Had themselfe humbled to God in moode,
Eyther turned to other without host,
And both they yielded up the ghost."

If any one doubts that the good knight performed the gallant deeds recounted in the romance, all we can say is, that in Arundel Castle there hangs the good sword Morglay, with which he accomplished these famous deeds, and if he requires further proofs, he must really seek for them himself.

Passing through the Bar Gate, we find the south point decorated with a statue of George III., in the Roman Imperial costume !

We now enter High-street—a long handsome street, which Leland, who visited it in Henry VIII.'s time, called "one of the fairest streets that is in any town in England." (Cut, p. 128.) At the bottom of this we come out upon the quay, and have before us, stretching north and south, Southampton Water, dotted with yachts, and brushed on its opposite side by the New Forest, whose wood fringes the very water's edge. Straight before us, running out a good way into the water, is the Royal Victoria Pier, with its steamers just ready to start for the Isle of Wight. This part of Southampton is exceedingly beautiful, and the bustle



HIGH-STREET, SOUTHAMPTON.

it presents is worthy of its ancient importance. Southampton is a county in itself, a privilege bestowed on it by King John, and as such is independent of the Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff of Hampshire, having its own Clerk of the Peace, which office has been added by charter to that of Town Clerk. The Corporation have the power of choosing non-resident burgesses, who,

though not members of the common-council, are privileged to vote at elections for the mayor, and for the parliamentary representatives; the voters consist of the burgesses and such of the inhabitants as pay scot and lot: the first return was made in the twenty-third year of the reign of Edward the First. Its attractions as a bathing-place are very considerable, and in the

'season' give a great air of life to the place. If we turn along by the Royal Yacht Club, a handsome new building, we shall be able to trace the ancient wall, which for some distance runs parallel with the river, and is sufficiently low to allow us to see over it. At low tide the water scarcely covers the mass of sand and weeds which here looks a perfect morass, and must be, we are quite sure, very unhealthy. The wall as it turns to the north becomes much higher, and in some places puts on quite an architectural appearance, running, however, through the poorest portion of the town until it gains the Bar Gate. If we pursue the quay southward, we come at last to an ancient and strong tower with a gateway beneath it. This stronghold at one time guarded the sluices which filled the moat surrounding the town every tide. This castle is said to have been built by Henry VIII., but it is evidently older than his time. It is now used as a prison for debtors. The old gray walls, half covered with ivy, have a very picturesque effect, and are well seen from the battery close to it; where, among other heavy guns, is a very long brass piece, which bears upon its breech the date 1542, and the inscription, "Fidei defensor invictissimus," being a present to the town from Henry. A short distance from us we see the walls of the New Docks, and the masts and funnels of the large steamers it contains. But we shall return here presently.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Southampton is not remarkable. St. Michael's is by far the oldest and most curious church. It contains portions of old Saxon masonry in its west front and in other portions of the building; its chief feature, however, is the slender octagonal spire, which is very high, and serves as a land-mark to the shipping. Holyrood Church has the most imposing appearance, and is situated in the High-street. A colonnade runs along the street-front, and goes by the singular name of the Proclamator, among the common people, no doubt from the fact that announcements of public importance, such as proclamations of peace or war, the advent to the throne of a new sovereign, &c., were at one time made by the magistrates from this place.

The visitor is struck as he passes along the street, by a marble slab placed against the wall of the church, which records the fearful fate of twenty-two persons who, in attempting to rescue property from a calamitous fire which took place here in 1837, lost their lives. All Saints', St. Mary's, St. Paul's, and Trinity chapels, are all comparatively modern structures; and, in addition to these churches of the establishment, most of the Dissenters have places of worship.

The Town-hall is, perhaps, the oldest apartment in Southampton, being situated over the Bar-gate. This room is fifty-two feet long by twenty-one feet wide, the ascent to which is by a massive stone staircase. Four windows of very ancient date give an excellent light to the hall. The fish and general markets are both excellent,—as indeed they should be, considering they have such a coast and a county to

supply them. The charities of the town are also numerous; and the South Hants Infirmary is excellently managed, and has accommodation for forty-five patients.

The Quays and the beautiful Southampton Water are, however, the chief sources of attraction, and here the visitor speedily finds himself lounging. Those who love a good blow can enjoy it to their hearts' content on the Victoria Pier, which runs out into the estuary a considerable distance. (Cut, p. 425.) The pier was erected in 1832, before which time passengers were embarked from the muddy bank which was facetiously called a "hard." The formation of the railroad to London had such an effect upon the passenger-traffic to the Isle of Wight, that this new accommodation was imperatively called for and provided. From the pier steamers leave for Cowes, Ryde, and Portsmouth several times in the day; on which occasions the Pier-head seems the place of chief attraction in this quarter of the town, and at those times when the railway brings down its thousands on cheap excursion trips to the Isle of Wight it looks particularly animated. From the sheltered Round-house, which stands at the head of the pier, the invalid whilst enjoying the sea breeze, can command a view of the whole estuary, as far as Calshot Castle, a small fortress erected by Henry VIII., to protect its entrance. The old Custom-house is situated upon the quay, close to the pier. It now stands the representative of the past: the enlarged commercial life of the town being transferred to the docks, a new Custom-house has been erected in its neighbourhood.

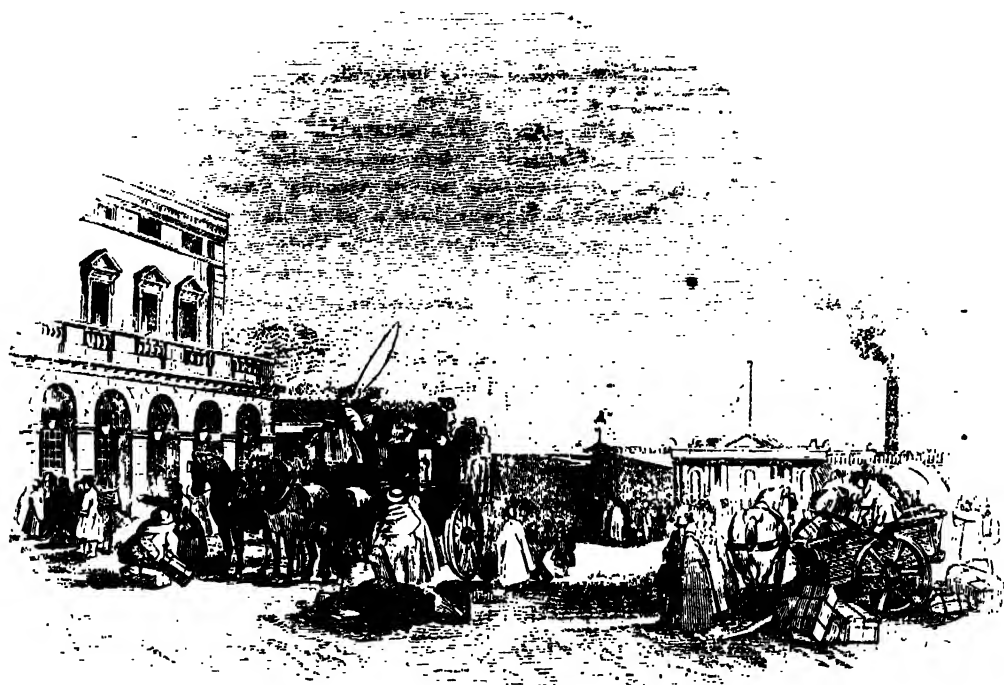
Before these docks were built, ships used to unload alongside of the quay at this spot; but those of larger tonnage have now deserted it for the better berthing and security of the basin, and only vessels of small size unload at the open quay.

Pursuing our way alongside of the water we come to what is called the Platform,—a place where the battery of guns is situated. These guns stand on the open shore, without the protection of a breastwork. They are used for firing salutes and notifying the arrival of the large steamers. The shore, or beach, a little further on, is planted with trees, which afford a delightful shade, and forms the favourite promenade of the townsmen. It must have been near here that Canute reproved his flatterers.

THE DOCKS.

Close at hand are the Docks, the source of the sudden revival of the port's prosperity. These works were commenced in 1836, on what was termed the Mudland,—a large space between the town and the river Itchen. The first of these Docks,—the Tidal Dock,—was finished and opened in the year 1842; and the second, the close basin for the unloading of ships, was excavated at the same time, but has not yet been furnished with quay-walls or faced with stone.

The Tidal Dock is certainly a very fine work, paved



SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY STATION.

with granite, and surrounded on three sides with commanding ranges of warehouses. The entrance to the Dock is from the Itchen river, which runs alongside of it, and empties itself just here into the Southampton Water. The area of this basin is 16 acres, and it has 3,100 feet of quay-room, with a depth of 18 feet at low water at spring tides, or of 21 at low water at neap tides. The entrance to the Dock is 150 feet wide, and steamers of 2,000 tons burthen can enter it at low water; but it is generally thought more prudent to wait for high tide. In addition to this splendid water area, there are two Graving Docks, capable of admitting the largest class ships and steamers, and many vessels are now repaired there which were formerly obliged to go round to Portsmouth. When these two Docks were commenced, it was not known that Government would make it the starting-place for one of its line of mail-steamers, and the joy of the town was great when it was decided to make it the port for the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, and for the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company.

The advent of these splendid vessels was the commencement of a new era for Southampton; and the impetus they gave to the port may be judged by the fact, that in the year 1846 the value of its exports was 2,196,275*l.*—a sum only a little inferior to those of Glasgow, in the same year. It might be said that the valuable nature of the cargoes taken out by the Atlantic and Mediterranean steamers would account for much of this high amount; but the returns of the ships frequenting the port give proof that a great progressive increase has taken place in its general

shipping,—no less than 1,435 vessels having arrived and departed in 1845, of which the tonnage was 300,131. We do not think that there is a finer commercial sight in the kingdom than the Southampton Floating Dock, when it is full, as it often is, of gigantic steamers, many of which are upwards of 220 feet in length, and when unladen standing higher out of water than many a three-decker. Interspersed with these leviathans of the deep, are the Havre steamers, of beautiful mould and most graceful rig, and trading vessels of all kinds, from the coal-smack to the West-Indiaman.

The Railway is in immediate connection with the Docks, running its iron rails from the main lines round to the doors of the warehouses and the Dock walls, so that cargoes might be lifted from the holds into the trucks, and transferred to London without delay. The new Custom-house is a handsome and commodious building, situated just without the walls of the Docks.

The terminus of the South-Western railway is close to the Docks; indeed, these two points seem to form the nuclei of the new life of the city. All around, what a few years ago was a bare common, is now alive under the hands of the builders; streets and squares are springing up like magic, and the "new town," as it is very properly called, is rapidly becoming a very important portion of the place, containing as it does excellent and commodious dwelling-houses, finished in a very superior manner.

NETLEY ABBEY.

Among the many charming rides in the neighbour-

hood of Southampton, that most frequented by the stranger is the one to Netley Abbey. The world-wide fame of this very ancient ruin has made it a place of great resort; and few people leave the neighbourhood without wandering among its crumbling walls. The walk thither is quite charming. As we pass the Custom-house we come upon the Itchen river—at least a quarter of a mile broad at its mouth—which is crossed by the new floating-bridge; a huge iron structure propelled by means of a steam engine in its centre, which works on a chain attached to either bank of the river. As we pass over, the picturesque old Dutch-looking village of Itchen is seen a little way up the river on the opposite shore. On landing, we shortly arrive at the shore of Southampton Water, which we skirt for two miles or so, leaving on our left-hand a pleasant common. The ruins lie embosomed in wood on a gentle hill-side, and are completely hidden until the visitor is close upon them.

This Abbey is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth century, and belonged to the Cistercian order of monks. The community consisted of an abbot and twelve monks, and their revenues, at the time of the Reformation, only amounted to £160 a year,—no very large sum even in those days. When in the height of its prosperity, this abbey must have presented a rather imposing appearance; the chapel is not very large, but the ruins of the conventual buildings are extensive, and seem much more spacious than would appear requisite to accommodate so small a fraternity. The chapel is far gone to decay, and what time has not been able to destroy, man has. On the dissolution, the buildings passed into lay hands; and at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a portion of the ruins were sold by its then proprietor, Sir Bartlett Lucy, for building purposes. It is said that the purchaser was a Mr. James Taylor, of Southampton, and that the remarks made by his friends, on the impropriety of removing such hallowed remains, had such an effect on his mind that he dreamed he should be killed by the keystone of one of the arches falling out and splitting his skull; and the dream was brought to pass (it is said), the fatal stone falling on his head whilst taking down a piece of timber that did not seem in any way connected with it. Huge heaps of rubbish, covered with grass and wild flowers, are piled in the centre of the chapel, testifying to the wreck that has taken place. It was cruciform in shape, and still maintains that form—with the exception of the north transept, which has been destroyed. Many of the windows of the nave are still remaining, and testify by their finish and excellent proportions to the original beauty of its architecture.

The profusion of ivy which clings to the walls and kindly hides the handiwork of time, gives a charming effect to the building; whilst giant trees have sprung up, and now spread their ample arms, where once the vaulted roof was suspended. The kitchen is still roofed, and the refectory is not so much decayed as many portions of the building. All the domestic offices of the

Abbey, indeed, were preserved long after the Chapel, the Earls of Hertford and Huntingdon having transformed them into a dwelling-house. The remains of the Tudor additions of those noblemen are still very evident.

The situation of this ruin is quite delightful. From the summit of its walls the sea is seen shining over the fringe of wood that interposes between it and the shore. Horace Walpole has given a sketch of the ruin in his usual lively style. Time has made many inroads upon it, however, since his day. Writing to his friend Bentley, he says,—“The ruins are vast, and retain fragments of beautiful fretted roofs pendant in the air, with all varieties of gothic patterns of windows, topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the Abbey enriched with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the Abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in the view of Southampton Sea, deep, blue, glittering with silver and vessels, on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh! the purpled abbots! what a spot had they chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lovely, that they seem only to have retired into the world.”

This picture continues to the present day; and we too, with the noble writer, can imagine the white-hooded monks hurrying along these terrace-walks, which yet remain, or busy in the orchard, or the abbot's pleasure-garden. The fort spoken of by Horace Walpole has been restored, and the tower he would have, has been built; and it now makes a charming residence—its embattled walls looking over the estuary whose waters wash up to its very walls.

THE NEW FOREST.

Some very charming excursions can be made from Southampton into the New Forest, which extends from the opposite shore in a south-westerly direction for many miles. This great forest, originally laid out by the Conqueror as a hunting-ground, contains 66,000 acres of land, not more than 15,000 of which are in wood, the remaining portion being waste land. In this district still linger the old forest usages, such as existed in the time of the Normans. Local courts still have jurisdiction there, and the government and care of it is in the hands of a set of officers whose very names speak of the days of old. Agistors, Regarders, Bowbearers, Rangers, &c., have their domiciles within its purlieus, and execute the law throughout its sylvan glades. This ancient machinery has long grown ineffectual however, and perhaps something more; for the nation has within these last few years been astounded by the magnitude of the

robberies of timber which have taken place within it—one spot alone showing the stumps of 400 splendid trees which have been extracted unknown to the chief authorities.

A committee is at the present time considering what had better be done with this national property, which has long ceased to be a nursery of timber for the navy, and which only continues a centre of disease from its decaying vegetation, and a source of demoralisation to the surrounding population; and in all probability, in a few years, we shall see farms smiling upon the thousands of acres of waste, and the wood divided into manageable properties, in the hands of private individuals, who will turn what is now a source of expense to the nation into a series of thriving and profitable woodlands. One of the prettiest drives to the Forest is through the villages of Millbrook, Redbridge, Totton, and Rumbridge. In the village of Redbridge most strangers pause for a short time, to visit the grave of Robert Pollok, whose poem, 'The Course of Time,' has made his name so celebrated. It stands in the churchyard, and a granite obelisk has there been erected to his memory, on which the following inscription is written:

The Grave of
ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.
Author of
"The Course of Time."

His immortal Poem is his monument.

He was born at Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire,
Scotland,

On the 19th of October, 1798,

Died at Shireley Common, on the 17th of September, 1827.

This Obelisk was erected by some admirers of his genius.

One of the most interesting places in the Forest is the village of Lyndhurst, a place of great antiquity,

where our monarchs of old used to hold their rural courts during the hunting season. The Merry Monarch was the last king, however, who ever visited it for hunting purposes. George III. took up his residence in the lodge called the King's House, however, in 1789 for nearly a week. This lodge, which is situated in the centre of the village, is now the official residence of the lord warden, or chief governor, of the Forest. It contains an old hall, called Rufus's Hall, in which the Forest Courts are held; it is fitted up with seats at the upper end, which are for the use of the verderers; they are of very ancient date and constructed of oak. The dining-hall is a fine apartment, and is said to have been used by Rufus. They show you here a huge stirrup, said to have belonged to that monarch also. It is made of iron, and traces of gilt are still to be seen upon it; its width at the bottom is ten inches and a half, its depth seven inches and a half, and it measures all round no less than two feet seven inches. The Forest keepers say they have authority to put to death any dog found within the precincts of the Forest who cannot pass through this stirrup. Leaving Lyndhurst by the Lymington road, the visitor sees the old Forest to perfection. Oaks of the largest growth arise on either side, and he feels himself (in England, at least,) for the first time in his life in a forest—using the word in its full acceptation; and if he wishes to realise the historical associations of the wood, he has only to journey to the Obelisk which has been erected to mark the spot where Rufus fell by the arrow of Tyrell. Other excursions might be made into the Forest by way of Hythe. The ruins of the Abbey of Beaulieu are well worthy of a visit, the little port of Eling affords charming water prospects, and the way to it is altogether delightful to the excursionist.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The Southampton Waters form a noble estuary, capable of floating ships of great burden. The entrance is guarded on the west side by Calshot Castle, while the works of Portsmouth extend along the coast, so as to form the defence on the eastern bank. Directly facing the mouth of these waters stands the Isle of Wight, whose beauties it is now our intention to survey.

The Isle of Wight, though included within the jurisdiction of the county of Hampshire, is separated from it by a channel, varying in breadth from two to seven miles, and in former ages distinguished by the appellation of the Solent Sea. Many have conjectured that this Isle was originally connected with the main land, but that the violence of the sea had gradually disjoined it from the neighbouring shore. Of this opinion is the learned Whitaker, who remarks, from older writers, that "its name is evidently derived from the British *Guilh*, or *Guiot*, signifying the divorced, or separated: hence arose the appellation of *Vectis*, or the separated

region, for the Isle of Wight." This opinion is not without its opponents; but the supporters of the affirmative appear to have the advantage both in talents and in number. Diodorus Siculus, who speaks of an Island by the name of *Ietis*, to which he affirms the Britons carried their tin over in carts at the recess of the tide, in order to export it to the opposite coasts of Gaul, is thought by many to allude to the Isle of Wight; and if this could be established, it would at once decide the controversy.

The original tin staple was certainly at the *Cassiterides*, or Scilly Isles; but, prior to the time of this historian, it had been removed to the Roman *Vectis*, or Isle of Wight. "The Greeks of Marseille," observes Mr. Whitaker, who quotes Strabo and Diodorus as authorities, "first followed the tract of the Phœnician voyagers; and some time before the days of Polybius, and about 200 years before the age of Christ, began to share with them in the trade of tin. The Carthaginian



Forest scene, looking down the path.



OSBORNE HOUSE, FROM THE MEDINA.

commerce declined; the Massylian commerce increased: and in the reign of Augustus the whole of the British traffic had been gradually directed into this channel. At that period the commerce of the Island was very considerable: two roads were laid across the country, and reached from Sandwich to Caernarvon on one side, and extended from Dorsetshire into Suffolk on the other: and the commerce of the coasts must

have been carried along them into the interior regions of the Island. The great staple of tin was no longer settled in a distant corner: it was removed from Scilly, and was fixed in the Isle of Wight, or central part of the coast, lying equally betwixt the two roads, and better adapted to the new arrangement of the trade. Thither the tin was carried by the Belgæ; thither the foreign merchants resorted with their wares; and the

trade was no longer carried on by vessels that coasted tediously along the winding shores of Spain and of Gaul: it was now transported over the neighbouring channel, and unshipped on the opposite coast. The Isle of Wight was now actually a part of the greater Island, disjoined from it only by the tide, and united to it always at the ebb; and during the recess of the waters, the Britons constantly passed over the low isthmus of land, and carried their loaded carts of tin directly across it."

We need not spend much time in any introductory remarks on "the little isle that checks the westering tide," as Collins somewhere styles the Isle of Wight. If nearly two centuries ago Michael Drayton could sing that

"Of all the southern isles it holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace;"

how much more truly could it be so said, or sung now! It is almost too well known. Everybody has seen it or read about it. Almost every part of it is as common as the Regent's Park or Kensington Gardens. It is the ordinary sauntering-place for invalids, and idlers, and honey-moon spenders. Whether however it is as truly known as it is generally known, or has been as adequately described as it has been often described, is a more questionable matter. For some resident White it once offered a theme of exceeding value, ready to be wrought into a history of wider scope and more various interest than that of Selborne: instead of which it has fallen into the hands of a host of prolix and puerile Guides, and vapid describers.* It is too late now to look for amendment: it has paid the penalty of its popularity; it has been petted and praised, and lionized, till nearly all its original charm is worn off; its artlessness is gone. One after another every lonely and lovely spot catches the fancy of tourist or builder: groves of venerable foliage are felled to make way for groves of white-fronted houses; the wooded slopes are pared, and trimmed, and converted into 'Terraces'; on the solitary hill-side bristles the many fantastic peaks of some flaring new villa, or lodge, or cottage, or castle, or whatever other name the lively imagination of its constructor suggests as most applicable to the curious edifice. Everywhere, in fact—

"The lonely mountains o'er, and the resounding shore,
The voice of woe is heard, and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale, edged with the poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—(Milton.)

* Of course we do not mean to include under this censure the eminently splendid work of Sir Henry Englefield, or Worsley's very valuable history: but only to remark that from the narrow limits and compact form of the island, the singular variety of its physical features, and the uncommon range of its fauna, as well as the distinct character which its human inhabitants formerly possessed, there were ample and perhaps unrivalled materials for a popular and readable monograph of the order of which White has furnished so delightful an example:—we need hardly add that no such book has been, or now can be written of the Isle of Wight.

Under these circumstances neither writer nor reader can hope for novelty; and all we shall aim at will be to present a plain view of the general impression which the island is calculated to make on one who rambles over it, and forms his own notions of it, without regard to the laudation or the silence of guide-books. To these books, of which there is a goodly number, we refer the visitor for lists of the villas and like important details—and he may accept our account as a supplement to them.

It is little to be wondered at that the island is so favourite a resort of the summer tourist, or the holiday-maker, the newly wedded, or the solitary Rambler, or any other bird of passage:

"Every island is a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea,"

as Dr. Johnson used to say; and though little of that feeling is experienced here, there is just enough of isolation to give a slight tinge to the fancy. The narrow strait which separates it from the mainland, separates it also sufficiently from the ordinary working world. This strait may at any time be crossed in half an hour, and you are in altogether a new region. Then the size of the place—scarcely 24 miles in its greatest length, and 13 in its greatest breadth—and its form—which the old topographers likened to a turbot, but which our more prim-speaking moderns, who have no relish for such dainty similitudes, describe as an irregular rhomboid or heraldic lozenge—bring every part of it within easy reach from one or two centres, and permit its examination without any risk of fatigue. While, however, it can be so easily seen, it can only be thoroughly explored by the pedestrian; and he alone has any chance of observing to advantage the two or three nooks that yet remain unapproached on by gentility, and unprofaned by Vandalic ornament. The guide-books all appear to take for granted that the tourist will hire a fly; and consequently give directions where "the travelling carriage is to stay," in order that a particular spot may be visited. This is of course proper enough for invalids and young brides, but they who are neither sick nor wed will do well to trust to their feet. The island flies are a great annoyance; and he who is troubled with them will find it necessary after he has got quit of them to go again over the ground, if he wishes to see it properly,—a practice wasteful alike of time, and cash, and temper—three things the traveller in Vectis will need to husband.

The scenery of the Isle of Wight may be classed under the Coast, the Downs, and the Valleys; and each has its varieties. The coast ranging as it does from the flat sandy bank to chalk cliffs of loftier and bolder elevation than in any other part of England; and including the wild Undercliff, and the singular Chines, is naturally the most attractive and celebrated part of the island. The Downs in themselves are not to be compared with the broader ranges of Sussex and Wiltshire, but they afford prospects at least as varied and

splendid. While in the valleys may be found quiet rural districts, with here and there a pretty rustic cottage, embowered among trees, and covered with roses, or a neat comfortable-looking farm-house lying in some bright verdant dale, and surrounded with abundant signs of moderate prosperity; picturesque homely villages, with their old weather-beaten churches, and often rich groves and woods reflecting in a brook or a pond their deep verdure, or perhaps through some casual opening among the boughs revealing a glimpse of the distant sea—recalling the memory of some half-forgotten or fancied picture, but glowing in colours fairer and brighter than ever painter's art could hope to imitate. These valleys are in least repute and are seldom visited for their own sakes; but they are frequently of exceeding beauty, especially if seen when

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene,"
(ROGERS' 'Pleasures of Memory'.)

RYDE.

In order to look even cursorily over the different scenes we have enumerated, it will be convenient to regard them apart. We shall commence with a stroll round the island. Ryde being the usual landing-place of the visitor, we may make it our starting point. When first distinctly seen from the steamer's deck its appearance is very promising. Along a hill side, of moderate elevation, rise in orderly clusters, or separately, the white houses from amidst dark masses of foliage. As we near it the houses begin to look bare and regular, the long black pier increases the formality; the whole puts on too much the ordinary air of a watering-place. If it be low-tide the wide band of mud that stretches from the pier-head to the town reminds you irresistibly of the "impassable gulf (if we may so call it) of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by walking nor swimming," when Fielding visited the place; and thankful that you have not to attempt to traverse it by any such mode, you pace the dreary length of the pier—it extends some 1740 feet into the sea—and without demur pay the two-pence which the authorities demand from every one who seeks to enter their town.

Ryde is a neat regularly built place; the streets are wide and clean, the shops many of them handsome, and there are private houses in the town as well as in its environs of a rather superior grade. It has a population of some 4,000 souls. There are churches, a town-hall, a theatre, and other public buildings, but none of them of any noticeable character. One of the best looking, perhaps, is the recently erected club-house. The whole town is of quite modern growth, and has too much of the baldness as well as the pretension of watering-place architecture. When Fielding was here, in 1754, "the whole parish did not seem to contain above thirty houses:" there are now considerably above a thousand: but the place has the

look of being over-built. Fielding greatly admired the verdant appearance of Ryde:—"The fertility of the place," he says, "is apparent from its extraordinary verdure, and it is so shaded with large and flourishing elms, that its narrow lanes are a natural grove or walk, which in the regularity of its plantation vies with the power of art, and in its wanton exuberancy greatly exceeds it." All this is changed. The narrow lanes have become wide roads, and the large elms are mostly cut down. Still there is a good deal of foliage left to flourish, especially outside the town, but its wanton exuberancy is pruned, and it is trimmed and dressed into due propriety. On the whole Ryde is a cheerful town, and it is a great favourite with those who spend a summer in the island. The accommodations for visitors are on the most complete scale. Nine-tenths of the private houses are lodging-houses, and the shops are perhaps the smartest and best furnished in the island—a wide change from the time when Fielding was fain to put up with the hospitality of Mrs. Francis, and, as he relates, the butchers never killed ox or sheep "during bean and bacon season;" when he was obliged to send to a lady's house in the neighbourhood to beg some tea and vegetables—commodities that were not to be purchased in the town. In the inns, too—the class of houses which a traveller always regards with the most interest—there is also a great improvement. He need fear no such plentiful lack of entertainment in the island now-a-days. No one now finds occasion to complain of the contracted scale of either fare or charges in a Wight hostel.

And there is a good deal of comfort in the knowledge of this. Visitors do occasionally complain very heartily of the charges in the island inns, but they ought not to forget that if the bill is heavy the fare is good. Poor Fielding had to pay a high price for very different entertainment. He had to lodge in a tumble-down tenement, get nothing eatable or drinkable but what he himself provided, hear constant complaints of the trouble he was giving, and finally have his hostess grumble at the smallness of the bill, though she had inserted everything in it she could contrive to introduce. Travellers ought to know of these contrasts; it would help to save some effusions of bile occasionally. Note what he says of this amiable landlady:

"If her bills were remonstrated against she was offended with the tacit censure of her fair dealing; if they were not, she seemed to regard it as a tacit sarcasm on her folly, which might have set down larger prices with the same success. On this latter hint she did indeed improve, for she daily raised some of her articles. A pennyworth of fire was to-day rated at a shilling, to-morrow at eighteen pence; and if she dressed us two dishes for two shillings on the Saturday, we paid half-a-crown for the cookery of one on the Sunday; and whenever she was paid, she never left the room without lamenting the small amount of her bill, saying, 'she knew not how it was that others got their money by gentlefolks, but for her part she had not the art of

it.' When she was asked why she complained, when she was paid all she demanded; she answered, 'she could not deny that, nor did she know she had omitted anything, but that *it was but a poor bill for gentlefolks to pay.*' This last point, however, it must be acknowledged, you do sometimes hear gently suggested, even in these days of obsequiousness; but on the whole there is little other cause of complaint than the bill. And of that there is cause, perhaps; at least most travellers fancy so, but they may be mistaken. It is a rule in ethics, that the morality of a people is to be judged of by the code they recognise. In Sparta, says Plutarch, or somebody else, it was not disgraceful to steal, but to be detected in stealing. In the Isle of Wight, the traveller is regarded as an individual who comes there to spend a certain sum of money, and it is believed to be the duty of each islander to assist him in spending it as easily and speedily as possible. This is an obligation which every one in his degree early comprehends and faithfully performs. As the Spartan boy would undergo without flinching any amount of suffering rather than permit his prey to escape, so will the islander endure any rebuff without quitting hold of his. The hotels are but a part of the system; and that they come in for a larger share of the traveller's ire arises simply from their taking the lion's share of his gold. It will do him good to know, that their present method of procedure is only a continuance of the good old plan. Even the item of 'candles,' which commonplace travellers wonder to see in their bills, is as old as Mrs. Francis, and its presence there is no doubt justified as she justified it: "Candles! why yes, to be sure; why should not travellers pay for their candles? I'm sure I pays for mine!" In truth, the hotels in the ordinary route of travellers, are on too dashing a scale. They are often said to resemble gentlemen's villas in their appearance, and they require a gentlemanly purse to stay at. But they are very comfortable, and perhaps owing to the costliness of the establishment, and the comparative shortness of the visitor's 'season,' lower charges would not be remunerative. But, undoubtedly, a good many people are kept from the island who cannot afford to spend as much as they are told is necessary. It is for this reason that we have referred to the subject. We have often been asked, whether it is practicable to make an inexpensive tour in the island. It is, to a pedestrian, who can be content with plain fare, and cleanly, though rather homely, apartments. In almost every village there is an inn, and though they are inferior to the better class of village inns in the parent island, they are very bearable. We have tried, at different times, a good many of them, and most of the hotels, and confess to preferring the decent civility of the one, to the showier servility of the other. There is the advantage, too, of being in a better position for seeing something of the character of the peasantry—always a matter of interest to one who is desirous of understanding the tract of country he is travelling over. At these little inns, however, the stranger must reckon on some inconveniences, and though we have never found occa-

sion to complain, we have heard others complain of the charges, when compared with the entertainment. To such a grumbler we heard the other day an answer given at one of them, almost in the very words which Fielding has put in the mouth of Mrs. Francis, when "*he made some small remonstrance:*" "For her part, she did not get her livelihood by travellers, who were gone and away, and she never expected to see them more; but her neighbours might come again, wherefore, to be sure, they had the only right to complain;" a comfortable doctrine for wayfarers. So much for the inns—it will serve for the whole island.

BRADING HAVEN, BRADING.

We will not stay now to speak of the pleasant walks around Ryde, though some of them are very pleasant; nor of the gentlemen's seats, though some of them are handsome mansions, and have fine prospects from their grounds. We will rather proceed eastwards on our journey. The sandy meadow, which we soon reach, called The Dover, was formerly distinguished by a number of small grassy mounds, which marked the graves of many of the seamen drowned in the *Royal George*, whose bodies were washed ashore near this spot. "We did not much like," said a fisherman, of whom Sir Henry Englefield inquired about these graves, "we did not much like drawing a net hereabouts for some weeks afterwards: we were always bringing up a corpse." The graves have long ceased to be distinguishable. From the Downs, from what is called the Sea View, and indeed nearly the whole way to the mouth of Brading harbour, the seaward prospect is very striking. The famous anchorage of Spithead stretches along, and there, and in the bay of St. Helen's, a glorious array of our noble ships of war may generally be observed, imparting a singular air of majesty to the scene, which is increased by the bold fortifications that guard the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and the harbour and town which are seen less distinctly beyond. From the slopes, a little more inland, the views are also often of much beauty. The view of Ryde (Engraving) was taken from one of these spots, not far from St. John's. About Puckpool Bay, and Nettlestone, the coast is high and rocky, and being richly wooded on the summit, and in some instances down to the water, has a very fine appearance, as you sail slowly under it.

Brading Harbour is at low water a large muddy swamp, along the middle of which a narrow streamlet works its way to the sea. But at high-tide it seems a handsome lake of 800 acres area. At such a time it is indeed a very beautiful object. From the mouth of the harbour you see a really noble lake embayed between hills of moderate elevation, which are covered pretty thickly with trees, in many places down to the very edge of the water; along the banks and on the sides of the hills are scattered many neat houses, and a church or two, and the head of the lake is surrounded by a lofty range of downs, whilst the surface, itself of a deep azure hue, glitters with numerous glancing sails,

and is alive with hundreds of silver-winged seagulls. To one who has not seen, or can forget, a lake among the mountains, with the wondrous aerial fantasies which play about the lofty peaks that recede, ridge behind ridge, into the far distant ether, this will, if seen under favourable aspects, appear of almost unsurpassable beauty; to every one it must appear very beautiful. An hour or two should be devoted to a sail upon it. The views from the surface are very varied; those looking northwards derive much beauty from the way in which the sea, with its ships, and the distant shore, mingle with the lake. The view from the head of the harbour is, especially at sunset, eminently picturesque and striking.

There was a time when neither lake nor swamp existed here; but instead was a green and fertile valley. Through the midst of it flowed the narrow river, upon the banks of which stood a large and magnificent castle, whose owners were the lords of all these parts. Rich were they and proud, as well as powerful; but their wealth was ill-gained, and their power ill-exercised. From their towers they watched the adjacent sea; and merciless was the treatment of the ship they could by force or stratagem obtain possession of. Often as the walls of the castle witnessed scenes of splendid revelry, they as often, it was rumoured, beheld deeds of fearful wrong. But at last the long course of prosperity was followed by a terrible reverse. In rash adventures and domestic feuds the once numerous family had dwindled down, till the old chief was left with an only son. A harsh and violent man he was; and hard was it for any one to endure the fierce explosions of his anger, which seemed to increase in violence with his years. In one of these fits he drove his son from him with fearful denunciations. The old man died soon after; the son, it was reported, found an early and inglorious grave in a foreign land. The castle was abandoned to the reptile and the bat: a curse seemed to hang over the very walls; even the dank ivy shrank from them. Ruin wandered undisturbed through the lonely rooms, and over the mouldering turrets. Wild and unholy sounds scared the heedless rustics who ventured near after nightfall.

But by degrees it was whispered that the mysterious beings who haunted the deserted mansion had been heard to utter a strange prediction, the tenor of which, as repeated in uncouth rhyme, was, that when the heir should be found, he should by means of twelve milk-white oxen, recover the family treasure, which had been hidden by the last lord. Generations had passed away, and the story had come to be looked upon as an idle fiction, when a rough soldier-like man came to the island, and gave out that he was the descendant of the banished son. From an ancient crone, who, in order to escape the hands of the peasantry, who suspected her of intercourse with Satan, had taken up her abode in one of the vaults of the castle, he learned the terms of the prophecy, and by her aid discovered the well in which the treasure was concealed. Long and anxiously did he search before he could find the twelve milk-

white oxen: he succeeded at last, and by help of the hag prepared for the adventure; but on the very night when all was in readiness, one of the oxen died of some sudden malady. In vain did his companion entreat him to postpone the trial, urging that if the charm were broken the treasure would be irretrievably lost. Maddened by disappointment, he swore that he would have the gold, in spite of all the fiends who guarded it; and dared them to prevent him. He hastily seized the nearest ox he could find, heedless of its colour; but, in mockery, caused a white sheet to be sewn around it. Strong ropes were attached to the bullocks, and the chest rose slowly, but apparently without difficulty from its hiding-place. It rose steadily to the very brink, and the bold man had already placed his hand upon it, when loud sounds as of laughter were heard rising from below; and at the same moment, the rope which was attached to the sheeted bullock, snapped, and the chest fell back with a heavy plunge to the bottom of the well. Instantly the water began to rise till it flowed over the top in a thick black stream. And now the sky darkened; a fierce storm burst forth; the castle walls shook and fell in the fierce contention; the distant sea rolled over its ancient boundary, and soon the very site of the castle was invisible under the broad sheet of water.

The lake was regarded as a forbidden spot. No fisherman cast his net in it; the mariner, as he sailed along the adjoining channel, kept as far as possible from its entrance, lest he should be caught by the sudden flaws of wind, or the more vexatious calms that often baffled the skill of those who were driven within the enchanted bounds: while at night a flickering pale blue flame was often seen playing over the surface,—a sure sign of the revelry of elfin wights. So ages wore away, till after saints and monks were driven out of the land, and it seemed as if the evil spirits had departed with them; the faith in these old tales wore out, and they were, by grave men even, said to be inventions. Then the skilful doings of Hugh Middleton, who had brought a New River to London, recovered much fenny land, and accomplished many other wondrous feats, suggested the project of regaining this land from the sea, and turning it to profitable account. Permission was readily obtained from the king to make the effort, and Middleton undertook the task. He procured workmen from Holland, who were accustomed to construct all kinds of marine embankments, and used his own best skill; and he succeeded "in gaining a very great and spacious quantity of land from the bowels of the sea; and with banks and piles, and most strange defensible and chargeable machines, fortifying the same against the violence and fury of the waves," as is fully set forth in the patent of baronetcy granted by the king to Sir Hugh in consideration of this and other worthy services.

Those who had laughed at the tale, and at the prediction which accompanied it, that the fairy sprites would never more yield the land they had seized, now laughed the more, seeing that the land was reclaimed.

Only a few old people thought of the old tale; but they had noticed that when the land was drained a huge well was discovered near the middle of the haven, lined with solid though antique masonry, which fully confirmed to them the truth of the old story; and they never doubted but that the elfs would soon reclaim their own. Their anticipations were quickly confirmed. It was reported that, at certain times, and especially before storms, a noise was heard as of innumerable hammers beating against "the piles and strange defenses;" and an old man, it was said, had actually witnessed one night a great many pigmy creatures busily at work about them. Be that as it may, the waters, after a brief space, began to find an entrance through crevices in the banks; the piles, one by one, gave way, and at last the sea flowed once more without restraint over the spot from which it had been with so much labour expelled. At the present day little is left of Middleton's contrivances; and little more, even, of the ancient tradition—the only part remembered being a vague account of the treasure and the white oxen which were to draw it out of the well; but the scene of the story is transferred to a well that exists, or is believed to exist, in a copse on the west bank of the harbour; though there is also a confused notion that the treasure and the well are in some way connected with the fate of the haven.

Close by the mouth of Brading Haven is the old tower of St. Helen's church. The church itself has long been destroyed, but the tower has been strengthened, and made to serve as a sea-mark. The present church of St. Helen's stands at some distance inland; it is but a mean building, and there is nothing about it to attract the stranger. The village is a collection of poor cottages, arranged rather picturesquely by the village green. On the opposite side of the haven is the little village of Bembridge, whose white houses, close down by the water, and the neat church rising from the woods above, look very pretty across the lake. But it is quite worth while crossing the ferry to the village. There are some very agreeable walks about it, and the sea views round Bembridge Point and the Foreland—to say nothing of White Cliff Bay—are very fine. Bembridge itself is a little sequestered watering-place that has risen into notice within ten or a dozen years: the houses, 'hotels,' and even the church, are therefore all quite new.

Brading, at the head of the haven, is a very different place. It is an old decayed corporate town, with old half-timber houses, an old church, an old town-hall, and even an old bull-ring, in the Market-place, quite fit for use when Young England shall grow old and strong enough to practice the favourite diversion of his forefathers. Although the situation of Brading is a very picturesque one, lying, as it does, along the slopes of two opposite hills, and at the head of a broad lake,—and although the neighbourhood is perhaps as varied and beautiful as any part of the island, it does not seem to have taken the fancy of the island gentry, or attracted many strangers to settle in it. Nor has the

town much trade, though vessels of light tonnage can reach the head of the haven, where there is a Town Quay. There is a population of some 2700 persons in the parish, but their general appearance bespeaks poverty; and the town seems far from flourishing. The church is the most noticeable building: it is one of the oldest in the island, and looks as old as it is; but it is not remarkable for its architectural merits; nor, though large, is it particularly good-looking. Some parts of it are of Norman date, and there is a good deal about it that will reward the examination of the archaeologist. A few of the old monuments are also rather curious. From the churchyard there is an excellent view of the haven; but it is generally visited on account of its containing some tomb-stones, the epitaphs on which have obtained a wider celebrity than often attends such productions. One of them is that on Mrs. Ann Berry, which contains the lines, beginning, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," which Dr. Calcott set to music that has carried them wherever English music is cultivated. Another informs the reader that "Jane the Young Cottager lies buried here." Jane was the heroine of a little tale by the Rev. Legh Richmond, which obtained an almost unexampled popularity among religious circles; copies of the work having been multiplied literally by the million. Mr. Richmond was for some time curate of Brading, and another young person, whose humble piety he published to the world in a small tract, rivalling the *Young Cottager* in popularity—'The Dairyman's Daughter'—was also a resident in this neighbourhood. The scenery of Brading, Shanklin, and other places along this south-eastern part of the island, is in many of his writings portrayed in his peculiar floridness of language.

The country immediately around Brading is, as we mentioned, of uncommon beauty. Brading Down affords many wide and noble prospects, both seaward and inland; and the walks about Nunwell and along the park are extremely fine. Nor are those about Yaverland less pleasing; while Bembridge Down—one of the hills on which Brading is built—affords a series of views equal to any in the island. Yaverland should be visited: it is a small sequestered hamlet, whose little ancient church, and the manor-house contiguous—both lying half-hidden among noble elms—form a very pleasing picture. The church is a low barn-like structure, with a doorway of Norman date, having the characteristic mouldings around its circular arch. The windows are of later insertion. The manor-house is of the Elizabethan era, or of the early part of the reign of her successor. The village itself consists merely of a few rural cottages.

THE BACK OF THE ISLAND: SANDOWN BAY.

Bembridge Down ends on the seaward side in a steep chalk cliff of great altitude, known as Culver Cliff. The views from the summit, as we have said, are of extraordinary grandeur. Looking back over Brading Haven, and inland, they are as diversified as they are

extensive; forwards the unbroken view over the sea, from the height of the cliff—some 400 feet—extends to an amazing distance; eastward the Sussex coast lies like a faint cloud on the distant horizon; while westward Sandown Bay, with its reddish clay banks circling the light green waves, the softly swelling hills above, dotted over with half-concealed villages and scattered cottages, may be looked on from day to day with ever new pleasure. Culver Cliff approaches the perpendicular, and has a rather fearful appearance in looking over its summit. About thirty feet down the cliff, on its westward side, is a narrow cave, known as Hermit's Hole. It is mentioned in all the descriptions of the island; which speak of the descent to it in somewhat extravagant terms. In one work for example we find it said: "The path which leads to it from the summit of the cliff is steep, narrow, and rugged; but it is impossible to return after you have once descended from the brink of the precipice till you come to the cave below, as the path is too narrow, contracted, and irregular to permit a change of position for the feet. Most visitors satisfy themselves with the terrific aspect it presents on the sea-shore below;—the idea of such an adventure is enough to disturb the strongest nerves." Now this is just nonsense. It is of course not worth while for a person of weak nerves or unsteady feet to venture down a narrow path in the face of a nearly perpendicular cliff, when a slip would ensure a fall of some 350 feet; nor is it perhaps worth while for any one to do so. But, in fact, the danger is strangely overrated; a mountaineer would run down the path, and anybody of ordinary nerve may walk down without the slightest trepidation. The cavern itself, as the books very truly say, has nought in its appearance that can repay even the trouble of the descent—to say nothing of the danger, if there is any. It is simply a narrow excavation, piercing some fifteen or twenty feet into the cliff. But one thing about it is very fine, and as it is nowhere mentioned, may deserve to be noticed. On reaching the end of the cave, you must of necessity turn round, when looking out of the dark recess you see before you the noble Sandown Bay with the graceful hills rising over it, standing out with a brilliancy and vividness of effect that is perfectly startling. As we gazed upon it early one fine morning last June, we could not remember ever to have seen anything so exquisite of its kind, nor could we recall anything in art that would bear comparing with it, except perhaps some of the finer of Stanfield's pictures of mingled sea and coast. But the effect may have been a transient one, and we do not by any means recommend any one not well used to mountain or cliff climbing to test it.

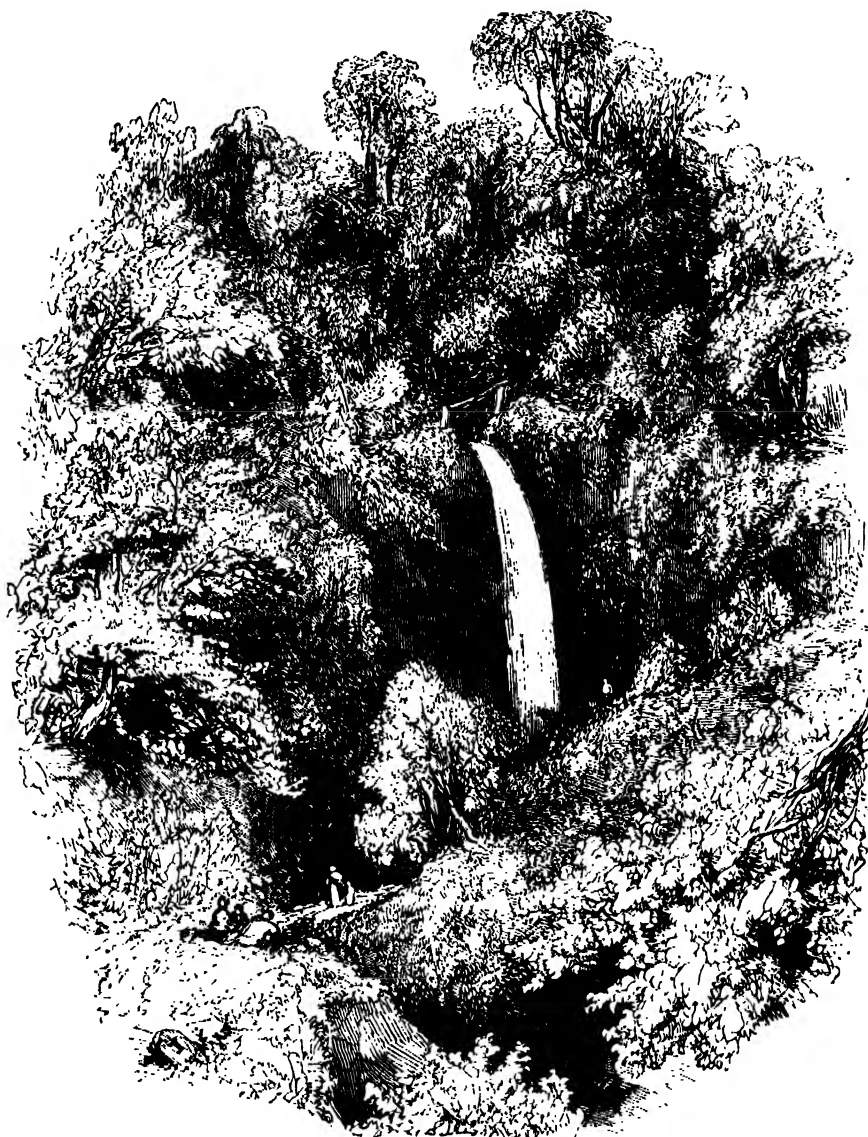
Culver Cliff, with White Cliff Bay, forms the eastern extremity of the island. The southern side of the island, which we have now reached, and along which we are to proceed, is generally termed, at least by the natives, the Back of the Island: it includes nearly all the scenery for which the Isle of Wight is ordinarily visited. The Culver Cliff itself may be said to be the

first of the more favoured localities. It is particularly interesting to geologists from its presenting a section of nearly vertical strata of chalk, and on the western side of the plastic clays,—answering to the still more remarkable section shown by the cliffs at Alum Bay, at the other extremity of the island. As we may allude to the peculiar features of these cliffs when we reach the latter place, it is unnecessary to make any further reference to them here. We may, however, just call the attention of the ordinary tourist to the singular nature of the flints which are imbedded in the chalk. Originally, of course, the strata were horizontal, but by some amazing upward pressure they have been raised to a nearly vertical position—lying in fact at an angle of 70°—so enormous has been the pressure, that the flints have been actually shivered, without however in the least altering their outward appearance; so that what seems a perfect flint splits into fragments when ever so slightly disturbed. The cliff is the haunt of innumerable gulls, and auks, and other sea birds. According to Pennant it owes its name to this circumstance—*culfre* being the Saxon name of a pigeon which builds in the cliffs, and is here exceedingly numerous.

Sandown Bay is a wide and deep bay, of very picturesque though not very remarkable character. The cliffs are of a ferruginous sand and dark-coloured clay, of varying height, and broken, with more or less deep recesses, which permit a pleasing play of light and shadow, as well as of much richness of colour. A few fishermen's huts and humble cottages are dropped here and there along the cliffs, and two or three boats may generally be seen hauled on the beach. In the early morning, when the cliffs lie in deep shadow, or about sunset, when their sombre tints deepen into a richer hue, while two or three shrimpers are plying their craft, or a wayfarer is winding along the sands to or from his day's labour, the scene has a quiet beauty that reminds one of the charming pictures of similar scenes which Collins used to paint so delightfully; not a few of his paintings were indeed taken from sketches made in this neighbourhood. In the little village of Sandown a neat church has been recently erected. There is also a fort here, known as Sandown Castle, but it has nothing to call for remark. Wilkes of '45 notoriety had a cottage—or as he commonly calls it in his correspondence a villakin—at Sandown, which was the favourite retreat of the later years of his life. It is said in the neighbourhood that he used to buy all the birds which the children of the place could catch, and amuse himself by rearing them and watching their habits. The cottage has been smartened of late and is now "to let, furnished."

SHANKLIN.

Proceeding onwards, a pleasant walk, we soon reach Shanklin, the next noticeable place in our journey. The little village lies in a beautiful spot in the curve of Sandown Bay, and is admirably sheltered by Shanklin Down. The seaward prospects are very fine, and



SHANKLIN CHINE.

inland the village itself as well as its vicinity affords many charming prospects. The beauty of the neighbourhood, and the fame of its lion Shanklin Chine, have rendered it very attractive to strangers, for whose accommodation new houses and good hotels have sprung up to a degree that has within a few years considerably altered the character and appearance of the place. These hotels, and one or two villas, are rather pretty and unassuming buildings; but though the tourist will "at the close of the day when the hamlet is still," or at the dinner-hour, fully appreciate the additional comfort they have introduced here, at any other time he will be disposed to regret the loss of the quiet humble seclusion which Gilpin and some other of the older visitants mention, and some of the ancient natives like to talk about. Except the scenery the village has little to describe. The church is old, but small and mean, and in bad preservation: it is quite time it gave place to a more convenient new one. Church accom-

modation is not one of the advantages that can at present be held out at Shanklin as an attraction to the stranger.

We will now turn to the Chine. And this being the first we have had to notice of those curious objects which occur so often along the south-side of the island, and which are thought to be so characteristic of it, it may not be amiss to explain briefly their general nature. They are, then, deep fissures which have been cut in the cliffs by the action of a streamlet falling over the summit. All of them have the same general features: there is a wide opening on the seaward side which contracts with more or less rapidity inland, according to the hardness of the rock, the greater or less quantity of water which ordinarily falls over, or other circumstances. In some cases the ravine reaches for nearly a mile inland, and is lost at length in the ordinary bed of the brook: in others it terminates abruptly in a waterfall. Although the stream must

in every instance be regarded as the chief agent in cutting the Chine, its enlargement is perhaps as much or more owing to other influences. The action of the waves during great storms, when the sea is driven violently against the cliffs, has tended considerably to enlarge the opening of the Chine; while the landslips, which continually occur after severe frosts, must have caused the steep slopes to fall in from time to time: but the deepening of the Chine is always brought about by the stream, as may be observed in any of them where measures are not taken to prevent the constant wearing away of the rock. At Shanklin it has been found necessary to have the ground above the fall laid with stones, and a large slab serves as a shoot to throw the water over without allowing it to touch the edge of the Chine. The name Chine appears intended to designate their character. Sir Richard Worsley—who, by the way, like many other topographers being infected with the etymological disease, deems it necessary to find a parentage for the term in a Greek verb—has probably given the true account of its application: he says, "The term is applied to the back-bone of an animal (both in the manège and culinary language) which forms the highest ridge of the body. *Echine*, in the French, is used in the same sense; and Boyer has the word *Chinfreneau* for a great cut or slash. Hence the word chine might be thought peculiarly expressive of a high ridge of land cleft abruptly down; and the several parts of the southern coast denominated Chines, all correspond with this description." Worsley might have mentioned the use of the word in French as a verb: *Echiner*, to break the back-bone, in colloquial usage implies to cut through. Somewhat in this way Dryden employs it, "He that did chine the long-ribbed Apennine." Scott notices in his Diary, kept while in the Orkney Islands, that he "saw two remarkable indentures in the coast called *Rivas*, perhaps from their being rifted or riven:" and it would not be difficult to adduce other like applications of similar words if it were needful. We shall borrow a description of the Shanklin Chine from Sir Henry Englefield; it is much superior to any other we have seen, and with the engraving, (Cut, p. 440) will give a tolerably fair idea of it. In some trifling particulars there have been alterations since Sir Henry wrote, but the general features are the same.

"The most eastern of these chines, and the most celebrated, is Shanklin Chine. The cliff, where the stream which forms it enters the sea, is about one hundred feet in height, and the chasm is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet wide at the top, and at the bottom not much wider than the channel of the stream. The sides are very steep, and in most places clothed with rich underwood, overhanging the naked sides. At a small distance within their mouth, on a terrace just large enough to afford a walk to their doors, stand two small cottages, at different elevations. Rude flights of steps descend to them from the top, and an excavation from the sandy rock forms a skittle-

ground to one of them, overshadowed by the spray of young oaks. During the war, a sentinel was placed on a prominent point of the slope, and added much to the scenery. After proceeding about a hundred yards in a direct line from the shore, the chasm makes a sudden bend to the left, and grows much narrower. Its sides are nearly perpendicular, and but little shrubbery breaks their naked surface. The chasm continues winding and decreasing in breadth, till it terminates in an extremely narrow fissure, down which the rill which has formed the whole falls about thirty feet. The quantity of water is in general so small, that the cascade is scarcely worth viewing; but after great rains, it must be very pretty. The sides of the gloomy hollow in which it falls, are of the blackish indurated clay of which the greater part of the soil hereabouts is composed, and the damp of the waters has covered most part of it with shining green lichens, and mosses of various shades. The brushwood which grows on the brow on either side, overhangs, so as nearly to meet; and the whole scene, though it cannot be considered as magnificent, is certainly striking and grotesque. Above the fall, the stream continues to run in a deep and shady channel, quite to the foot of the hills in which it takes its rise."

Our sketch was made immediately after a very heavy storm, and it is seldom indeed that so much water is seen falling over. But there is a passage in Wordsworth about such scenes that may comfort the traveller who is disappointed in not finding the rill in flood: the passage is well worth the consideration of the tourist who desires to look on Nature with an intelligent eye:—"It is generally supposed that waterfalls are scarcely worth being looked at, except after much rain, and that the more swollen the stream, the more fortunate the spectator; but this however is true only of large cataracts with sublime accompaniments: and not even of these without some drawbacks. In other instances, what becomes at such a time of that sense of refreshing coolness which can only be felt in dry and sunny weather, when the rocks, herbs, and flowers glisten with moisture diffused by the breath of the precipitous water? But considering these things as objects of sight only, it may be observed that the principal charm of the smaller waterfalls or cascades consists of certain proportions of form and affinities of colour, among the component parts of the scene; and in the contrast maintained between the falling water and that which is apparently at rest, or rather settling gradually into quiet in the pool below. The beauty of such a scene, where there is naturally so much of agitation, is also heightened, in a peculiar manner, by the *glimmering*, and, towards the verge of the pool, by the *steady* reflection of the surrounding images. Now all these delicate distinctions are destroyed by heavy floods, and the whole stream rushes along in foam and tumultuous confusion."

The beauties of Shanklin Chine may be inspected at leisure, and dry-footed. There is a good, though too formal, path all along it, which, with the steps spoken

of above, is kept in repair by a fisherman who pays rent for the Chine, and lives in a cottage at its mouth. The Chine is enclosed, of course; everything in the island is enclosed which there is any way of enclosing, and which it is thought anybody will pay for seeing; but at each end of it a person is in waiting to unlock the gate and receive the fee, and when let in you are left to wander about at will. It is worth looking over leisurely. The curvature of the ravine brings the several parts into very various and often graceful combinations: the views, too, looking from the Chine, where the broad expanse of ocean is seen, set in a frame of dark cliffs, wrought over with a tracery of exquisite foliage, is both peculiar and pleasing; while, from the platform, on either side of the mouth, the Bay, with its bold headlands and broken cliffs, is even grand. The visitor who stays at Shanklin for a day or two, should not leave it without strolling up Shanklin Down, and he will do well to continue his walk to Appuldurecombe. The views from the Down are most extensive. From the highest part, the eye wanders without hindrance quite across the island, over a tract of the very richest country; and beyond it, the Solent is seen, diminished in appearance to a river, while the Hampshire coast, and hills, close the distance. In every other direction the prospect is as wide, though not perhaps of such extreme beauty; but that westward is at least as remarkable, embracing as it does a good part of the singular scenery of the Undercliff. Many other spots in the neighbourhood also afford delightful rambles.

About a mile further along the coast is Luccombe Chine, which though inferior to Shanklin, is well worth visiting. It is altogether on a humbler scale than Shanklin, but it has the advantage of not being quite so ostentatiously trimmed and dressed. The water dashes boldly over the dark rock, and winds its way to the shore, beneath a canopy of luxuriant foliage. Two or three cottages vary the scene, without destroying its simplicity. The walk from Shanklin to Luccombe is singularly fine, whether the higher or the lower ground be taken. The high road, which leads over Dunnose Head, displays the widest extent of landscape; but the lower, which is a footway, running partly across the fields and partly along the beach, is the more secluded, and perhaps the most beautiful. The cliffs at Dunnose are rent into vertical and parallel fissures in a very wild manner; large fragments of the rock are also here scattered along the foot of the cliffs; and in fact the whole of this part of the coast has a very marked character.

THE UNDERCLIFF.

At Luccombe commences a strange tract of country, quite unlike any we have seen hitherto, and such as is hardly to be paralleled elsewhere. This is the famous Undercliff, a narrow strip of land, which has separated bodily from the hills of which it was originally a part, and sunk down a considerable way below them; and which

now forms a lower or under-cliff lying between the hills and the sea. It extends from Luccombe to Black Gang Chine, a distance of nearly seven miles, and varies from a quarter of a mile to nearly a mile in width. To understand its character, and the cause of its subsidence, it is necessary to be acquainted with the geological nature of the rocks, and the influences to which they have been subjected, when the explanation becomes very simple. The strata, reckoning from the bottom, are first red ferruginous sand, then blue marl, next green sandstone, and at top chalk and chalk marl. The stratum of blue marl is soft and easily acted upon by land springs, when it becomes mud, and oozes out; and the sandstone and chalk being deprived of their support, must of necessity sink down. The subsidence, if thus brought about, might be gradual and scarcely perceptible, except in its ultimate results; but the sea was at the same time beating with violence against the lower strata, and washing out the sand and marl, which were already loosened by the springs. This double process would go on till the superincumbent mass became unable to sustain itself by mere adhesion to the parent rock, when it must necessarily break away and fall forward. That this was the way in which the Undercliff was produced is evident, from an examination of the phenomena it presents, and what may be observed still going on, though on a lesser scale. The great change in the level must have occurred at a very distant period: churches and houses of ancient date, which stand on different parts of the Undercliff show that no very considerable alteration can have taken place for centuries. But there have been many sudden convulsions within confined limits. One, which occurred in 1810, at East End, destroyed thirty acres of ground; another, in 1818, above fifty acres; and there have since been several of more or less severity. The debris of many may be seen—especially of one that happened in the last winter, when a mass of rock fell from above, sufficient to provide stone for building the walls and repairing the roads along here for some time, without quarrying. The most extensive of the comparatively recent slips occurred at Niton, in February, 1799, when a small farm-house and above 100 acres of land were destroyed. As described in a contemporary letter, "the whole of the ground from the cliff above was in motion, which motion was directed to the sea, nearly in a straight line. . . . The ground above, beginning with a great founder from the base of the cliff, immediately under St. Catherine's, kept gliding down, and at last rushed on with violence, and totally changed the surface of all the ground to the west of the brook that runs into the sea; so that now the whole is convulsed and scattered about, as if it had been done by an earthquake: of all the rough ground, from the cottage upwards to the cliff, there is scarcely a foot of land but what has changed its situation. . . . As far as the fence from the Chale side, the whole may be called one grand and awful ruin. . . . there are everywhere chances that a horse or a cow might sink into and disappear." The evidences of this severe convulsion are

still very observable in the unusually wild and chaotic character of the surface thereabouts. But these disturbances were, as we said, local, and of comparatively small importance; nor is any further great movement at all to be dreaded within this district. The Undercliff is, in fact, an immense breakwater, which perfectly shields the main cliff from the action of the waves. If any great change should take place, it would be beyond the limits of the Undercliff; and there, both east and west, the nature of the shore, and the manner in which the lower and softer strata are situated, render such an event very improbable.

The Undercliff is in its general appearance as wild and strange as would be expected from what has been said of the way in which it was produced. The main body of the Undercliff is a sort of terrace, or a series of terraces, of very unequal elevation and irregular contorted surface, rising from the beach in rugged slopes or abrupt cliffs, and resting against a lofty and precipitous wall of rock. The lower cliffs rise from the beach to a height of from twenty or thirty to a hundred feet; then comes the broad platform of a quarter to half a mile in width, from which rises to a further elevation of some 200 or 300 feet, the second or inner cliff—steep, strangely riven, its deep vertical fissures contrasting boldly with the regular horizontal bands of stratification. But the Undercliff is far from preserving uniformity even of irregularity. At this eastern end, where we now are, Nature has clad the wildling in a garment of loveliness. The chasms and dells, the slopes and the precipices, are all alike adorned with trees and shrubs, and ferns, and wild flowers in exquisite profusion: at the western extremity there is almost as forbidding rudeness about the whole; the rocks are bare, or only thinly spotted with hungry lichens, about the slopes, the coarser grasses and whin only seem to thrive, while scarcely bush or tree can gain a footing.

The Undercliff has a climate as well as scenery of its own. Lying under the vast cliffs, yet at a tolerable height above the sea, it is at once sheltered from the keener blasts, and free from humidity. Fully open to the direct influence of the sun, and also to its reflected rays,—completely sheltered from the northern and western winds,—the general temperature is much above that of almost every other part of the English coast; and it is said to be much less variable. When Dr. (now Sir James) Clarke published his celebrated work on 'The Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases,' he called particular attention to the Undercliff, as a most suitable residence for invalids, especially for persons of a tendency to pulmonary diseases. Torquay, in Devonshire, is the only place in England which, in the opinion of the Doctor, will bear a comparison with it in warmth of temperature; but then "Torquay will be found softer, more humid, and relaxing; while that of the Undercliff will prove drier, somewhat sharper, and more bracing." And as a climax to all other commendations, he declares it to be "a matter of surprise" to him, "after having fully examined this favoured spot, that the advantages

it possesses in so eminent a degree in point of shelter and exposition, should have been so long overlooked in a country like this, whose inhabitants, during the last century, have been traversing half the globe in search of climate."

In a word, Sir James proposed that it should henceforth receive the designation of the "British Madeira." His advice was not sown in barren soil. Invalids have come here in flocks. Its advantages "in point of shelter and exposition" have been fully appreciated. Indeed we fancy a good many, both of the residents and visitors, would be glad to find "shelter" from its "exposition." The name too is adopted—at least by the natives—the "travelled" folk make loud protestation against it—perhaps too loud. Where, they ask, are its groves of green and gold, those delicious avenues wherein

" Blossoms and fruits, at once of golden hue,
Appear, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd;"

where the long vistas of rich purple grapes; where those valleys that make one dream of Paradise; where the mountains sending their spiry pinnacles far into that deep blue sky; where, above all, that wondrous Corral? Perhaps there are none of these things, nor anything exactly comparable with them. But there are plenty of apple-trees, with a blossom, in its season, that might cause even that of the orange to blush, and a fruit that is not unworthy of the blossom; and if the brilliant datura will not, many another exotic plant will thrive here: myrtles and hydrangeas abound in every garden, and the geranium and the rose, both cultivated and wild, and every other flower, whether of the greenhouse or the field, grow here in the open air with a lavish beauty that is perfectly delightful. Instead of bare mountains, there are broad, softly-swelling downs for those who will seek them, and the whole Undercliff is a fair set-off against the stern grandeur of the lonely Corral.

But we wont quarrel about a name. If not a Madeira, it is a good, honest English Undercliff. The famous Peyresc—one of the most erudite men of the seventeenth century—was saved from a desperate fever by eating musk-melons; and whenever he was attacked with illness afterwards, musk-melons were his remedy. "If I can but reach the melon season!" he used to say when his health was shaken: and he died at last, because he could not reach it.

A grave countryman of ours writing a memoir of Peyresc, a century or so back, was so struck with the benefit his hero derived from the musk-melons, and so impressed with the circumstance of his not being able to hold out till the season returned; and, on the other hand, was so grieved that in this country no such remedy was at any time attainable, and recollecting that a sick man might die in the journey to the land of musk-melons, that, after profound consideration of the matter, he is led to suggest that "perhaps boiled cucumbers will have as good an effect." And if so, why not? or why go toiling after musk-melons at all?



THE UNDERCLIFF—ROCKEN END.

The application is plain. Though our Undercliff were to Madeira only as boiled cucumbers are to muskmelons—that is to say, if one will do almost as well as the other, why not thankfully accept the substitute, and make the most of it, and not complain if the name be not so musical, nor the thing so romantic. And in all seriousness, who that remembers the discomfort and misery that have been added to the last days of many a stricken soul,—it may be among those we have loved or honoured,—by being sent to die in that region of loveliness,—does not wish that this place had been chosen, rather than the stormy road to the grander country been tempted? We have quoted, in the early part of this paper, one or two scraps from Fielding—how much is it to be lamented that he could not be told of such a place as this when he lay wind-bound off Ryde? And who that remembers the cheerful spirit that yet burnt hopefully in him, does not feel a vain wish that, instead of having it tossed out in Biscay Bay, he had brought it unquenched round here, to light him whilst he made some of those rich studies of character which this place could not have then failed to afford? But we are running into strange digressions: we must return, and try to plod more soberly over the rest of the Undercliff.

Nearly all the peculiar features of the Undercliff are concentrated around Bonchurch, the first village, if it may be called a village, on the eastern side of the district. Perhaps there is not another spot all along these seven miles so full of wild loveliness. The walk from East-End is an admirable introduction to the scenery of the Undercliff. Like the overture to an opera, it is a *refacimento* in brief of all that is to be set before us in larger proportions presently. The prospects too,

especially forwards, are extensive and very striking. The stranger should not content himself with viewing this tract from the road, nor from the foot-way merely. Both ways present charming and peculiar features, and both should be traversed. An hour or two spent here will be no loss of time. The village itself calls for no special remark. The very pretty new church which will be noticed, supplies the place of a rude but ancient one. Of the private residences (and though the houses are some of them large, and the grounds extensive as well as very beautiful, they are strictly private) we have no occasion to speak. Boniface Down, which rises to a great height behind the village, is a continuation of Shanklin Down, and affords views as extensive, as varied, and as grand.

Ventnor has been most affected by the sudden popularity of the Undercliff. Forty years ago it contained about half-a-dozen humble cottages; and until the publication of Dr. Clarke's work, its few inhabitants were nearly all fishermen. It was the most picturesque spot along the coast. The platform was broken into several uneven terraces. The huge hills towered far up aloft. Down to the broad, smooth beach the ground ran in rough slopes, mingled with abrupt banks of rock, along which a brawling rivulet careered gaily towards the sea: and the few fishermen's huts give a piquant rustic liveliness to all besides. The climate seemed most favourable, and the neighbourhood most agreeable to the invalid. In the open gardens of the cottagers, myrtle, and other tender plants, flourished abundantly and without need of protection even in winter: snow hardly ever lies on the ground; sunny and sheltered walks abound; and the beach is excellent for bathing. Ventnor at once

caught the attention of the crowd of visitors; and it was one of the first places to provide them suitable accommodation. In the tiny fishing hamlet soon sprang up hotels, and boarding-houses, and shops, and a church. Ventnor became the little capital of the Undercliff. Invalids came here for a winter retreat, as well as a summer visit. Speculation was stimulated. And now, as Fuller has it, "The plague of building lighted upon it:" and it spread until every possible spot was planted with some staring building, or row of buildings. The variety of odd forms is most edifying. We have hotels, churches, shops, cottages, and villas, in every conceivable style, and every outrageous shape—Strawberry-hill Gothic, Sea-side Swiss, and carpenter's palazzo, each has its representatives; and, as Spenser says,

"each one
Of sundry shape, yet all ill-favoured."

From Ventnor to Niton the whole way is delightful. The tourist is ordinarily confined to the main road, but even that affords a continuous pleasure. It rises and falls in constant change, yet is never steep enough to make the way toilsome to the feeblest pedestrian, and no feeling of weariness can ever creep over any one—unless it be while shut in between some of the provoking walls and edges which guard the often extensive private grounds attached to the mansions that are pretty closely spread along where the stranger has been reckoning on "having a fine view." But else these few miles are worth lingering over. In parts, lying under the huge rocky barrier which ever towers far up on your right, you see a pretty pastoral district, where broad hanging meadows, with a cow or two and a few sheep grazing quietly about them, and a farm-house or lonely homestead, and a few good sized trees dotted here and there make the picture; presently a long tract is spread before you, and all is a medley of patches of cultivated land and park-like enclosures, and stately mansions, and humble cottages, of soft sunny fertile slopes, and rocky banks, where the bright green verdure climbs furtively over their rugged sides, and a wide and deep bay, shut in by a bold promontory, through which the sea appears to have forced a passage and left a part standing firm among the billows that shatter into clouds of spray against it; and anon you pass through delicious bits of wood or copse, where the glancing sun piercing the deep canopy works on your path a diaper of exquisitely mingled gray and gold, and every moment the glorious ocean, with the merry white sails flashing hither and thither, breaks in upon the view—or if unseen, the murmuring surge makes you aware of its vicinity and adds that strange tone of elevation to the mind which it alone among all the works of nature can excite. But few who walk over these five miles will care to keep to the road, and there are by-roads on the one hand that lead to the heights above, and on the other to the beach. Either, or both, will reward him who trusts their guidance. The prospects above are of course most admirable; and the sea-side is very

refreshing. Some of the small bays or coves, as they are called, are remarkably picturesque—as the many sketches that are annually made along them will testify.

The little church of St. Lawrence is one of the show places of the Undercliff. Many of the churches in the Isle of Wight are very small, but this was, with one exception, the smallest in England. That exception, we suppose, was the church at Buttermere, which has given place to a larger: but if our memory does not mislead us, the curious church at Wastdale head, also in Cumberland, and in one of the grandest spots in that region of grandeur, is also smaller. Be this as it may, this was a curiosity. Its dimensions were: length 20 feet, width 12 feet, and height, to the tops of the walls, 6 feet: the roof, of course, was some feet higher; but, as will have been guessed by our manner of speaking, it is altered now. The Earl of Yarborough, to whom much of the property here belongs, was, a while back, at the expense of enlarging and repairing the little edifice—to the small gain of any one. It is now neither one thing nor another. Despite its present smartness the proportions show it to have been patched. It is too large to be noteworthy as a monument of the ancient state of this district, and it is far too small to serve for the requirements of the present population. Formerly it used to stand open all day, and the stranger seldom failed to turn aside to inspect the miniature structure; and those who were not quite strangers felt a singular attraction in looking over the tombs in the churchyard, which tell how many lie there of the young and the lovely who had come to this land of promise from many a distant corner of the country in vain hope of averting their early doom. There was a train of engaging though melancholy reflection aroused in thinking of so many gathered into this narrow enclosure far from the home of their fathers. It was sentimentalism perhaps—but it is done with now. The church and the churchyard are both locked up, and if you would learn the lessons they might teach, you must pay for them. But you must pay for everything here now-a-days. Not very far from the church is a rather celebrated well, over which a neat stone shelter, with seats along the sides, was built a few years back. The water from St. Lawrence's Well rises clear and sparkling, and is almost as pleasant to the sight, as it bubbles over the fount, as it is refreshing to the palate. On a summer's day it was quite a temptation to turn aside from the dry road and sit a few minutes in that cool shady grot. You can't do so now. There is an iron gate in the doorway and a strong lock to it. Through the grating you may see the well, but you must pay to reach it. In the hot days, a few weeks ago, we saw two or three poor wayfarers turn aside from the entrance, after a useless attempt to open it, with something like a malediction on those who thus mocked their thirst. In these cases it is probably careflessness rather than cupidity, that leads to these precautions; and of course 'respectable' tourists can obtain the key on application—but the whole system is

a vile one: and to lock up a country churchyard by the main road; or a way-side well that is constantly overflowing within view of the passenger—and refuse to permit the wayfarer—wearied and poverty-stricken it may be—to taste of that which is running useless to the sea, is indefensible.

Niton is a convenient centre to stay at for a day or two. The seaward walks are bold and fine, and there are several of much beauty inland. On the Undercliff is the favourite Sandrock Hotel, a neat villa-like house standing in its own very handsome grounds and affording the most luxurious accommodation. Everybody who stays at it is pleased with the attention, the fare, and the situation. For those who desire a less costly hostel there is, too, a plain comfortable inn, the White Lion, in the village of Niton, which lies above the Undercliff at the foot of Niton Down. Niton is a quiet rustic village, which has changed little of its old-fashioned look in consequence of the influx of strangers to the neighbourhood. But only a few plain folks come here, and the place and the people remain tolerably primitive in habit. There are a couple or three streets of stone cottages—many of them thatched—and a shop or two. There are also a church and school-house, but it is rather curious that there is not a butcher's shop in the village, and the inhabitants have to send to one a mile or more off, somewhere on the Undercliff, even for a chop. The church is a building of considerable antiquity and will repay a visit. It stands by a farm-yard, in a lane just on the west of the village and, with its accompaniments, is more than commonly picturesque.

We mentioned that this will serve as a good centre for the tourist, for a day or two. We have already pointed out the kind of walks that he may explore along the Undercliff, east of the village; we shall continue our course westward presently: but we must just notice here that the immediate vicinity of Niton is full of quiet beauty. The walk to Whitwell is also a very agreeable one, and the village itself, with the old church, is an object to ramble after; the walk may be prolonged across the fields and downs to Appuldurcombe, or you may wander round by Nettlecombe and Southford to Whitecombe, and thence return to Niton: a stroll which will afford a pleasant change from the scenery that has hitherto engaged attention.

But there is one spot that must be visited, and Niton is a very convenient place to reach it from. This is St. Catherine's Down, the highest ground in the island. The path by the church leads direct to the old beacon, which is on the summit of the hill, and which is an efficient guide all the way. The summit of St. Catherine's Hill is 830 feet above the sea. Here, at least as early as the beginning of the fourteenth century, was a hermitage; for there is a record existing of the admission of one Walter Langstrell to it in 1312. A few years later, Walter de Godyton built a chapel here, and dedicated it to St. Catherine, whence it is believed the hill derives its present name. Godyton also added to his chapel an endowment for a chanting priest, whose duty it should be to sing masses, and to provide lights

at night for the guidance of ships. Both duties were regularly performed till the dissolution of the smaller religious houses, when, of course, both ceased together. The beacon which is now here stands on the site of the original one, if it is not itself, as some fancy, the original. Sir Richard Worsley says that when it was repaired, half a century ago, the foundation of the chapel was also cleared, and that not only was its form discovered, "but also the floor and stone hearth of the priest's little cell." The beacon is an octagonal structure, thirty-five feet high: it is now dismantled, but its thick walls appear capable of braving for another century the fierce winds that always seem to blow here. It is generally believed that the lower part of the building served as the belfry of the chapel, the upper part being employed as a lighthouse. A new lighthouse was erected close by, some years back, but it was abandoned, it being found on trial to be rather misleading than otherwise, owing to the mists and clouds which so frequently envelope the top of the hill, especially in stormy weather—rendering it seldom visible from the sea when most needed. The view from the hill is of wondrous extent—reaching over by far the larger part of the island, and including the New Forest and the hills of Hampshire, and the south coast as far as Beachy Head. In the opposite direction, the high lands about Cherbourg are said to have been occasionally seen; but it is a very rare occurrence. On a calm clear day, when the better part of the island lies spread like a map at your feet; its bare hills, and its long valleys dusky with the thick foliage that everywhere crowds them; the villages and the towns, marked by the lighter or denser smoky vapour that hangs above them; the winding streams growing sometimes into lakes ere they fall into the sea, and the silver ocean that encircles it, alive with mighty ships of war and every kind of smaller craft; and beyond that, again, the far distant hills losing themselves in a soft purple haze—you may dream away hours in gazing over the scene of entrancement.

The coast off here is a very dangerous one; whence, on the failure of the lighthouse on St. Catherine's Hill, it became necessary to provide another. The new one has been built on a point of land close down on the beach. It lies in our way on resuming our journey along the coast. The new lighthouse is named St. Catherine's; it has only been two or three years completed, and the whole arrangements are on the most approved principles. Externally it is rather an ornamental building—certainly the best-looking lighthouse we have seen: it is said to be found very serviceable. Here the rocks begin to assume a very wild character. Soon after passing the lighthouse we lose sight of cultivation; the beach is strewn with huge blocks of chalk and sandstone; the surf is very heavy; and the whole scene wears an air of savage grandeur. At Roeken-End (Cut, p. 444,) this is especially the case. A long ledge of rocks stretches far into the sea; only one or two masses are visible at high water, and against these the sea breaks in vast sheets of spray, while it



BLACK-GANG CHINE.

rushes roaring and foaming over those that are below the surface. The spot where the sea makes this mighty turmoil—and it ought to be seen as the tide is setting in—is called Rocken End Race. The black cliffs, too, are torn and riven into rudest confusion; only the lofty wall of rock that rises behind the Undercliff seems stable. It is altogether a wild spot. Beyond this the scenery grows rather less savage, and presently we come upon a sheltered nook, where is a fisherman's hut, and perhaps a boat or two may be seen on the beach. It is quite a place for the sketcher to delight in. The broken heights between Niton and this spot afford a series of grand views over the sea and coast. Chale Bay, with the sun sinking among crimson and gold behind the distant headland, is a glorious prospect.

We are now approaching the termination of the Undercliff—a very different kind of place to its commencement. Just where it ends we have another of the Chines, and one scarcely less famous than the first we saw. Some there are who have described Black Gang Chine as the finest sight in the island. Guide-books give very hyperbolic accounts of its "savage sublimity." To one who has read these accounts the first view is disappointing, especially if he has already seen the magnificent falls of Scotland or Wales, or the north of England. The ravine is bare of tree or shrub, but it does not retreat far,—there is not depth enough for solemnity of gloom, at least in ordinary weather.

A sort of semicircular coomb has been hollowed out in the dark marl, over the top of which a thin line of water falls lazily, from a height of about seventy feet, and is dissipated before it reaches the "gloomy vault" below. The rocks, instead of the deep black he is led to anticipate, are of a dingy brown, banded with lines of red sandy strata. The banks on either side are of but mean height and lumpish form. Far above, indeed, soars to a height of some 300 or 400 feet the lofty wall of cliff that has been our companion all along this district; but it is partly hidden here, and appears diminished by distance. Nine out of ten who see the Chine are disappointed; though perhaps they will hardly confess it. From the sea, indeed, the surrounding cliffs stand out majestically, and St. Catherine's Hill forms a noble back-ground; but then the Chine is a very inferior feature in the landscape. The first time we saw Black Gang was in a terrific storm: the sea beat with a tremendous fury right into the Chine, over which a goodly stream poured; but so fierce was the south-westerly wind that it was driven back and beat into spray against the rocks. The Chine deserved its name: the deep hollow was of intensest blackness. The scene was one of the grandest we ever witnessed. We have since visited the Chine again and again, and hardly could fancy it ever appeared as we then saw it. But Black Gang is essentially dependent upon the accidental circumstances of weather. When 'clouds

ride royally about the sky, flinging their deep shadows over one and another feature of the landscape, it may appear grand and impressive, even on a bright sunny day: during a storm it may become sublime. By moonlight it is always a remarkable sight. Of course every one who visits the back of the island will visit Black Gang: in forming an estimate of it, let its subjection to the skyey influences be borne in mind by those whose test of scenery is its picture-making capacity. They who can be interested in every object in nature that is unusual, will be sure to be satisfied with this.

There is a "rude path"—a good deal ruder than that at Shanklin—formed down the side of the Chine, by means of which it may be seen quite at ease: the key is kept close at hand. Above the Chine a neat hotel has been erected, and a little collection of houses has grown up around it, also chiefly for the accommodation of visitors.

FRESHWATER.

Over the next few miles we need not linger. To one who is staying in the neighbourhood, and has time to stroll about, the coast all along here will be found full of interest, and so will the villages above: here we need only mention their character. Chale Bay, in which Black Gang Chine is situated, is a wide and noble-looking bay; the cliffs are bold, precipitous, and deeply cloven; they are of the iron-stained sand and blue marl, crowned by chalk and sand-stone. Huge masses impend over head; and numerous shattered fragments are strewed along the beach. Both here and in Brixton Bay, which immediately succeeds to Chale, the cliffs are broken by a number of chines. Some six or seven of them occur in as many miles, and all of them have some differences of character. Some, as Whale and Brixton Chines, stretch far inland, without any positive waterfalls; others, as Brook and Chilton, would be thought sufficiently striking elsewhere to be sought after by strangers. The shore here is shallow and rocky, and the sea sets in, in rough weather, with a heavy ground-swell, which nothing can brave with impunity. Along Brixton Bay the cliffs are lower, but the beach is more rocky, and the bay itself no less dangerous than Chale Bay. At Barnes there is a cavern of considerable height, known as Barnes Hole; and at Grange, not far from Grange Chine, is another, called Dutchean's Hole, from a Dutch ship having run into it. Several of the ledges of rock along here have received trivial names from a fancied resemblance to some object, and sometimes from ships to which they have proved fatal. This is the most dangerous part of the island, and many a spot in both these bays is pointed out by the old fishermen, as that where some vessel has been wrecked. The inhabitants of the villages along this iron-bound shore had in olden time a bad reputation as wreckers; in more modern days they were no less notorious as smugglers. Their wrecking and smuggling propensities are both pretty well subdued now.

Walking along this rough beach is rather tiring; and as the tide is rising, it, in parts, becomes rather dangerous. Yet he who is here has sometimes a long way to traverse before he can find a slope which he can climb. We, however, are not so tied down.

"Without and or if,

We can leap from the shore to the top of the cliff."

The villages along the summit have some attractions in point of beauty, and are full of interest to the antiquary. Chale, that highest Black Gang, is a very pretty place; its scattered houses straggling irregularly for a mile along both sides of the road. The church is a good-sized, a very good-looking, and a very old one. It is now being thoroughly repaired. Chale farm-house is also an old building worth looking at: it has some windows, and other details of a strictly ecclesiastical character; a peculiarity the rambler will notice in a good many of the oldest cottages and small farm-houses about the island. They were evidently built by church masons, and may probably have been the property of some of the religious establishments. Mottestone church is worth turning aside to see: it is of different dates, and has the peculiar picturesqueness that so many of these old churches possess, which have thus grown into their present form by the addition of new limbs in different ages. The old manor-house just by it was the birthplace of Sir John Cheke, the tutor to Edward VI., and one of the revivers of Greek learning in our universities. The little secluded village of Brooke, lying in a hollow betwixt the hills, close by the chine of the same name, and looking upon a rough rock-strewn beach, might also be seen; but it will be well to ascend the Downs, at Mottestone, and proceed along them to Freshwater. The views from these grounds are of vast extent, and are hardly surpassed in the island in any respect. The prospects from Afton Down have always been famous: the view over Freshwater is especially striking. Freshwater Bay stretches round in a splendid curve, the chalk cliffs rising perpendicularly to a height of some five or six hundred feet from the sea, which rages constantly against their base, and crowned by the Needles lighthouse. Beyond is the broad belt of ocean, along which ships of all sizes are constantly passing to and fro. In the extreme distance lies the coast of Dorset, which is visible from Poole Harbour to Portland Bill, while the foreground obtains boldness and strength from the shattered and detached masses of rock that lift their heads far above the waters at Freshwater Gate. Nor, though less grand, is that inland view less pleasing where the Yar wends "its silver-winding way" along the rich valley to which it gives its name, enlarging rapidly from a scarcely traceable rivulet, till, in a mile or two, it has become a goodly estuary.

The village of Freshwater is about a mile from the beach, and on the river Yar, where it begins to expand into a broad stream. The village itself is but a little gathering of cottages, with one or two houses of a better class on its outskirts. The church is old, but

has been a good deal altered ; it is, however, a noticeable pile : in the interior there are two or three curious monuments. A bridge crosses the river near the church ; and a good-sized mill is worked by the stream. From various points of view these several objects combine in a very picturesque manner, and often find a place in sketch-books. From the village there is a pleasant walk over the fields to Freshwater Gate : it leads by the source of the Yar, which is only a very short distance from the beach. This little river thus rises close by the coast on the opposite side of the island to that in which it enters the sea, and thus nearly insulates the western extremity of the island. In rough weather the ocean waves frequently beat over the narrow barrier, and mingle with the fresh water of this spring.

Freshwater Gate lies in a deep narrow valley between the Downs, whence it is thought to owe its name—it serving as a gate, or opening, from the village of Freshwater to the sea. It is a very favourite resort of the tourist, and is in considerable repute as a bathing-place. There are a couple of large hotels here, as well as a few small houses ; and there is a wooden box, which styles itself the Royal Museum, and contains a collection of sea-weeds, and shells, and bits of rock, and fossil remains. To one who should come down this little dale without knowing what he was to expect, the bay would be perfectly startling. On the one hand is a long ridge of chalk cliffs of enormous altitude with huge fragments scattered far into the sea ; on the other are lower, though still high cliffs, of sandstone and chalk, with several huge detached masses of strange forms rising boldly out of the waves ; and on both sides the heavy billowy sea is beating furiously over the outlying fragments, and against the bases of the cliffs, which it has worn into grim-looking black-mouthed caverns. Both the caverns and the rocks are among the curiosities of the place. What is called Freshwater Cavern may be entered at low tide : it reaches to a considerable depth into the chalk cliff. The entrance is by a curious arch, some thirty feet high ; the interior is rough and rugged. From the roof large pieces of chalk hang in a way that seems most unstable, and the many blocks that cover the floor show that they are little more stable than they appear. The look-out over the sea from the gloom of the cave is very singular : just outside, the waves are breaking over the rocky beach in spray of dazzling whiteness, while farther off the sea is of the most brilliant emerald. Another of the curiosities is the Arched Rock which stands on the eastern side of the bay. It is a very large mass of chalk, which has been originally part of the cliff, but now stands isolated in the sea, some six hundred feet from it. The same power that destroyed the intervening cliff has beaten a way through this rock, in the shape of a rude gothic arch ; the surface of the rock is strangely worn and shattered : it has altogether a curious appearance, which is considerably increased if the sea-fowl be disturbed that roost about its ledges in vast numbers. There is another

but more lumpish mass rising out of the sea at a little distance from the Arched Rock.

ALUM BAY, THE NEEDLES, ETC.

At Freshwater you mount the cliffs, and continue along their summit to the Needles lighthouse. The walk is a most exhilarating one. The view across the sea is glorious, and the balmy breezes come over the wide waters with that delightful freshness which is never felt but in wandering along the lofty hills that rise at once from the broad ocean. The Downs are open, and only employed for grazing sheep ; you may therefore make your own path over them : the lighthouse is a sufficient landmark. The cliffs here rise precipitously from the sea ; and they are the highest chalk cliffs in the kingdom. At High Down they attain an altitude of above six hundred feet. The rambler may here perceive

“How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.”

Shakspeare's lines have been often applied to these cliffs, and it is almost impossible to look over them without their recurring to the memory. Almost every word is applicable here ; there is something almost of fascination in looking down upon the murmuring surge that is hardly heard, and watching the countless sea-birds that in ceaseless noisy motion “wing the midway air.” But the stranger should not approach the brink of these cliffs heedlessly : not only is there danger “lest the brain turn,” and he “tumble down headlong,” but the sudden gusts of wind that are almost constantly happening, together with the slippery footing and the friable nature of the chalk, renders it very needful to be careful. Many instances have occurred of loss of life even among those daily used to be about the cliffs. The “dreadful trade” of gathering samphire is still practised here. Samphire grows abundantly on these cliffs, and is in common use as a pickle among the poorer classes. But the main inducement to practise the perilous craft, is the profit arising from the sale of the eggs and feathers of the various sea-birds which build in amazing numbers on the ledges and in the crevices of the cliffs. In order to get at these eggs the men fasten a rope to an iron bar which they have driven firmly into the ground, and then placing themselves on a rude seat formed of two pieces of wood placed across, they lower themselves by means of a second rope down the face of the precipice. The practice is almost as dangerous as it appears to be : many a bold man has lost his life in pursuing it. Only last May a young man, named Lane, the son of a boatman in Alum Bay, and esteemed one of the skilfullest of the cliffmen, perished thus : he had gone out egg-gathering, and not returning all night his father and brother went in the morning to search for him—and they found his crushed corpse lying at the foot of one of the highest cliffs. He had his rope hanging over, but it seemed as though, trusting to his skill in climbing, he had disengaged himself from it, and gone along one of the ledges “half-way down,” the more readily to come at the nests.

The lighthouse stands on the brow of the hill, immediately above the Needles, to give notice of whose presence it is placed there. It is one of the show-places of the island: the prospect from it is, as will be imagined, of wide extent; and the lightmen have a good telescope, the use of which they proffer to the visitor. The inside of the lighthouse is worth seeing for the neat arrangements of the lights, and the perfect order and cleanliness in which everything is kept. It is a low building, but very substantial, as is indeed necessary, for the tremendous force of the wind just on this narrow tongue of land is hardly conceivable. It is said that the lighthouse people often dare not venture out of doors for days together. A somewhat lower point of land, a little eastward of the lighthouse, is the best place for seeing the Needles from the land: but it is from the water they are seen to most advantage. A boat may be hired at Alum Bay, the path to which from the lighthouse will be pointed out by the keeper; and a row or sail round to Freshwater Gate will afford a series of views of a far more remarkable kind than any others in the Isle of Wight—and that are as fine of their kind as any in England.

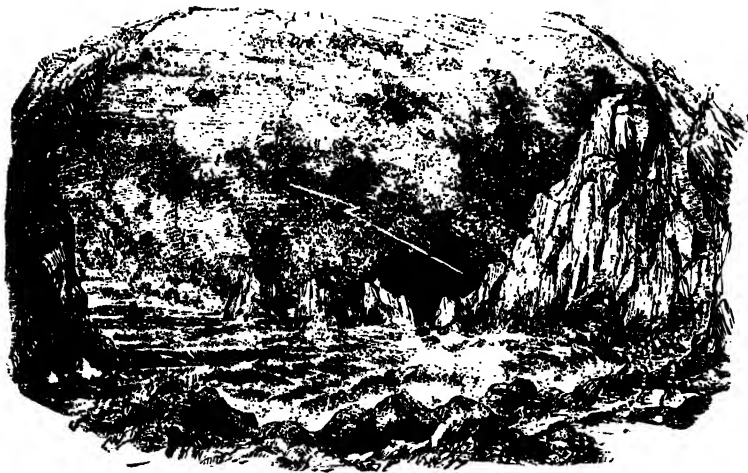
Alum Bay itself will not be readily forgotten. You reach the shore by a deep and ragged ravine, which prevents you from seeing anything of the bay till you find yourself on the beach in the centre of it. On looking around, you perceive that the two sides of the bay present the most strange and striking contrast to each other: on one side the vast cliffs are of chalk of the purest whiteness; on the other they are of sand and clay of the most varied and brilliant colours. But Alum Bay is best seen from a boat, and as so seen Sir Henry Englefield has described the appearance of the opposite sides of the bay with exceeding truth and beauty. He says,—“The chalk forms an unbroken face, everywhere nearly perpendicular, and, in some parts, formidably projecting; and the tenderest stains of ochreous yellow, and greenish moist vegetation, vary without breaking its sublime uniformity. This vast wall extends more than a quarter of a mile, and is hardly less than 400 feet in height; its termination is a thin edge, not perpendicular, but of a bold broken outline; and the wedge-like Needle rocks, arising out of the blue waters, seem to continue the cliff beyond its present boundary, and give an awful impression of the stormy ages which have gradually devoured its enormous mass. The chalk rising from the sea nearly perpendicular, being totally in shadow, while opposed to the blue sky above, and the pellucid green of the sea at its foot, it has a sort of aerial tint, as if it were semitransparent; while here and there a projecting point of the edge of the cliff, catching the sunshine, is of a whiteness so translucent that it seems to shine by its own native white.

“The magical repose of this side of the bay is wonderfully contrasted by the torn forms and vivid colouring of the clay cliffs on the opposite side. These do not present rounded headlands, covered with turf and shrubs, as in some other parts of the coast, but

offer a series of points which are often quite sharp and spiry. Deep rugged chasms divide the strata in many places, and not a vestige of vegetation appears in any part. The tints of the cliff are so bright and so varied, that they have not the appearance of anything natural. Deep purplish red, dusky blue, bright ochreous yellow, gray and black, succeed one another as sharply defined as the stripes in silk.” As Sir Henry presently observes, the colours appear much brighter after rain: but the cliffs are liable to continual slips, generally of only a small slice, as it were, of the surface, when the freshly-exposed part is singularly brilliant, and the mingling of colours in the debris at the base is very curious.

These various coloured sands are collected by the cottagers' children, and are arranged fancifully in phials, or made into little ornamental articles, and sold to visitors. The white sand is of more importance, it being, on account of its purity, in considerable request among the manufacturers of the finer kinds of glass and china. The late Mr. Wedgwood fancied that the coloured clays would be found equally serviceable for some kinds of porcelain, and he caused pits to be opened, but they did not bear the process of firing well. The visitor will notice several door-like openings in the cliffs, and be curious to know their use. They are the entrances to some shafts that have recently been commenced here, in the expectation of finding coal. The works are placed under the management of a person from one of the northern coal districts, who is said to be quite sanguine as to the result. Coal has already been found, which, though not fit for fuel, resembles the imperfect coal which is met with on opening a vein. There are, in fact, several beds of an imperfectly carbonized wood here,—and the same occur at the opposite end of the formation at Whitecliff Bay; but it is not the coal which is useful for fuel, nor is there any chance whatever of real coal being found. These beds are what geologists term *lignite*, which occurs in several of the upper formations, while serviceable coal is only found in that group of strata which is known as the carboniferous. Many such experiments have been made, and always without success, in other places; as for example in a similar geological formation at Bexhill, in Sussex, where a large sum of money was expended; of course fruitlessly.

As soon as the stranger has satisfied himself with looking at these extraordinary cliffs,—and no engraving he may have seen of the bay will have prepared him for its strange appearance,—he will direct his attention to the Needles, which now rise into importance before him. The Needles consist of three vast masses of chalk, that originally formed part of the sharp point of land in which the western end of the island terminates, but now stand far out in the sea detached from it and from each other. There are also two or three other blocks, but they are not ordinarily observable. The Needles resemble anything rather than the little implement whose name they bear: from some points they appear like a huge fortress, standing there to guard the



SCRATCHELL'S BAY AND THE NEEDLES.

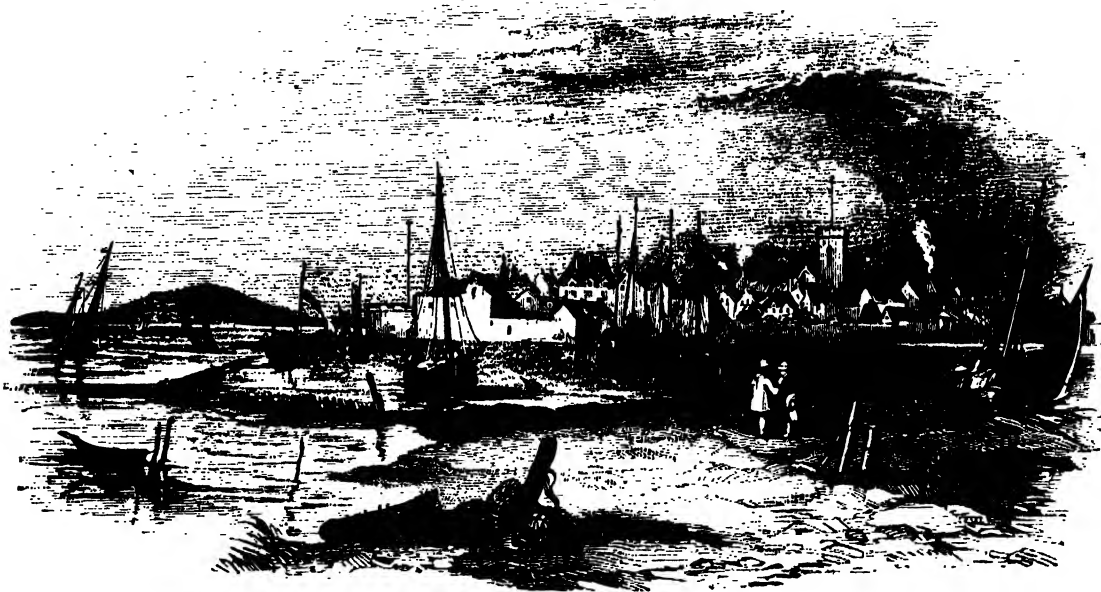
island, from the sea they exactly resemble a fleet under full sail. But there was formerly another rock, —Lot's Wife, the sailors called it,—which stood out alone, rising from the waves like a spire to a height of a hundred-and-twenty feet, which is said to have given the name to the group;—it fell in 1764. Their appearance from a boat is very striking. The sea rolls in here with great impetuosity, and the rocks are in constant course of disintegration: from being exposed on all sides the waves have full play upon them; the entire surface is deeply serrated, and the ledges and sharp spiry pinnacles, as well as the fragments that lie about the hollowed bases or hang ready to fall, proclaim the change that is going surely forwards. In fine weather the most timid may sail, or be rowed, between the Needles: when there is a little wind abroad it seems rather fearful to those not used to the water; but the visitor may always trust to the boatmen, (whether of Freshwater Gate, Alum Bay, or Yarmouth,) who will not advise the excursion to be made if there is any real danger. They who are not afraid of a roughish sea, nor mind a little spray or a whiff of salt water, will not need to be told that the run round this wild point in a bit of a breeze is a rare treat.

Scratchell's Bay, as the cove is called in which you find yourself on passing the Needles, is one of the most magnificent things in the island, and one which you must travel many miles to match. Precipitous and beetling rocks of from four or five hundred feet in height circle the little bay, which is bounded at one extremity by the rugged Needles and at the other by a stern wave-worn promontory, called Sun Corner. The rocks are of chalk, divided into nearly perpendicular strata by bands of flint nodules. Towards the eastern end of the bay the cliff is hollowed into a circular arch, perhaps two hundred feet high; and further still the waves have wrought a low gloomy cavern which penetrates far into the cliff, and the neighbouring rocks have been pierced and torn in a most strange fashion by the angry elements. If there is not a heavy ground-

swell the stranger should land on the little strip of beach near the middle of the bay: if he does, he should go forward to the extremity of the great arch, looking out from which he will be amazed by the grand aspect of the bay; the surrounding rocks and the vast overhanging arch assume almost a terrible majesty, especially if a stormy sky is gathering its forces over the distant horizon.

In a smooth sea the boat can run into the cavern, and it may be worth while to go into it, or one of the seven or eight others that occur between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater Gate. The boatmen from Alum Bay do not proceed beyond Scratchell's Bay unless they are ordered; if their advice be asked, they generally suggest that it is not worth while; the best is already seen, or something of the sort: but the visitor should go on to Freshwater. The cliffs between Scratchell's Bay and Freshwater are those lofty ones we spoke of above as being the highest chalk cliffs in the country. They rise, as we said, precipitously from the sea some six hundred feet. Like those we have passed the strata is nearly vertical, the dazzling white chalk being banded by lines of black flint. The base of this enormous wall is all along worn into caverns, and arches, and columns, in a fantastic manner; and the ledges and crevices are crowded with sea-fowl: this is indeed their chief haunt, and it is worth while to carry a gun,—a bugle will do as well if the tourist likes not villanous gunpowder,—to see what prodigious flocks start, when the report is heard, from every side, though not a feather was discoverable by an unpractised eye. It is over this tremendous precipice that the cliffmen lower themselves when searching for the birds' eggs.

The tourist may land at Freshwater Gate, or return to Alum Bay; at either there is a good hotel, which after such a sail he will be prepared to appreciate. The Needles Hotel, at Alum Bay, is a favourite one, and very convenient for examining the scenery of this end of the island. And if, as is quite likely, he be weather-bound there, the tourist may while away an



YARMOUTH.

idle hour in turning over the leaves of the Album, and reading how "Miss Gibbins and her mamma much approved of the scenery of Alum Bay," or how Alderman S. "thought the dinner very good—particularly the mutton;" or if the day be very long and very wet, he may even reach the middle of the interminable verses which a serjeant learned in the law spent a rainy week here in inditing.

YARMOUTH.

But if he be of an economic turn, and do not mind walking an additional mile or two, he will find cheaper and very respectable inns at Yarmouth—a place at which tourists seldom stay, but which is not an inconvenient centre for exploring all this western end of the island from. There are a couple of inns at Yarmouth: the principal—a noticeable old high-roofed red-brick edifice—was once the mansion of the Governor of the island, and has had a King as its guest. It was built by Admiral Sir R. Holmes, who entertained Charles II. here, in 1671. Now in its plebeian condition, it is known as the 'George,' and has a very creditable fame. The other inn, 'the Bugle,' is also a respectable one; and the host, Master Butler, being an excellent shot, very knowing in birds, and filling up his leisure hours in stuffing the best specimens his gun brings down, his guests may generally see such a collection of the various birds that frequent the island—whether common, rare, or rarest—as they will probably not find anywhere else. Butler is well known to naturalists and collectors of sea-fowl; and many a bird of his shooting and preserving has found a perch in foreign as well as home museums.

Yarmouth itself is but a poor place. Although a corporate town, with its mayor and burgesses, and all

municipal addenda,—and one that used to send two representatives to the Imperial Parliament; and though it has a town-hall and market-place, a steam-boat pier, a church, and two or three chapels, it yet has only a single shop of any size or pretension: but that is sufficient—it being one of the 'general' order only met with in country towns, wherein everything is kept, from drugs and grocery, down to door-mats and letter-paper; and everything prepared, from physicians' prescriptions to British wines. Half an hour will suffice to examine all that the town has to show. The church is old, but has been repaired and modernised; the exterior may be called ugly, and the interior is anything but handsome. The town-hall is nought. The 'castle' is one of the 'blockhouses' built by Henry VIII., and of the plainest kind. But the town is pleasantly situated: it stands at the mouth of the Yar, which forms a convenient harbour for small vessels; while there is excellent anchorage for those of larger size in the Solent. From the opposite side of the Yar—to which there is a ferry—the town, lying along the side of the broad estuary, with the Solent before and beyond it, seems as though built on a tongue of land, which projects into the sea, and has a very picturesque air. (Engraving.) As we spoke of some of its conveniences as a centre for the hardy tourist, we may add to these that the watermen are skilful, and moderate in their charges,—which cannot always be said of the island watermen; and there are good sailing as well as row-boats, for a run along the coast. Moreover there are steamers plying daily to Lymington and Gosport, which also call at Cowes and Ryde. The neighbourhood around Yarmouth is pretty, but not such as to call for further notice here.

Before however we proceed onwards, we must turn back a little way, in order to glance at the coast be-

tween Alum Bay and Yarmouth. After crossing the ferry we pass Scone Point, and soon reach Cliff End, where the island approaches highest to the mainland; the distance from Cliff End to Hurst Castle, which stands on the shingle bank known as Hurst Point, being only three-quarters of a mile. Geologists have little doubt that the Isle of Wight was once united to the mainland; and there has always been a tradition among the islanders to the same effect. Etymologists, too, fancy they perceive confirmation of it in the name of the strait which divides the island from the coast of Hampshire—Solent (which they remind us Bede wrote *Solvente*), pointing plainly to the manner in which it has eaten away the channel between the coasts. Colwell Bay, and Totlands Bay, which we come to in succession, both deserve to be visited. Their banks are bold for some way from the beach, and are tossed about as though by an earthquake. The roughness is doubtless the effect of a long series of land-slips. Headon Hill, the noble headland which divides Totland Bay from Alum Bay, is one of the objects for which the geologist visits the Isle of Wight—it affording a good type of the vertical strata of chalk which we have already mentioned more than once: and we ought perhaps to remind the reader that we here quit the chalk and sand-stone cliffs along which we have hitherto travelled. The chalk extends in a range of lofty Downs, so as to form a sort of spine, or long axis, to the island, and terminates at the opposite extremities in the steep Culver and Needles cliffs. This elevated ridge rises to its greatest height towards the centre of the island, and, as we have seen, forms the cliffs along its southern side. The northern side of the island is of the tertiary formation, and nowhere rises into hills of any great height; the northern coast is for the most part low and shelving.

COWES.

Beyond Yarmouth the stranger will not care to pursue the coast, which has nothing very characteristic about it, merely consisting for the greater part of the way of a sandy beach, with low sandy banks beyond. The best plan will be to take the steamer at once to Cowes. The only town that occurs near the coast between Yarmouth and Cowes is Newtown, which lies some distance up the river of the same name. It was once a place of some importance, but is now quite decayed, and though it still retains its corporate privileges, has altogether not a hundred inhabitants, and only about five-and-twenty mean houses and the ruins of a church. Till the passing of the Parliamentary Reform Bill it returned two members to the House of Commons. Along the banks of the river there are some salterns, but they are not much used. The river allows vessels of 500 tons burden to reach the town, but they do not ascend it. Newtown is rather prettily situated, and is worth going to see, if within a mile or two of it.

Cowes lies along both sides of the estuary of the

Medina; that part of it which is on the west bank being called West Cowes, while that on the opposite side is called East Cowes: they are connected by a ferry. West Cowes is the principal town, the other being little more than an adjunct to it, though it contains the Custom-house. The appearance of Cowes from the Solent is very fine. (Engraving.) The mouth of the Medina is half a mile across, but it contracts rapidly, so that the town seems to lie round a good-sized harbour; and West Cowes being built on a steep hill, whose summit is crowned by a number of gentlemen's villas, it assumes a consequence far beyond its due. To add to its dignity, too, there are generally numerous vessels lying along the banks, and not a few of the handsome craft belonging to the Royal Yacht moored off the mouth of the river; with perhaps one or more ships of war in the Solent. For the last three or four months a large fleet of Prussian and other German ships have been lying here, in consequence of the blockade of the German ports. While they were here Cowes harbour displayed such a forest of masts as had not been seen in it since the war.

Cowes has a good deal of traffic; it being the port of the island, and the point of communication with the mainland by way of Southampton. It carries on also a large internal trade; and it is famous for its ship-building: the craft which are constructed here being celebrated for good sailing—those built for the Royal Yacht Squadron indeed have few rivals. West Cowes, notwithstanding its appearance from the river, is a most irregular ungainly-looking place when you are inside it. The narrow streets run crookedly and awkwardly along the hill side, and there is no public building to engage the attention. Just outside the town there is an old church, and in the other direction there is a new one—but neither is very remarkable. Along the river, and on the parade, there are some buildings that the stranger will look at; but they are not eminent for any architectural merits. One of these is the castle; a rather unformidable-looking building despite the battery in front of it. Another is the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron. To this body Cowes owes a fair share of its prosperity: the influx of summer residents must be very materially increased by the members of the Squadron and their connections; and the annual sailing-match brings many strangers; while the presence of so many vessels and the constant trials of skill that take place, add to the general attraction of the town, by adding so much to its cheerfulness. The number of large hotels on both sides of the river speaks aloud for the demands for temporary accommodation. On the hill above West Cowes, and in the neighbourhood around, there are a great many gentlemen's seats, villas, and cottages, and some of them are of rather a superior character: the walks, too, around West Cowes are very pleasing. East Cowes is an agreeable little place; about it there are many very good private residences, but it has no very distinguishing features. What is most commonly pointed out as its lion is East Cowes Castle,—a so-called gothic



QUARR ABBEY.

mansion which Nash, the architect of Buckingham Palace, built for himself, in a commanding position on the brow of the hill just above the village. It looks best at a distance—but the view from it is very fine. East Cowes is much in repute as a quiet watering-place; indeed both West and East Cowes are very lively agreeable summer resorts.

From Cowes, steamers are in frequent communication with Ryde; and perhaps the ordinary tourist will be content with seeing as much of the coast between these places as he can from the deck of one of them. Indeed, if he wishes to see more of it, he can only do so from the roads some way inland—and they are not particularly tempting. But we must look a little more closely at one or two spots. On rounding the point, the lofty towers and long battle-mented front of Norris Castle will catch the attention. From the Solent it is a striking object—appearing like some grim relic of ruder times; but it is in reality a modern mansion, having been erected by Wyattville for Sir Henry Seymour. It is said to be less imposing close at hand than at a distance—which is very likely, for on looking steadily at it incongruities become sufficiently visible even from the steamer. According to Sir Henry Englefield, it commands the finest view of the Solent and the opposite shore of any spot in the island. Somewhat farther we see Osborne, the seat of Her Majesty, which shows very well from the sea, and we should fancy has a nobler view over the strait, as it has in every other direction, than Norris. We shall visit Osborne from Newport. The coast along rises into gentle well-wooded uplands, and wears a very cheerful air. At King's Quay we pass a river that enters the sea between banks covered with foliage to the edge of the water. A little further is Fishbourne Creek, the estuary of the Wootton river—in parts one of the most beautiful rivers in the island. The scenery about Wootton Bridge is celebrated, but the river is finer towards the

sea—we mean of course at high water, for these tidal streams are little better than a mud-swamp when the tide is out.

At Quarr Abbey we must stay a while. These remains, small though they be, are the most important left of the several conventual establishments that once flourished in the island. This was a monastery founded by the Earl of Devon in 1132, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks were of the Cistercian order. It was dissolved along with all the other religious houses by Henry VIII. A merchant of Southampton bought the building and speedily dismantled it. Nothing now remains but some of the outer walls, and the fragment that is represented in the engraving (Engraving). This was converted into, and long used as a farm building, and is so altered that it is not easy to say what was its original purpose. Although but a very poor ruin compared with the relics of ecclesiastical edifices in other parts of the country, it is the best hereabouts, and it is worth walking over from Ryde to see—especially as in the large open space which surrounds it, there are magnificent spreading elms, as old almost as the building; and the walk itself whether by the sea-side or through Binstead would alone amply repay the exertion. Quarr Abbey is believed to owe its name to a quarry close by, which supplied the stone for many of the ecclesiastical buildings in the southern counties. Wykeham's restoration of Winchester Cathedral was made with stone obtained from the Abbot of Quarr, and of course from this quarry. Stone is still procured from it, but it is now chiefly employed for the cottages in the neighbourhood. Quarr Copse reaches down to the beach, and the rich hanging wood dipping into the sea at high water is a very handsome object from the boat. As we mentioned, there is a foot-way along the beach from Quarr to Ryde, but it is only practicable when the tide is out. The path through the copse and by Binstead is a delightful one.

The famous anchorage of the Motherbank stretches along this part of the Solent, and there are generally riding in it a goodly number of our magnificent ships of war, as well as other large vessels; while craft of every description are continually sailing to and fro. The high ground about Binstead commands the whole of this portion of the strait, the town and harbour of Portsmouth, and the Hampshire hills beyond: it is not easy to conceive a nobler prospect of its kind. Binstead itself is a pretty secluded village of genteel residences. It has a new church, which, though small, is of unusual gracefulness. By it is preserved a doorway of the old church, with a rather curious piece of sculpture built in the wall above the arch, which has been long known among the peasantry of the neighbourhood as "the Idol." Binstead is about a mile from Ryde.

NEWPORT.

We have thus made the circuit of this island; it now remains for us to visit Newport, its capital; and from thence we may glance hastily over one or two places in the interior.

Newport stands nearly in the centre of the island, in a spot apparently marked out by Nature for the site of the miniature capital. It is built on a gentle slope rising from the west bank of the Medina, which is navigable for vessels of considerable burden up to the town; and the nature of the surrounding hills allows of easy lines of communication to radiate from it to every part of the island. The town itself is neat, clean, cheerful-looking, and apparently flourishing. It contains about 5000 inhabitants, is a corporate borough, and returns two members to the House of Commons, being the only place in the island that was permitted by the Reform Bill to retain Parliamentary representatives. The streets are well paved and lighted, and filled with good well-stored shops. The public buildings are mostly modern; the town-hall, and one or two other of the largest and showiest, were erected some thirty or forty years ago, from the designs of Nash, and are about on a level with what would be expected from the specimens of his genius which the metropolis possesses. The old church is very large, but plain and low, and far from pleasing in its external appearance; while the interior is blocked up and darkened by huge pews and galleries, and every kind of ungainly obstruction, till it would require a laborious search to discover any beauties there, if any there be. Among the monuments one or two are noticeable. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I., lies here under a plain slab; she died the year after the execution of her father, at the age of fourteen, a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. There are now a couple of new churches in the town, and it would be no discredit to the inhabitants if they were to remove some of the rubbish from the old one. Dissenting chapels abound, there being already some six or seven in existence, and one larger and smarter than any of them is in course of

erection. There is a literary society in Newport, which has one of the best buildings in the place. There is also a factory, wherein some hundred hands are employed in making the Isle of Wight lace, so much admired by ladies. There is, too, a theatre for the delectation of the towns-people, but it does not fill; and just by it there is a jail, of which no such complaint is heard. North of the town are extensive barracks; and not far from them is a House of Industry, or in other words a Union workhouse, for the poor of the island. With its grounds, which are laid out in fields, and cultivated by the inmates, it occupies an area of eighty acres, and it has accommodation (happily never required) for a thousand persons; it is praised for the excellency of its arrangements, which are said to have suggested some of those adopted by the new Poor-law Commission. The Reformatory for juvenile offenders, or, as it is more commonly called, Parkhurst prison, is also in the same neighbourhood,—all these three buildings being within the precincts of Parkhurst Forest.

Newport is not much dependent on summer visitors, who generally merely pass through it. The population is a fixed, and not a fluctuating one, like that of Ryde and Cowes, and the town wears altogether less of a holiday look. But it is a convenient place to stay at for one who wants to see the island and its inhabitants. The stranger ought to turn out early on Saturday morning to see the market, which is of the most miscellaneous character possible. Every household requisite or luxury, from beef and bedsteads to prawns and pine-apples, is collected in it; and the market folks and market vehicles are almost as miscellaneous as the commodities they have brought together, and very much better worth seeing. There is also an annual fair; and there are two or three Michaelmas hiring or 'bargain-fairs,' which afford rare opportunities for seeing the country folk.

Newport is the oldest existing town in the island. Newtown was indeed an old town when this was founded; but it began to decay as this grew up, and, as we have seen, it long since died off altogether, leaving only a few rude cottages and a ruined church as its *siste viator*. But Newport has nothing modern in its look, nor any antiquities to reward the archæological inquirer. The only building of any antiquity besides the church is the Grammar-school, which was erected in 1617, and is noteworthy only on account of the school-room being the place where Charles the First and the Parliamentary Commissioners met to negotiate the public 'Treaty of Newport,' as it was called.

The walks in the immediate vicinity of Newport are many of them very beautiful; but there is one spot in particular which affords so splendid a prospect, that it should on no account be left unvisited. We refer, of course, to Mountjoy, the lofty hill on the south of the town. From the summit of this hill you see, on a clear day, the whole lower valley of the Medina and the surrounding country,—a rich undulating tract, where shining meadows alternate with dusky lines of

sombre foliage, and the broad Medina, winding through the midst, leads the eye along the curves of the valley to its union with the sea, where a forest of small craft and a light hazy vapour mark the sight of Cowes. Bounding the valley on the right is a range of low hills, from the highest of which the tower of Osborne rises out of a dense mass of trees. On the left, another range of uplands terminates near you in the brown heathy tract of Parkhurst Forest. In the extreme distance are the purple hills of Hampshire; between which and the northern side of the island the Solent breaks upon the sight at intervals, between the depressions in the uplands, gleaming in the sunshine like a number of small lakes. And at the foot of the hill on which you stand lies the town of Newport; its regular rows of plain houses and dark red roofs, partly concealed by noble trees, which, with the gray tower of the old church and the masts of the ships that are lying by the town quay, not only break the uniformity and homeliness of the buildings, but render the little town a bold and striking relief to the open country beyond, and assist it in throwing the whole landscape into exquisite harmony. Our steel engraving will enable the reader to form a somewhat clearer conception of this noble scene than our feeble description can do.

Our first stroll from Newport shall be down the Medina to Osborne. The Medina rises on the south side of the island, and falls into the sea on the north,—as do all the streams in the island with the exception of those little ones that fall over the chines. Its source is at the north-eastern foot of St. Catharine's Hill, not far from Chale; at Newport it becomes a tidal river, and expands to a considerable width, and it continues of course to widen to its confluence with the sea five miles lower. It thus divides the island, as will be seen on referring to the map, into two nearly equal portions, which have been adopted as the legal divisions of the island, the eastern half being called East, and the other West Medina.

The Medina has a good deal of very pretty scenery along its upper course, but it altogether changes its character when it becomes a tidal river. At low water indeed it is but a narrow stream running through the centre of a wide bed of mud but when the tide is up it is a broad and noble river, and that is the time to stroll along it. Both the banks are hilly, and the slopes are well wooded, but it is on the right bank only that a foot path lies all the way along the water's edge—and it is on the right bank that Osborne is situated. The rampler may very well keep beside the river to Whippingham, occasionally ascending the uplands; and if he be a lover of river scenery he will not regret the devious course it has led him. The broad sweep of the stream stretches before you in bold sweeping curves, its clear green water curling into light ripples and reflecting in long tremulous lines the white sails that are gliding rapidly along; on either side are fine hanging woods, or slopes of "glad light green;" in front the view is bounded by softly swelling uplands,

or, when a turn in the path brings into sight the broad opening where the river falls into the sea, by the silver Solent and the hazy coast beyond. Looking back, Newport for some way forms the chief feature; but as it diminishes, the high mound with the gray ruins of Carisbrooke Castle on its summit rises into importance, and from many a spot you have a landscape of a high order. There are a couple of mills on the river's banks called respectively East and West Medina Mills, but they add nothing to the beauty of the scenery.

Whippingham has no such a collection of houses as could be called a village. The church, which is the chief attraction, stands quite apart, not far from a farmyard, on an eminence just above the river. Its spire has served as a landmark, visible at intervals above the trees, from East Medina Mill, but the church itself is hidden by the wood till you are close to it. Since Osborne has been the property of her Majesty, Whippingham church has been her ordinary place of worship while residing there, and tourists are now accustomed to mark it in their list of visiting places; else it would draw few aside. The church is of a moderate size, and more complete in its equipments than many of the island churches; having nave, chancel, transepts, tower, and spire; but it is as plain and unadorned as village church can be. The only possible thing to notice inside would be its scrupulous cleanness. Now of course the royal pews are looked at by the stranger, but they too are quiet and unassuming, only distinguished from the rest by a rather richer lining. On the Sunday, we are told, there is no appearance of state, and the only thing that jars upon the simple solemnity of the service is the eager rudeness of those who crowd here to stare, who surely might leave the queen—though she be the queen—undisturbed in her hours of public worship.

Osborne House is about three-quarters of a mile from the church. It stands in the midst of its grounds, and cannot be seen from the road. The grounds are rather extensive, and from their elevated site afford fine views in many directions; but they are *strictly private*, and neither house nor grounds can be entered by the stranger. It would be useless, therefore, to describe them, if even the very hasty glance we have had of them enabled us to do so. It may be enough to state that the house has been much enlarged and altered since it was purchased for Her Majesty, and the alterations are still far from completed. It now presents an extended façade with a very lofty campanile on one side, of the Italian palazzo style, very sparingly enriched. Perhaps the house is seen to most advantage from the Solent, but it may also be very well seen from the high grounds on the opposite side of the Medina (Cut, p 433.) The campanile is a noticeable object from the higher hills all over the island, and the views from it are said to be of the most splendid description.

The tourist may take the road beyond the principal entrance to Osborne, which will lead him to the gates of Norris Castle, the grounds of which are open to him,



RYDE, FROM THE EAST.



COWES.

and whose noble prospect across the Solent has been already spoken of. The road through the park will bring him out by East Cowes, where he may be ferried over, and return to Newport along the road above the west bank of the river; or, if he does not wish to proceed to Norris Castle, he will find a ferry below Whippingham Church, kept by the person who rents the oyster-beds, by which he may cross, when the tide is up, to Werror Farm, whence he may make his way through the copse to the road, or by the river to West Medina Mill. He will find the lonely old farm-house, and some other places on his way, very picturesque. But it will be well to view the scenery of the Medina from the water, and the tourist can do so very readily. There are good boats always to be hired at Newport; and there is a passage-boat which sails daily between Newport and Cowes as the tide serves; the fare by the passage-boat is very trifling. The traveller can take whichever his fancy or his pocket prefers. We would suggest that the best way to see the Medina, and the places spoken of above, is to sail to Cowes, and thence to return by Norris and Whippingham, where he can descend to the river side and continue along it to Newport. If he like river scenery half as much as we do, and have a fair day, and a flowing tide, he will thank us for the suggestion. We ought however in fairness to apprise him that we have heard artists and other competent judges who have made the round declare, "there is nothing in it."

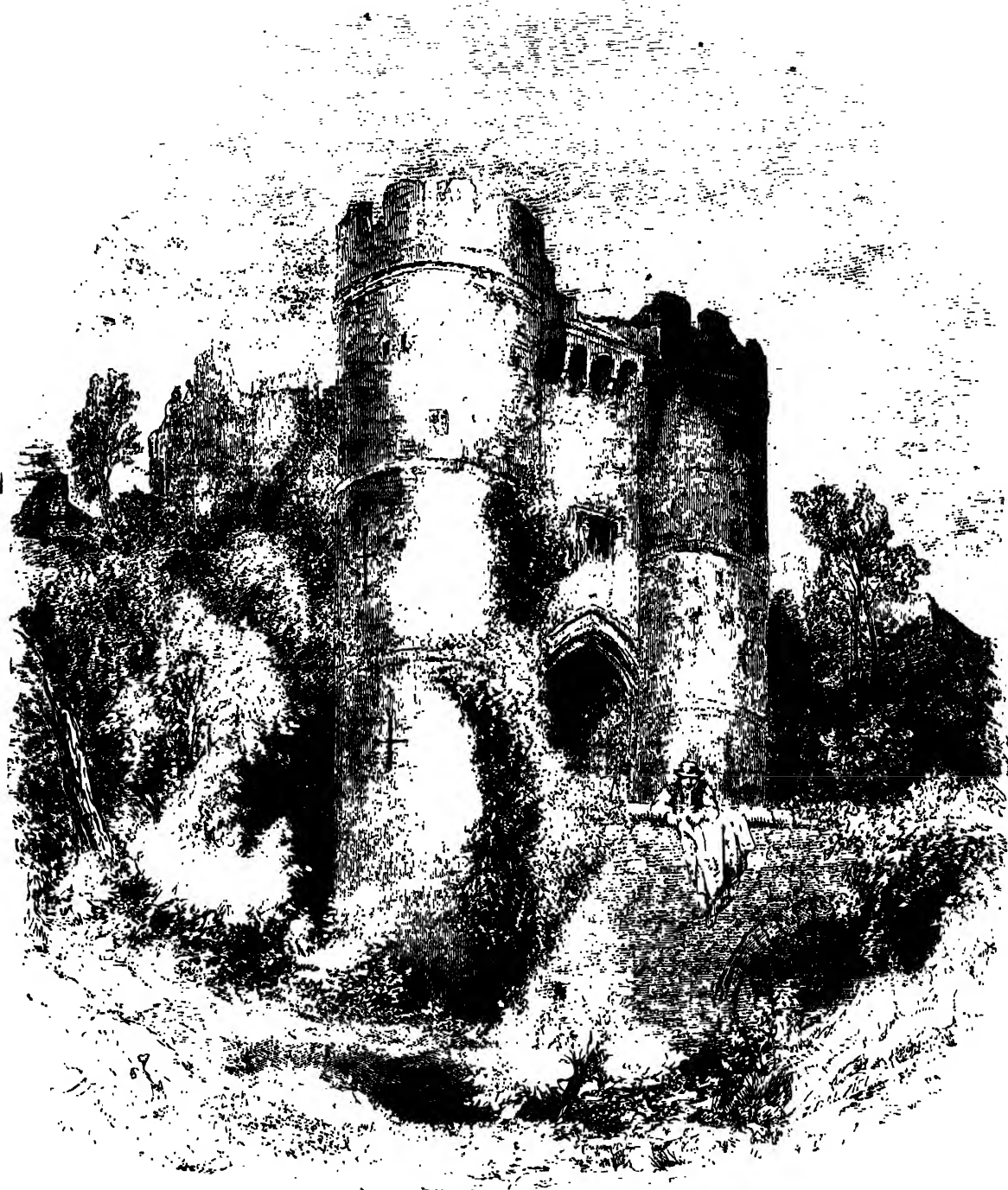
But about the place we are next to visit there can be no difference of opinion. Whoever has the slightest feeling for the beauties of Nature, or the venerable relics of antiquity, must be interested and impressed at Carisbrooke. Strangers ordinarily, and in flys always, proceed there from Newport by the Mall, a pleasant road, but not the most pleasant, nor that by which the very picturesque features of the village and castle open most advantageously as you draw near. It is better to go over Mountjoy, from which you have the view already described, or along the fields and the river by West Mill.

William the Conqueror gave the Isle of Wight to his kinsman William Fitz-Osborne, and created him Lord of Wight. Fitz-Osborne, after overcoming the resistance of the islanders, took up his abode at Carisbrooke, which was already a fortified place. He is believed to have erected the oldest part of the present castle on the site of a much more ancient one; be that as it may, the castle became the residence of the Lords of Wight, and the town of Carisbrooke was the capital of the island. The Lords of Wight retained their insular sovereignty till the reign of Edward I., who purchased the regalities, and appointed a Warden of the island, with the old title, subject to removal at his pleasure. This arrangement was continued till 1445, when that feeblest of monarchs, Henry VI., created the Earl of Warwick 'King' of the Isle of Wight, and crowned the new sovereign with his own hands. But this title was of course never renewed, and the old one was dropped in the reign of Henry VII.,

who appointed a 'Captain' of the Island: the title was changed to that of Governor in the seventeenth century; and that title and office are still continued. While the Lords of Wight resided in the castle, the French made many descents upon the island, which they more than once ravaged; and they frequently attacked the castle, but do not appear to have ever taken it. One of their last descents upon the island was in the reign of Richard II., when, after plundering it, they laid siege to the castle. Many of the besiegers were slain during the siege, especially on one fatal occasion, when a large party of them were drawn very close to the walls, and fell into an ambush which had been prepared for them. There is a tradition that one of the lanes leading to the castle owes its name of Deadman's Lane to having been the scene of the slaughter; and that Node Hill, on the way to Newport, was formerly called Noddies Hill, on account of its having served as the burial-place of the *Noddies*, who suffered themselves to be thus entrapped. This is the country etymology—we are not responsible for it.

But the chief historical interest attaching to the Castle arises from the confinement within it of the unfortunate Charles I. Charles, it will be remembered, on escaping from Hampton Court, repaired to the coast of Hampshire, and after some hesitation resolved to place himself under the protection of Colonel Hammond, the governor of the Isle of Wight. He was lodged in Carisbrooke Castle. At first he was treated with courtesy, and even permitted to ride out with a small escort; but stricter measures were soon enforced, and the king became a close prisoner. Some wild projects were started for his release; but Carisbrooke Castle was too strong a place, and too well garrisoned to allow of hope from any plan which the Royalists were then capable of executing. His son, Prince Charles, indeed, had at one time a good fleet in the Downs; but though urged by the king, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to attempt to liberate his father. Charles himself made two efforts to escape. The first time he tried to force his body between the bars of his window; but they were too close together, and he had difficulty in drawing himself back again. Then his followers succeeded in conveying to him acids for corroding the bars, and a rope, by which to lower himself; and a night was fixed for the attempt. When it came, he was made aware that his window was watched from below, and it was believed that if he had appeared outside he would have been shot. Charles was a prisoner here rather more than a year; and from hence he was removed to that miserable 'castle' we saw from Cliff-end awhile ago; and soon after, where strife and sorrow are unknown.

Carisbrooke Castle is now a mere ruin, but it is a very fine one. It stands on a lofty eminence, and the keep is raised still higher, by being placed on an artificial mound. It thus presents a commanding aspect from every side. The castle is of very different dates: some parts of it are probably as old as the times of



CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

the Britons, when it seems to have been called Caer-brac. Other authors assign to it a Roman origin, Roman coins of the empire having been dug up in a field to the north of the castle. The earliest historical notice of the castle, however, occurs in the Saxon annals, for it seems to have been besieged and taken in

530 by Cerdic, whose nephew, Wethgar, is said to have rebuilt the castle, a statement which is supposed to be confirmed by a portion of the base-court bearing distinct traces of a different origin to the other parts of the fortress. However that may be, the castle appears to have fallen a second time into decay and to have

been rebuilt by William Fitz-Osborne in the reign of Henry I., and probably most of the older parts of the present remains are of that time. The grand gateway, represented in our engraving, (Cut, p. 458,) was erected in the reign of Edward IV., by Lord Woodville, whose arms are sculptured upon the front. Woodville sold the castle to the king, and it has ever since remained an appanage to the crown. It was repaired by Elizabeth, who built the outer walls and the gateway outside the bridge, and also some domestic offices yet remaining, and now used as the residence of the keeper. The defensive part of the castle was permitted to go to ruin after the Restoration, though it was used for some time longer as a state-prison.

The walls of the castle enclose an area of about twenty acres; and the whole is surrounded by a broad moat, long since drained. The entrance from the road is by Queen Elizabeth's Gate, a not unpicturesque little building in its present mouldering state, with the dark green ivy climbing over it; but the grand entrance is Woodville's Gateway, on the other side of the bridge. This is the finest feature left of the old castle. The gateway is strengthened by a portcullis and bold machicolations, and flanked by round towers of noble proportions: it is altogether a very handsome specimen of its class of architecture. On passing through it, the person who shows the castle calls your attention to some ruinous walls on your left hand as the prison wherein Charles was confined: the window, still preserved, is said to be that from which he attempted to escape. You are then directed to the 'Saxon' keep, and left to ascend, if you please, "the wearisome but necessary height." There are said to be some seventy-odd steps to this steep 'flight,' which leads to the keep, and there are some more from thence to the parapet. But no one will complain who ascends them. The prospect would be worth climbing for were there no steps to assist the ascent: it embraces as wide a range of country as the summit of Mountjoy, and is perhaps more varied. The view of the lower valley of the Medina is not comparable to that from Mountjoy; but those on the south, over the rich undulations of cultivated and wooded country, are much finer. The ramparts also afford very pleasing views; and on Wednesday evenings in summer, when the band of the regiment stationed at Parkhurst plays in the meadow below, they form a favourite promenade for the Newport fair.

One of the most curious things in the castle is the well, which is above 300 feet deep. The visitor is shown into the well-house, and while he is noticing the singular appearance of the room, one side of which is occupied by an enormous wooden wheel—a small lamp is lighted; and after being told to mark the time that elapses before a glass of water that is thrown down strikes against the bottom of the well, the lamp is lowered by means of a small windlass, making, as he watches its descent, a circle of light continually lessening till the lamp is seen to float on the surface of the water at a depth that makes him almost dizzy. A grave old ass is then introduced who quietly walks into

the huge treadwheel, which he anon begins to turn—as curs in days of yore turned spits—whereby the bucket is lowered and drawn up again: which feat being accomplished, Jacob very soberly walks out again. This well has from time out of mind served the castle with water, and still serves it—and, as the visitor will find if he tastes it, serves it well. The same method of drawing the water has always been in practice; and the drawers have lived long in the exercise of their vocation. Fame tells of one who drew water here for fifty odd years, and might perchance have drawn as many more; but becoming weary of so long treading the same dull round, he threw himself from the ramparts. The books, and the gentle guide, do indeed say that the ancient drawer fell over the ramparts by accident—but who will credit that of a donkey? His successor was not of quite such Macrobian habit, but he lived to enjoy for some thirty years a pension of a penny loaf a day conferred on him by an ass-loving governor.

Before leaving the castle you are shown the chapel; but it is much more modern than any other part of the building, having been erected by George II. on the site of a very old one that had become unserviceable, and it has nothing remarkable in its appearance. In it the Mayor of Newport used to be sworn in upon entering on office and on the annual renewal of his term: but the present mayor, being a Dissenter, chose to display his independency by refusing to conform to the established order of things, and the point having been yielded by the Governor it will no doubt fall into abeyance—as a good many better and some worse customs have fallen. The village of Carisbrooke is built along the side of an eminence, which is separated from the castle hill by a narrow dell, through which flows a small streamlet. Carisbrooke is a pretty rustic village, but showing few signs, apart from the castle and the church, of its antiquity. The church is still large and handsome, but it was once much larger—the chancel and one of the aisles having been pulled down to save the cost of repairing them. The tower, which has an enriched turret and pinnacles, is the most elaborate and handsomest, and it contains the most musical peal of bells in the island. The church, with several other of the island churches, formerly belonged to the Cistercian Priory, which was founded here by Fitz-Osborne, and so it remained till the spoliation of religious houses by the dragon "To whom houses and churches were but geese and turkeys"—when the church was made parochial and the priory tithes leased for a yearly rent of 200 marks. The only fragment left of the priory is an ivy-covered gate. Carisbrooke Castle has a majestic appearance from these lower grounds; the village too, with its church, looks very picturesque; but they should be seen in combination from the neighbouring fields, when they display a union of grandeur and picturesqueness that is exceedingly impressive.

The country around Carisbrooke is very lovely. There are delicious green lanes where the trees interlace over head and form an exquisite roof to the

informal avenue; there are again lone farm-houses shadowed by lofty spreading elms, and environed by broad tilths of wheat; little playful brooks running wild among the alder-spotted meadows; and downy heights with wide-spread prospects; and shadowy copses peopled only by the merry song-birds. You might roam about here for weeks and not exhaust the affluence of gentle pastoral loveliness.

Something of this loveliness may be seen by varying the homeward route a little. Take any of the narrow lanes at the back of the castle, that for example which leads to Watergate, and you have some new feature of beauty opening upon you at every turn. The lanes will display those irregular avenues we spoke of. At Watergate there is the pretty brook, with the few scattered houses about it. A little farther and you come upon Marwell Copse, the very striking entrance to which, as the shades of evening are casting their sombre tone over it, might tempt a Salvator's pencil; while on the other side, as you look back into the copse you see the road dropping down a dell over-arched by a dark mass of tangled trees and leading to a gleam of sunlit foliage that seems to illumine the whole picture. Marwell Copse is worth a visit—though we have never seen it mentioned. But the stranger should proceed to Gatcombe, whose park is famous and deservedly so. On all sides is an intermingling of whatever is beautiful in park scenery, although, excepting the trees, on a small scale. The little church stands in a pretty part of the park, half buried among massy foliage. The Parsonage, wearing a charming air of "refined rusticity," is placed by a little lake not far from it. A water-mill, too, fixed on a picturesque bend of the Medina, is included within the pale. The mansion is modern and stately. Gatcombe village, too, is a study for a painter.

And all round Gatcombe the leisurely traveller may find lanes and passages of quiet rural verdant landscape, such as only England can show, and only its more favoured spots can show in perfection. Especially as he wanders about here will he find himself involuntarily staying to admire the uncommon gracefulness of form and rich full foliage of the trees. The soil is fitting, the climate mild and balmy, and their growth is answerable. Then they stand in an ample space, and are left unclipped by the pruning-knife of science, and they send out their free arms with that buoyant vigour only seen in such circumstances. Many of them are as grand and symmetrical in form as any Claude ever painted, and they have a free sweeping play of branches and spray such as he never had a glimpse of. As they stand alone or in a grove on a grassy slope, or beside a dark pond, or a glancing streamlet, they make pictures that the eye cannot choose but rest upon.

Gatcombe may be taken on the route to Appuldurcombe, which must be visited from Newport, if it were not seen when at Shanklin or Ventnor. We may mention here that the interior of the mansion can only be seen by tickets, which must have been previously obtained at Newport. There are two or three ways

to Appuldurcombe, but there is little choice between them. Godshill is in any case the mark to aim at: it is a curious unformed place. The church is set up on the top of a broken hill, upon whose rough sides the houses are scrambling. The inhabitants tell the old story, common to so many of these hill churches, how the building was commenced in the valley, but the emissaries of the evil one undid at night all that was accomplished in the day; and how, at last, it was only suffered to be erected on condition of its being placed on this rugged hill-top, out of the reach of the old, the feeble, and the indolent. Such traditions as we said are common, but then they have the three essentials of a perfect tradition, and therefore we do not question this: at most we only venture to hint that there was a strange want of tact in a certain quarter. "The tower lights all the country round," at once a guide and a monitor. It was wiser done at Hollington (see vol. i. 286) to insist on the church being built in a lonely hollow, and then causing a thick wood to spring up and hide it—where "out of sight out of mind." By the way, if the tradition be authentic, is not the name a misnomer?—ought it not rather to bear a far less euphonious title than that of Godshill? Or was it so named on the same principle as names are sometimes given in the mining districts, where, if there be a fellow of unmatchable ugliness, he is sure to be called Beauty?

But whoever caused the church to be placed where it stands did a benefit to the scenery of the neighbourhood, and deserves a good word therefore—if only upon the principle of giving "every one his due." To many a charming spot around the fine old tower gives a graceful finish, and it serves to render the humble village one of the most picturesque in the island. The church itself is rather a superior one: it is partly of the decorated period, and partly perpendicular; and in addition to its architectural value, it contains a long series of monuments of the Worsley family—one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the island, and who for a long series of years were the lords of Appuldurcombe. Many of these monuments are interesting as specimens of the art, or as affording examples of the costume of their respective periods. Another monument of the Worsley's, which the village possesses, is a free grammar-school, which Sir Richard Worsley founded and endowed for its benefit in 1614.

Appuldurcombe is little more than a mile from Godshill. The mansion stands in the midst of an extensive park, and both house and park are considered to be among the most attractive of the island lions. Appuldurcombe House was begun in 1710, by Sir Robert Worsley; but remained unfinished until the succession of his grandson, Richard, to the title and estates. It is a large square building, with projecting wings to the principal front. The style is the so-called classic which prevailed in the last century, and the general effect is stately and imposing. The hall and principal apartments are of handsome proportions, and it is altogether an eminently splendid pile. But the chief attraction

is the collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, so famous as the Worsley Museum. The most interesting, perhaps, of the pictures, are the historical portraits, many of which have been in the possession of the family for a very long period; some, as the portraits of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, having been presented to them by those sovereigns. The bassi-relievi, statues, gems, and other antiquities, were collected by Sir Richard Worsley, at a vast expense, during a tour made for the purpose in Italy and the Levant. The collection was, at the time it was made, considered to be one of the finest in England. Sir Richard, with the assistance of the younger Visconti, the celebrated Italian antiquary and writer on art, drew up a full description of his collection, which was published in two folio volumes in 1794—1803, under the title of '*Musæum Worsleianum*;' the descriptions are in English and Italian, and it is largely illustrated with engravings. The preparation of this work, which was one of the most splendid that had then issued from the English press, cost Sir Richard, it is said, upwards of £27,000. Very few copies of it were printed, and it is now one of the 'rare' books of the biblioplists. The collection itself, as will be supposed, noble as it is, is chiefly interesting to the classic scholar and the archæologist; and requires more careful examination than is possible in the hasty survey of a 'show-house.' But it is worth seeing, though it can only be seen cursorily—and the house and park ought to be visited.

The park deserves its celebrity. It is very extensive, for the island, and the ground is considerably diversified, and there are noble views over the wide glades. Oak, elm, and beech trees, of stately size abound; the plantations are well arranged, and it is well stocked with deer: the park and the house are, in short, on a correspondent style of grandeur. On the most elevated spot in the park a column, seventy feet high, has been erected to the memory of Sir Richard Worsley, and is a conspicuous object for many miles in every direction. Sir Richard Worsley, among many other obligations which he conferred on the island, completed and published the '*History of the Isle of Wight*,' which his grandfather had commenced but left, like the house, unfinished. The '*History*' is in every sense a heavy work; but the large collection of materials it contains must be the basis of every succeeding history. Sir Richard Worsley was Governor of the Island, and held some other honourable employments. Appuldurcombe is no longer the property of a Worsley,—the name is now extinct; and the property has passed by marriage to the Earls of Yarborough, whose seat it now is.

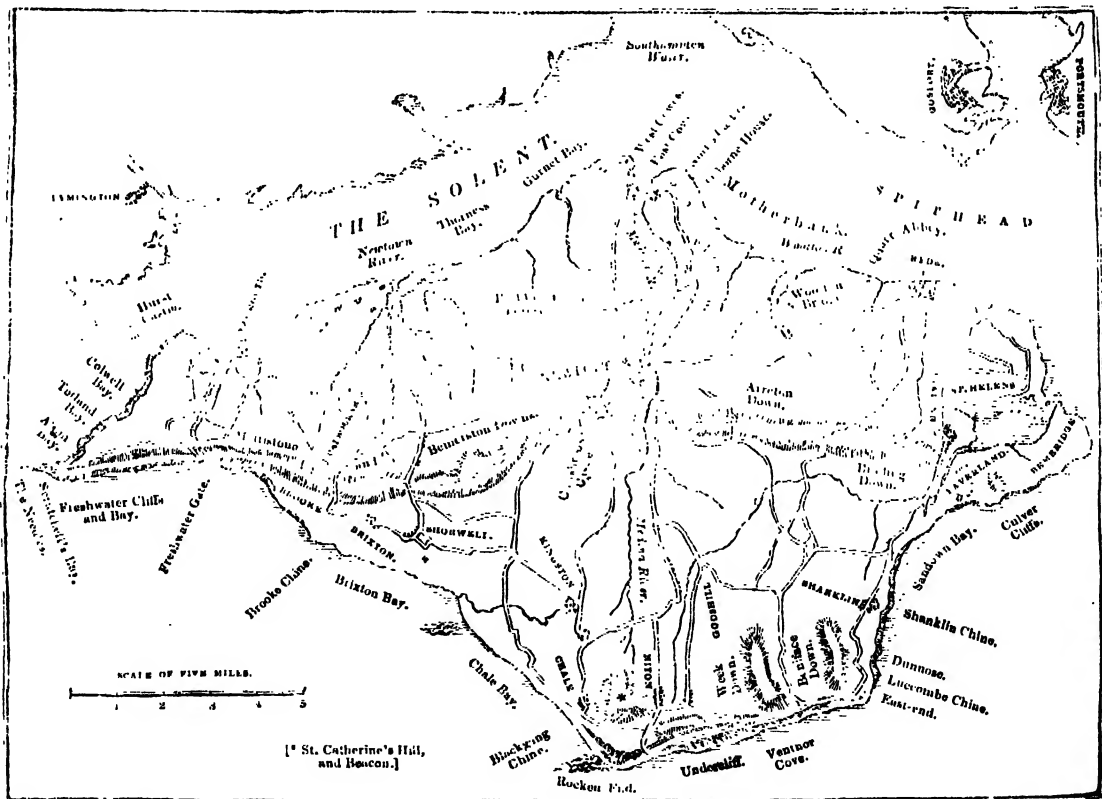
We have hardly space to indicate any more of the pleasant jaunts from Newport. We may select, as one that will very well illustrate the nature of the quiet out-of-the-way districts that are to be found in these parts that lie away from the ordinary routes, a stroll to Newtown by way of Parkhurst Forest, returning by Calbourne. *Parkhurst Forest was once a Royal hunting forest of some four thousand acres area, and so thickly wooded that, according to the popular saying, a squirrel

might have leaped from one end of it to the other without touching the ground. But it is now circumscribed within very much narrower limits, and the whole of the ancient timber has been long felled: it now is most unforest-like in its appearance, being in good part a heathy tract of waste land, and its wood mere brushwood. This is one of the tracts that was enforested by the Conqueror, and was a favourite hunting-ground of the Norman Nimrod. There are some rather pretty heathy spots about, with some good prospects from them; but it is hardly a place the stranger will care to linger over, though he will enjoy the sharp sea-breeze on a clear morning. He may turn aside to look at or examine the House of Industry and the Reformatory, if he pleases. Crossing the forest, he will pass through the copse by White House, and then by some wooded lanes, past Clamerkins, keeping the river on his right, to Newtown. This Newtown river we have mentioned before; and here we shall only add, that it is very curiously broken into several branches, all of which are tidal, and at their confluence form a wide estuary. The decayed old Newtown and this estuary, or even the separate branches, are certainly worth visiting, and this is a good way of reaching them. Having satisfied himself with them, and examined if he pleases the salt-ponds, or salterns, he should proceed to Shalfleet, a curious rude village with a remarkable church. This odd-looking edifice is in part, at least, of Norman date, and has some undecipherable (or as the phrase goes symbolic) sculpture about it. The tower is Norman, of rude construction, and has the singular characteristic of being wider than the nave to which it is attached. There are some noticeable Norman carvings about it, as well as the doorways. There are other peculiarities about it, and it is altogether perhaps the most singular church in the island. On the way are two or three scattered hamlets, as well as some outlying farm-houses, that might be spoken of as noteworthy, were it necessary. Calbourne is quite a specimen of a secluded country village: it lies out of any main road, and seems to have altogether escaped the notice of the 'progress' people. It is no more modern than it was a quarter of a century ago—which is something difficult to say of a country village now. Calbourne is a very tolerable example of a village church of the early English period: it has a strong stern look, as though it might be made a temporary place of refuge for the villagers in case of sudden attack by marauders. The windows in the body of the church are the narrow lancet; the walls are strong, and the whole not easily assailable: while the tower is still more grim-looking, and stronger—evidently the keep of the temporary castle. The cottages are as primitive as the church; and as the whole is screened by magnificent trees, from almost every field around, you have a new picture. Somewhat further is Swainstone, a charming neighbourhood, full of good trees, golden corn-fields,—everywhere the substantial signs of a rich, fertile, and well-tilled soil. There are some roads about Swainstone, along which lofty elms are ranged, forming delicious shady avenues,

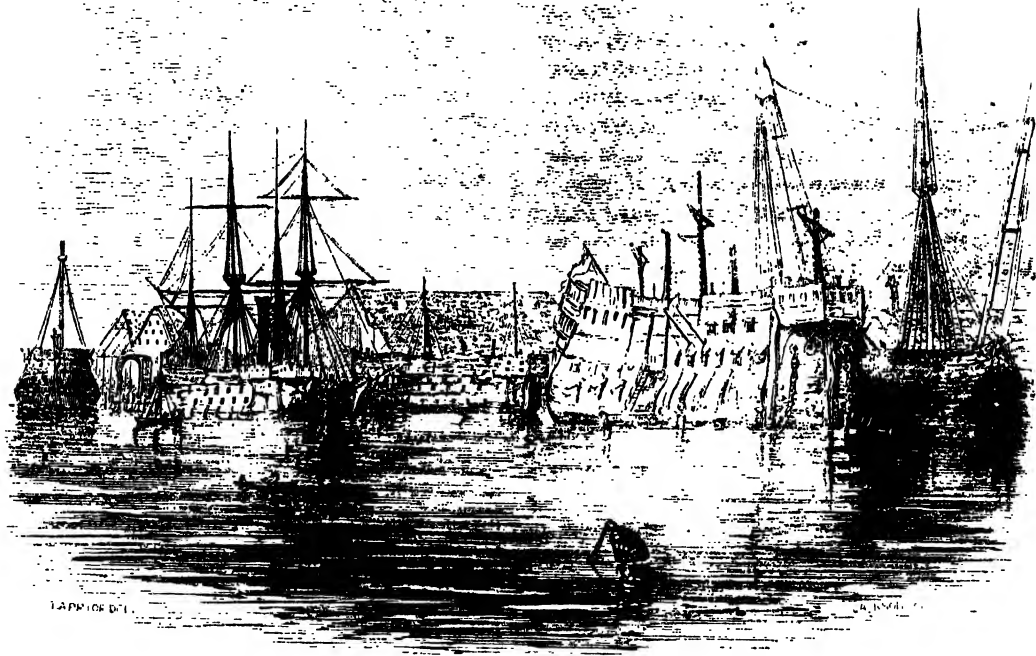
and yielding at every opening exquisite peeps across the country and over the glittering sea beyond. There is a large mansion here which occupies the site of a palace belonging to the Bishops of Winchester, and some fragments of a palace chapel still remain. From Swainstone there are charming walks through by-lanes and across fields by the back of Carisbrooke to Newport. Great Park, New Park, Park Cross, and the like, are all relics of the ancient Royal Forest of Parkhurst, though lying some distance from the tract now so called: about them one might wander for hours.

The very finest ramble that can be had upon the central range of Downs is from Newport to Asheys Sea Mark. You reach Arretton Down by Long Lane (and a very long lane it is); when, the moment you attain the summit, there bursts on the view upon either hand a wide and most brilliant prospect, which never loses its attractiveness till you reach the Sea Mark upon Asheys Down, where it is by far the finest. Asheys Sea Mark is a stout triangular obelisk of stone, which was

erected by the Government for the guidance of vessels entering Spithead and St. Helen's Roads: the views from it are indeed most splendid. On every side you see for miles across a tract of richly cultivated country, where broad pastures alternate with fields of waving corn, or the purple-headed rye grass, which bends in sweeping billows under the lightest wind, sombre wooded districts, and scattered villages marked by the clustered roofs or the light blue vapour; while everywhere the county is spotted over with cottage, or farmhouse, or mansion, sending up the curling smoke from among sheltering trees: and beyond this inland tract is the circling sea. Northwards the Solent, with its fleets of war-ships and crowded sails, and the distant fortifications by Portsmouth Harbour, and the faint hills beyond, form the distance. To the east the wide Brading Harbour, backed by the Bembridge heights, catches the eye. While southward is the majestic curve of Sandown Bay, bordered by wide sheep Downs, whereon the wild thyme loves to dwell, and the gentle ocean-breezes make their play-fields!



PORTSMOUTH.

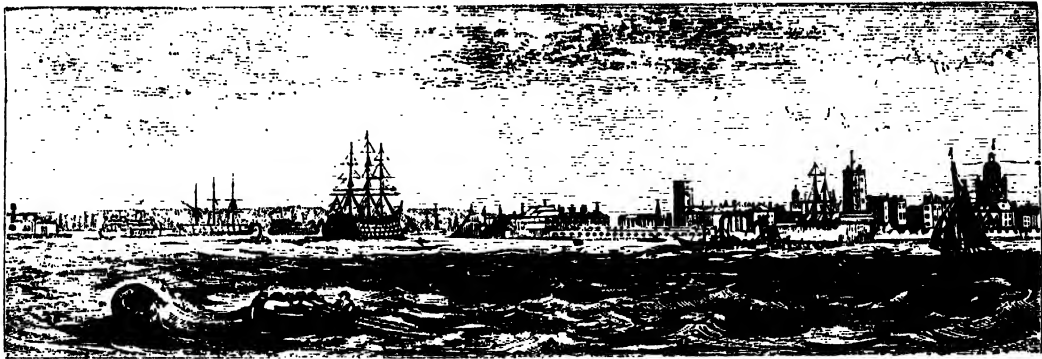


RECEIVING DOCKS, ETC.

PORTSMOUTH is a spot which claims our attention on many grounds. First, it is a Government Arsenal conducted on a vast scale, and comprising many distinct establishments connected with the defence of the country. There is a dock-yard for building ships, and all the necessary arrangements for repairing ships already built. There are all the countless stores for supplying these ships for their sea-service, whether for actual navigation or for war—from a nail or a ball of twine to an anchor or a sail. There is the victualling-department, whence the thousands who man these ships can at a short notice be provided with their rations. There is the splendid harbour, where the majestic floating fortresses can take up a temporary

station when not in active service. There are the fortifications surrounding Portsea and Portsmouth, rendering them conjointly the best defended spot, perhaps, in England. There are the military arrangements connected with these defensive works; and the noble Hospital at Haslar, for the sick and wounded. There are the fine open ground at Portsdown, and the old Castle at Porchester; the pleasant sea-bathing places at South-sea and at Hayling; the Spithead and the Solent, and the mighty fleets that have so often anchored there; the delightful Isle of Wight inviting you on the one hand, and the Southampton Water on the other.

The situation of Portsmouth is not a little re-



ENTRANCE TO PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA.

markable. We find, on inspecting a map of Hampshire and the neighbouring counties, that a straight line drawn from the Isle of Purbeck to Selsea Bill passes through the middle of the Isle of Wight, so that this Isle is situated in a kind of bay included between those two limits. If the Isle of Wight were away, the mouth of Southampton Water would be the innermost or deepest part of this imaginary bay; but as things really are, the Isle seems to fill up a sort of gap; its northern shore being very similar in shape to the opposite shore of Hampshire. Between the two is a sea-channel, of which the eastern half constitutes Spithead, and the western half the Solent. The Southampton Water branches up north-westward, from a point between the Solent and Spithead; and the Hampshire coast from that point to Hurst Castle proceeds pretty nearly south-west. On the contrary, the Hampshire coast, in the direction from Southampton Water towards Selsea Bill, bends round towards the south-east. In the middle of this distance, the shore is broken up by a remarkable assemblage of bays, islands, and peninsulas, to which Portsmouth owes its formation and its importance. First we have Portsmouth Harbour—an inlet of the sea, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it extends northwards;—then we have the peninsula, or Isle of Portsea, suspended as it were from the main land at Portsdown Hill, and hanging down into the sea: at the south-west corner of this isle the towns of Portsea and Portsmouth are situated. Going further east, we arrive at another deep indentation of the sea, to which the name of Langston Harbour has been given: it is as large as Portsmouth Harbour; but its smaller depth and other circumstances have prevented it from assuming such maritime and commercial importance. Then we come to Hayling Island, at least two-thirds the size of the Isle of Portsea, and noteworthy chiefly as a sea-bathing and invalid holiday-place. Further east we have another inlet or bay, sometimes called Chichester Harbour, in which are Thorney and Pilsey Islands, and the eastern margin of which is formed by the county of Sussex. If we further imagine a lofty hilly ridge, stretching east and west at a small distance

northward of Portsmouth and Langston Harbours, we shall have some idea of the general nature of the district. The coast of Sussex, as we have said, forms the eastern boundary of this family of bays and islands; the road from Gosport to Fareham forms the western; the road from Fareham through Havant to Emsworth forms the northern; while Spithead and one corner of the Isle of Wight front it on the south. This singularly-varied district runs about fifteen miles from east to west, and five from north to south: being composed, mainly, of three sheets of water, separated by two masses of land; on the westernmost of which is situated the town about to engage our attention.

Portsmouth is now in possession of two railway arteries to London, wholly distinct throughout. Until the South-western Company (against the wishes of the folks of Portsmouth, be it told), advanced their works into the county, the route to London was by way of Petersfield, Haslemere, Guildford, &c. Portsmouth looks upon Southampton as a young stripling, who pertly thrusts himself into notice, and would even measure weapons with the great arsenal itself. Portsmouth would not have a railway when it might; and when Southampton had received what the other had rejected, a feeling of uneasiness was engendered, which led to the construction of a branch line from Bishopstoke to Gosport. A consequence of this has been, that for some years past the line of travel from Portsmouth to London has been by crossing the harbour to the Gosport Station, and thence proceeding by the South-Western Railway *via* Bishopstoke and Winchester. Portsmouth felt itself placed in the back-ground by this arrangement; for Southampton was the main terminus of the line, and has not failed to avail itself of this advantageous position. For this, however, the inhabitants of Portsmouth had chiefly to blame themselves: like the inhabitants of Maidstone, Northampton, and many other towns, they made a mistake in the infancy of the railway system, and have had up-hill work to right themselves again.

Matters are now, however, in a better train for Portsmouth. The Brighton Company, having a short coast-line springing westward to Shoreham, began to

push it still further west to Worthing; and this has gone on and on, until Arundel and Chichester, and Havant, and at length Portsmouth, are placed in railway communication with Brighton, and consequently with London. It is true that the distance is farther than by the former route; but as the fares are the same by both, as the crossing of the harbour is unnecessary, and as the coast-line is far preferable in respect to scenery, it has at once taken the fancy of the Portsmouth people, and may at present be designated as *the Portsmouth Railway*.

Meanwhile other enterprises are springing into notice elsewhere. When the works of the Croydon Company were advancing to Epsom, and when the advocates of the Atmospheric system were in high plume as to the merits of their scheme, a 'Direct London and Portsmouth Railway' was proposed, to extend from Epsom, through Dorking and Godalming, to Portsmouth. Although opposed by the South-Western Company on the one hand, and by the Brighton on the other, this project received the sanction of Parliament; and in process of time we may expect to see this, a third Portsmouth Railway, constructed; although, as the Atmospheric system is under a cloud of disfavour at present, it seems likely that locomotives will be the tractive power. The South-Western Company have not remained inactive spectators of all these movements. They planned a line from Woking, through Guildford and Godalming, to Chichester, which would materially shorten the distance from Portsmouth to London; of this line, the portion to Godalming was sanctioned by Parliament at the same time as the 'Direct Portsmouth'; and the Company still desire to carry out the original idea in full. There seems, therefore, so far as the future may be predicted from present indications, a probability that no fewer than four railway routes will by-and-by be open from Portsmouth to London—by Gosport and Winchester; by Godalming and Epsom; by Chichester and Guildford; and by Chichester and Brighton. All the lines, too, will be brought into connection, by a branch from Fareham on the one side to Havant on the other.

That Portsmouth, under these favourable circumstances, will become better and more generally known to the rest of the world than it has ever yet been; that its harbour and its dock-yard, its fortifications, and its ships 'in ordinary,' will be the destination of many a pleasure party, to whom pleasure will not be less welcome for being accompanied with much that is instructive; that 'Excursion-trains' will be planned for those, to whom

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,

is a novelty, and a man-of-war an object only to be read about in newspapers,—that all this will take place, is what may safely be anticipated by those who have watched the effects of railways elsewhere. It is not merely to Londoners that these remarks apply: every branch for a main-line opens out some district to which the locomotive was before a matter of wondering speculation. It is only a few months ago, that a branch-

line was opened from the South-Western, at Bishopstoke, to Salisbury; a city which till then sympathized much more with old times—with Druidical temples and Mediæval cathedrals—than with modern days. Already is the effect observable: new wants, and aims, and objects, are springing up: a 'farmer's train' brings the farmers from Portsmouth and Southampton to Salisbury early on market mornings: coals are selling at Salisbury for about two-thirds of their former price: Wiltshire folks go down to the seaports—as many in a day, perhaps, as formerly in two or three weeks—and new life is being infused into districts where old habits had imparted something like stagnancy to the state of society.

This run from Portsmouth to Salisbury is a somewhat different matter now from what it seems to have been ninety years ago to Jonas Hanway, the quaint but benevolent friend to the distressed. His voyage from Portsmouth to Southampton, preparatory to a land journey from thence to Salisbury, is related in terms one would use in speaking of some far distant excursion. He describes the ten "white-shirted, black-capped joyful mariners," who rowed his party out to Spithead, and the six watermen who rowed thence up the Southampton water; and speaks of that as the longest journey he had ever made in an open boat, except a voyage on the Volga.

HISTORY OF PORTSMOUTH.

In going back to the early times of Portsmouth, we find, from 'Warner's History of Hampshire,' that in the time of the Romans, Portchester, or Porchester, or Port Ferris, situated to the north of Portsea and the present harbour, was a seaport of great note; but that, in consequence of the retirement of the sea, the inhabitants abandoned that spot, and retired to Portsea, where they gradually built Portsmouth. Beyond these simple statements, very little seems to have been recorded concerning the state of Portsmouth before the conquest. William the Conqueror and his Norman successors frequently made Portsmouth a place of embarkation and debarkation in the course of the various movements, warlike or political, in which they were occupied. The narrative of embarkations and debarkations, so carefully treasured up in county histories, are not worth much in themselves; but they are simply useful as showing that Portsmouth was a port of much note six or eight centuries ago. In the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have abundant evidence of its naval importance, when fleets of small transports were passing ever and anon to the opposite shores, to carry on the wars of royal ambition.

The commencement of the sixteenth century, and the reign of Henry VIII., brings us to a period when, by the establishment of dock-yards, Portsmouth and two or three other seaport towns arose greatly in distinction. It may be well to see what Leland says of Portsmouth, as it existed in his day (the reign of Henry VIII.):—"The land here, on the east side of

Portsmouth Haven, runneth farther by a great way straight into the sea, by south-east from the haven mouth, than it does at the west point. There is at this point of the haven, Portsmouth town, and a great round tower, almost double in quantity and strength to that that is on the west side of the haven right against it; and here is a mighty chain of iron, to draw from tower to tower. About a quarter of a mile above this tower, is a great dock for ships, and in this dock lies part of the ribs of the *Henrie Grace de Dieu*, one of the biggest ships that has been made in *hominum memoria*. The town of Portsmouth is measured from the east tower a furrow length, with a mud wall armed with timber, whereon be great pieces both of iron and brass ordinances; and this piece of wall having a ditch without it, runneth so far flat south south-east, and is the place most apt to defend the town there open on the haven. There runneth a ditch almost flat east for a space, and within it is a wall of mud like to the other, and so thus goeth round about the town to the circuit of a mile. There is a gate of timber at the north-east end of the town, and by it is cast up an hill of earth ditched, whereon be guns to defend the entrance into the town by land. There is much vacant ground within the town wall. There is one fair street in the town, from west to north-east. I learned in the town, that the towers in the haven mouth were begun in King Edward the Fourth's time, and set forward in building by Richard III. King Henry the Eighth ended them at the procurement of Fox, Bishop of Winchester. King Henry VIII., at his first wars into France, erected in the south part of the town seven great brewing-houses, with the implements, to serve his ships at such time as they should go to the sea in time of war."

There is much in this description to show that Leland found the elements of the greatness of Portsmouth in a forward state of development. The fortifications, the harbour, the docks, the victualling-offices—all are mentioned; and though we may well be prepared to expect that they were small in comparison with recent times, yet it is interesting to see the lower stages of the ladder which leads to national greatness. The time had come when England, no longer depending on her military power, was about to assert that naval superiority, which has pretty uniformly been awarded to her ever since by the other states of Europe.

By the end of the seventeenth century, many circumstances indicate that Portsmouth had risen to great importance as a naval station. In 1684, a list was drawn up of the ships at that time in Portsmouth: it includes three first-rates, three second-rates, thirteen third-rates, five fourth-rates, three fifth-rates, one sixth-rate, and ten fire-ships. After the Revolution, up to our own day, Portsmouth, recognised as a most important naval station, engaged the attention of every Government, whether peaceful or warlike; and became the centre of a vast system of offensive and defensive arrangements. The town itself could not do otherwise

than grow to accommodate the increased Government establishments; and as mostly happens where towns depend more on the expenditure of public money than on private commerce or manufactures, Portsmouth has known but very few periods of distress. So long as armies and navies are kept up, those who supply the wants of soldiers and sailors can pretty well measure the solvency of the paymaster.

THE TOWNS AND RAMPARTS OF PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSEA.

We will suppose the reader to be a rambler, endeavouring to see as much of Portsmouth and its vicinity as can be seen in a short space of time. We will join company with him, and together will gossip of the many things that claim our attention on all sides. Perhaps it will be well to begin with Portsmouth and Portsea simply as *towns*, since we can thence radiate in all directions to the more attractive objects.

Let it then be understood, at the outset, that Portsmouth and Portsea are anything but beautiful towns. The streets and open places, the buildings and visible objects generally, are not such as to induce a lingering stay amongst them. The towns seem made for the arsenal, and not the arsenal for the towns. Everything looks, and breathes, and smells of soldiers, and sailors, and docksmen—the three classes who rule the state of society there.

The two twin towns, Portsmouth and Portsea, are so linked together that one hardly knows where they separate, or what relation they bear one to another. A little steady examination will, however, elucidate all this. Portsmouth is a regular fortified town; having ramparts and bastions and ravelins on all sides of it, except towards the sea. It follows, therefore, that Portsmouth cannot increase in size; and any increase in the area covered with houses must be in the vicinity. This gives us the history of Portsea. Northward of Portsmouth was formerly an open ground, occupied by fields and a wide common, called Portsmouth Common; but by degrees houses became built there, as a suburb of Portsmouth; and towards the close of the last century, this new suburb was also surrounded with fortifications, chiefly as a defensive measure for the dock-yard. We may therefore, for the convenience of impressing the site on the memory, consider Portsmouth and Portsea to form one town, bounded on the west and north by Portsmouth Harbour, and on the east and south by strong fortifications; and that they are further divided into two parts, Portsea on the north, and Portsmouth on the south, by another line of fortifications running between them; so that we cannot get from Portsmouth to Portsea, or from either of them to the adjoining suburbs, without passing through or under the fortification.

High-street, the best street in Portsmouth, runs through the town from south-west to north-east, and three or four other streets parallel with it. The streets at right angles to these are mostly of a smaller character: those which are nearest to the water are mostly

occupied by shops for supplying some among the countless varieties of sea-stores. If we look at the cheap print-shops, or the song-stalls, we cannot fail to see how Jack-tar rules the taste of those regions: the practical jokes and the long yarns; the Dibdin songs, and the splendidly-coloured pictures of Jack taking leave of his mistress—(who has the reddest of gowns, the yellowest of bonnets, and the most blooming of cheeks)—all are plentiful enough in the smaller streets of Portsmouth and Portsea. The churches, the chapels, and meeting-houses, the market-house, the poor-house, the gaol, the almshouses, the theatre, the hotels—if they are equal in merit to the average of provincial towns, it is as much as we can say for them.

Portsea, so far as concerns its streets and non-official buildings, is a little smaller than Portsmouth. Its chief street, Queen-street, is not equal to the High-street of Portsmouth. There is a tolerably open place called St. George's-square, in which St. George's church is situated. Considered as a commercial port, the dock or harbour of the two towns is a piece of water called the Camber, which forms a sort of small bay within a bay, and which would be rendered yet more efficient if there were any prospect of Portsmouth being made a packet-station for the West Indies.

Let us, however, get out of the towns as soon as we can, and ramble about and among the fortifications which surround them.

The various barracks, within the lines of fortification, are the first of the Government establishments that meet the glance. There are in Portsmouth the Four House Barracks and the Marine Barracks, on the south-west margin of the town; the Cambridge Barracks, on the east; and the Colewort Barracks on the north; while new barracks are being erected at another spot. The fortifications, beginning at the Semaphore House and the Steam-packet Pier, and proceeding thence round Portsmouth, comprise the following portions: First is the Saluting Platform, where honorary salutes are discharged on various occasions of military and naval etiquette. Then come, in succession, the Main Guard, the Spur Redoubt, the King's Bastion, the King's Counterguard, the King's Ravelin, Pembroke Bastion, Montague Ravelin, East Bastion, East Ravelin, Town Mount Bastion, Landport Ravelin, Guy's Bastion, and Beeston Bastion. A sheet of water, called the Mill-pond, intervenes between the Portsmouth fortifications and those of Portsea; and across this sheet of water two roads, or passages, are formed, well overlooked by the neighbouring ramparts. Then, in crossing over into Portsea, we have the Mill Redoubt, the Right Demi-Bastion, the Right Ravelin, Townshend Bastion, the Lion Ravelin, the Duke of York's Bastion, the Unicorn Ravelin, the Left Demi-Bastion, and lastly the Sluice Bastion, which abuts against the harbour near the Dock-yard, and thus completes the warlike envelop of the two towns.

A right pleasant stroll it is along these ramparts. They are open to pedestrians from end to end. Generally speaking, the line of fortification consists of

a raised earthen terrace, exterior to all the streets of the town, and elevated several feet above their level. This terrace is gravelled at the top, and has in many parts rows of fine elms, which contribute eminently to its beauty as a promenade. On the outer edge of this terrace is a breast-work, or earth-work, connected with the outer fortifications, and raised four or five feet higher than the terrace. The bastions, of which there are several, are deeply embayed recesses, into which the terrace recedes further from the centre of the town. These recesses are mostly four-sided spaces of ground, surrounded by the breast-work, through which are pierced holes for the mouths of cannons. Without being deeply learned in military matters, we can manage to form a guess at the use of these bastions, when we stand on the terrace and see in what direction the guns point: they command the exterior fortifications on all sides; so that should an enemy gain possession of the latter, he would still have a warm reception from the defenders within. The external fortifications here spoken of consist chiefly of ravelins, which are triangular spaces of ground, where ditches, ramparts, covered ways, and the sloping glacis, spread over an immense area, and give one some foretaste of the machinery involved in the terrible art of besieging and defending a town. These fortifications are for the most part kept in perfect order; but still the nice green sward with which most of the earth-works are covered, render the ramparts or terraces a very acceptable promenade; and when the garrison band is playing on the green in front of the governor's house, near the King's Bastion, the enlivening scene is only such as can be displayed in a garrison town.

How, it may be asked, do the Portsmouth people gain access to their green fields or their suburbs? Do they clamber over the fortifications, or dive beneath them, or cross them by a level? At three different points in the circuit of Portsmouth are roads, cut through the ramparts, by means of arch-work, and communicating from the interior to the exterior. One of these is the Quay-gate, another the Landport-gate, and a third the Spur-gate; and there are two of a similar kind at Portsea, called the Lion-gate and the Unicorn-gate. These gates and roads are so completely overlooked by lines of fortification, that the out-goers and in-comers, whether men, or horses, or vehicles, are wholly at the mercy of those who govern the ramparts for the time being. The ramparts, or terraces, pass continuously over these roads; and there are at intervals flights of steps, or sloping paths, to lead down from the ramparts to the streets within the town, but none to the exterior. The interior and the exterior are certainly widely different in that respect; for while the former presents a mass of streets, cooped up within limits incapable of expansion, the latter presents much liveliness and openness of view.

The reader will probably be prepared to believe that the better portion of the Portsmouth inhabitants do not reside within the two walled towns. The shopping and shipping streets are not the most respectable for

private residents; and thus it arises that the suburbs (of which we shall speak by-and-by) present long rows of good-looking private houses. The private society has, of course, a considerable sprinkling of the military and the maritime about it.

THE DOCKYARD.

Sir John Barrow makes an observation, which is useful, as illustrating and explaining the somewhat scattered arrangement of all our dockyards: "From the first establishment of the King's dockyards to the present time, most of them have gradually been enlarged and improved by a succession of expedients and makeshifts which answered the purposes of the moment; but the best of them possess not those conveniences and advantages which might be obtained from a dockyard systematically laid out on a uniform and consistent plan, with its wharfs, basins, docks, ships, magazines, and workshops, arranged according to certain fixed principles calculated to produce convenience, economy, and despatch. Neither at the time when our dockyards were first established, nor at any subsequent period of their enlargement as the necessities of the service demanded, could it have been foreseen what incalculable advantages would one day be derived from the substitution of machinery for human labour; and without a reference to this vast improvement in all mechanical operations, it could not be expected that any provision would be made for its future introduction; on the contrary, the docks and slips, the workshops and store-houses were successively built at random, and placed wherever a vacant space would most conveniently admit them, and in such a manner as in most cases to render the subsequent introduction of machinery and iron railways, and those various contrivances found in the large manufacturing establishments of private individuals, quite impossible, even in the most commodious and roomy of the royal dockyards." (*Encyclop. Brit.*)

If we look at the form and position of Portsmouth Harbour, we find that, after having passed the entrance between Portsmouth and Gosport, the width greatly expands, and a jutting point of land has the sea both on the north and the west of it. At this point is the dockyard situated, occupying the north-west corner of Portsea, which is itself northward of Portsmouth. On the land sides a wall bounds the yard, so that the dockyard in reality forms a town of itself, wholly separated from Portsea and Portsmouth. It is a town too of no mean dimensions. Sir John Barrow remarks, that "Portsmouth Dockyard will always be considered as the grand Naval Arsenal of England, and the headquarters or general rendezvous of the British fleet. The dockyard, accordingly, is by far the most capacious; and the safe and extensive harbour, the noble anchorage at Spithead, the central situation with respect to the English Channel, and the opposite coast of France, and particularly with regard to the naval arsenal at Cherbourg, render Portsmouth of the very

first importance as a naval station; and in this view of it every possible attention appears to have been paid to the extension and improvement of its dockyard.

We apply at the gate for admission: we are shown into a little ante-room, where others join us, until a tolerably numerous party is made up. A dock police-officer then causes each visitor to inscribe his name and residence in a book—(if either his looks or his name indicate him to be a foreigner, he will find admission a much more difficult matter). We move on, and logs of timber, and heaps of stone, and smoky smitheries, and draw-bridges, call for a little circumspection in picking our steps. We form a little party, with the officer as a *cicerone*; and he takes us round to all those parts of the establishment which the Admiralty thinks proper to make generally public. The points of exclusion are not many; and the visitor will find abundant food for observation during the time of his visit.

The different portions of this establishment are, indeed, very extensive. Near the entrance-gate are the Port Admiral's house, the Admiral Superintendent's house, the Guard-house, and Pay-office, and the Mast-pond. On the left of these are mast-houses, store-houses, rigging-houses, and sail-lofts. Farther north are the chapel, another range of store-houses, and the rope-house. Then we come to the central part of the yard, having a statue of William III., and around it various officers' houses, carvers' shops, mould-lofts, saw-pits, and joiners' shops. Westward of these, near the water's edge, are a large basin, two jetties, and seven vast docks for ships. Farther north, again, we come to the building where the exquisite block machinery is deposited, the foundry, the blacksmith's shop, the boat houses, the boat-house pound, and the numerous 'slips' where new ships are built.

Many of these buildings present scenes and operations which, once witnessed, will not soon be forgotten. In the mast-houses we see the immensely long pieces of timber destined to be built up into the form of a mast: or in some, which are mast store-houses, the masts of the ships in ordinary are laid up, each one carefully marked to indicate the ship to which it belongs. Never does a Portsmouth seaman or dockyard officer fail to draw your attention to Nelson's 'Victory' whenever a fair opportunity occurs for doing so; the 'Victory's' masts are carefully laid up in one of the store-houses; and these, as well as every bit and scrap of that old ship, are carefully treasured up. The whole assemblage of pieces comprising the main-mast of a first-rate, are about 212 feet in height—higher than the Monument. As the main-mast is far too thick to be furnished by any tree of sufficient height, the thickness is made out in a curious way, by a succession of exterior pieces; the mast is truly 'built up,' and all the pieces bound together by iron hoops. When we consider that the lower main-mast alone of an East Indiaman, about ninety feet long, weighs upwards of six tons, we may form some guess of the enormous weight of the complete *suite* of masts for a first-rate man-of-war.

The rope-house, about twelve hundred feet in length, gives us some idea of the mode in which the almost interminable cordage and rigging of a ship are made. How the spinner wraps a bundle of hemp round his waist; and how, by fastening the hemp to hooks, which are made to revolve, and by walking backward and drawing out the hemp, he causes the latter to assume the form of yarn; are matters which a little close attention will render clear to every intelligent observer. Then the further stages in the process: the spinning of many yarns into a 'strand,' the twisting of three of these strands into a 'rope,' and the ultimate twisting or 'laying' of three ropes into a 'cable'—all are interesting. Captain Huddart's rope machinery has been now brought so much into use, that the hand-wrought rope is not now made in such large quantities as in former days; while the adoption of iron cables instead of hempen cables in large ships, has further reduced the manufacture of the latter. Some of the largest hempen cables used to contain upwards of fifteen thousand pounds weight of hemp! From the causes above alluded to, the rope-house is shorn of some of the interest that once attached to it.

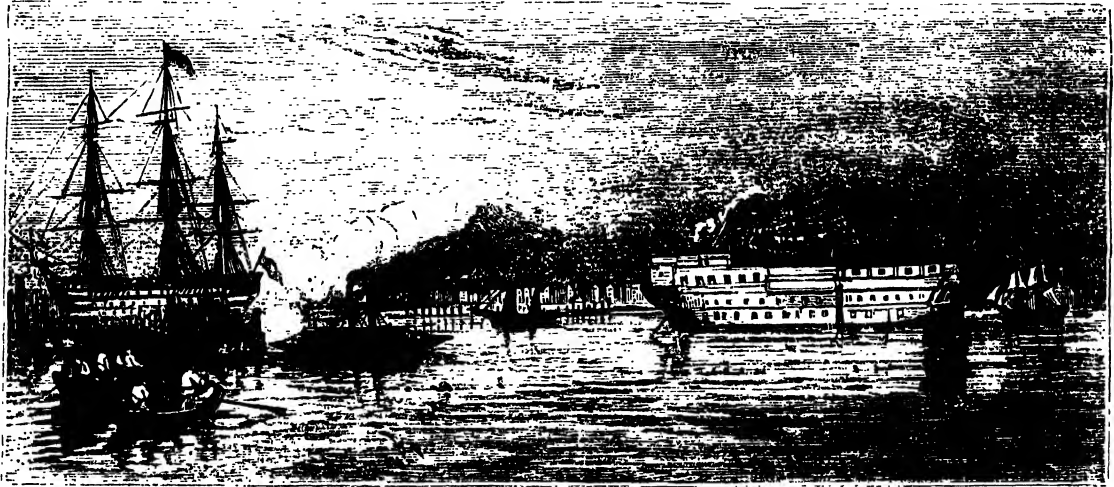
In the Tarring-house, we see the means whereby the hemp is so saturated with tar as to render the ropes better able to resist the action of sea-water. The cauldrons of boiling tar are so placed, that the hanks of hempen yarn, after unwinding from a beam or heap, are made to dip into the melted tar, and then to pass between two rollers, the pressure of which forces the tar into the innermost fibres of the yarn, and expels the remainder. This house is as little of a holiday-place as any of the buildings in the yard; and the visitor is very likely to become 'tarred,' though not 'feathered.'

The anchors which are lying about in well arranged heaps between the store-houses, every anchor painted to protect it from rust, are astonishing for their vastness, and from the labour required in their fabrication. The largest anchor for a first-rate man-of-war weighs somewhere about 90 cwt., or ten thousand pounds, and used to cost from three to four hundred pounds sterling; it is upwards of twenty feet in length, and the main part of the shank varies from eight to twelve inches in thickness. Most picturesque used formerly to be the scene of anchor-making—the glowing mass of iron as taken from the forge-fire; the six or eight men ranged in a circle around it, each with his hammer of sixteen or eighteen pounds weight; and the successive descent of their hammers, as each man in his turn struck his blow—all formed a scene which Rembrandt would have loved to study. Science sometimes spoils the picturesque. When the steam blowing-machine superseded the smith's bellows, and when Nasmyth's steam-hammer did the duty of the hand-worked hammers, the deep lights and shadows, the animated groups of the old forge, cease to form a picture. This steam-hammer of Nasmyth's is indeed a wonderful worker. It is a complete steam-engine which hovers over the article to be struck. There is a cylinder, and

a piston within it, and when steam is conveyed up through a flexible pipe to this cylinder, the alternate ascent and descent of the piston causes the alternate ascent and descent of a hammer—a hammer so enormous, that it could give a blow more forcible than that of all the smiths who could stand round an anchor. And yet so delicately is this monster adjusted, that it can be made to fall so gently as to crack a nut without crushing the kernel within! The use of this steam-hammer in anchor-making, in forging large masses of iron generally, and especially in driving piles for hydraulic engineering, is almost beyond price, on account of the saving of time which it effects. Anchor making is, we believe not carried on so largely at Portsmouth as at some of the other dockyards; but the steam-hammer can be seen at work in the large, dark, sooty, smoky, and fiery-looking smithery, where many large masses of iron are forged.

Brunei's block-making machinery is one of the finest exhibitions of art in the dockyard. A ship's block, as most persons may perhaps be aware, is an oval mass of wood, with one or more grooves running round the edge; holes perforating it in various directions; and sheaves or wheels fixed on axles so as to revolve: the case, or 'shell,' of the block is made of elm or ash, and the sheaves of lignum vite. The object of these blocks is to serve as pulleys, for hauling-up and drawing-in the various ropes, sails, yards, &c., on ship-board. These blocks were made by hand wholly (with the exception of a short period in the last century, when water-worked machines were invented to do some of the work). But in 1802, Mr. (now Sir Mark Isambard) Brunei invented and patented a complete series of machines, by which the entire block is made; and the Government soon availed themselves of the invention, which has ever since been one of the triumphs of Portsmouth dockyard. There is an oblong square building, filled with machines from end to end; and these machines can be so connected with a steam-engine as to put them into or out of work in an instant. A great beam or log of elm is presented to one machine; it presently cuts it up into cubical masses. One of these masses is presented to another saw; it is speedily cut into pieces of the proper thickness. One of these pieces is pressed for a few seconds against a boring-machine, and holes are bored through a thick piece of elm, as easily as a carpenter would bore into soft deal with a brad-awl. So the operations go on; the sawing, boring, morticing, and external rounding; all are done by the machines—for it must be borne in mind that this is not one machine, but a family of machines, all related one to another, and all working to one common end.

It would be difficult to conceive a system of machinery more complete and efficient than the block-machinery at Portsmouth. It is said that if this were worked to its full limit, it might supply the whole of the blocks required for the Royal Navy, the Board of Ordnance, and the Transport service. During the war, a hundred and thirty thousand blocks was the average



STEAM FLOATING BRIDGE OR FERRY.

annual demand for the public service; and as ten men can, with the machine, make as many blocks as a hundred and ten men can without it, it will be seen how great has been the saving of time effected. There are two hundred sorts and sizes of blocks used in the royal navy, all of which can be made by machinery. A seventy-four-gun man of war has more than fourteen hundred blocks. It is said that the whole cost of erecting the buildings and machinery, and paying Brunel a satisfactory sum for six year's unremitting attention to the details of this extraordinary system of mechanism, was defrayed by the *savings* of four years, as compared with the cost of the blocks if produced under the old method. Sir John Barrow states, that the original purpose of the building, in which the machinery is deposited, "was that of a wood-mill, in which all manner of sawing, turning, boring, rabbeting, and the like, were to be performed; and that the block machinery was superadded to the first design, with which, however, it has interfered so little, that in addition to the immense number of blocks manufactured at the mill, upwards of a hundred different articles of wood-work are made by other machines, put in motion by the same steam-engine, from the boring of a pump of forty feet in length, to the turning of a button for the knob or handle of a drawer!"

The visitor, perhaps, cannot persuade his *cicerone* to stay long enough to permit a minute examination of this beautiful machinery; but if his eyes are open, he will see enough to pay him well for the visit.

The docks and building-slips (as the places are called where the ships are built) are all open to the visitor, so far as there is time to devote to them. Here we may gather some crumbs of information as to the vastness of these floating masses, and the countless pieces of timber of which they are composed. Consider that a first-rate man of war contains three thousand

loads of timber; being as much as can be grown on forty acres of land in a century. Just reflect that this monster fabric is to afford a home for nearly a thousand human beings, floating on the waters for many months—and you cannot fail to see an all-sufficient reason why it should be made strong enough to resist a mighty array of accidents and hard blows. There are at the present time ships of the very first class building at Portsmouth; and the different stages of completeness at which these ships have arrived, afford an instructive means of observing the order in which the building processes are conducted.

The storehouses are, for the most part, not open to inspection without a special order; but some judgment may easily be formed of their vast extent. The storehouses on the north east side are six hundred feet in length; the rigging-house and the sail-loft are four hundred; the hemp-houses, and the sea-store-houses, present a range nearly eight hundred feet in length. Thus it is on all sides; wherever we turn, there do gigantic buildings meet the view. The whole yard is about 3500 feet in length from north to south, and 2000 in width from east to west, covering upwards of a hundred acres; and there is not an acre of this space but is applied to some useful purpose.

The dock-yard is an establishment distinct from the other government establishments. It has its own entrance-gates, its own officers, its own hours and condition of admission; so that a visitor, wishing to see all that can be and ought to be seen, must move about in different directions, and carve out his time in the most efficient way he can.

THE GUN-WHARF.

The reader must now accompany us to the *Gun-wharf*, another of the sights of Portsmouth. This



VICTORIA AND ALBERT STEAMER IN FRONT OF DOCKYARD.

large area of ground may be considered to be partly in Portsea, and partly in Portsmouth, for it fronts the harbour opposite the junction of those towns. Here we come to the Ordnance department of the navy—the guns and other weapons, offensive and defensive, employed on ship-board. Field-pieces and military artillery are not here deposited; for the navy, not the army, is the service to be supplied. That the supply of guns for the navy is an important matter, may be made clear by the following enumeration of guns for a first-rate. • On the gun-deck thirty-two guns, each 32-pounders, that is, capable of throwing a ball weighing thirty-two pounds; on the middle deck, thirty-four 24-pounders; on the upper deck, thirty-four

24-pounders; on the quarter-deck, ten 32-pounders and six 12-pounders; on the fore-castle, two 32-pounders and two 12-pounders; making 120 guns in all.

The numbers of these cannon and cannon-ball in the gun-wharf is truly astonishing. Range after range meet the eye; every gun placed in exact parallelism with the rest—instruments of death in holiday array. These guns comprise not only new ones for ships yet to be built, but the guns belonging to ships now lying up in ordinary. In the latter case, each ship's guns are ranged by themselves, with the name of the ship painted on the first gun of each parcel. Some of these guns are of such vast size and thickness as to weigh sixty hundred-weights each.



HASLAR HOSPITAL.

Then the cannon-balls; what countless masses of these! They are all piled up in pyramids, having either a square or an oblong base, and some of these pyramids contain thirty or forty thousand cannon-balls each. Each size of ball forms a pyramid of its own; the 42-pounders being by themselves, the 32-pounders by themselves, the bomb-shells by themselves, and so on.

The small Armoury is a distinct and more ornamental building belonging to the same establishment. In front of it, in an open court, are a few curious specimens of guns brought from foreign countries. Within is a magnificent apartment, very similar to the small armoury which existed in the Tower of London, before the late fire. There are upwards of twenty thousand stand of arms, all intended for sea service; muskets, bayonets, halberds, boarding-pikes, cutlasses, &c., all are arranged in fanciful forms, and seeming to mock the destructive purposes for which they are intended. Here, too, the visitor is called upon by his guide to look at the mail-armour and plate-armour of former days, the armed buff-leather coats of the seventeenth century, the helmet and gauntlet of Cromwell's time, the Dutch boarding-pikes, and the innumerable specimens of small arms which have from time to time been accumulated from various quarters.

THE FLOATING-BRIDGE TO GOSPORT.

As a means of extending our ramble to the various establishments on the Gosport side of the harbour, we will cross by the floating bridge; concerning which we may have a little semi-scientific gossip.

The harbours at Plymouth and Portsmouth are similar in this respect; that there is a narrow entrance between two points of land, which afterwards expand into a magnificent harbour for shipping; indeed, the narrowness of the entrance is one cause of the safety of the harbour. In both cases it happens that there is a good deal of intercourse with the opposite side of the entrance to the harbour. At Plymouth the passage is from Torpoint to the Cornwall shore; at Portsmouth it is from Portsea and Portsmouth to Gosport. Before the adoption of the modern contrivances, the only mode of carrying on the cross traffic was by wherries or other row-boats; for the construction of a fixed bridge was out of the question.

In this state of things, Mr. Rendel, the engineer,

was called upon to devise some sort of boat, or bridge, or boat-bridge, which might afford a more efficient transit. A steam ferry-boat was established at Plymouth in 1825, to effect the passage; but the current was found to be too strong, and the scheme was abandoned. Mr. Rendel then set about a plan which came to a practical result, and which has proved remarkably successful. It was for a steam floating-bridge, which should pass to and fro across the entrance to the harbour, without any fear of being driven out of its course by winds and currents. The scheme was so efficient, that similar bridges have since been built at Dartmouth, at Portsmouth, and at Southampton; since it is so managed as not to interrupt the entrance of vessels into the harbour.

Let us suppose that, on our jaunt towards the Victualling Establishment, we are about to cross the harbour. We proceed to the station, at a projecting spot called the 'Point,' a little northward of the Gun Wharf. We pay our penny at a toll-house, and descend a sloping beach to the edge of the water. Here we see before us a strange sort of structure, neither boat nor bridge, and yet being something of both. It is very broad, and has a sort of platform stretching out to the dry beach. Presently, to our surprise, we see a laden omnibus, fully supplied with its 'insides' and 'outsides,' descend the beach and pass along the platform to the floating fabric itself. Then another—come perhaps from the Brighton station, and going to the Southampton station. Then a cart or a wagon, a wheelbarrow, or Punch's theatre, saddle-horses, cattle, sheep, men and women,—all get aboard this odd-looking boat! Presently a signal is given, gates are closed at the two ends of the vessel, and we find ourselves gliding over the water to the other side of the harbour: very little sound being heard, and very little seen to indicate how we are propelled. A few minutes suffice for the transit, and then another platform is let down from the other end of the vessel on the Gosport beach: the gates are opened, and away we depart—omnibuses, costermongers, Punch's theatre, people, and all. Another cargo is received, and without any distinction between stem and stern, back the vessel goes—very probably carrying a good sprinkling of passengers from the Gosport (Southampton) Railway station to that at Portsmouth (Brighton).

Now how is all this effected? The bridge is a large flat-bottomed vessel, upwards of fifty feet long, and not much less in width. It is divided lengthward into three portions, the centre containing machinery; while the sides form two platforms, on which the carriages and passengers are placed. At each end of each side of the platform is a kind of drawbridge, so hinged and suspended as to be raised or lowered to accommodate transit to and from the shore. At either end of the middle division are cabins and rather superior seats, for those who choose to pay twopence for the passage: the other passengers have seats provided for them at the sides of the platforms, in rather close proximity to the horses and vehicles.

Then for the mode of traction. There is a steam-engine at work; but as there are neither paddle-wheels nor screw-propellers, neither sails nor oars, it is rather a puzzle at first how the laden machine gets along. However, we can see two long chains stretching from side to side of the harbour, dipping down deeply into the water, and running on both sides of the vessel: these chains help us to understand the mode of proceeding. In the middle of the vessel is a steam-engine, whose power is exerted in causing the rotation of two vertical wheels, seven or eight feet in diameter. These wheels lie in the direction of the length of the bridge; and round the circumference of each is a series of depressions and protuberances, corresponding in use and shape to the links of the chain. The chains are fixed at the Portsmouth side in the shore; they bend deeply into the water, to admit of ships passing over them; they pass upwards from the water into one end of the bridge, over the circumferences of the wheels, and down into the water again at the other end of the bridge; they then dip deeply into the water as before, and finally rise again to their fixed points on the Gosport shore. When the wheels are made to rotate, and the links of the chains are successively caught in the depressions on the circumference, one of two things must happen: either the wheels will wind up the chains upon their circumferences, or the chains will drag along the wheels, the steam-engine, and the whole floating fabric. The chains cannot be wound up in this way, because they are fixed at each end; and therefore the result is, that the floating-bridge is pulled along. When the bridge is near the shore, each chain makes one deep curve in the middle of the channel; when it is in the middle of its course, each chain makes two descents, one between the bridge and either shore: and the harbour authorities take care that these descending curvatures shall be sufficiently deep to allow of the largest vessels passing safely over the chains. The chains are not absolutely fixed at the end: they are balanced by very heavy weights, so as to yield slightly to any disturbing influences. The chains not only drag the bridge to and fro across the channel, but they prevent it from being driven far to the north or south of its proper line.

One of these bridges, plying every half-hour in the day from either end, is found sufficient to accommodate

the traffic between Portsmouth and Gosport; and in case of repairs or accident, another bridge is kept at hand to supply its place.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE VICTUALLING YARD.

We land, then, at the 'Hard,' at Gosport, where we may very soon learn that, but for this floating bridge, we should have to pay far more than one penny for the passage; for the Portsmouth boatmen are rather independent personages, who being in much requisition to maintain intercourse between the shore and ships in harbour, are very little disposed to bend to modern ideas of cheapness. Gosport, as a town, is not more attractive than its neighbour, Portsmouth. Leland called it a "small fishing village," as it existed in his day. The High-street is immediately opposite the landing-place, and extends the whole length of the town, from east to west. In it are the chief hotels, places of worship, and shops. There are a few other streets, parallel with, or at right angles to High-street; but they are not of much mark or note; and the rambler will gladly bend his steps either to the Victualling Establishment in the north, or to Haslar Hospital in the south.

The Victualling Establishment is situated in the north-west extremity of the town, near the railway station. It covers a large area of ground, and is wholly separated by walls from all other buildings. The visitor here, as at the dockyard, enters his name in a book, and is shown round the place by an officer of the establishment. There used formerly to be two departments for victualling the navy at Portsmouth; one at Portsmouth town and this one at Gosport; but both are now consolidated; and the 'Royal Clarence Victualling Establishment' is really a vast place. The chief department shown to visitors is the Biscuit Bakery; but the other portions of the establishment are exceedingly large. The storehouses for bread, for beef, for pork, and for other articles of food; for wine, for rum—all are on a vast scale; and the stores contained in them are generally of great value. Mr. Kohl seems to have been struck with the enormous quantity of cocoa here deposited, and remarks: "This excellent, nourishing, and not intoxicating beverage, plays a very important part in the English navy, and, with the present zeal against rum and brandy, it is daily becoming more so. English sailors are always abundantly provided with it; and considering the greatness of the navy, it may be imagined that the quantity consumed is very large." He further speaks of the tanks for water, which are made of iron and lined with tin: the water is perfectly good, even after having been kept in these tanks fourteen years.

The biscuit machinery at Gosport is as complete a thing in its way as the block machinery at Portsmouth; and the saving which it has effected in manual labour is not less striking. To understand properly the improvement in this respect, it is well to know how sea-biscuits were formerly made. The flour and water

were put into a large trough, and mixed up into dough by the naked arms of a workman called the *driver*—a slow and very laborious employment; this dough was then kneaded by a roller, which was made to work over and upon it in a very odd manner. Being rolled and kneaded into a thin sheet, the dough was cut into slips by enormous knives, and these slips cut into small pieces, each sufficient for one biscuit; each biscuit was worked into a circular form by the hand, stamped, pierced with holes, and baked. The placing in the oven was a remarkably dexterous part of the business: A man stood before the open door of the oven, having in his hand the handle of a long shovel, called the *peel*, the other end of which was lying flat in the oven. Another man took the biscuits as fast as they were formed and stamped, and threw them into the oven with such undeviating accuracy, that they always fell on the peel. The man with the peel then arranged the biscuits side by side over the whole floor of the oven. Seventy biscuits were thrown into the oven, and regularly arranged in one minute; the attention of each man being strictly directed to his own department; for a delay of a single second on the part of any one man would have disturbed the whole gang.

But, well arranged as this system seems to have been, it could not maintain its place against the efficiency of machinery. Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Deptford, have all of them biscuit-making machinery on a magnificent scale. We may almost say that we see the corn go in at one end, and see the biscuits come out at the other. The corn is ground by mills in the usual way; and the meal or flour descends into a kind of hollow cylinder, where the requisite quantity of water is added to it. Round and round this cylinder revolves, and a series of long knives within it so hacks, and cuts, and divides the contents, that, as the meal and water become mixed up into dough, these knives knead it in a way that has never been equalled by human arms. Not a lump or an ill-regulated mass can escape the close action of these knives; all are cut through and incorporated in an equable state among the rest of the dough. But we ought not to say that the dough is *kneaded* by this means; it is only *mixed*. The kneading is performed by ponderous masses called breaking-rollers. The dough is spread out flat on an iron table, and two rollers, not much less than a ton weight each, are worked to and fro over it, until the dough is perfectly kneaded.

The celerity with which these operations are conducted is quite marvellous. It is said that two minutes' time is sufficient for the thorough mixture of five hundred weight of dough in the cylinder; and that five minutes suffice for kneading this dough under the rollers. The sheet of dough is brought to a thickness of about two inches: it is cut into pieces half a yard square; and each of these is passed under a second pair of rollers, by which it is extended to a size of about two yards by one, just sufficient in thickness for the biscuits to be made. A very remarkable cutting instrument is then made to descend upon the

thin sheet of dough, by which it is, at one stroke, divided into hexagonal or six-sided biscuits, each of which is at the same time and by the same blow punctured and stamped. The biscuits are not actually severed one from another; so that the sheet of dough still remains so far coherent as to be put into an oven in its unsevered form. A flat sheet of about sixty biscuits (six to the pound, on an average) is put into the oven, baked for about ten or twelve minutes, withdrawn, broken up separately, and stored away. All the sea-biscuits used to be circular; but it is found that there is less waste of time and material by making them six-sided.

It is pleasant to think that our jolly tars are no sufferers by this expeditious mode of making their sea-bread. It seems to be admitted that the machine-made biscuits are better mixed and better kneaded than those made by hand. The three bakeries, at the three arsenals before-named, could produce when at full work six or eight thousand tons of biscuits in a year; which would effect a saving of ten or twelve thousand a year as compared with the old method.

We now retrace our steps back from the Victualling Establishment to Gosport, on our way to Haslar Hospital—another of the Government establishments in this busy spot. For brevity's sake, we speak of all on the west side of the harbour as being comprised in the name of Gosport; but there are distinct names given to the suburbs of the town: for instance, the Victualling Establishment is at Weevil, or Weovil; about a mile further is Porton, where a prison used formerly to exist for prisoners of war, who exercised their ingenuity in making little trinkets in bone, wood, and straw; while Haslar Hospital is at Alverstoke, southward of Gosport—or rather it is at a point of land a little eastward of Alverstoke, nearer to the harbour.

HASLAR HOSPITAL.

This Hospital is one of the many examples of the improved care taken for the health and comfort of the sick and disabled in the national service. Formerly, the disabled seamen and marines of Portsmouth had to be put on board hospital ships, where, from being crowded together too closely, the skill of the medical men was often unable to save the poor fellows from the ill effects of impure air. To serve as a hospital for seamen and marines, Haslar Hospital was built. It was constructed about a century ago, and presents a fine appearance from the opposite side of the harbour. A deep creek intervenes between Haslar and Gosport, insomuch that a carriage had to make a detour of about three miles to get from one to the other; but a bridge has been built over the creek within the last few years, so as to bring Haslar within a few minutes' walk of Gosport.

On entering the gates of the Hospital, the principal front first meets the view, to which we gain access across a grassy open court. This front is four stories in height, and not far short of six hundred feet in

length. No particular architectural effect is aimed at, for the building is of plain brick. An archway in the centre of this front gives entrance to the central court or triangle; and on either side of this archway are doors leading up to the sick wards in the upper ranges, together with the steward's room, the butler's room, and so forth. The buildings extend on three sides round the open quadrangle. There is an open arcade round all the sides, where the seamen and marines may walk and sit and talk and smoke, when their returning health permits them so to do. On one side of this quadrangle, a range of apartments is devoted to a Museum of Natural History: not very closely connected, perhaps, with naval affairs or Hospital affairs; but still, as the contents have resulted from various donations, and as they relate in part to the professional knowledge of the medical officers of the establishment, they ought to be welcomed. The fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the Chapel, around which is a pleasant garden or rather lawn, on which the invalids love to walk. This lawn extends to the boundary wall close to the harbour; and in it is erected a little observatory, the stage of which is just high enough to allow a peep over the wall at the busy harbour. Here the hardy, but somewhat battered veterans resort, when well enough; and, if a stranger joins them, he need have no lack of information as to the ships lying in the harbour. This is the 'Howe;' that is the 'St. Vincent;' up the harbour is the Royal Yacht, the 'Victoria and Albert;' beyond it is Nelson's 'Victory.' Very probably they fight their battles over again; although not so often as at Greenwich; for Greenwich is really a home for superannuated seamen; whereas Haslar is more a temporary hospital for their recovery.

The marines and the seamen, who are here alike placed under the care of the skilful physician and surgeon, are two classes of men as much unlike as any in the Queen's service. Both serve on ship-board, (the marines are the soldiers of a ship of war,) but their habits and duties are widely different. Captain Basil Hall once gave a capital sketch of the contrast between these two classes. "Both the marines and the seamen pull and haul at certain ropes, leading along the quarter-deck; both assist in scrubbing and washing the decks; both eat salt-junk, and drink grog, sleep in hammocks, and keep watch at night; but in almost every other thing they differ. As far as the marines are concerned, the sails would never be let fall, or reefed, or rolled up. There is even a positive Admiralty order against their being made to go aloft; and, accordingly, a marine in the rigging is almost as ridiculous and helpless an object as a sailor would prove if thrust into a tight, well pipe-clayed pair of pantaloons, and barred round the throat with a stiff stock. . . . If the safety of the ship depended on it, no marine could ever swing round the hand-lead, without the risk of breaking his scone: no sailors were ever yet taught to march even moderately well in line. In short, without going farther, it may be said, that the colour

of their clothing, and the manner in which it is put on, do not differ more from one another than the duties and habits of the marines and sailors. Jack wears a blue jacket, and the Jolly wears a red one. Jack would sooner take a round dozen than be seen with a pair of braces across his shoulders; while the marine, if deprived of his suspensors, would speedily be left sans-culotte. A thorough-going, barrack-bred, regular-built marine, in a ship of which the serjeant-major truly loves his art, has, without any very exaggerated metaphor, been compared to a man who has swallowed a set of fire-irons; the tongs representing the legs, the poker the back-bone, and the shovel the neck and head. While, on the other hand, your sailor-man is to be likened to nothing except one of those delicious figures in the fantoccini show-boxes, where the legs, arms, and head are flung loosely about to the right and left, no one bone apparently having the slightest organic connection with any other; the whole being an affair of strings, and springs, and universal joints!"

But leaving the Jacks and the Jollies in friendly fellowship in Haslar Hospital, we must hasten to say a few words about

THE HARBOUR AND ENVIRONS OF PORTSMOUTH.

We have before had occasion to state that Spithead, the channel of the sea between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, is an important rendezvous for ships of war. It is an anchorage where ships, fully equipped for sea, may remain for a time till favourable winds, or definite orders received from head-quarters, shall lead them to depart. Spithead is never without one or more of our fine large ships, whose majestic appearance has been the theme for so many encomiums. Sir John Barrow says, that the first-raters have become greater and greater in tonnage as the art of ship-building advanced. A 'first-rate' is a ship-of-war with not less than a hundred guns. The tonnage of such a ship, in 1677, was about 1600 tons; in 1720, 1,800 tons; in 1745, 2,000 tons; during the American war, 2,200 tons; in 1795, 2,350 tons; in 1804, 2,500 tons; while the modern 120 gun-ships are of 2,616 tons. These vessels (which would be monster vessels, did not steam navigation teach us how to beat them in size) are 205 feet long in the deck, 171 feet long in the keel, fifty feet broad, and twenty-three feet in depth of hold. How such a ship is fitted up internally to accommodate a thousand men, is a story too long to be told here.

Passing up the harbour, we see some of those huge, clumsy, floating masses, known by the general name of 'ships in ordinary.' They are men-of-war, from which the sails, masts, rigging, guns, and most of the heavy fittings have been removed; they are, indeed, as seen externally, very little other than mere hulls of ships. At most of our naval arsenals, a certain number of ships when put out of commission, or new ships not commissioned, are thus laid up 'in ordinary;' they may be compared to artisans out of work and

waiting for a job. Such ships, until within the last few years, used to be placed under the immediate charge of the commissioner, the master attendant, and other officers of the dock-yard. But a new system has been adopted, both with regard to the fitting of the ships for their better preservation; and also to the care and management of them by naval commissioned officers being constantly on board. Thames voyagers down to Herne-bay or Margate may see such ships in ordinary off Sheerness; and in Portsmouth Harbour there are always several.

The most interesting of all these ships in ordinary, perhaps, is the 'Victory,' stationed between the dock-yard and the Victualling Establishment. Never is this old ship allowed to get into a disordered or ruinous state. Never do the naval folks forget that this was the 'Victory' which bore Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. Whether it is an officer, or a mere dock-yard man, or a waterman who rows you from Portsmouth 'hard' to the ship—all seem to look upon the 'Victory' as part and parcel of Portsmouth's wealth: something which they would not willingly be without. It is one of the lions of Portsmouth. You hire a boat, to be rowed to the spot; you mount a ladder, which gives entrance to one of the decks; and you are then courteously shown round the vessel, where all is kept in as perfect order as if the ship were fitted for service. The spot where Nelson fell; the little dark corner of the sick-room in which he died; the oft-repeated and never-tiring sentence,—“England expects every man to do his duty”—written on the wall of the sick-room; all are shown to the visitor, and all bring back his thoughts to events which occurred more than forty years ago. This vessel is now the residence of a sort of harbour-master, or officer, having a general superintendence over the ships in the harbour.

The Queen's splendid steam yacht, the 'Victoria and Albert,' is generally anchored in Portsmouth Harbour, when the royal owner is not engaged in one of those cruises which so remarkably distinguish the present reign. It is not difficult to gain access to the vessel, and the inspection is worth the time to those who would see how far comfort and splendour may be carried on shipboard. This vessel has, we believe, cost as much as a first-rate man-of-war; and it ought, therefore, to be a model of skill and beauty. As to the newspaper controversies concerning the sailing and steaming qualities of the yacht, we must leave to nautical readers to determine their value.

The little 'Fairy,' the tender which waits on the royal yacht, is also generally anchored in Portsmouth harbour. In order to accommodate the Royal Family as much as possible in their trips to the Isle of Wight, the South-Western Railway Company have laid down an extension line of rail from the Gosport terminus to the shore of the harbour, for their exclusive use. The little 'Fairy' then takes the royal passengers on board, and conveys them to the larger yacht, which forthwith steams over to Osborne House. This little tender is always employed in such services as these; and it

seems to be quite a favourite among nautical and engineering men. It was launched in the spring of 1845. It is an iron vessel, built by Ditchburn and Mare, and having a screw-propeller driven by steam-engines made by Messrs. Penn. Her first trips down the river showed a speed of fifteen or sixteen miles an hour. In July of the same year, the 'Fairy' made her first voyage from London to Portsmouth. She performed the distance from Greenhithe to Portsmouth in eighteen hours—which is considered a very rapid passage. The propeller makes more than thirteen thousand revolutions per hour.

Such are the kinds of ships which Portsmouth Harbour presents to view, and such the spectacle that meets the eye of a Rambler. In the 'Letters of a Hindoo Rajah,' the harbour is described with all the florid ornament of oriental style. “It is impossible to convey to your imagination any notion of the magnificence of the spectacle that presented itself to our view in this short sail. No idea of the sublimity of a fleet of floating fortresses can possibly be conveyed to those who have not beheld the unequalled scene. The army of the most powerful monarch of the east, though numerous as the grains of sand on the sea-shore, the dust of the feet of whose elephants obscure the noon-day sun, cannot, in point of grandeur, be compared with an assemblage of those glories of the ocean that ride triumphant in the Port of Portsmouth.”

THE ENVIRONS OF PORTSMOUTH.

Let us devote a few lines to the suburbs of Portsmouth: the quiet spots where visitors and the wealthier inhabitants take up their abode.

On the western or Gosport side of the harbour, between Gosport and the sea, is the newly formed bathing station of Anglesey, where the usual accompaniments of marine parades, hotels, bathing establishments, &c., are met with, as in such places of sojourn generally. It is, in truth, a pleasant spot; from which the Solent, Spithead, Cowes Road, St. Helen's, Stokes' Bay, Ryde, and Southampton Water, can be seen. Alverstoke, immediately contiguous to Anglesey, is a small village, remarkable for very little, except the high triangular stone erection, which serves as a landmark for shipping entering the harbour, and which receives the odd name of the Gill Kicker.

On the eastern side of the harbour, northward of the town of Portsmouth, is South Sea—a sort of compromise between a fortified place and a watering place. A castle was built on the extreme southern corner of the Peninsula, or Island of Portsea, by Henry VIII., to which the name of South-sea Castle was given; this castle has been ever since kept up, and is mounted with heavy cannon. Opposite to this, on the western or Gosport side of the harbour, is Fort Monkton, another strongly fortified place; and the two together effectually protect the entrance to the harbour. After the reign of Charles I. South Sea Castle fell into decay, and a

considerable portion of it was reduced to ruins by an explosion which took place about the middle of the last century. It was, however, completely reinstated in 1714, and made into a regular fortress, with bomb-proof batteries, covered way, moat, glacis, &c.

This castle, we have said, is situated at the southern corner of Portsea Island. Between it and Portsmouth is an open spot of ground, called South-sea Common; and on parts of this Common, near the sea, a new town has sprung up, under the name of South-sea, which has assumed many of the features of a fashionable watering place. It has its rows of terraces; its fancy villas; its 'squares' and 'groves;' its 'king's rooms' or baths; its hotels and assembly-rooms; and the views of the shipping at Spithead, with the Isle of Wight opposite as a very pleasant adjunct to the scene. A few of the Government buildings, or establishments, are situated near or in South-sea. At the north-west angle of the South-sea promenade, is a beacon light, to assist mariners in marking their course; and nearly opposite may be seen the floating Bembridge light, near the eastern end of the Isle of Wight. Near the Castle is the Laboratory of the Royal Marine Artillery, where experiments are conducted bearing relation to the professional duties of that corps. By the shore eastward of the Castle, are two ports, named Lumps and Eastney; and beyond these is another strong defence called Fort Cumberland, which was commenced about a century ago, but was only brought into an efficient state in 1820; it has barrack-room for three thousand men, and on its ramparts may be mounted a hundred pieces of ordnance. Any enemy's vessel about to enter Spithead and Portsmouth Harbour from the east, would find this Fort Cumberland a dangerous proximity.

The eastern suburb of Portsmouth and Portsea, that is, the belt of houses beyond the east fortifications of these towns, is called by the general name of Landport, or rather, the three suburbs of Landport, Somers' Town, and South Sea, form a north and south continuation, with no particular boundary to mark their respective limits. This belt consists of just such streets, and terraces, and houses as we might expect to meet with, intended for town's people who wish to dwell beyond the narrow confines of Portsmouth and Portsea. There are many terraces of houses directly facing the eastern fortifications; with a wide, open, intervening space occupied by the ravelins and the glacis.

Altogether eastward of Portsea Island, and indeed eastward of Langston Harbour, is Hayling Island, which the inhabitants are doing their best to raise into repute as a pleasure spot, or neighbour and rival to South-sea. This island is connected with the mainland by a bridge and causeway, together about a quarter of a mile in length. The island itself is nearly four or five miles long, and nearly the same in breadth. A little scrap of antiquity here may make amends for the absence of the old and venerable in Portsmouth. There are two parishes in the island, the north and the south; and each has its ancient church. One of these, the South Church, is a nice little specimen of the early

English style, with its lancet windows, its corbels, stoups, niches, font, and battlement. The North Church is somewhat similar, but rather inferior in general effect. It is supposed that both were at one time connected with a priory that once existed in the island. The site of this priory is presumed to have been a place called Tournier Marsh; where a curious barn exists, formed from a cargo of German oak which was wrecked on the coast some centuries ago, and which had been destined to be used in the construction of a church in France.

A little work has been published, called a 'Guide to Hayling Island,' in which the attractions of the place as a sea-bathing pleasure spot are duly set forth. We extract from it an account of making salt at Hayling, which is said to be done very skilfully:

"The making of this article depends, in a great measure, on the weather. During about four months in the summer, salt is manufactured. The salt water is first let into square level shallow places, formed in a field adjoining the sea; these shallow places are called brine-pans. In one, the *saltern*, ten acres of ground are occupied for this purpose. The boiling-house, where the brine is boiled, contains five large square shallow pans of sheet-iron. The brine formed on two acres of ground is sufficient to supply one boiling-pan. The brine-pans in the fields vary from three rods square to a quarter of an acre. In fine weather the salt water becomes brine in about seven days. It is then pumped up by a wind-pump, with sails, into four reservoirs or pits, each holding brine sufficient to make twenty-five tons of salt. From these pits the brine is pumped into the pans in the house. The brine is then boiled for twelve hours, there being a fire under each pan. During the boiling it is twice skimmed; first, one hour after it has commenced boiling, and again at the end of the fourth hour. As soon as the brine has been first skimmed, the crystals of salt may be perceived rising to the top, from whence they immediately fall to the bottom. The salt being formed, it is shovelled out hot and wet into wooden troughs, holding from about ten to twelve bushels. These troughs have holes in the bottom, through which the dross, called bitters, runs, forming itself into stalactites. The salt remains in the trough ten hours, and is then removed into the store-house. The crystallization of Epsom salts (a secondary product of the manufacture, which does not seem to be made commercially available) is formed from the drippings of the bitters, and from the dross at the bottom of the salt in the storehouse. The steam from the brine when boiling, passes up large wooden flues, each flue being broad enough to cover the pans. One chaldron of coals per week is required for each pan, which makes two tons of salt. In the saltern we have described, about one hundred and fifty-two tons are made during the season of fifteen weeks and a half. There are five pans in the boiling-house of this saltern; each pan is nine feet square, one foot deep, and the brine is poured in to the depth of eight inches; eight bushels are made

every twelve hours, and the pans are worked day and night for five days out of the seven. The salt is sold for sixty shillings a ton."

Having seen the salt-making at Hayling, we will mount upon Portsdown, and then take leave of this busy corner of Hampshire. Portsdown is a long ridge northward of Portsea, and situated about five miles from Portsmouth. From it a most commanding prospect may be obtained. In one direction we see Chichester and the South Downs; in another, a fine woodland country, stretching nearly to Petersfield and Alton, meets the view; in the south, Portsea and Portsmouth, Hayling and Langston Harbour, Spithead, &c., the Isle of Wight, are comprised within the range of vision; a little in the west the view extends completely over the New Forest to the white cliffs of Purbeck. Such a spot is a treasure to sight-seers; and we need not wonder if, in the days of 'Portsdown Fair,' in July, a vast concourse of persons are there gathered. Near the western extremity of the hill a monument to the memory of Nelson is erected, for which a fund was raised by a subscription of two days' pay from all his companions in arms at Trafalgar: it is not only a pleas-

ing memorial in itself, but it serves as a useful beacon to mariners on approaching Spithead, whether from the east or the west.

Porchester Castle is on the northern margin of Portsmouth Harbour, beneath Portsdown. The antiquarians have had many a tough dispute as to the origin of this castle: the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Normans—all have had their advocates in the matter. Be its early history what it may, the castle now comprises an area between four and five hundred feet square. A Norman tower gives an eastern entrance to the court or quadrangle; and there is another Norman tower on the west. There are a keep and several towers yet remaining; and during the French war, many prisoners were confined in one of these towers.

Long may Portsmouth's fortifications, and the various establishments connected with them, remain useless in the sense which the batteries of Gibraltar have so long remained useless—by preventing the necessity for using them: that best and most profitable of all idleness in such matters.



PORCHESTER CASTLE.

SALISBURY, CHICHESTER, AND WINCHESTER.



NETLEY ABBEY.

From Portsea and Gosport the railway proceeds in a north-westerly direction through the rich Hampshire meadows, traversing the Itchen and other streams of the district. At Bishopstoke the traveller proceeding to Romsey and Salisbury changes the line of rail, which now proceeds in a more westerly direction, to this renowned cathedral city.

The county of Hampshire is beautifully varied with gently swelling hills, is adorned with numerous gentlemen's seat and lovely villages, and interspersed with extensive woodlands. The mildness of its seasons and the convenience of its ports on the Solent have already been pointed out. Chalky soil prevails through a large extent of the county; a ridge of chalk hills or downs crossing the county in the parallel of Winchester. On the south side, bordering on Berkshire, the soil is

deep and productive; towards Basingstoke, the land is again deep and strong, with chalky subsoil. Near Romsey, towards which we are now travelling, the land is alluvial, and yet more fertile, being also well wooded, with fine hedge-rows, and well watered. More to the eastward, towards Alton and Selborne, bordering on Surry, the land is chiefly appropriated to growing the hop.

The rivers of Hampshire—if they are deserving of the name—are the Itchen, the Avon, the Bolase Water, the Exe, the Anton, and the Test; with the exception of the first two, however, these streams scarcely deserve the name of rivers. The Itchen has its source in the neighbourhood of Alresford, near the centre of the county. It is soon joined by the Alne, and flows westward to King's Worthy, where it takes a sudden

turn to the south, passing Winchester and Saint Cross. Thence, gliding through fertile irrigated meadows, it flows by Twyford, and, passing Bishopstoke, falls into the Southampton Waters, about half a mile to the eastward of the town.

The Avon enters the county from Wiltshire, and meandering through several channels near the edge of the New Forest, is much increased by several rivulets rising in that district. Passing along, its banks studded with villas and enlivened with woodlands, it passes Fording Bridge and Ringwood, and the dead sandy level of Christchurch, below which it receives the waters of the Stour from Dorsetshire, and, thus enlarged, flows into the sea in Christchurch Bay.

The Bolase Waters and the Exe are both formed by various springs which rise in the New Forest, uniting a little above Brokenhurst, whence they flow into the sea; the first passing Bolase and entering at Lymington; the other, widening its channel at Beaulieu—which town owes its name to the beauty of its position, and has the remains of an abbey, founded by King John—opens up a broad estuary to the sea at Exbury.

The Anton rises in the hills in the north-west corner of the county, flows through Andover, and has its stream increased by the Tillhill brook. The Test has its rise in the neighbourhood of Whitchurch. About a mile below Wherwell these rivers unite, and, assuming a southerly course, they sweep past Stockbridge and Romsey, receiving several small tributaries from the New Forest, near Redbridge. Near Hamble they are joined by the river of the same name, which descends from the interior of the county. The united streams now open up a noble sheet of water, which, after collecting the various waters of the north and east parts of the county, forms the head of the Southampton Waters; this is properly an arm of the sea, extending from Southampton to Calshot Castle, forming an estuary capable of containing whole fleets of the largest sized vessels.

With this brief description of the surrounding country, let us take a survey of the ancient city of Salisbury and its Cathedral.

OLD SARUM.

In this country a perished city, the site of a once populous place, might be considered a unique and melancholy spot. To see the coney run, the sheep feed, the corn wave, and the trees to rustle their innumerable leaves over a space once covered with the habitations of man, is indeed a sight to set the mind musing.

The vast mound of Old Sarum, the dead mother of the flourishing city whose minster spire is seen rising in the misty valley at its feet, no one can tread without reverential and sad thoughts. Here, within its vast girdle of fortifications, rose the beautiful Cathedral, the stately keep, and the crowded city; here Britain and

Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman have severally held sway, and from its commanding height held the neighbouring district in subjection.

Naturally strong, the famous hill was strengthened by its successive occupants. The Romans brought their art to bear upon it, making it the starting point of six of their military roads, and surrounding it with a vast fosse. King Alfred drew another circle of yet wider diameter round it, and the Normans contributed considerably to the keep, which rose from the centre of a still steeper mound. It was surrounded by two walls, one which circumscribed the city, and was twelve feet in thickness, strengthened with towers, and the other served as a defence to the keep. The whole space protected by the outer wall was 16,000 feet in diameter; that by the stronghold or keep, 500 feet; a space sufficient for the whole city to retire into in case the outer works were lost. Within the larger space stood the city, the Cathedral, erected in 1092, and two churches, St. John and Holywell. The Cathedral appears to have been a very extensive structure, if we might judge from the outline which the sun draws, in a dry summer, upon the corn-fields now occupying its site. The city was also, for its size, populous, and was the seat of the royal authority in the county, the sheriff residing here. The circumscribed nature of the place, and the coercion to which the priests were subjected by the governor, made them, as early as the reign of King John, wish for the removal of their Cathedral; they must have been, moreover, much tempted by the prospect of the beautiful valley at their feet watered by its shining river. This longing for the valley became so irrepressible, that in 1220 the first stone of the present Cathedral of New Sarum was laid by Henry III., and Divine service was performed within the building in 1225. With the Cathedral establishment went the majority of the inhabitants, and one generation witnessed the removal of an entire city. The old Cathedral did not, however, immediately fall to decay, a "perpetual" chantry being established in it; but the stone walls of the edifice were granted to the bishop and chapter of New Sarum in 1331.

As late as the time of Henry VII., the County Gaol was still continued here, but in the next reign the hill was entirely deserted, as we find from the following description by Leland, who minutely examined it. He states that in his time, "a chappelle of our lady was yet standing and maintayned," and that "some tokens remayne" of the "paroch of the Holywell, and another over the est gate." "There is not one house, neither within old Saresbyri or without, inhabited;" but of the fortifications, he says, "much notable ruinous building yet there remainith." Dr. Stukeley, who visited the place in 1722, says, that all the walls could then be traced, and some parts of them were still left. At the present time a few large heaps of concrete, forming the eastern entrance to the keep, and some portion of the outer wall, are all that remain of those once formidable fortifications; if we except

the ditches which are still quite perfect. The one surrounding the keep is covered with dense underwood, a few large trees here and there showing themselves; the outer fosse remains as it was when first excavated,—a precipitous trench about a hundred feet deep, and the main entrance to the camp is yet protected by the half-moon constructed there by Alfred the Great. A clump of trees, and two or three fields now cover the site of that ancient city; and under these trees the election of its two members of parliament used to take place in the good old borough-mongering days. The view from the breezy summit of the hill is vast and beautiful. The green valley, watered by the Avon, is visible for a great distance, marking with a line of fertility its passage through the bare and open Downs which undulate in vast waves as far as the eye can see, in almost every direction. Looking towards Salisbury, or New Sarum, the tall spire of the Cathedral pierces the misty air, and the city encircled and bound in elm-trees gleams in the sunshine.

NEW SARUM, OR SALISBURY; THE CATHEDRAL.

To know the exact date of a city saves the historian a vast deal of trouble, precluding any necessity to search back, and, in all probability, to lead himself, as well as his subject, into the mists of obscurity. At the beginning of the thirteenth century Salisbury was not, but smiling meadows and swift streams existed where now run its old-fashioned streets.

The history of the city dates from the erection of its Cathedral, the first service in which was held in 1225. It was not finished as we now see it until 1258, when it was finally consecrated by Bishop Egidius, or Giles of Bridport. The distinguishing feature of the Cathedral is the uniformity of style which pervades the whole building, and the beautiful composition of its outline. Erected in the brightest and purest period of the early English, it offers a charming example of solemn majesty and dignity, uncontaminated by the admixture of any other period of the gothic. Its composition is, perhaps, the most purely pyramidal of any cathedral in the island, every portion of the building leading up to the magnificent tower and spire, 400 feet in height. As a minute view of the edifice, from an architectural pen, might be interesting to the more critical of our readers, we subjoin the following account of it:

“The Cathedral consists of a nave and side aisles, with transepts forming a double cross: On the east of each transept is a side aisle. The nave, choir, and transepts rise into an elevation of three tiers; the lower arches are of the lancet kind, supported by clustered columns, each comprised of four pillars, with as many slender shafts. In the second tier or gallery, running to the roof of the aisles, the double arch of the Norman style is replaced by a flat-pointed arch, subdivided into four smaller ones, which are round, with different sweeps or divisions, and ornamented alternately with quarter-foils and rosettes of eight leaves. The upper or clerestorey consists of triple windows of the lancet shape.

Between the middle arches are central heads, supporting clustered shafts with a capital of foliage. From these rises the vaulting, which is plain, and turned with arches and cross springers only. The columns dividing the principal transept from its aisle consists of clusters of four, without shafts; those of the smaller transept, of two columns, with as many shafts. The upper storeys of both transepts are similar to those of the nave. The lower arches of the choir, as well as those of the transepts, are enriched with an open zig-zag moulding; and the space above the small lights of the upper windows is relieved with an ornament resembling an expanded flower. * * * The windows of the side aisles are double lights of the lancet kind, unornamented without, but with slender shafts within. Those of the upper storey, both internally and externally, are relieved with shafts. The mouldings are plain curves, and the bases and columns of all the shafts are exactly similar. * * * On examining the exterior, we observe that the walls are strengthened with buttresses of considerable projection introduced in the intervals between the windows, as well as the principal angles. Flying or arched buttresses are also concealed within the roofing of the aisles, to support the walls of the nave. The projecting parts are marked with additional ornaments. The arches of the east end, the terminations of the transepts, and the front of the north porch, are embellished with shafts and mouldings, simple, yet tasteful. * * * The whole building, and likewise the cloister, are surmounted with a parapet wall, the style of which has been much admired. * * * The Lady Chapel consists of a body and two side aisles, of the same breadth as the choir, divided from each other by alternate single and clustered columns of peculiar lightness. These are scarcely nine inches in diameter, yet almost thirty feet in height, and are rendered stable only by the vast weight of the vaulted ceiling.”

The most beautiful part of the Cathedral is undoubtedly the exterior, all the different portions of which lead to the central point—the lofty spire. There is a something in this style of composition which seems particularly adapted to a house of prayer,—the very stones appear lifted up by some divine aspiration. The different heights to which the nave, transepts, and choir rise, together with the spire, produce this pyramidal effect. There is a want of light and shade, perhaps, in the walls, owing to the absence of niches or deeply-wrought ornaments, all the enrichments consisting of a delicate kind of interlaced arch-work which does not cast much shadow. The spire (which is, we believe, the tallest in England) is of more modern date than the other parts of the building, having been erected in the fourteenth century. Originally a lantern finished the building, such as at present exists in the church of St. Cross, Winchester. The walls were only two feet thick at the time, yet the builder of the spire had the daring to erect a structure of such gigantic proportions as now rests upon it. To enable him to support its vast weight, flying arches were introduced

in the walls of the interior, by which the nave, transepts, and choir, were made to bear their proportion of the burthen. The spire has, notwithstanding, declined from the perpendicular twenty-four and a half inches south, and sixteen and a quarter west. When this declination was ascertained the interior was strengthened by clamps and other framework in the middle of the last century; since which time no further sinking has taken place.

On entering the Cathedral the spectator is struck by the extreme plainness and simplicity of its appearance. The vaulting is supported by cross-springers, rising to a height of eighty feet, and the arches of the pillars are adorned with a simple zig-zag moulding; the slender columns supporting which, look still more slender from their division into many dark shafts of Purbeck marble. Great airiness is gained by this light arrangement, and the length of the nave—299 feet 6 inches—gives a vastness to this portion of the building, which is almost peculiar to it. The choir is 151 feet in length, and the Lady Chapel 68 feet. When the very injudicious restorations of the Cathedral took place under the direction of Mr. Wyatt, at the latter end of the last century, the altar was removed from its proper situation to the further end of the Lady Chapel; the screen dividing which from the choir was then removed, and this arrangement remains to this day. The chapel is quite dark, from the admission of a copy on glass of Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Resurrection into its window. We hope the old and proper arrangement will be speedily returned to. Mr. Wyatt seems to have had the entire Cathedral at his disposal, and to have re-arranged its ornaments and proportions just as arbitrarily as he would those of an ordinary house. Thus he changed the position of all the tombs, and actually lost one in the course of his alterations. Many of those tombs are of a much older date than the Cathedral itself, having been brought from the mother Cathedral at Old Sarum. These ancient monuments are now arranged between the pillars dividing the nave from its side aisles. Among the most curious is one to a chorister, or boy-bishop, who is supposed to have died during the short period of his episcopal reign. It seems that one of these boy-bishops was annually elected of old in the Romish church, in celebration of St. Nicholas, the patron of children. The effigy is that of a child dressed in pontificals, and the effect is odd enough.

Among other monuments we find one to Bishop Herman, who died in 1078; and another to Bishop Roger, who died in 1139. Both of these tombs were removed from the old Cathedral on the hill in 1226. The most ancient monument is that of Bishop Osmund, the Founder of the Cathedral at Old Sarum: it is simply inscribed with the date, *Anno mxcix*. A great number of other early bishops of the see have also monuments, but the only one that has any pretension to architecture is that of Bishop Audley, who died in 1524. It is executed in the very elaborate style that marked the Tudor age, and its roof is certainly very rich, but

the ornaments are far too delicate for the material in which they are executed. Some very celebrated men are buried in this Cathedral, among them we might mention the author of 'Hermes,' James Harris; the Rev. John Bampton, the founder of the 'Bampton Lectures;' and Bishop Jewell. The Herbert family (Earls of Pembroke) have also numerous monuments.

The cloisters are in a most perfect condition, having been repaired by the present bishop, Dr. Denison, and for architectural beauty they may vie with any others in the country. The Chapter-house is also in very perfect order; here may be seen to full perfection the slender shafts of Purbeck marble, so profusely adopted in the architecture of this Cathedral. The vaulting of this apartment is 52 feet from the ground, and the centre is supported by one slender pillar, which branches from its capital into beautiful interlaced ribwork which covers the vaulting. The entrance to this room is adorned with admirable sculpture in relief, representing the different vices with their opposite virtues. The leading events in Scripture history, from the creation to the passage of the Red Sea, are also depicted on the space below the bases of the windows.

The view from the spire is extensive and beautiful, a vast tract of country being exposed to view. The whole city lies like a map at the spectator's feet; and immediately beneath him, the cloisters in the Bishop's Palace diminished to the size of mere toy-buildings. "A crow's nest," for the use of the Ordnance Surveyors, was perched upon the very summit of the spire all last summer,—the last thirty feet of ascent to which was outside; a series of iron pins in the masonry affording the men the only means of communicating with this fragile-looking eyre.

The Cathedral is open on the east, north, and west sides; the Bishop's Palace and gardens hiding the south side from public view. From the meadow, which thus surrounds the building, a fair view of its light proportions is always to be had. On a moonlight night the appearance of the venerable pile is charming, especially when looking at its north side, deeply plunged in gloom, lit up here and there by silver rays falling upon some delicate tracery, or catching a portion of its richly wrought spire. The west front by daylight is particularly grand. The great window being flanked by two wings, with towers and pinnacles attached. The whole of its vast surface, together with the sides of the tower, 130 feet in height, by upwards of 200 feet in breadth, is covered by intersecting arches which embroider the front from base to summit. The entire length of the fabric is upwards of 450 feet.

The immediate neighbourhood of the Cathedral—the houses in the close, surrounding the green, wear that picturesque look so peculiar to such places. Many of the houses inhabited by the canons and other clergy, belonging to the Church, are very ancient. Two, especially, will arrest the lover of the picturesque; one called the King's House, said to have been a residence of King Richard III., and still later, of Charles

II. It is evidently of very ancient date; and from its size and architectural beauty must have been a mansion of some importance. Close to this is another, called "The Wardrobe," as it was supposed to have been attached to the King's House for that purpose.

THE CITY OF SALISBURY.

A feature which at once attracts the notice of the visitor to this venerable cathedral-town is the abundance of water which flows through its streets. Beside every pavement is a channel, varying from a foot to four or five in breadth, through which courses a crystal-looking stream. This water is let in by flood-gates from the river Avon, upon which Salisbury is situated, and, after threading the streets in every direction, it again returns to it. The citizens dub their city, for this reason, 'The English Venice;' but ducks, instead of gondolas, move upon its waters. The most astounding fact connected with these water-courses, is that in many of the streets they form the only outlet for the *house-drains*; so that the sewerage of the town, diluted, it is true, is left open and exposed in every street. No wonder that the cholera made such a fearful onslaught on the inhabitants in its last visitation. It must also be evident that the whole city is only just on a level with the river, and is, consequently, damp and comparatively unhealthy. Singular that the hill-city should come to sit down among the waters. Old Sarum certainly, in point of health, had the best of it. In old times fearful floods used to occur here. "This new city," says one of the historians, "is not altogether void of some great hindrances now and then by water; for in the second of King Edward (who held a parliament here) there was a sudden thaw after a great frost, which caused the waters so fast to rise at even, at high mass time, that the water came into the minster, and not only overflowed the nether part of the same, but came up all to the king's pavase, where he sate, whereby he became wetshod, and in the end inforced to leave the church, as the executor did his mass, lest they should all have been drowned; and this rage indured there for the space of two days, whereupon no service could be said in the said minster."

These floods now no longer affect the city in this manner; and the people attribute the exemption to the forming of those very channels, supposed to have been cut in 1338; and by the sluices, constructed to irrigate the meadows on the banks of the Avon.

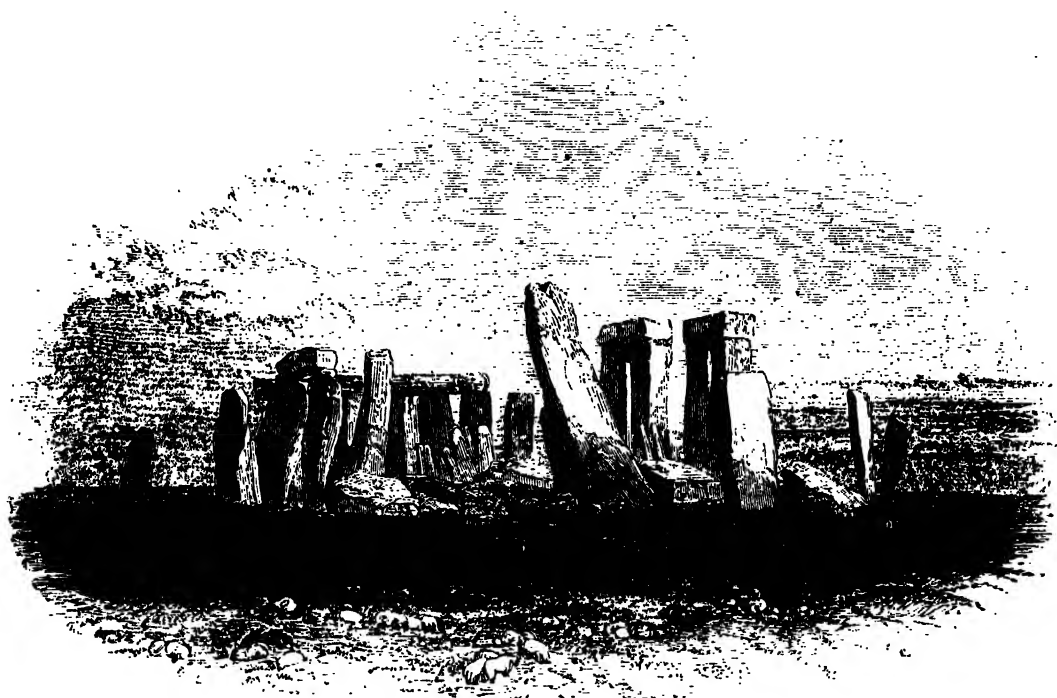
The city of Salisbury sprung up immediately upon the erection of its Cathedral. Henry III. granted a charter to it, we find, in 1227, or before the completion of the Minster; and in all probability the city was originally laid out pretty much in the manner we find it now. We are informed that reference is made in ancient deeds to several of the streets now existing; for instance,—Butcher-row is spoken of in 1287; Castle-street in 1326; Gigone, or Gigant-street, and Wynemand-street in 1334; and the Poultry-cross, and New-street in 1335; together with many others in

later yet still ancient deeds. But Salisbury has that ancient aspect which cannot be mistaken. The streets are collections of gable ends; the houses possess a feature, however, which is only common to Marlborough, Devizes, and other towns of the same county. The walls are ornamented with red tiles, some arranged in patterns, which gives a very Dutch appearance to the streets.

It is built in squares, or chequers; and between the different blocks of houses, the courts and open spaces (which one sees through the different passages as one does in Paris), must tend to render it as healthy as its situation will allow it to be. The city is divided into three parishes, named after their churches,—St. Martin's, St. Thomas's, and St. Edmund's. Neither of these edifices possess any architectural beauty. Among the more interesting relics of antiquity possessed by the city, is the Hall of John Halle, a relic not only interesting in an architectural point of view, but because it testifies to the importance of Salisbury, in a commercial point of view, at an early date.

The "Halle" is situated in the street called the Canal, and is a large apartment, enclosed in a modern fronted house. The Hall once formed the refectory to a mansion belonging to a merchant of the city, and it is supposed to have been erected at the latter end of the seventeenth century. The dimensions are very noble, and down one side of it runs a range of windows of the Tudor style, enriched with stained glass, and devices having reference to the builder. In one of these windows there is a most singular effigy of the merchant himself, habited in a rich dress, and holding in one hand the banner of Edward V. (heir-apparent to the throne), and with the other grasping his dagger as though swearing fealty to the dynasty. The dress of the figures shows that the merchants of that period were "brave," indeed, in their attire. The shoes are of the reign of Richard II., the long toes being fastened to the knees by chains. This John Halle appears to have been a merchant of the Staple in the time of Edward IV.; and it is said, that in conjunction with another merchant he bought all the wool of Salisbury plains. Be that as it may, it is certain that this banquetting-room, with its noble timber roof, must have formed part of a princely establishment; and the wool trade must have been in a very flourishing condition to allow the merchants of old in Salisbury to live so magnificently.

Another interesting building is the Poultry Cross, erected in the early part of the fourteenth century. It is much mutilated, only the lower portion now remaining, which is of hexagonal form, and sufficiently spacious to allow of the Poultry Market being held under it. Anciently it rose in three tiers, a canopy, and cross; but a sundial now take the place of the Catholic emblem. It must, judging from what remains, have been a very handsome erection. Of old, there were two other crosses in the city, of which time this one was called the chief cross. Salisbury is full of examples of domestic architecture, but we would par-



STONE BRIDGE.

ticularly draw attention to a house in the High-street, that is supposed to have served the purpose of a hostelry for pilgrims visiting the Cathedral in the Roman Catholic times. The outside is adorned with two windows of remarkable shape, and a large doorway (much carving upon the lintels of which is still observable) gives access to the court surrounded by galleries, and "ins-and-outs," having the most picturesque appearance. At a still later date it was used as a resort for gallants; and in the reign of Charles II. Mr. Pepy's slept in it one night in 1668, and records in his Diary "a silken bed and very good diet," for which he had to pay an exorbitant price however, which, as was usually the case under such circumstances, made the worthy gentleman "mad."

The charitable institutions of Salisbury, like those of most other cities, are numerous. It has no less than seven hospitals for the maintenance of old men and women. The city workhouse is the remains of an ancient monastic establishment, and has many points about it of interest to the antiquary. Portions of the ancient refectory are yet distinctly to be traced. In the immediate neighbourhood of Salisbury there is more, perhaps, to attract the attention of the stranger than in the city itself—if we except its Cathedral. At a distance of three miles only stands Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke. This noble mansion, which is placed in the midst of a magnificently wooded park, was built by Inigo Jones, after the design of Holbein, and is classical in its style. The interior is as richly furnished with all the gems of art as the exterior is princely and commanding. The gallery of pictures is an admirable one; and the hall is filled with

suits of armour and curious weapons, not the manufacture of yesterday, nor bought in Wardour-street, but the veritable trophies of war worn by the owner's warlike ancestor, the first Earl of Pembroke, and founder of the family. These coats of mail were won, moreover, from no ignoble foes, and in no doubtful skirmish; they were the trophies of the hard-fought fight of St. Quentin, and those wearing them were the Constable de Bourbon, the Duc de Montpensier, the Duke de Longueville, and it is supposed the Admiral Coligny—the noble earl, as he paces his hall, might view with a pardonable pride these old pieces of rusty iron ennobled by such associations. Besides the treasures of art and the trophies of war which adorn this princely residence, the place possesses one charm which the scholar and the poet can only fully appreciate. In the mansion which preceded it the 'Arcadia' was written—in these broad-walks, walked and mused the spirit of chivalry, the gentle poet and the heroic soldier, Sir Philip Sidney.

Close at hand is the new church of Wilton, lately erected by Mr. Sidney Herbert, which has become so celebrated throughout the island. This splendid edifice is in the Lombardian style, having its tower standing distinct from the building—or, at least, only connected by an open corridor. Whatever munificence could command, or genius and taste execute, has been accomplished in this beautiful building, whose interior is without doubt the most gorgeous of any similar building in the country. The profusion of the variegated marbles with which it is adorned, the beautiful execution of its twisted pillars and mosaics, and the charming effects of light, and shade, and colour, pro-



SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

duce an effect which dazzles and enchants the eye of the spectator, who has been accustomed all his life to the whitewash that disfigures our parish churches and cathedrals.

About fourteen miles from Salisbury might be seen all that is left of Fonthill Abbey, the gorgeous palace erected by the daring and extraordinary Beckford. It remained in ruins a long time after the fall of its tower in 1825, but the park has lately been purchased by the Marquis of Westminster, who is building a family seat for himself where there once stood this plaything of genius.

Stourhead, the seat of Sir H. Hoare, with its magnificent collection of pictures, is not very far from Salisbury; and Longleat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, is in the county. Wardour Castle, the residence of the Earl of Arundel, is only sixteen miles from Salisbury, and is well worthy of a visit for the treasures of art it contains. Neither should Longford Castle be forgotten, the seat of the Earl of Radnor, a triangular stronghold built in the year 1591.

There is one small portion of wall, overgrown with ivy, within two miles of the city, which is a remnant of a building more interesting than any we have mentioned, and with which our early history is much associated. This wall is all that remains of the Royal Palace of Clarendon, so famous as the place where the Constitutions of Clarendon were devised, which served as the first barrier against the claims of secular jurisdiction in the island by the see of Rome. The Palace, which extended 700 feet from east to west, was built

soon after the Conquest, and was much resorted to by the English kings from the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century. Edward the First, with his whole court, visited this palace, and remained in it during the course of a pestilence which raged in the metropolis in 1357. On this occasion he was accompanied by two other kings—the royal prisoners John of France and David of Scotland. The foundations of the building were traced in 1821, and the floors of several of the apartments, paved with Anglo-Norman tiles, were discovered in an excellent state of preservation.

The most extraordinary spot of the 'Hill country of the Giants,' as the neighbourhood of Salisbury is not inaptly called, is the world-famous Stonehenge—that gigantic puzzle wrought in stone, which a remote age has left upon the fair plain for us moderns to wonder and guess at. This Druidical Temple, as it is commonly called, is situated about two miles from Amesbury, and about ten from Salisbury, upon the Downs. It consists of two circles, which include in their wide necklaces two ovals forming the sanctum, in the centre of which is an altar-stone, supposed to have borne the sacred fire. The great circle consisted originally of thirty stones, of which seventeen only now remain. The upright stones are about twenty feet in height, seven feet in breadth, and three feet in thickness; these bear others placed at right angles over them and secured by tenons and mortices. This circle, measures 300 feet in diameter; about eight feet within this one runs the second circle, composed of more regular-shaped stones, and much smaller in size.

The first oval is composed of stones of a very large size, rising gradually in height from east to west; the second one being formed by stones not more than six feet in height. Outside of these circles are several stones of large size, scattered at intervals; one of which is of the immense circumference of twenty-four feet. The entire number of stones has been variously estimated at from 129 to 140. The various con-
 jec-

tures made relative to this famous temple would fill a respectable sized volume, some of which are absurd enough; Inigo Jones, for instance, who ought to have known better, would have it that it was the remains of a *Roman Temple of the Tuscan order*; and another writer, who has only lately given his hypothesis to the world, tells us that, with other stones and ancient tumuli in the neighbourhood, it represents the *Solar System*.

CHICHESTER.

THE CATHEDRAL.

The Cathedral of Chichester is one among the many churches in this district built during the transition from the Norman to the early English style of architecture. Although not large, it has several points of interest, and some features which are not to be found in any other in the kingdom. It is built in the form of a double cross, and at the present time its appearance is more picturesque than complete. The entire length from east to west is 411 feet, and its breadth at the transepts 131 feet; whilst the tower and spire rise to a height of 271 feet. The spire was built at the same time as that of Salisbury, and is very nearly a counterpart of it, both in height, form, and decoration. The west face of the Cathedral presents a very singular appearance. It was originally constructed with a gable between two towers, capped with pinnacles, the north-western of which was destroyed during the civil wars. The irregularity caused by this mutilation seems further increased by the presence of a bell-tower, situated wholly distinct from the church, close to its crippled corner. This addition of a campanile is unique, we believe, for the time in England. The style of the Cathedral in the exterior is early English, with Anglo-Norman windows here and there, testifying to the ancient style in which some portions of it were built. (Cut, p. 435.)

The see was originally situated at Selsey, from which place it was removed by order of the Conqueror in 1072. It is believed that a monastery occupied the site of the Cathedral at the time of the transfer of the see; and this belief receives some corroboration from the presence of a Saxon arch in the north transept. Be that as it might, however, the first Cathedral was founded in 1108. This building was speedily destroyed by fire, and a second structure arose upon its ruins, built by Bishop Ralph, in the Norman style, in 1123. This structure was also destined to suffer mutilation by fire in 1187, but in a few years it was almost rebuilt by Bishop Seffrid, who adopted the pointed style, which came in about this period, in his restorations, which accounts for the mixture we find in some portions of this edifice.

Directly we enter the nave we become aware of an architectural arrangement which is, we believe peculiar

to this Cathedral—there are extra side aisles on either hand. These are additions to the original fabric, made in the time of Henry III., for the purpose of affording room for side chapels, in which this building was at one time very rich. The arches which form the nave are eight in number on either side. The shafts are flanked with half-columns, and crowned with cushion capitals, the effect of which is simple and solemn in the extreme; beyond these the pillars of the double aisles, touched with light and shade, have an admirable effect, and give a feeling of space to this portion of the building which is peculiar to it.

The windows in the west end have lately been filled with very rich stained glass, representing passages from Scripture admirably executed. The stained glass windows, indeed, throughout this cathedral, nearly all of which have been introduced of late years, are excellent in design and colour. There is this peculiarity also about them—the greater portions are the gifts of individuals, and erected as testimonies of Divine “mercies,” or as monuments to the memory of relatives. We nowhere remember, indeed, to have seen the offerings of individuals contribute to such an extent in the decoration of any fabric, as they do in this Cathedral.

There are several very beautiful monuments in the side aisle from the hand of the great Flaxman; the most beautiful of which is that to the memory of William Collins, the poet, a native of this city. He is represented in relief, reading the New Testament, the “best book,” as he termed it, whilst his own ‘Ode to the Passions,’ lies neglected at his feet, and there is an epitaph below, said to be the joint production of Hayley and Sargeant.

In these aisles there are tombs to members of the Arundel family, and many stones containing the matrices of monumental brasses. In Roman Catholic times this kind of tomb must have been very common here, for we find no less than fifty yet remaining, but despoiled of their metal-work. Passing into the south transept, the visitor stops for a moment to admire the proportions of the beautiful window lately restored here. He is not a little astonished also to see the east and west walls covered with oil paintings, the greater portion of which were the work of Theodore Bernardi, and were the gift of Bishop Shur-

borne, who was a munificent benefactor to this church in the early part of the sixteenth century. The most prominent of these are two historical pictures commemorating two events connected with the history of this church. The first represents the foundation of the see at Selsey in 680. St. Wilfrid and his monks are ranged on one side of the picture, and Ceadwalla, the King of the West Saxons, on the other; and the meaning of this interview is made known to the spectator by the very primitive method of putting books into the hands of the saint and the king. That of the former bearing this inscription: "Give to the servants of God a place of habitation for the sake of God," whilst the latter gives this brief answer, "Be it as thou desirest." The second picture represents Bishop Shurborne petitioning Henry VIII. for a confirmation of the charter granted by Ceadwalla, the action of the picture being represented in the same manner. These pictures are respectably drawn and coloured, and afford curious examples of ancient costume. Below these pictures is a series of portraits of the Bishops, from St. Wilfrid to George Fox, the last prelate of the Catholic faith. These portraits all wear a remarkable family likeness, as do the portraits of the Kings by the same hand on the opposite wall. These have been continued to a very recent date by other painters. In this transept is the shrine of St. Richard, a prelate who died in 1253, and at whose tomb it is stated many miracles were wrought. It was in the olden times a great resort of pilgrims, and a very considerable source of income to the church. It would appear that King Edward I. paid a visit to this tomb in 1297, from the following extract from his wardrobe account, still preserved: "May 26th. To Walter Lovel, the harper of Chichester, whom the king found playing the harp before the tomb of St. Richard, in the Cathedral, six shillings and eight pence."

The north transept has long been used as the parish church of Subdeanery, but a new church is now built for that parish, and the transept will speedily be thrown open again as of old.

Before leaving the transept, however, we must not forget a curious apartment over the south porch, which is now used as the Consistory Court. This apartment is reached by a flight of circular stone steps. It is perhaps the most modern addition to the Cathedral, having been built in the time of Henry VI. Here it is said many Lollards were tried, and perhaps tortured. The chair in which the judge sat is still pointed out, and the visitor is strongly reminded of the times of old as the verger throws open a concealed sliding panel, and shows him another apartment, of which the enormous bolt and lock that forms the fastening would indicate that it served the purpose of a prison.

Passing up the south choir aisle, we find on the wall two very curious basso-relievos, which are most certainly of Saxon date. The first represents the Raising of Lazarus from the dead; the other, Mary and Martha before Christ: they were discovered behind the stalls when repairs were being made in 1829, and are supposed

to have been brought from the old cathedral of Selsey in 1072. They are singularly rude and ugly, much reminding one of the men and women children drawn upon slates.

Passing into the Presbytery, we find ourselves in the most beautiful part of the Cathedral. Here we find clustered Purbeck marble columns of the most beautiful proportions, and pointed arches inclosed within round-headed ones, showing that this portion of the Cathedral was built whilst the early English style was beginning to be substituted for the Norman. The ornaments of the Triforium and of the east end are in the most charming taste, and evince the thorough knowledge of beauty of line possessed by the architects of the period. The Presbytery is full of marble tombs of the bishops of the see.

The Lady Chapel is entirely spoilt in its proportions by a partition which cuts off a space from it, called the ante-room. In this ante-room the vaulting of the ceiling is still carved with an arabesque work of scrolls and flowers. The entire vaulting of the church was ornamented in the same manner by Bishop Shurborne, but it was scraped off a few years ago, and this small portion only remains to show what labour our forefathers bestowed upon the decorations of the house of God.

The Lady Chapel itself has long been converted into a library. It contains some very curious relics, which are pointed out to the visitor. These relics were taken out of two ancient tombs, which stood under the choir arches, in 1830, and which contained the bodies of two Bishops, who had slumbered in peace at least 500 years. When these tombs were opened, the mouldering dust was found still enveloped in sumptuous dresses. The pastoral staves, chalices, patens, and rings, belonging to these ancient rulers of the church, were found lying beside them, in an excellent state of preservation. One of the pastoral staves or crooks is made of jet, or some such substance, enriched with gold, and has quite a dandy look about it. The chalices are of exquisite form and workmanship, and of the same pattern as those the more tasteful Puseyites use at the present day. The rings are too precious to be exposed, it appears, and are therefore kept at the deanery. Among these curious specimens of workmanship, there is a leaden cross, found in the grave of Bishop Godfrey, and inscribed with an absolution, for what sin committed we know not. This inscription is in Latin, and translated thus—

"We absolve thee, Bishop Godfrey, in the place of St. Peter, the chief of the apostles, to whom God gave the power of binding and loosing, as far as thy accusation requires, and the right of remission belongeth to us. May the Divine Almighty Redeemer, the benign Forgiver of all thy sins, be thy salvation. Amen.

"The Seventh of the Calends of October, on the Festival of St. Firminus, bishop and martyr, Godfrey, Bishop of Chichester, died; it was then the fifth day of the moon."

The choir is entered, as we return, through the oratory of Bishop Arundel, built in the fifteenth century. The stalls are curiously carved, and are supposed to have been executed in the time of Henry VII. We cannot commend the adornment of the wood work which has lately taken place. The old oak is far preferable to the painting and gilding with which it has been covered. We understand, however, that with the other restorations now going on in the Cathedral, this portion will be restored to its primitive condition.

The cloisters are built in the later style of gothic, and enclose a small space on the south side of the Cathedral, called the Paradise. Some of the windows have been made "comfortable" by the addition of glass. The passage to the church from the houses of the canons in the immediate neighbourhood, is doubtless made less draughty than it was heretofore by this process, but it testifies also to the fact, that there is no disposition to self-mortification among the officiating clergy, whatever liking they might have to other mediæval restorations.

THE CITY.

The city of Chichester does not afford the visitor many points of interest. It is divided, as most old cities are, into four streets, cutting each other at right angles, and called respectively North, South, East,

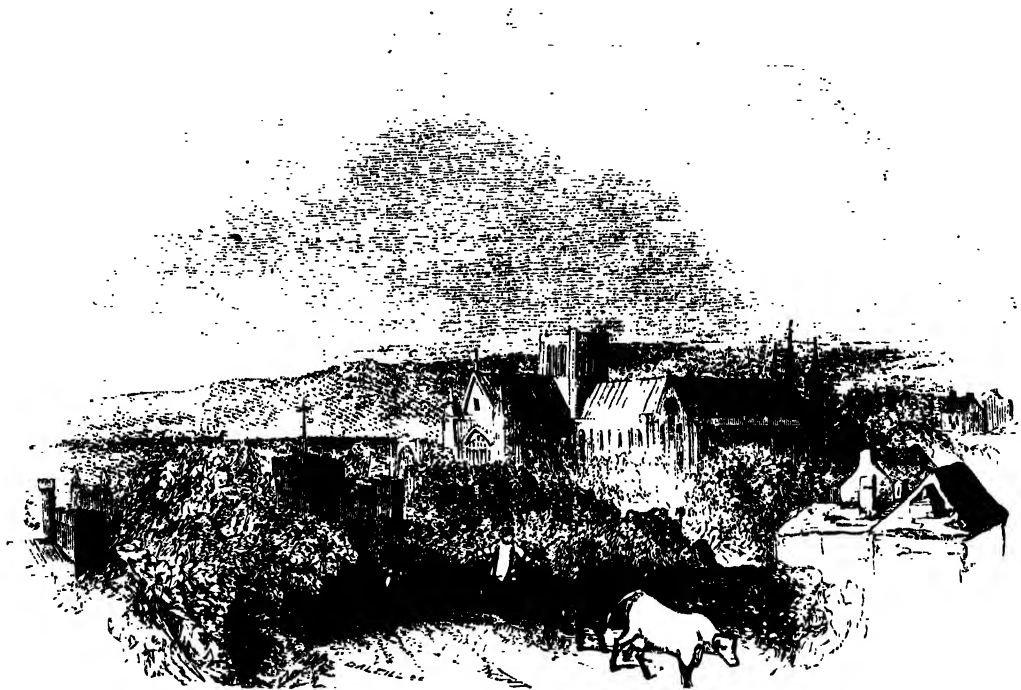
and West Streets. In the centre of those four great thoroughfares stands the High Cross, built in 1500 by Bishop Storey. There are few market crosses in the kingdom that have a more imposing appearance than this structure, which has been kept in an excellent state of repair. Its vaulting is supported by a central pillar, and by a series of arches octagonal in form, and highly ornamented with coats of arms and other ornaments. (Engraving.) Chichester was at one time fortified, much of the old wall now remains, and is turned into a walk on the western side, from which a beautiful view of the Cathedral is attainable. Waller took the city in 1642, when the defences of the city were destroyed. Chichester is one of the county towns (Lewes being the other), and contains at the present time a population of about 10,000 persons. Situated in the midst of a great grazing district, which is, however, becoming converted into arable year by year; its markets are always well attended, and on the days on which they are held the town looks a thriving and populous place. On other occasions it seems, like most of the smaller cathedral cities, to fall into a dormant state, not very attractive to those accustomed to live amidst the busy hum of men.

Goodwood House, the splendid seat of the Duke of Richmond, is not very far distant, and forms one of the chief sources of interest to the strangers visiting these parts.



CHICHESTER CROSS.

WINCHESTER.



WINCHESTER.

THE history of England is perhaps more identified with the city of Winchester than with any other city in the kingdom, not even excepting the metropolis itself. It has formed the seat of government of successive British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and native English rulers. It witnessed the conversion of Kenegals, one of the first native princes, to Christianity; the coronation of Egbert, the uniter of the Heptarchy, and the first king of England; and he who gave our country the outlines of that constitution which stands destined to live as long as the Saxon race itself,—he, the great Alfred, lies buried within its walls. Here the court and the church flourished in our earlier reigns pre-eminently; and when the former took its departure for the metropolis, this city remained the essential home of spiritual affairs, possessing a greater number of religious houses than any other place in the kingdom.

To give a history of the events which have occurred in this time-worn old city, situated in its beautiful valley, watered by the clear Itchen, would be to give an index of some of the principal actions of the early periods of our national existence.

As far back as tradition can trace, the spot on which this city stands gave laws to an extensive

district. When the Britons ruled, a city here was planted, called *Caer Gwent*, or the White City (from its chalky soil); when the Belgæ took possession of the southern portion of the island, they still retained it as their metropolis, calling it *Gwent Bolg*; and when the Romans held possession of the country, it was named *Venta Belgarium*. From the second invasion of the Romans, and its final subjection to the armies of the Emperor Claudius, the city of Winchester (or *Venta Belgarium*) must, however, date as a place of historical importance. It was then formed into a square, surrounded by a wall, and adorned with some fine buildings, built in the classical style of its masters. "The New Temple of Apollo" rose upon a site near the present cathedral, and a college for the education of priests here taught the mysteries of Polytheism. The city was also made the starting-place of several of those admirable roads which even to this day testify to the ability of their engineers. One of these great highways led to Southampton, another to Exeter, and a third to London, whilst a fourth reached Porchester, through the deep valley at the back of St. Catherine's Hill. Here also, during the reign of Claudius, it is said that a workshop for weaving embroidery for the imperial use was established, and

the tackles and sails for the Roman fleet on the southern coast were all made within this city. It was during the reign of the emperor Claudius that the British hero Aravagus, called by the Romans Carac-tacus, revolted. His subsequent capture, and his noble defence before Claudius, are themes which every schoolboy is acquainted with. There seems some evidence for the belief that the noble chieftain afterwards married the daughter of the emperor; it is certain, however, that he returned to Britain, and, taking up his residence at Venta, ruled the adjacent provinces, under the assumed name of Tiberius Claudius Cogitubunus, styling himself "King and Legate of the August Emperor in Britain." So much we learn from an inscription on metal, in Latin characters, lately dug up at Chichester. In the year A.D. 62, Boadicea marched upon the city, but was defeated by Paulinus; and the queen, who poisoned herself to avoid falling into the hands of her conquerors, was brought here and buried. The first notice we have of the erection of a Christian church in Winchester was during the reign of Lucius, the last of its tributary kings. Tradition relates that he was converted to the Christian religion at the latter end of the second century, and that he erected a splendid cathedral here, which was destroyed in the time of Diocletian. After the retreat of the Romans, in the year 418, Vortigern was elected chief of the Britons in their wars against the Picts, and Venta formed his head-quarters. A more powerful enemy, however, than the northern barbarian was destined to seize upon Britain. The city was taken by Cerdic, the Saxon, in 515; when the greater part of it was destroyed, and its name changed into Wintanceaster, since contracted into Winchester. The Cathedral was converted into a temple of Thor, and for a considerable period paganism flourished. In 635 king Kenegals was baptised in the Christian faith; and a new and magnificent cathedral was commenced by him, and completed by his son.

Throughout the Saxon Heptarchy, Winchester remained the chief city of the West Saxons; and as we have before stated, Egbert was here crowned King of all England, in 827, and was buried in its magnificent Cathedral. In the following century the first guild was established here—a fact which points to the commercial importance of the city at a very early date, for London itself had not any corporation of the kind for nearly a hundred years after. In this city, in the middle of the ninth century, two persons dwelt whose names are even now household words. Here, at the knee of St. Swithin, the great Alfred gathered that wisdom which in after years marked him as one of the mighty lawgivers of the human race. This celebrated prince, after his triumph over the Danes, rebuilt Winchester, which had suffered greatly from that enemy, and founded the Newan Minstre, a religious house close to the Cathedral; in which, according to his own directions, his remains were interred. During the reign of Athelstane, the city appears to have been exceedingly prosperous, for it contained no less than

six mints; and money being thus made plentiful, we suppose a habit of drinking sprung up, which was carried to such an extent, especially in the friendly tippling contests with the Danes, that King Edgar was forced to enact the pegged cup,—a vessel studded in the inside, at regular intervals, with pegs, it being rendered penal for a man to drink below his due peg; a law which might, for all we know, have given rise to the saying, that a person out of spirits is "a peg too low." Edgar also established the celebrated Winchester measure; the old wooden vessels, or standards, of which are still preserved at the County Hall. During the reign of this prince, St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, rebuilt the Cathedral Church, and dedicated it to St. Swithin; many portions of which still exist. During the reign of Etheldred the Unready, the massacre of the Danes was commenced in Winchester, after which the disgusting "Hock-tide Sports" were established, to commemorate the indecent part the women of England took in this brutal proceeding. These sports have been continued, singularly enough, until within a very recent period. Sweyne avenged this treacherous proceeding upon the inhabitants, who opened their gates to him on his first summons. Under the reign of Canute Winchester effaced the ravages of the former conqueror; and here, after the king's celebrated reproof to his flatterers on the sea-shore at Southampton, he suspended his crown before the high altar in the Cathedral, and never put it on afterwards. During the reign of Edward the Confessor, Emma, his queen, underwent the fiery ordeal in the Cathedral, walking, as it is said, upon a number of red hot ploughshares, with naked feet, uninjured! With the Conquest came an important addition to the city of Winchester. Its military history might be said to have begun with the erection of the Castle, at the elevated west-end of the city,—a stronghold which lasted for upwards of six centuries, and which took part in most of the intestine wars which existed during that period. King William here enacted the ringing of the curfew, or eight o'clock bell, at which time all persons were forced to extinguish the fires and candles. This custom, as if to show how forcible is habit in this country, is still continued; and the writer, only a short time since, whilst sitting by the light of a blazing fire and a couple of spermacet^{ts}, listened with wonder to the old bell which had tolled on through the strange vicissitudes and changes of eight centuries, and which formed an aerial connecting link between the old time of the Normans and these days of progress. Here also William had the materials collected for forming the survey of all the lands in the kingdom, entitled the Roll of Winchester, but which the people, from their aversion to it, called the Doomsday-book. The Norman king kept his court here with great pomp every Easter; and it must then have put on an aspect of feudal pomp such as it had not hitherto witnessed. The New Forest in the vicinity was formed to afford him the pleasure of the chase, and many a gallant hunting-party no doubt set

out from the old city with a regal hunter at its head. William Rufus, his successor, as history tells us, fell a sacrifice to his love of the chase; and the streets of Winchester witnessed his dead body, still transfixed by the arrow of Tyrell, borne along in a charcoal-burner's cart to the Cathedral, where he was buried. Portions of the wheels of a cart, said to be the identical wheels which conveyed the dead body of Rufus, were preserved until very lately by a family named Perkis, residing in the New Forest. They had been handed down from generation to generation, until they were burnt by accident some time since.

The city suffered from a great fire in 1102, which destroyed the palace and several other buildings, and—what was of more importance still—most of the city records. Notwithstanding the devastation caused by this conflagration, we find the city, shortly after this period, arrived at a most flourishing condition. If we are to put credence in its records, it covered at that period much more ground than it does at present—extending at least a mile in four given directions further than it does at present. Thus on the south it extended to the Hospital of St. Cross, whilst to the east it stretched to the foot of St. Magdalene's Hill, on the north it extended to Worthy, and on the west to Week. At that time Westminster Abbey (now the resting-place of so many kings) was a new building, many parts of it not even built; whilst Winchester contained the ashes of most of the Saxon kings, and was the richest of all the religious establishments in the kingdom. The city also contained three royal minsters, a great number of religious houses, and upwards of sixty churches. As the seat of royalty, it also boasted its sumptuous palace, its strong castle on the hill, and the fortress of Wolvesey, the palace of the Bishop. One of the greatest fairs in the kingdom annually drew crowds of the young to its gates, and its manufactures made its name known to foreign countries. This flourishing state of things did not long continue, however. In the contests between Stephen and Matilda, Winchester suffered very materially. The opposing armies of the two factions—the one led by Matilda herself, and the other by Stephen's queen—made the city their battle-ground for many weeks; Matilda's forces holding possession of the north side of the High-street and the Castle, Stephen's party occupying the Bishop's fortified Palace, the Cathedral, and the south side of the High-street. Thus the two armies were drawn up and protected by opposing lines of fortifications, and the fighting went on, we must suppose, from the bedroom-windows. Matilda's party was at length driven into the castle—from which we are told she ultimately managed to escape in a coffin, it having been previously given out that she was dead. In this sanguinary contest nearly all the southern part of the city was destroyed, the royal palaces, twenty churches, the abbey of St. Mary, and the monastery of St. Grimbold. Henry II. rebuilt the palace; in which he resided much of his time. In his reign a charter was first granted to the city, and it

was ordered to be governed by a mayor and corporation; forming the first municipality, we believe, in England. That the treasury must have been very rich at Winchester at the death of the king is evident from the fact that his son, Cœur-de-Lion, found no less than £900,000 worth of gold and silver in the treasury, besides costly pearls and precious stones. In the succeeding reign, Winchester suffered the indignity of opening its walls to a foreign prince, Louis, the Dauphin of France,—under whose authority it remained, together with the neighbouring country, until the French party were driven from these realms during the minority of Henry III. This prince was born in this city, and hence his surname, "Henry of Winchester." During his reign the morality of the city appears to have been at a very low ebb, for the chief people seem to have been nothing better than a band of robbers. The king himself suffering by these audacious thefts, called together the bailiffs and chief inhabitants, and put the matter to rights, as we are informed by one of the old chronicles, in the following characteristic manner. Having assembled them in the castle, he thus addressed them,—“What are these crimes that are laid to your charge? There is not a part of the country in such bad repute for robberies and murders as this city, with its suburbs and neighbourhood. I am witness to them myself, and a sufferer by them; my wine is openly and triumphantly carried away from the carts, whilst they are carrying it to my castle. I am quite ashamed of the city from which I derive my birth. It is possible, nay, it is certain, that you citizens and countrymen now before me are partners in these crimes. However, I am resolved to extirpate them, though it should be necessary to assemble all the people of England for the purpose.” Saying this, he cries aloud to his attendants. “Shut the castle gates! shut them immediately!” Twelve men of the city were empannelled to make a report of the robberies; but they, after some consultation, stated that they could not discover any cause. Upon this, the king is provoked to a degree of fury, and exclaims, “Carry away these artful traitors; tie them, and cast them into the dungeons below, and let me have twelve other men of the city, who will tell us the truth.” A new jury was empannelled, and they discovered a confederacy in the city, which comprised the chief people in it, and also some of the king's own nobles; and thirty of them were hanged. The excuse these people gave for their misdeeds, however, was not without some weight. “They received no wages from the king,” they said, “and were obliged to rob for a maintenance.” Winchester during this reign regained much of its former prosperity.

The canal connecting it with Southampton was opened, and conduced much to its foreign trade. It imported, we are informed, large quantities of claret wine, exporting wool in exchange. The first serious check given to the trade of Winchester occurred in the reign of Edward III., when the wool trade, of which this city formed one of the six markets established

throughout the kingdom, was transferred to Calais; a measure which resulted in the emigration of all those persons connected with the staple, and the choking up of the canal. Whilst the commercial importance of the city, however, was thus receiving its death-blow, its ecclesiastical establishments were being magnificently renewed and endowed by Wykeham, one of the most celebrated of her sons. This able and munificent churchman almost entirely rebuilt the Cathedral, and left the signature of his genius and care on most of the religious edifices of the city; as we shall hereafter show, when describing its ecclesiastical establishments. The temporal interests of the city continued to decline, however, with every succeeding reign: the Court had long taken up its permanent residence at London, although parliaments still continued to be held here until the reign of Henry VI., and the king occasionally visited the city to a much later date. In 1449, we find that there were no less than 997 houses destitute of inhabitants, and no less than seventeen parish churches shut up,—a sad state of things, considered with respect to the size of the city. The reign of Henry VIII., and his seizure of the remains of the religious houses, completed the ruin of the city: with the decline of monasticism, the last remnant of its importance departed. All the four orders of friars, — the Carmelites in Kingsgate-street; the Augustines, near Southgate; the Dominicans, at Eastgate; and the Franciscans, in Middle-Brook—all of which had been established here since the thirteenth century; the time in which they sprang up,—were at once dissolved, and the revenues of their different houses seized; together with those of the Postern, or hospitable houses, in Southgate. The priory of St. Swithin and the royal abbey of Hyde and St. Mary's were suppressed. The hospitals of St. Cross, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Elizabeth, and St. John the Baptist, were also greatly despoiled. The crowds of persons who were wont to receive the bounty of these splendid establishments were at once reduced to poverty, and the city speedily became a wreck of what it once was. Henry VIII. spent a week here in 1522, with Charles V., emperor of Germany, viewing its antiquities; and who knows but the sight of so much wealth in the different establishments of the city had some influence in inducing him to determine upon seizing the revenues of the church? A few years later the two children of these monarchs, Philip and Mary, each the monarch of a great country, were married with much pomp in the Cathedral.

During the reign of Mary, the splendour of the Catholic establishment was somewhat revived. The lands of the bishopric, which during the two previous reigns had been alienated, were restored, and the queen would have compelled the re-establishment of the suppressed houses; but this was beyond her power, and the hospital of St. John the Baptist was the only one that was refounded. Queen Elizabeth seems to have cared little about Winchester; she paid it a flying visit when on one of her southern progresses—and that was

all. James, however, on the breaking out of the plague, in 1602, in London, removed the courts of justice to this city; and here was tried the "Sir Walter Raleigh's Conspiracy." During the civil wars Winchester took its part in the general strife. Waller became possessed of the city in 1642: the king got his own again, however, in the following year, and it was strongly fortified and garrisoned for the royal cause. The defeat of the Cavaliers, upon Cheriton Down, in 1644, again opened the gates of the place to Waller,—whose soldiers in their iconoclastic zeal destroyed many valuable monuments and relics of antiquity in the Cathedral. The Puritans at length drawing off to lay siege to Oxford, the royal authority was again restored. Cromwell, however, who always did his work thoroughly, completely destroyed it as a stronghold of the king's, after the battle of Naseby, by carrying it after a week's assault, and then blowing up the ancient castle, Wolvesey Castle, and the city-wall, with its other fortifications. What venerable remains of antiquity Waller's soldiers left untouched, those of Cromwell destroyed. To the gratitude of a Wykehamite, however, the College of St. Mary owes its preservation. Colonel Fiennes, who had been educated within its portals, prevailed upon the General to spare its hallowed precincts. Winchester, shorn of its commercial, royal, ecclesiastical, and military advantages at this period, was sunken to its lowest pitch of degradation. A momentary flash of prosperity succeeded to this gloom. In 1662, Charles II. resolved to make this city once more the seat of the Court during the recess. He accordingly commanded Wren to build a palace somewhat after the manner of Versailles, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1683; and in two years the extensive but ugly brick buildings we now see arose upon the site of the ancient castle. The death of Charles put a stop, however, to the works, and to all hopes of Winchester ever recovering its former importance.

THE CATHEDRAL.

If a man, wearied with business, and tired of the incessant turmoil of the great metropolis, desired for a few days a thorough change of scene, we would recommend him to bid good-by to the roar of Fleet-street, to take the express train to Winchester, and in an hour and a half he might find himself wandering in the old aisles of its Cathedral, or treading curiously the gloomy crypt, fashioned by rude Saxon hands under the direction of St. Ethelwold,—an hour and a half only, and to all appearance he rolls back the eleven hundred years during which this great English nation has grown up and consolidated itself. The appearance of the Cathedral, as seen from the railway station, is indeed simple, massive, and speaking of an early, if not of a rude age. Its low massive tower, its immense length from east to west, and the gray ancient colour of its walls, tell of a time and a civilisation strangely different from our own. Those old builders

seemed to provide for the wants of all time, instead of, as in our moving age, providing only for the wants of the moment. It will be quite useless for us to enter into a history of all the various churches which in past ages have successively occupied the ground on which the present Cathedral stands; and it will doubtless be sufficient to state that tradition reports the erection of a magnificent Christian structure here as early as the second century after the birth of Christ, by Lucius, a British king. The first structure which we intend to speak of, is the one erected by St. Ethelwold, in the latter portion of the tenth century; a very considerable portion of which at present remains, testifying that this Founder at least has left something more behind him than "the baseless fabric of a vision." This Cathedral, which was finished in the year 980, was dedicated with great pomp to St. Swithin; the body of that celebrated saint, which had before lain in the churchyard, being sumptuously enshrined before the high altar. The extent of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral was, with the exception of some additions at the east end, the same as at present; indeed there seems to be very little doubt that the greater portion of this ancient edifice remains to the present day, forming the huge and hidden skeleton on which the sumptuous taste of Wykeham hung the more embroidered and delicate tracery of a later if not a more noble and impressive style of architecture. Of the yet visible remains of St. Ethelwold's Cathedral there are the crypts beneath the choir and the presbytery, and the extreme ends of the north and south transepts. In all these portions of the building, you have in full perfection the massive architecture of the Saxon period. The tower and the remaining portions of the transepts having fallen, it is supposed Bishop Walkelin, the chaplain and relative of William the Conqueror, rebuilt them in the manner in which they exist to the present day. We have thus, in the aisles, the Saxon and the Anglo-Norman styles side by side; the latter showing the splendid and beautiful development of the rude yet grand idea of the former. The tower is a noble specimen of the Anglo-Norman style, and seems as perfect now as the day it was built. The windows are long, narrow, and round-headed, giving much light into the building; although when made the tower was quite open, and served as a lantern to the choir. It appears that a vast deal of timber was expended in the construction of this portion of the edifice; to procure which the good Bishop Walkelin had recourse to the following fraud:—Having obtained the king's promise to be allowed to cut and carry away as much timber as he could in three days, from his wood of Lanepinges, he collected every woodman in the country, and with prodigious celerity cut and carried away every tree. The king was absent from the city at the time, hunting, but on his return over the eastern downs, a few days afterwards, as he drew near to it, he looked about with astonishment, and addressing himself to his attendants, exclaimed, "Are my eyes fascinated, or have I lost my

senses?—for certainly I thought I had a beautiful wood here adjoining to Winchester." Being thereon informed of the proceedings of his cousin Walkelin, he was prodigiously incensed against him, and demanded to see him. Walkelin managed afterwards to mollify him; when he exclaimed, "Most assuredly, Walkelin, I was too liberal in my grant, and you were too exacting in the manner you made use of it." An exceedingly mild reply from so wrathful a gentleman. The two aisles of the choir were rebuilt by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, in the early English style, just then introduced. Their clustered thin pillars of Purbeck marble, and their long narrow windows without mullions, are exceedingly characteristic of the infancy of the gothic, which will be observed more extensively in the neighbouring cathedral of Salisbury; the east end of which is said to have been built after the model of De Lucy's Chapels. The great renovator of this ancient structure here was William of Wykeham, who held the see from 1366 to 1401. This prelate during the plenitude of his power seems to have breathed a new soul into this city of his diocese; the stranger who lingers amid its antiquities meets his name at every turn, it seems written on each ancient stone, and his spirit yet breathes in many of its great institutions.

The nave of the Cathedral,—one of the grandest and most imposing in the kingdom, measuring 250 feet in length, and 85 feet in breadth,—is as far as the eye can see entirely his work. This is the old Saxon nave,—the same in which Queen Emma underwent the dreadful ordeal of fire; converted into a gothic one by the genius of Wykeham. The arches which divide the grand central from the side aisles were planned in a double tier, as they are now seen in the remaining Saxon portion of the nave: those Wykeham converted into the present pointed arches, by turning the two into one, and giving them gothic heads. The massive round pillars were at the same time encased by him in clustered columns; which are however somewhat deficient in lightness, at the same time that they miss the majesty of the huge shafts of the olden time. That this method of proceeding was really adopted there can be no doubt, for portions of the old columns, and two of the arches, rising one above the other, are still to be seen near the entrance to the choir. These were originally hidden by the screen, upon the removal of which further back the defect was not remedied. In this noble-looking nave rise the chantries of several of the bishops who contributed to the beautifying and building of the Cathedral; conspicuous among these for the delicacy of its tracery is that of Wykeham himself. It is placed between the fifth and sixth arches; and the reason which determined its position form not the least interesting of its associations. Here in the boyhood of Wykeham was an altar to the Virgin, at which a daily mass was performed, called *Pikis' Mass*, and which was much in repute for the celebrity of the priest of that name who attended it. Here the boy Wykeham used to pay his devotion, and here,

according to his will, his chapel and chantry were erected. The delicacy of this beautiful tomb is unequalled perhaps in the kingdom: it was erected first at that moment when gothic architecture had realised its richest point of embellishment, and before it got clogged and distorted in the reign of Henry VII. The effigy of Wykeham, robed as a bishop, with mitre and crosier, sleeps its marble sleep upon his tomb, whilst three figures at his feet kneel in the attitude of prayer, and represent the three monks chosen weekly of old to pray for his soul. And here the charity-boys of the chapel in the ancient time used to sing every night the anthem *Salve Regina*, in honour of the Virgin: all is silent now, where the silver voices were once appointed to be heard "for ever!" and the tapers of the midnight mass no longer make darkness visible in this mysterious nave; but the memory of the good old man still is kept alive by those his bounty has provided for, and his tomb has lately been most beautifully revived by the authorities of New College, Oxford. Upon his tomb, engraved in black letters, is the following epitaph:

Here, overthrown by death, lies William surnamed Wykeham,

He was bishop of this church, which he repaired;

He was unbounded in his hospitality, as the rich and poor can alike prove:

He was an able politician, and a councillor of the state;

By the colleges which he founded his piety is made known;

The first of which is at Oxford, and the second at Winchester;

You who behold this tomb cease not to pray

That for such great merits he may enjoy everlasting life."

Near to this choir is another splendid chantry, somewhat similar to that of Wykeham's, in which repose the remains of Bishop Edington. In the east aisle of the south transept, there is a tomb that all Englishmen will look upon with interest—it is that of Mr. Isaac Walton, who was buried here in 1683. The choir is entered through a rather paltry screen, designed in the bad taste of the early part of the century. When the stranger enters the choir, he is at once struck with the beauty of the stalls, carved in dark Norway oak, in all the quaint and elaborate style of the fourteenth century. The choir is divided from the side aisles by two richly-wrought screens, which were supposed to have been erected by Bishop Fox in 1525, on the top of which, at regular intervals, the eye is attracted by a number of chests of carved wood, richly painted and gilt, and surmounted with crowns. These we are informed contain the remains of Saxon kings, prelates, and other distinguished persons of the Cathedral. In the first mortuary chest, on the south side from the altar screen, there is inscribed as follows:

"King Edred died, A.D. 955.—In this tomb rests pious King Edred, who nobly governed the country of the Britons."

On the second chest:

"King Edmund died, A.D. . . . Edmund, whom this chest contains, and who swayed the royal sceptre while his father was living, do thou, O Christ, receive."

On the third chest, we find the following:

"In this, and the other chest opposite, are the remaining bones of Canute and Rufus, Kings, of Emma, Queen, and of Wyna and Alwyn, Bishops."

And on the opposite side, we find the following:

"In this chest, in the year of our Lord 1661, were promiscuously laid together the bones of princes and prelates, which had been scattered about with sacrilegious barbarity in the year of our Lord 1642."

The first chest on the north side has a similar inscription to the last; on the second chest, we find:

"King Kenulph died, A.D. 714. King Egbert died, A.D. 837."

"Here King Egbert rests with King Kenulph. Each of them bestowed upon us munificent gifts."

The third chest goes still further back into antiquity:

"King Kenegals died, A.D. 641; King Adulphus died, 857."

"In this chest lie together the bones of Kenegals and Adulphus; the first was the founder, the second the benefactor of this church."

From these inscriptions it would appear that Winchester Cathedral is rich in the remains of our Saxon kings. A very considerable doubt arose, a few years since, however, whether all this royal dust was quite authentic; the contents of the chests, upon being opened, exhibiting anything but the due proportion of royal corpses. Thus, one chest would contain half a dozen thigh-bones; another bearing the inscription of one king, would have a couple of skulls; a third, inscribed with the name of two or three kings and bishops, would be entirely deficient in craniums. In short they were found to be the depositories of a collection of bones, out of which it would have been ludicrous to attempt the construction of the due amount of skeletons. This disorder, perhaps, arose, however, from the outrages committed during the great civil war, when we are informed the troops of Cromwell broke open these tombs, and threw the bones at the stained-glass windows. They might have been collected afterwards,—as we find indeed by one of the inscriptions, that some of them were,—and thrown promiscuously into the chests. The number of skulls does exactly tally with the names inscribed on the chests; so that after all we might be doing injustice to these remains in doubting that they are more than ordinary dust. The great architectural feature of the choir is the magnificent altar-screen; the most beautiful specimen of tabernacle-work, undoubtedly, to be found in a similar structure in England. It rises to a great height, and contains within the most intricate lace-work a vast number of richly-canopied niches, which, before the Reformation, were filled with the statues of the saints, the larger portion of them wrought in silver. The effect of this altar-screen, when thus viewed from the entrance of the choir, must have been superb indeed, and even now that the naked framework alone remains, the impression created in the mind is almost magical. We cannot help here remarking

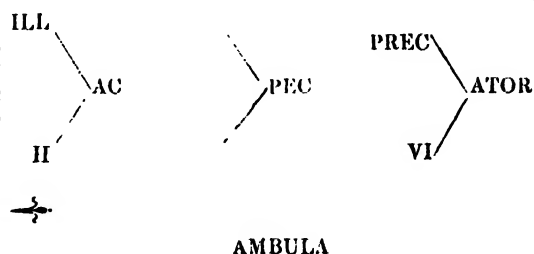
one feature in the roof of the choir which exhibits very bad taste; the bosses, at the intersections of the ribs, are painted in the brightest colours. We shall be told, no doubt, that this is but a restoration of the ancient decorations; but it should be remembered that of old, every portion of the cathedral was brilliant with colour, and, on great occasions, the nave itself was hung with gorgeous embroidery, the hooks for the suspension of which are still visible in the pillars. At such a time the picking out in positive colour of isolated portions of the roof, was only giving a repetition of the prevailing hues. Now, however, that the house-painter, with his whitewash-brush, is the decorating artist, these patches of red, and blue, and gold, appear patchy, and tawdry, in the extreme. The east window, over the altar-screen, is the only perfect specimen of the ancient stained-glass of the cathedral. It was taken out and hidden from the iconoclasts during the civil wars.

In the area leading to the high altar is the tomb of William Rufus; the remains from which however were removed to the mortuary-chest. Richard, the second son of the Conqueror, also lies near here. In the north and south aisles, which lie on each side of the choir, there are two sanctuary-chapels, which the visitors should not overlook. In the southern aisle we have that of Bishop Fox, the Founder of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. In the northern aisle is the chantry of Bishop Gardiner. Proceeding further eastward we come to the presbytery—the portion of the cathedral built by Godfrey de Lucy, in 1200, and one of the most beautiful portions of the fabric. In this space are two exquisite chapels, those of Cardinal Beaufort and Bishop Waynflete. The chantry of the former has been much mutilated; but the effigy of the Cardinal, the completer of the restorations of Wykeham, and the re-founder of the Hospital of St. Cross, still rests on the tomb in the red dress and hat representing his spiritual dignity. Bishop Waynflete's chantry exhibits the most beautiful chapel in the Cathedral; it has lately been restored with great care. In the presbytery we find a grave-stone nearly twelve feet in length, which was once supposed to have covered the remains of Saint Swithin; but it has since, with more appearance of truth, been considered to belong to Prior Silkstede. Near this tomb is the "Holy Hole,"—the entrance to a stone staircase, which once led down into the western crypt. It is so called because it contained the bones of sacred persons. Walking still farther eastward, we at length come to the extreme end of the cathedral, or the Lady Chapel, prolonged beyond the chapels on either side of it for a distance of twenty-five feet. This Chapel was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and here Queen Mary was married to Philip of Spain. The walls are adorned with fresco paintings, representing the miracles wrought by the Virgin, and which have, by great good fortune, escaped the activity of the whitewasher. This was the last addition to the Cathedral, and was made by Priors Hunton and Silkstede. The manner in

which the Cathedral has been lengthened by successive additions is a very striking feature in the fabric, especially when viewed from the outside. The entire length eastward, from the high altar being no less than 160 feet.

Viewed from the outside, the Cathedral is entirely wanting in that grand pyramidal form of composition which marks the gothic. But to the architectural student it affords an intense feast. Every style, from the Saxon to the latest gothic, is plainly written upon its walls. At the extreme east the Lady Chapel tells of the over-elaborate embellishment which preceded the fall of gothic architecture. In the Presbytery we have, contrasted with it side by side, the exquisite proportions which marked the style when in its full vigour and beauty at the commencement of the thirteenth century. Still further on we find in the windows of the north transept old Saxon arches mingled with those in the pointed style, and in the centre of the building the Norman tower, massive without being rude, carefully finished, and yet bold in its outline; beyond this again we have the immense nave with the western entrance erected at a time when the Tudor style was just beginning to lavish its fatal blandishments on the sterner and purer forms that obtained of old. The most striking feature of the building on the outside is its length, being from east to west 545 feet long. At an early period the monastery entirely covered up the southern side of the Cathedral, and consequently buttresses and pinnacles were not here needed. Upon the destruction of the adjoining buildings, however, the required additions were not made, and the north side consequently has a very unfinished appearance. The Chapter House, in which King John resigned the sovereignty of the kingdom into the hands of the people, and was absolved from the fearful sentence pronounced against him, was demolished by Bishop Horne, the first Protestant prelate of the see; who also destroyed the cloisters and other portions of the monastery in 1563.

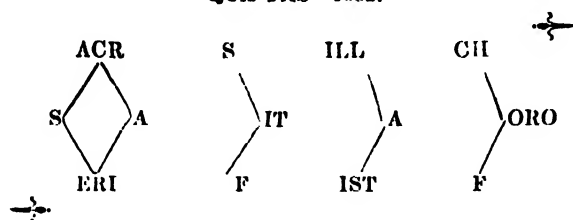
Proceeding towards the close of the south-west corner we come upon a curious anagram, upon one of the buttresses, and a little further on another, both of which were placed there to commemorate the opening up of a new communication between the close and the city. The first anagram stands thus:



Which means—That way thou who comest to pray, this way thou who art pursuing thy business, walk.

The second thus :

CESSIT COMMUNI PROPRIUM JANI PERGITE
QUA FAS—1632.



which is interpreted thus:—Private property has yielded to public utility : proceed now by the way that is opened to thee. That way leads to the choir ; this to the market.

The buildings in the close still retain, in their broken and picturesque outlines, many remnants of the old monastery. Gothic windows and doorways, incorporated with the dingy brick walls of the houses of the prebendaries, seem typical of the manner in which certain remnants of the old Popish ritual and tradition were blended by the Reformers in the new faith they founded.

THE HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS.

About a mile out of Winchester, situated amidst the beautiful water-meadows, lies the ancient Hospital of St. Cross, or St. Croix, which after the Cathedral forms the most interesting sight of Winchester and its neighbourhood. It is a strong feature in the human heart to look back and conjecture of the manners and customs of our ancestors, to endeavour to find out how people lived ages ago. The poetry of the past reigns more or less in every breast ; in very few people's eyes is a newly-moulded brick as interesting an object as an old sculptured stone ; yet bearing the marks of the handiwork of man. This healthy feeling of deep interest in the past will find ample gratification in a visit to St. Cross. There you see not only the outward fabric, such as housed our forefathers seven hundred years ago, but the very spirit and inward life of the place preserved amidst the progress of the nation like some "fly in amber."

This Hospital was founded in the early part of the thirteenth century—the period at which the majority of religious houses and charitable institutions sprung up—by Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen. It was originally founded for the support of "thirteen poor men past their strength," and it was provided that they should have lodging, clothing, and a daily allowance of wheaten bread, meat, and ale ; and it was also provided that a hundred others, the poorest that could be found in the city, of good character, should be dined in a common-hall, called 'The Hundred Mennes Hall,' with the right to carry away so much of their allowance as they could not consume. According to the foundation there was to be a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers for the church. The masters, one after another, however, had so succeeded in

absorbing the income of the charity by the time that Wykeham was appointed Bishop, that he was obliged to have recourse to the law to recover the alienated property. This property was then of the annual value of £400,—no inconsiderable sum in those days. A vast increase to this income was made by Cardinal Beaufort, bishop of Winchester,—who endowed it in 1444, with land to the value of £500 yearly ; at the same time appointing, that in addition to the existing number of persons in the establishment, there should be maintained two priests, thirty-five brethren and three sisters to act as nurses to the sick of the community. To accommodate this large number of persons he almost rebuilt the Hospital, giving to the enlarged building the beautiful title of *Domus Eleemosynaria Nobilis Paupertatis*—or the Alms-House of Noble Poverty.

The Hospital was fleeced of a considerable portion of its revenues by Henry VIII. ; nevertheless, enough was left for the maintenance of thirteen brethren, a master, steward, and chaplain—the present establishment ; and the funds have within the last hundred years so raised in value, that the post of master has been a sinecure of considerable emolument. But more of this anon.

One fine summer day the writer of this, having heard much of this old Hospital, and of the horn of ale and manchet of fine bread doled out at the porter's lodge to all poor travellers, determined to constitute himself of that class for once, and to make a pilgrimage thither for the purpose of qualling the fine old ale so hospitably provided for him, *free of all charge*, by the good Bishop de Blois. The entrance into the Hospital is through a small court, on one side of which lies the 'Hundred Mennes Hall,' now turned into a brewhouse—on the other the stables, the further end being bounded by the great gateway, over which rises the tower, in which there is a statue of its builder, attired in his cardinal's hat, and kneeling before the Holy Cross—the emblem which gives the Hospital its name.

The imagination is given sometimes to run riot with us all ; and the writer had been painting to himself the worthy porter standing at the gate, with the horn of nutty ale, ready to do the hospitalities of the place as a true brother of the fraternity mindful of his founder's desire should do. He pictured the huge horn, with the rich October frothed and foaming, tendered with a welcome hand, and the fine manchet of wheaten bread placed on some oaken trencher ready to his hand. He painted a little picture in his mind of almsgiving at the gate, and knocked at the porter's lodge fully expecting to find it realised. But, alas ! he found it a rapidly-dissolving view, as the following curious colloquy with that functionary will show—the writer being, for the nonce, the 'Poor Traveller :

Poor Traveller knocks at the porter's lodge, and the door is opened by a thin, hungry-looking old man, in the dress of the fraternity—a black gown with a silver cross on the left shoulder.

Poor Traveller, smilingly, as in expectation of a

treat.—‘You give away some ale and wheaten bread to travellers, do you not?’

Porter.—‘Please to come in, Sir—fine day, Sir; it’s our own allowance as we gives to gentlemen, Sir.’

Poor Traveller.—‘Your own allowance! why, I thought everyone had a right to demand ale and bread by virtue of the bequest of that very respectable old gentleman, the Bishop de Blois?’

Porter.—‘Oh yes, Sir; poor travellers, Irish and such as them. Here’s what we give them, Sir’ opening a drawer in a kitchen table, and displaying a heap of stale pieces of bread and dirty-looking crusts.)

Poor Traveller (quite satisfied about the bread).—

‘But what of the ale: surely you give everyone his horn of ale?’

Porter.—‘Oh yes, Sir; there’s the ale,’ (pointing to a dirty little four-gallon cask in one corner of the room,) with the horns they drunk out of; ‘we never think of giving them to gentlemen.’

Poor Traveller thinks to himself, ‘Oh! come then, the right thing will come at last.’ (Aloud)—‘Well, what do you give to gentlemen?’

Porter, taking from a shelf a wretched attempt at a gothic jug, such an one as is marked ‘The last new pattern, 9d.,’ in the cheap crockery-shops—pours out a good quarter of a pint into a dirty black horn; then deliberately cuts a round off a half-quartern loaf, and places it upon one of the new-fashioned platters.

Poor Traveller, seeing his refreshment before him, takes up the horn and drains it.

Porter (noting astonishment in his guest’s face), apologetically—‘We call it good small beer, Sir.’

Poor Traveller.—‘About the smallest I ever tasted.’ *Poor Traveller*, in the language of slang, thinks the whole thing a ‘dead take-in,’ and doggedly prepares to follow the *Porter* over the Church and Hospital.

So much for the writer’s own experience of the hospitalities of St. Cross; who has only to add that, like most things that are given away for nothing, Bishop de Blois’ glass of ale was the dearest he ever tasted in his life.

The principal court, which is entered from the gateway of the *Porter*’s-lodge, is occupied by a neatly-kept lawn surrounded by flower beds, where the roses have bloomed for centuries, and age has never appeared. The north side is bounded by the master’s house and the Refectory; on the eastern side runs the ambulatory for the use of the brethren in wet weather; over this run the rooms once occupied by the three nuns, and the Infirmary. On the western side are the abodes of the brethren, each of whom has a distinct set of three chambers to himself; and the south is partially formed by the old Anglo-Norman church of St. Cross. An opening which now occurs in the court allows us a peep of the adjoining water-meadows, and the venerable old trees, which make a charming picture, framed in as it were by the old gray walls on either side.

The Refectory is a very interesting old room, as it exhibits a genuine specimen of the dining-halls of such places in the olden time. The antique timber roof—

the gallery from which the benediction was given of old before meals, and from which, on festive occasions, the stream of music used to issue—the very black jacks out of which the old fellows used to drink, are seen upon the ponderous side-table. The brethren no longer dine here daily as they used to do, being allowed to take their daily rations of one pound of meat, one loaf of bread, and three quarts of beer home to their own houses; but on certain occasions they still dine here, and after their meal make merry round a raised hearth in the centre of the room; an extra allowance of beer being given for the occasion.

The ‘Nunnes’ Chambers’ is a range of apartments anciently used as the Infirmary of the establishment; at the south end of those apartments is a window which opens directly into the church—so that when it was opened, the sick lying in their beds might listen to the service when it was going forward.

The most interesting portion of the establishment, in an architectural sense, is the church, built in the reign of Stephen, which exhibits some admirable specimens of Anglo-Norman architecture. This structure, which is of no inconsiderable size, being 160 feet in length by 120 feet in width, is built in the form of a cross with a stately tower rising in the centre, which is open to a considerable height above the vaulting of the nave, and which serves as a lantern to the choir, in the same manner that the tower in Winchester Cathedral is supposed to have done.

Those who wish to study the Anglo-Norman style, could not do better than pay a visit to this very curious and interesting old church. The ponderous pillars, with their capitals and arches ornamented with the chevron, the wavy, the indented, and other ornaments in very perfect preservation, present us with an excellent specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the early part of the twelfth century. Here and there gothic incroachments have taken place, showing the manner in which those who have restored it from time to time adopted the style of architecture prevalent in their day. The choir is floored, as are also some part of the church, with glazed tiles, some of them ornamented with Saxon emblems, and here and there one is seen bearing the words, ‘Have mynde;’ intended doubtless to call back the wandering minds of the brethren to holy thoughts. There are some ancient tombs in the church of the masters of the establishment.

The whole hospital presents, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of an ancient charitable institution to be found in the island. On some occasions the imaginative mind might almost fancy that the old time was come again. To look in, for instance, upon this little fraternity, on the anniversary of the birthday of the Founder, when collected round the ancient hearth of the Refectory, robed in their long sable mantles on which the silver crosses glitter in the light, and drinking out of the huge black-jacks to the happy rest of the benefactor, one would imagine himself living in the time of the early Henries. On such festivals, too, still more picturesque scenes and remnants of ancient

hospitality are going on in the court-yard. Here, on six particular eves of the year, doles of bread are given away to the crowds of poor, who on these occasions gather in the outer court, and when all the loaves of bread are gone, a halfpenny is given to every person who demands it, no matter how great might be the number.

Although the successive masters have kept up, in so conscientious a manner the ancient customs of the hospital, they have not, most certainly, had the interests of the poor brethren so much at heart as their own. St. Cross, and the manner in which its funds have been administered, has been the "frightful example" of corrupt management in the mouths of reformers, ever since Cobbett so daringly exposed them—Government has at length determined to put the whole management on a new footing, and a Commission of Inquiry is now deliberating upon the best method of employing the funds, which the master and other officers have hitherto appropriated so largely to their own use. The last master, it is said, received no less a sum than £2,000 a year, for his perfectly sinecure office,—and many of the poor brethren have had as much as £70 at a time, as their shares of the renewals of fines and leases of the hospital lands, divided amongst them—so much have the revenues of the establishment increased of late years. Let us hope that with the thorough financial reform of St. Cross, the old customs may be kept up, and that the porter might no longer be allowed to make the Founder's bequest to all poor travellers a source of profit to himself.

We can return to Winchester by way of the water-meadows, and the clear river Itchen, which gives fertility to the narrow valley that runs through the vast down-country which surrounds us on either side. Some one has said, and very beautifully too, that the scenery in the midst of which it is situate "is a spot at once full of a melancholy charm,—of a sad, yet old English beauty." This is a criticism which would apply to the neighbourhoods of most ancient establishments devoted to the purposes of religion, or education; but it could never be better applied than to the water-meadows of St. Cross with its old elms, giving a grateful and solemn shade; and St. Catherine's Hill rising close at hand like a green cone, crowned with a coronet of five trees. The sad spirit of the past seems to pervade the landscape, and to harmonize with the thoughts which the gray old pile it nurses in its bosom calls up in the human heart.

Pursuing our road by the side of the water, we speedily reach the gateway of St. Mary's College,—one of the great scholastic establishments of the country, founded by Wykeham. As we are about to enter, we see above us the statue of St. Mary, with the infant Jesus,—a group we meet with more than once in the building. Wykeham dedicated the building to the Blessed Virgin, his chosen patroness. The college of St. Mary's, consists of four courts, surrounded with the different offices belonging to the establishment. On

entering the first court, which is bounded by the residence of the Warden and several outbuildings, we see before us a second gateway surmounted by a lofty tower, adorned with statues of the Virgin, the angel Gabriel, and the Founder. On passing beneath this second gateway, we come at once upon the chapel, the hall, and the dormitories. The chapel has a lofty tower which contains a fine peal of bells, but they are never rung on account of the vibration affecting the masonry. The interior of the chapel is solemn and beautiful, and the grand east window, which has recently been restored, is a pictorial representation of the genealogy of our Saviour. There is much exquisite carving, by the hands of Grinlin Gibbons, we believe, near the altar, which is, however, of a character and design which renders it quite out of place in a Christian temple. Among the monuments are several touching inscriptions to the memory of the scholars who have died whilst on the Foundation. Passing into the cloisters, which adjoin the chapel, we tread again upon the graves of those who perished, as it were, upon the very threshold of life. The walls and pillars of the old arcades are carved with the initials and names of the boys who have for centuries made it echo with their footsteps; and many of whom, in after years, wrote their names on the still more enduring pages of history. On one pillar the name of Kenn (afterwards Bishop) is pointed out by the porter with no little pride. Pious sentences are also carved here and there with a care which seems to indicate that the youthful chiseler's heart was in the task. In the centre of the cloister is a small chapel, formerly used as a mortuary chapel, which has for a long time been occupied as a library, and contains a valuable collection of books, and some curious illustrated manuscripts. The Refectory Hall, which adjoins the chapel, wears a very conventual appearance;—its lofty roof, richly covered and supported with oaken timber-work, and its noble dimensions, are very striking.

The Buttery Hatch is separated from it by a screen, and all the furniture and arrangements are the same as have existed there for centuries. During dinner the boys of the Foundation are waited upon by the poor scholars, who receive an inferior education, and are afterwards apprenticed at the expense of the School. At the termination of the meal all the scraps are collected together, and given to a certain number of poor women, together with a handsome allowance of ale. The writer happened to witness the distribution of alms on the occasion of his visit to the College, and there seemed enough in each woman's tin pan for two or three days' supply, and the beer was excellent. These women do some little weeding in the Master's garden for the food, and are therefore known as the 'Weeders.'

On the stairs which lead to the kitchen, we see the singular painting called 'The Trusty Servant,' a figure habited in the Windsor uniform, with the extremities of an ass, a deer, and a hog. The inscription which accompanies this Hircocervus is as follows:

"A trusty servant's portrait would you see,
This emblematic figure well survey.

The porker's snout not nice in diet shows ;
 The padlock shut, no secret he'll disclose ;
 Patient, the ass his master's rage will bear ;
 Swiftless in errand the stag's feet declare.
 Loaden his left hand, apt to labour saith ;
 The vest his neatness ; open hand his faith :
 Girt with his sword, his shield upon his arm,
 Himself and master he'll protect from harm."

A portrait which we should wish to see painted out, as it seems to us to be replete with bad taste, to say the least of it. The dormitories, which lie on the eastern side of the second court, are very interesting. As we pass along we can peep into them through the open windows ; each boy has his little bed, his desk, and a book-case, and little inscriptions incentive to good conduct and diligence are scattered everywhere on the walls. The College authorities, seemingly in despair, have given up the attempt to suppress the cutting of names and dates on the walls, and have very judiciously accepted the practice as a fact, entrusting the inscriptions, however, to the hand of some regular painter ; and boys' names are now to be seen lining the walls like those to be found on the doorways of lawyers' offices,—a plan, we should say, from its formality, well calculated to suppress the practice altogether. The boys all sleep on iron bedsteads ; until very lately, however, they were of wood, constructed in the rudest fashion, and furnished with a little ledge or canopy just over the head of the sleeper, to save his scone from the *boots* and other missiles that used to fly about rather unceremoniously at nighttime.

The School-room is situated in the fourth court, and is comparatively a modern building, having been erected in 1692, by the Wykehamites who had previously received their education in the College. It is a plain and rather ugly brick building, adorned with a statue in metal of Wykeham, modelled by the statuary Cibber. This room is 90 feet by 36, and the roof is adorned with the arms of many of the benefactors. On the east end is inscribed a table of the scholastic laws, some of which are singular enough. Thus :

"In the Church :—Worship God. Say your prayers with a pious affection of mind. Let not your eyes wander about. Keep silence. *Read nothing profane.*

"In the School :—Let each one be diligent in his studies. Let him repeat his lesson in a low tone to himself, but in a clear tone to his master. Let no one give disturbance to his neighbour. *Take care to spell your theme right.*

"In the Court :—Let no one throw stones or balls against the windows. Let not the building be defaced with writing or carving upon it. Let no one approach the master with his head covered, *or without a companion.*

"In the Chambers :—Let cleanliness be attended to. Let each one study in the evening, and let silence prevail in the night.

"In the town, going on the Hill :—Let the scholars walk in pairs. Let them behave with perfect modesty. *Let them move their hats to their masters, and other respect-*

able persons. Let decency regulate your countenance, your motions, and your gait. Let no one on the hill go beyond the prescribed limits."

The going on the hill requires some explanation. When Wykeham founded the college, having a lively regard for the health of the scholars, he ordered that they should go St. Catherine's Hill a certain number of times in the week for exercise ; which they do to this time, and the whole seventy boys run wild up the steep ascent every other day.

At the opposite extremity of the school-room are the following emblems and inscriptions :

Aut Disce.....	A Mitre and Crosier ..	The expected reward of learning
Aut Discede.....	{ An Ink-horn A case of Mathematical Instruments, and a Sword	{ The emblems of those who depart and choose a civil or military life.
Manet Sors	A Scurge	{ The lot of those who will qualify themselves for neither.
Tertia Cui		

Each scholar has a little bench beside him, not unlike a cobbler's bench, on which his books and school implements are placed ; and, unlike other schools, the tasks are learnt during school-hours. The boys on the Foundation are seventy in number ; and out of these two of them, of the Founder's kin, are, if qualified, elected to exhibitions of New College, Oxford,—and others of the age of eighteen or nineteen, who have distinguished themselves, are nominated candidates for other scholarships. The College is subservient to the Warden and Fellows of New College, both in government and discipline ; and visitors from among them come to St. Mary's every year, listen to complaints, and elect the scholars. After these offices are completed, the vacation commences ; the celebrated song of '*Dulce Domum*' being sung in the evening, by the boys in the court and school-room of the college. A band accompanies the happy choristers ; and the effect produced by the collection of glad voices singing this glad old song, is very beautiful. The following is a translation of the "*Dulce Domum* :—"

"Sing a sweet melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around ;
 Home ! a theme replete with pleasure !
 Home a grateful theme resound !

Chorus.

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure !
 Home, with every blessing crown'd !
 Home, perpetual scene of pleasure !
 Home, a noble strain resound !

Lo the joyful hour advances,
 Happy season of delight ;
 Festal songs and festal dances
 All our tedious toils requite.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Leave, my wearied muse, thy learning,
 Leave thy task so hard to bear ;
 Leave thy labour, ease returning ;
 Leave my bosom, oh my care.

Home, sweet home, &c.

See the year, the meadow smiling,
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Home, sweet home, &c.

O! what raptures! oh, what blisses!
When we gain the lonely gate;
Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.

Home, sweet home, &c.

Greet our household gods with singing;
Send, O Lucifer, thy ray;
Why should light so slowly springing,
All our promis'd joys delay?

Home, sweet home, &c.

This celebrated school at the present time educates three classes of scholars;—those on the Foundation; those gentlemen who are not on the Foundation, and called commoners, who are educated in a contiguous building, immediately under the care of the head master; and the poor scholars, who receive a plain education, and, as we have before stated, attend upon the young gentlemen of the Foundation. There is no public school in the kingdom that has turned out better scholars than those of Winchester, and 'a Winchester scholar' is a designation as well known as 'an Eton boy.' The discipline is certainly calculated to turn out able men, and the associations of the College and neighbourhood, to give that poetic tone to the mind which is its sweetest finish and ornament.

THE CITY OF WINCHESTER.

The city of Winchester consists principally of one great thoroughfare, the High-street, which is terminated at one extremity by the west gate. A walk up this street gives the stranger a pretty good notion of the city itself, and of its more modern buildings. One of the features which instantly strikes his attention is the Cross: which is supposed to have been erected in the reign of Henry VI., a short time after he had instituted the fraternity of the Holy Cross. It is stuck in an out-of-the-way corner of the street, and is forty-four feet high. It is composed of three tiers of gothic arches, with confined niches, originally adorned with statues; only one of which at present remains, representing, as it is supposed, the martyr St. Laurence. Many years ago the Commissioners of Pavement sold this structure, and were about to take it down, but the citizens indig-

nantly drove the workmen away. Proceeding up the High-street we come to a turning on the right, which leads us in front of the county gaol—a handsome building, which is however about to be taken down, we believe. The ground on which the building is erected is hallowed by being the burial-place of the immortal Alfred. Here used to stand Hyde Abbey, the religious house built by the monks of Alfred's Newan Mynstre, who removed here in the early part of the 13th century, bringing with them the remains of their immortal founder. After surviving many calamities, the fraternity was dissolved at the Reformation, and the abbey speedily became a heap of ruins. A barn, an arch or two, and a doorway, long since walled up with other buildings, are all that remain of this once splendid abbey; and it remains as a reproach to the citizens that the only monument reared over the remains of England's greatest King is a felon's prison! Let us hope that when once more the ground is cleared, means will be taken to mark, by some public testimonial, the resting-place of Alfred.

The west gate, which terminates the street, is a very interesting structure, and is the only remaining portion of the fortress erected by William the Conqueror. The tower which surmounts the gateway is built in the Norman style; but here, as in every other place, the hand of Wykeham is said to be recognised—the old round-headed windows have been replaced by pointed Gothic ones, very similar to those in the nave of the Cathedral. The Tower is now used as the Corporation muniment-room. Close at hand is the County Hall—once the chapel of the castle, erected in the reign of King Stephen. The interior is divided into three aisles, by double rows of clustered columns. Its proportions—which were originally good, it being 110 feet in length by 55 feet in breadth—are now destroyed by the partitions which have been made at each end, in order to form the Assize Court for the county. The most interesting feature in the hall is the table suspended over the judge's-seat in the Nisi Prius Court. This table was for a long time believed to be the celebrated Round Table of King Arthur, and some historians have gone so far as to say that Winchester was the head-quarters of that redoubtable king and his band of knights. The table itself is a curious one, and is adorned with a full-length portrait of that monarch, and the names of his twenty-four knights are inscribed around it. It is now supposed that the table belonged to King Stephen, upon what authority we do not know. Another curious relic of the past is the celebrated Winchester measure, which is still preserved in the old hall.

The vast brick building called the King's House, and which was to have formed the centre portion of the palace Wren commenced for Charles II., is contiguous to the County Hall. It is built upon the site of the old castle, demolished by Cromwell; and its elevation commands a grand view of the city, which slopes gradually towards the river Itchen at the other end of the town.

